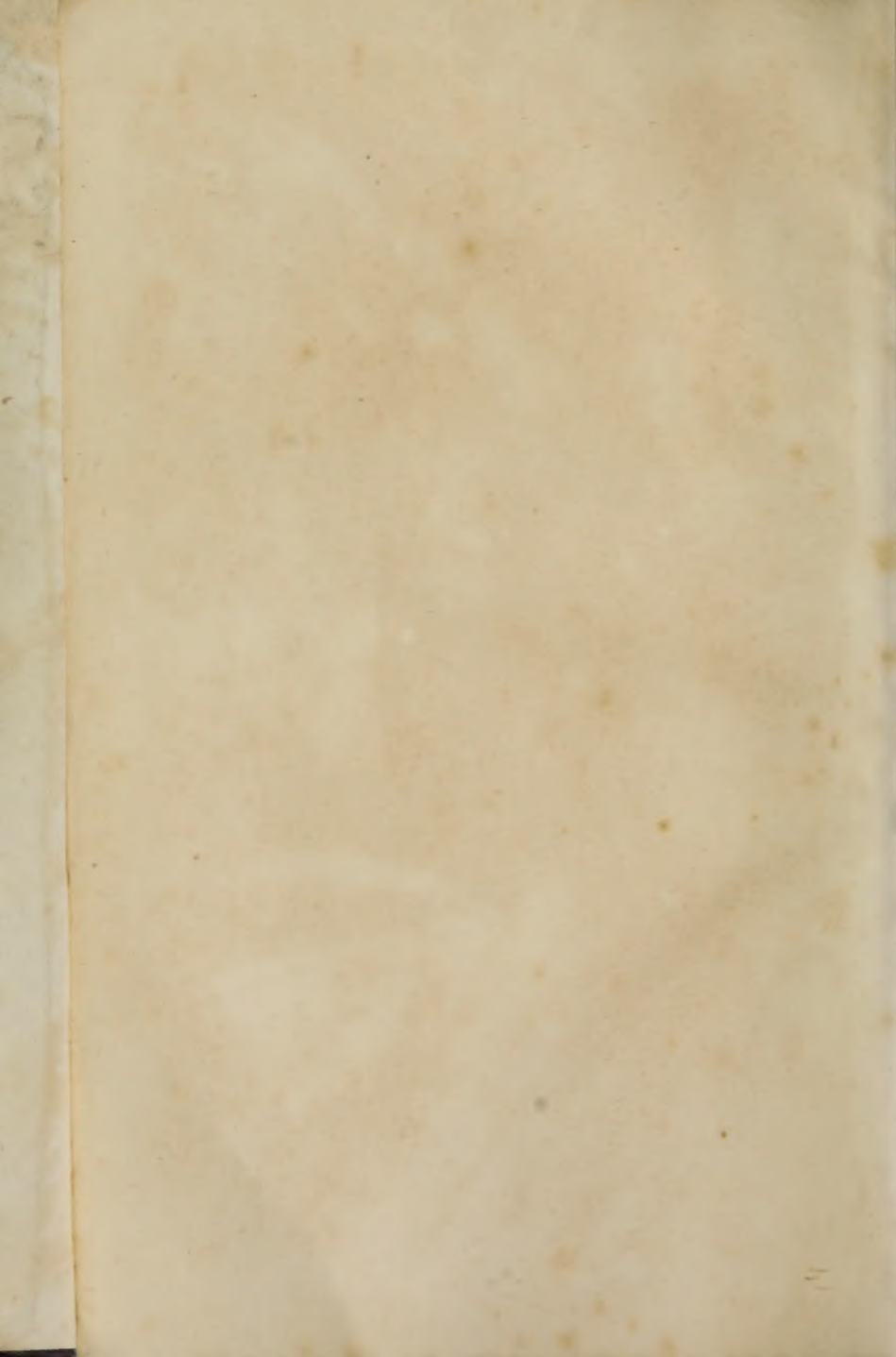


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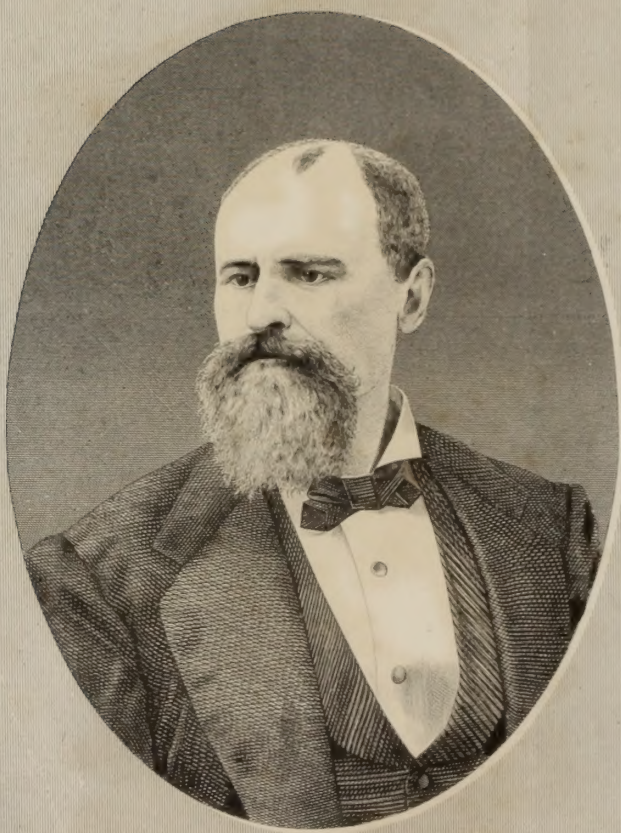












A. L. BARNES & CO. N.Y.

*Ben Holladay.*



VOL. I.]

[No. 2.

THE  
CALIFORNIA  
MAIL BAG.

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JULY, 1871.

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SAN FRANCISCO:

PUBLISHED BY F. MARRIOTT, 623 MONTGOMERY ST.

AGENTS:

A. L. BANCROFT & CO., ROMAN & CO., W. E. LOOMIS, SAN FRANCISCO;  
WESTERN NEWS CO., CHICAGO; AMERICAN NEWS  
CO., NEW YORK; GEO. STREET, 33 Cornhill, LONDON.

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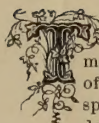
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## BENJAMIN HOLLADAY.

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THAT section of our country which fifty years ago was known as the Great West, has been a very hot-bed of human energy. From among the dark forests and broad prairies of the leftward slope of the Mississippi Valley have mainly sprung the rugged and restless intellects which for the last two decades have been doing the solid work of the country. It could hardly be otherwise, considering the character of the sires from whom they sprang—men who, with an axe on one shoulder and a rifle on the other, had started out in solitary state to hew an empire out of a wilderness, and conquer a race of savages while doing it. There were giants in those days, and there are giants in these; and the latter are sons of the former.

It was there—in the Valley of the Mississippi—that BENJAMIN HOLLADAY first saw the light, in (we believe) 1822. It was there, on the "dark and bloody ground" of Kentucky, that was laid, as it were, the foundation of a life of chance and change in phase, but of steady constancy in purpose. Of Mr. Holladay's childhood it is unnecessary to speak in detail. The probability is, so far as we have been able to discern it, that as a boy Mr. Holladay was, as the phrase goes, a "success." That is, he did not die. Early in life he emigrated to Western Missouri and engaged in traffic. Here he began laying the first courses of that magnificent structure—his commercial reputation. He soon became widely known as one of the shrewdest, boldest and most trustworthy of the "men of honest activities" who wrought out civilization in the Southwest.

When driven by persecutions which were a disgrace to Christianity, the Mormons sought security in the great deserts of the unknown West, Mr. Holladay loaded a wagon-train with goods and followed them, "that he might do them good"—and make an honest profit in the deed. He established a mercantile house at Salt Lake City in 1851, and conducted its rather meagre affairs until '53. Of course a mind like his found little scope in the dull eventless round of merchandising in a desert town, and he turned his attention to enterprises of greater "pith and moment." He secured contracts for supplying the different military posts with various quartermaster and subsistence stores, and soon acquired an ample fortune. Everything to which he turned his dextrous hand seemed to blossom and bear fruit.

Salt Lake City, about this time, swarmed with worn and weary "pilgrims" on their way to the gold country. Also, troops of Mormons were arriving at their promised land, after fatiguing journeys across hundreds of miles of the "sage-brush country." Holladay saw in this another source of profit; he bought their jaded animals, recruited them, and sent them by easy stages to California, where they commanded high prices. Arriving here, Mr. Holladay made contracts with William H. Aspinwall, of New York, for supplying the Pacific Mail steamers with provisions; and

from this connection sprang an enduring friendship between these men, founded upon mutual admiration and esteem.

We pause here to note one fact, which speaks volumes for Mr. Holladay's sterling integrity of character. He has succeeded to a remarkable degree in not only impressing all good men with whom he has had business relations with an unbounded respect for his commercial and financial sagacity, but he has always inspired them with a peculiar friendly regard, which, wherever circumstances have permitted, has invariably grown into warm personal friendship. The writer of this sketch first visited Salt Lake City in '66, and he was struck with the prominence of the name of "Ben. Holladay" in the conversation of people of all classes, and no less impressed with the singular tenderness and warmth of feeling with which it was usually spoken. What will appear most remarkable to those familiar with the antagonisms of society at Salt Lake, is the fact that Mr. Holladay is equally popular with Mormon and Gentile. With regard to one who has taken so active a part in the affairs of both, this feeling is unhappily most exceptional.

At a date which has for the present escaped our memory, Mr. Holladay purchased from Mr. Aspinwall his northern coast steamers, and the line was managed by Mr. Flint, who was afterward lost on the ill-fated *Golden Gate* when she was burned at sea off the Mexican coast, in '58. This northern coast line has now expanded into the North Pacific Transportation Company, with steamers running to Oregon and Victoria northward, and southward to San Diego. There is also a monthly service between San Francisco, and Mazatlan and Guaymas, Mexico, connected with the new and important line established by Messrs. Holladay and Webb to Honolulu and Australia. It is quite unnecessary to dwell upon particulars regarding these steamship lines. Except the Pacific Mail, they are the only ones carrying the American flag to foreign ports. Congress having driven the steam carrying trade of the Atlantic into foreign bottoms, it is particularly gratifying to residents of the western coast to see these noble lines struggling against the adversities of suicidal legislation for the commercial empire of the Pacific. To such men as Ben. Holladay the nation owes a deep debt of gratitude for the tenacity with which they have clung to what in many cases have proven losing enterprises, in the vain hope of final recognition and encouragement.\*

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\*The establishment of the Pony Express was considered as the beginning of a new epoch for California. It reduced the time between New York and San Francisco from twenty-two to thirteen days for letters, and made serious changes in business. In those days we imported far more and exported less, except of gold, than at present, and we were dependent on New York to a much greater degree, so that the time of communication with that city was a matter of the utmost importance. The steamers usually carried their passengers through between San Francisco and New York in twenty-two days, but occasionally made the trip in twenty. The Overland stage route took about the same time. The Pony Express line was started in April, 1860. On the 13th of that month the people of San Francisco were delighted to find in their morning papers telegrams from Genoa at the eastern base of the Sierra, announcing the arrival of the first mail pony there with news from St. Josephs, Missouri, to April 3d—twelve days later than previous advices. The new mail route was a subject of universal congratulation throughout the day. That evening notices were read in the theaters that the pony would arrive at one o'clock in the morning by the Sacramento boat, and that he would be received by a procession and music. The streets were full of people who went out to see the fun and share the excitement. Bonfires were lighted, the Monumental fire bell (a prominent feature of San Francisco in those days, but now superseded by the electric fire



Everybody in California has heard of the wonderful Pony Express, by which, long before the stage-coach era, the isolated mining population of this coast was put in a communication with the East almost as secure and rapid as is furnished by the great overland railroad of the present. By means of convenient relays of the tireless ponies, whose gravest gait was a wild gallop, letters were passed back and forth between the outposts of civilization on the Missouri, and those on the Sacramento, over thousands

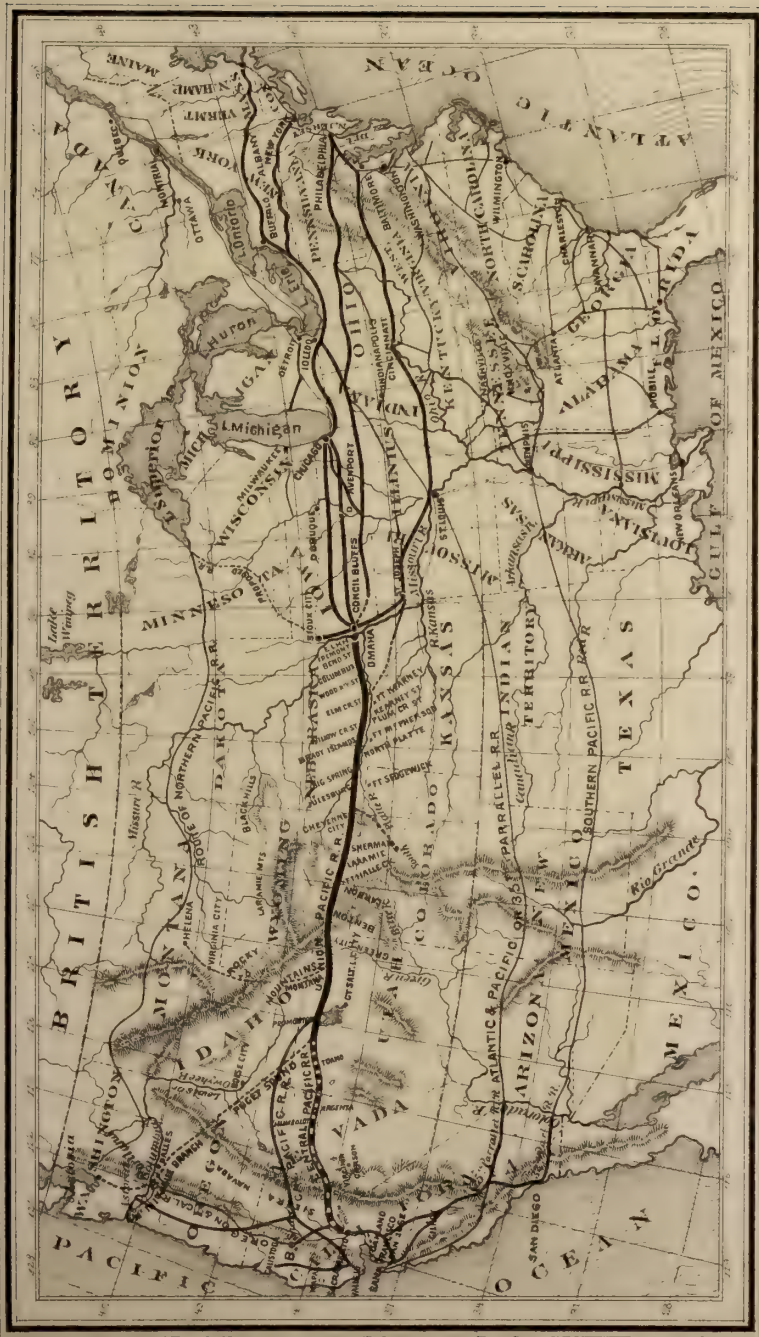
alarm) rang out its sharp summons to everybody to turn out. A large brass band played in Montgomery street at intervals till midnight, and then marched down to the wharf, followed by a large number of citizens, including the Volunteer Fire Department in red shirts with their engines and torches. At one o'clock the *Antelope* arrived, and the mail rider and his pony were no doubt astonished to see the wharf alive with people, brilliant with torches and resonant with music. When the pony walked across the gang plank, nine tremendous cheers were given, and the mail rider was warmly congratulated by a number of citizens on his arrival. The procession marched up through Montgomery street with brass music, singing and cheers. The people of the State felt as if they had been brought ten days nearer to the world by the pony. The western end of the pony route proper was at Sacramento, and when the first mail rider at this end of the line brought his horse to San Francisco, he did it not for the convenience of carrying the mail, but to advertise the line, and gratify the popular demand for an occasion to make a public demonstration. The mail between Sacramento and San Francisco was carried by boat, and sometimes it was carried between Folsom and Sacramento by rail, but between the last two points the distance was only twenty miles, and the cars seldom started at the time when the pony arrived. The length of the pony line from St. Josephs, Missouri, by way of Salt Lake to Sacramento, was about 1,900 miles, and seventy-five horses were used in going each way, each going twenty-five miles, at an average speed of 7 miles an hour day and night, including all stoppages. On the favorable ground the speed was ten or twelve miles an hour. The first pony left St. Josephs at 6:30 p.m. on the 3d of April; Salt Lake City, April 9th, at 6:30 p.m.; Carson, April 12th, at 2:30 p.m.; Placerville, April 13th, at 2 p.m.; and Sacramento, April 13th, at 5:00 p.m. Two mails were sent off every week each way. In May, 1860, one hundred letters were received at the San Francisco and Sacramento offices, and in December, 387; in May, 564 were sent from those two offices, and in December, 1,062, showing a rapid increase. The number of letters may appear small, but the postage from San Francisco to any point beyond Salt Lake was \$5 for half an ounce. The success of the pony route, and its strong influence in business, furnished an additional proof of the importance of having quicker communication across the continent, so in the summer of 1860 preparations were made for erecting a telegraphic line. Early the next year work was commenced very industriously, and on the 24th of October, 1861, the first through telegram was received. As the line advanced, the importance and value of the Pony Express decreased, and by the middle of 1861 the pony mail ceased to possess much interest, as it had been long anticipated by the telegraph. The pony mail was a great institution in its time. Good luck, however, appears persistently to attach itself to the Holladay house in everything that they touched. Some few years ago an English Company opened a new mine on Sugar Pine Creek in Tuolumne County. This vein is about eight miles west of the town of Sonora, and the creek joins the famous Wood's Creek at that town. The mine was called "The Confidence Mine." Becoming disappointed at the end of two or three years, they abandoned the works, which were resumed from time to time by one or two other companies, and eventually sold for a comparatively trifling sum to Mr. Holladay, upon the earnest representation of a well-known mining engineer that the venture was more than a mere speculation. The result has proved the justice of the scientific observation. If rumor tells true, this mine brings in monthly a net return of more than double the purchase money, and promises from recent developments large returns for a long time to come, say two per cent. per month on a valuation of \$1,000,000.—[EDITOR CALIFORNIA MAIL BAG.]

of miles of inhospitable desert, in the astonishingly brief space of one week. The conception of this idea and its execution are due to Mr. Holladay, whose teeming brain is ever prolific of novel and expeditious methods of intercommunication. He is a born common-carrier. The popularity of the Pony Express was unbounded, and its profits were proportionate. Though the original route has long been a thing of the past (it was established in 1855), the system is this day a marked feature of the civilization of the Interior, where steam has not yet been harnessed to its coach.

In 1862, having obtained favorable contracts for carrying the mails, Mr. Holladay organized his celebrated overland stage lines through Nebraska, Dakota, Montana, Colorado, Utah, Nevada and California, and the Pony Express having fulfilled its mission, expired in the arms of the new enterprise. This marked another epoch of Western civilization, and though the great railroad began immediately to shorten the stage route at either end, it was not without its fruits. For six years its countless coaches were crowded with passengers, the country began to be familiar with the great central plains of the continent and their hitherto unsuspected resources, and thriving settlements began to spring up along the route. And thus was rugged nature graded for the iron rail. In 1868, just before the completion of the transcontinental railroad, Mr. Holladay sold out his entire interest in the overland mail, stock and stations, to Wells, Fargo & Co., and the stage-coach era was soon closed forever.

Ever restless, energetic, bold and indefatigable, Mr. Holladay had now been identified with the vital enterprises of the Pacific coast for seventeen years. He had prospered wherever he had wrought; whatever work had come to his hand had seemed to bring a blessing with it, both to himself and to the country. While reverses were not wholly unknown, failure had stood widely aloof. He had not only amassed a princely fortune, but he had crowned himself with a reputation such as ought to fully satisfy the aspiration of any private citizen. He had come to be regarded as the representative man of his class—a class which, in grasp of intellect, keenness of foresight, boldness of conception and tenacity of purpose, has never been equaled in the commercial history of the world. The men who have made California and the Pacific cities—whose daring schemes have been the wonder and the life of the country—who have wrestled with the Angel of Fortune and compelled a blessing upon the land—may almost be counted upon the fingers, and conspicuous among them is Ben. Holladay. Having now passed the meridian of life, and acquired everything for which he had striven, it might have been expected that he would doff his casque and cuirass, lay aside the sword, and lounge at full length upon his laurels. But for such spirits as his there is no rest while the world is still incomplete. Like the witches' rat, "they'll do, and they'll do, and they'll do!" With these men, labor is its own end and reward; wealth and fame merely accessories. It is doubtful if even they have the benefit or well-being of their race very much at heart; the advantages derived from their activity is rather incidental than intended. In war they would be leaders of forlorn hopes, in politics dangerous and unscrupulous leaders. Upon the high seas, were it not that honest commerce is less dull and wearisome than robbery, it is to be feared that they would be pirates. Action and excitement is their food and drink; and it is because commerce, trade and the industries furnish these that they engage in them. It would be all the same if they furnished nothing else. Leland Stanford would build a railroad to the moon

From S. (Portland) to C. (Astoria) the McMENVILLE BRANCH of CALIFORNIA & OREGON RAIL ROAD.  
 " S. (Astoria) to B. (Shasta) the OREGON & CALIFORNIA R.R. along the Willamette River  
 in Oregon and passing Bluff Lake in southeasterly direction thence along Upper Sacramento R. in a southeasterly direction to SHASTA.



MAP OF TRANSCONTINENTAL RAILROADS, AS WORKING AND PROPOSED WITH THEIR CONNECTIONS.





if it were but difficult and feasible, and if Ben. Holladay could find nothing else for his hand to do, he would lay on a line of steamers to the Antarctic continent. These men are invaluable; if their activity and energy ministered only to their own needs, there would be nobody to minister to ours. And so it came that Mr. Holladay, instead of retiring, as you, reader, or we, writer, would have done, utilized his temporary leisure in projecting other and greater enterprises.

Turning his eye to Oregon, he quickly perceived in her need of railroads his opportunity. He soon secured the control of a charter to build and operate a road from Portland to the southern boundary of the State, to connect it eventually with California. This was called the Oregon Central, and the organization was legally imperfect. Mr. Holladay soon corrected all, and organized the Oregon and California Railroad, receiving from Government the enormous grant of 12,800 acres of land per mile. Since then he has devoted his mighty energies to its construction and equipment. The bonds, guaranteed by the land grants, and "floated" by the obviously advantageous nature of the enterprise, have been a favorite security with Eastern and European—particularly German—capitalists, and the corporation is one of the soundest and most healthy in the United States.

To dispose of the valuable land grants in the Willamette Valley, 130 miles long and 30 broad, and stretching away into the rich, rolling valley of the Umpqua; thence to the Rogue River country and the southern boundary of the State, he has organized a gigantic Land Company, and dispatched agents to all the principal cities of Europe to induce immigration and settlement upon the most advantageous terms ever offered by any similar concern. The benefit to the State will be almost incalculable. In a few years these rich agricultural districts will teem with the most frugal, industrious and intelligent population in the world. A gentleman, who represents the interests of the European stockholders, has just made a thorough personal investigation and inspection of the affairs of the company, and has expressed himself greatly impressed with the spirit, energy and integrity of its management, which from the first has been confided almost exclusively to Mr. Holladay's discretion.

Upon the completion of this enterprise, what further schemes will engage the attention of this tireless projector it is impossible to foresee; but his past record is ample warrant for the belief that in whatever direction he may cast his lines, they will fall in pleasant places, and—if we may slightly vary our metaphor—when they are reeled in there will be found a particularly fat fish upon the end of each.

# Foot-Prints of Progress

WEST OF THE

ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

## FOOT-PRINTS OF PROGRESS WEST OF THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

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### WINE AND VINEYARDS.

We purposely place the manufactured article in advance of the staple commodity, because the importance of the trade entirely depends upon that former product. As an edible fruit, the grape is now of little importance to the wealth of the State. California has, with her usual vigor, sprung up to a prominent place among the wine producing countries of the world, and that spite of many obstacles. In the days when grapes were a dollar a bunch, and even twenty-five cents a pound, it paid the grower much better to ship his crop from Los Angeles, and sell it in this market. A change came, other fruits were brought into competition, the vineyards increased, and it became a question what to do with the surplus of the crop. Of course the answer was, it must be made into wine. Hence arose the fallacy that he who could plant the vine and gather the grapes could also tread the wine-press and manufacture the wine; further still, not only manufacture, but bring it to market. In other words, the happy, contented, not over wealthy husbandman of Los Angeles, found himself transformed by the force of circumstances into grower, manufacturer and merchant, with a limited capital and still more limited knowledge, either of manipulation or business. The good man tasted his grapes as they ripened in the genial sun of the South, pronounced them very good, forthwith bought what he considered the necessary utensils, and made his wine. He was ignorant of the fact that in all branches of industry, when the grower undertakes to manufacture, he generally fails. A tanner cannot at the same time be a shoemaker (such was unsuccessfully tried in this very State) any more than a farmer or a miller should be a baker, and it has ever been found that the division of each calling under separate heads is more conducive to the prosperity of a State than their union under one. Private individuals can always successfully compete with Government undertakings, unless such are protected by legislative enactments. The consequence of this conglomeration of pursuits, joined to want of skill, caused the early wines of California to be crude, alcoholic and unpalatable. The grower waited a reasonable time, until fermentation had, as he thought, done its work, and then bunged up his wine in cask, and placed it either in a cellar where a thorough draft constantly passed through, or in a wooden shed where it was roasted all day and frozen all night. If the wine didn't go sour or fermentation didn't set in again, or the whole affair didn't turn to a cask of rosy insipidity, the fortunate grower was left with a liquid that "must be pure," for it was made from the juice of the grape, and nothing else, but which, as above stated, was crude, alcoholic and unpalatable. Vine-growing



requires a multiplicity of information. First of all, and one of the most important, is an analytical knowledge of the soil and its adaptability to grape culture. Again, it is necessary to know what grape is most fitted to such a soil, for although vines will thrive anywhere in California, yet certain species are better suited for certain conditions than others, and *vice versa*. The Mission grape, as it is popularly called, was brought into this country (as we have been told by everybody who has mentioned the subject) by the old padres. It has been generally called, also, the Malaga grape, but Mr. Keller, of Los Angeles, than whom few men are more capable of judging, believes that, from the fact of these early fathers having come mainly from Catalonia, the vines that were sent to them were ordered from their native province, and that the Mission is the Catalan grape, the same that now makes the Spanish wine called Beni Carlo. Moreover, says the same well-informed gentleman, the voyage in those days was very long and tedious, and had many species of vines been sent out by the Spaniards to their distant brethren, only the most hardy cuttings would survive the voyage. Now this Catalan or Mission grape is particularly hardy, and on the Darwinian scheme must predominate. To return: The old Mission grape was grateful to the taste, sweet and saccharine, planted as it was on the low bottom lands of the valleys. Take the same vine to the foothills and plant it on a calcareous earth, where it struggles for existence among rocks and stones, and you have a grape less palatable, but more fitted to make a wholesome wine than its pampered brother of the lowlands. This latter may make a stronger spirit, but the other has drawn its life more from the mountain air and the stony soil, and is not of the earth earthy. Now there is an indigenous wild grape that grows in California. It is to be found in the shelter of ravines, winding around the bushes that surround them, generally about some spring that forms a little pool among the rocks, which it covers with its cool green shade. If undisturbed, hundreds of quail congregate at these spots toward sunset. This grape is acrid and very small, yet it has been advantageously used in the making of wine. M. Covillaud, of Marysville, who was a practical wine maker, mixed half of the wild grape with an equal portion of cultivated, and produced a wine somewhat similar to those of the Rhone in France, with the exception of its being of a higher body, but the bouquet and flavor were superior to that of most Californian wines.

As long as the Southern part of the State, more particularly Los Angeles and its vicinity, was the wine producing portion, we were obliged to put up with the straw-colored, earthy-flavored alcoholic wine that was supplied. The consequence was that a new class of manufacturers sprang up, who may be classed as mixers, reducers, flavorers, improvers, or any other name that signifies changing the original article so as to render it palatable. By this class, and out of the large pipes of the raw Los Angeles wine, were produced neat packages of California Port, Sherry and Madeira; also, pretty cases containing bottles labeled Angelica, and other names copied from the various brands of the wines of Cincinnati and elsewhere.

We speak merely of the wines of commerce, without reference to those in private cellars, for it is well known that the pioneer settlers had old and carefully made wines stored away, which they would produce on festive and hospitable occasions. Wilson, of St. Luis Obispo, the genuine Cucamongo, wine that resembled good Marsala in color and taste, and lighter wines savoring more of the Moselle than the Rhine, the Gerke,

for example, from Chico; these were to be found, but they did not form part of the general trade of the State. In the early days, that is, from 1850 to 1860, California wine, like the prophets of old, found little honor in its own country. It was tabooed at San Francisco tables, and only consumed in the interior, in consequence of the adulterated nature of the whisky and brandy supplied by the San Francisco jobbers. Travelers fondly thought that in drinking California wine they at least could not hurt their insides, however insipid or sour the beverage might be.

A change, however, ensued. The owners of land in the coast range valleys turned their attention to vine growing. As early as 1832 the land where now flourishes the Buena Vista Vinicultural Society was planted with vines and a household wine made from the grapes. General Vallejo likewise made wine earlier than that date, but it was not until the farmers seriously set to work to make money out of their vineyards that Napa and Sonoma valleys may be said to have come into the market with their grape produce. Col. Haraszthy went to Europe. His bean ideal at that time was Hungarian wine, the wine, as some one has termed it, a very Janus of savor, sweet to the first taste and bitter in the second, or precisely the opposite, with an astringent first sip and a cloying memory. The grape thrived here, but the soil was not suited to it for wine purposes. The fruit is giant in size, but wastes in volume under the press. So Haraszthy went to France and Germany, and picked out the best vines. He chose the Chasselas and the Black Hamburg for the use of the table as fruit, but discarded them for the purpose of wine-making, choosing other varieties, of names well known in Europe, such as the small Tokay, etc., for the Californian vineyards. Now it takes four years after planting before the vine-cuttings bear fruit, or rather should be allowed to bear fruit, because prior to that time all grapes should be carefully removed, in order to give strength to the parent stem for future bearing. Sonoma was the first in the field as an opponent in the manufactured article to Los Angeles. In 1856 vineyards dotted the whole of the beautiful valley. Sonoma rapidly increased as a wine producing district. In 1869 the yield was greater than that of the Los Angeles district, and this year, unless an unforeseen calamity intervenes, the vintage will be superior in quantity, and especially in quality, to any preceding years. The drought, so fatal to the wheat crop, is especially favorable to the vine. The grape has more saccharine and less of watery matter than in wetter years, and although, perhaps, in a mere commercial point of view the weight is less, which to a certain extent is a loss to the growers, yet the wine makers gain by the stronger juice that flows from their presses. That which we have said with respect to Sonoma applies equally to Napa. The farmers of Napa Valley, with their broad rich bottom lands, kept longer to the cultivation of cereals, and it was not until the extensive operations of Mr. Groesinger opened their eyes to the advantages to be obtained by combining grape with wheat culture, that they began to turn their attention to their vineyards. Still, Napa is far behind Sonoma valley in production. Meanwhile it had been found that El Dorado county was peculiarly adapted for the cultivation of grape vines, and that the foothills of the Sierras produced even better grapes than those of the coast range. No better wine comes into our market than that from the manufacturers of that county, and a species of grape called the Black Burgundy finds particular favor there. Tuolumne county likewise has sent some superior California Wine into the market, especially a very rich red wine somewhat resembling that

which is called "foundation port" in the London market, such wine being used as a strengthener and fortifier of old and worn out red wines (in the same way as applied to old and worn out humanity). The quantity of this last wine, however, is limited. Los Angeles during this time had not been idle. A large German company had founded the Anaheim Vineyard, had imported the vines from Germany that make the famous Rhine wines, such as the Foster Riesling, the Assmanshauser (which, by the way, originally came from the Rhone), and the many varieties, both red and white, so carefully cultivated in Rhineland. From the Moselle they obtained the varieties of the highly flavored Muscatel and the Anaheim Vineyard, based upon a thorough co-operative system, has gone on flourishing since its foundation in 1867, although active operation can hardly be said to have commenced prior to the general division among the members in 1864. Some few years ago Mr. Keller, of Los Angeles, went to France for the purpose of obtaining cuttings of the most celebrated vines in the wine districts. He returned with some hundred varieties, and they have all thriven well under his management. Hitherto no single variety has borne enough fruit to make a separate wine, and the grapes have been all thrown together into the press. This year, however, the increase of bearing will enable him to make a distinct wine from several separate species, and thereby test the comparative merits of his wine with that made in France from the same variety, as, for example, whether the pure Medoc grape will make what we call Claret. That will make this a memorable year in the annals of California wine-making, especially as the vintage promises to be the largest and the best we have ever yet had. The soil of Los Angeles is a light loam, mixed in some places with clay and gravel. That of Sonoma and Napa Valley is a rich alluvial soil in the bottom lands, well adapted for raising eating grapes, whilst that of the favored spots on the hill sides is a red decomposed sandstone mixed with clay and gravel. In other parts of the State, an excellent soil for vineyards is strongly intermixed with magnesia, lime or chalk, whilst the best for wine is the volcanic formation of the foothills of the Sierra Nevada. Puta Creek, in Solano county, sends us splendid eating grapes from the vineyards of the Wolfskills.

It was not to be expected that with such varied soils and climate the vine would flourish equally well, or bear uniformity of grape. The light, dry soil of Los Angeles requires irrigation, which is never good for the vineyard. It is the perennial rains, and, more than those, the dews of heaven, joined to a judicious manuring of the exhausted soil, that ensures the best quality of grape. The red soil of Sonoma and Napa valleys, whenever it crops out from the hill-sides, is eagerly covered to-day with vineyards, for it is that mixture of sandstone and iron which produces the best grape in that neighborhood. The diluvial, volcanic soil of the foot hills of the Sierra is especially adapted for vine growing, more particularly, as we before remarked, in El Dorado county, which is almost inclosed by mountains, and the hot, dry summer days bring forth all the strength of the grape.

The relative proportions of the wine product of Sonoma Valley, Napa Valley, Los Angeles and El Dorado, may be represented by the figures, 41, 38, 14 and 11. This calculation being based on the last official return, although relatively correct, cannot be entirely relied upon to-day, because El Dorado, having come later into the field, her grape-bearing vines have increased in greater proportion than her older competitors, in other

words, more new vineyards have contributed their wines during the last two years from El Dorado and the other counties bordering on the Sierra Nevada than from those other three. We have not included the Sacramento Valley vineyards in our category, as, although their yield is as large as that of Napa, the grapes are chiefly sent to market for the supply of the dessert table, the easy communication with the large cities rendering such more profitable than wine making, and the nature of the soil being more adapted to that branch of culture.

We have been at some pains to ascertain approximately the probable yield of the principal vineyards and manufacturies for the coming vintage, and the following may be relied upon as not far from the truth: In *Sonoma*, the Buena Vista Vinecultural Society will make from 100,000 to 150,000 gallons; Mr. Stewart, 30,000; Craig, 25,000; Carrigar, 30,000; Major Snyder, 15,000; Dr. Warfield, 8,000; A. F. Haraszthy, from his own vineyard, 18,000; I. Landsberger & Co., from their vineyard, 16,000; Aquillan, who has leased the produce of the Vallejo's vineyards, 25,000; Gundlach, from 60,000 to 80,000; Tichners, 75,000; Winkel, 30,000; A. S. Edwards and Hood will each make 35,000, and other small growers will send to market 150,000 gallons. In *Napa*, Grozinger, who commands the trade of the valley, and whose large storehouse on the line of the rail is familiar to travelers to Calistoga, will make about 100,000 gallons; Brannan, who generally sells his vintage, 10,000; Krug, 20,000; Craue & Montgomery, 35,000; Wing, 10,000; Siegriest Brothers, 50,000; Pellet, 35,000; Fulton, 10,000; Woodward, 5,000; Dr. Lockwood, 10,000; and others, 75,000 gallons. Shell & Krause, of *Knight's Ferry*, 30,000, and West Brothers, of Stockton, 20,000 gallons; other growers, 60,000 gallons. The majority of the grapes of this latter house, drawn as they are from the San Joaquin Valley, are sold for table use. Bugbey, of *El Dorado*, will make 160,000; the Orleans Hill Vine Co., 100,000; Eberhardt & Lachman, from purchased grapes, 80,000, and other growers, 50,000 gallons. Going South, the *Anaheim* Wine Growers' Association will make 100,000; Hammes, 15,000; Werder, 15,000; Korn, 20,000, and smaller vineyards, 250,000 gallons. In *Los Angeles*, M. Keller will make at least 150,000; B. D. Wilson, 100,000; Kohler, 80,000; Rose, 80,000, and other growers, 300,000 gallons. We have beyond a doubt omitted many names that will produce largely this season, and may also have been in error in some of our calculations. In either case we shall be happy to correct our mistake in our next number, as well as refer to it in the columns of the *News Letter*. The *Anaheim* crop may be overstated, as the grasshopper has committed some ravages among the vines in that district, but in the other quotations we are rather under than above the mark. The only house in California for native wines is that of I. Landsberger & Co. Their manufacturing capacity is 1,200 cases a month, divided as follows: Dry wine, 400 cases; private cuvee, 650 cases, and muscatel, 150. This house has made great progress in the quality of its wines, and to-day turns out a light, highly flavored champagne, that is much esteemed by judges. Their muscatel wine has attained great favor, and this house pins its reputation on that brand. A well-known connoisseur of Louisiana (Mr. Marshall) wrote as follows: "If this wine is not crowded on the market, but left to gain favor by its own merits, it will take first rank, not only among native wines, but among the wines of the world." Notwithstanding their present production is equal, in pints and quarts, to 1,800 dozen a month, they contemplate enlarging their capacity to 2,000



monthly. We may estimate the quantity of brandy manufactured in this State as one-twentieth of the quantity of wine, and at the same time note a material improvement in the quality of this latter article. On the whole, we may estimate that the ensuing vintage will nearly touch *eight million gallons*. The last year gave us nearly six millions, and from the fact of a very heavy yield, coupled to many young vines bearing for the first time this year, we may safely add twenty-five per cent. to last year's product. We congratulate the vine growers at the cheerful prospect they have for 1871, and shall return to the subject next month.

### RESOURCES OF THE NORTHWEST.

Puget Sound, on the borders of which will be the future metropolis of the North Pacific Coast, is an inland sea, dotted with islands and joined to the Pacific by a gateway called the Straits of Fuca. 80 miles in length, 10 to 12 in width, and from 20 to 100 fathoms deep in all its parts. One arm of the Sound extends northward from where it joins the Strait, and the other southward: both divide and ramify, until the Sound, with all its bays and deep-water inlets, presents a shore line of 1,833 miles, and extends across two degrees of latitude. There is no obstruction at the entrance. The mouth of the Strait is easily entered in all weather. For 150 miles the mid channel is more than 300 feet deep, and remarkably free from all hidden dangers. On each side of the main channel, and in the various bays which will be the real harbors and shipping ports, the water is still deep, but not too deep for anchorage. The holding ground is excellent. The waters abound with fish of great variety and excellence. The cod banks of Alaska are now known to be as extensive and productive as those of our Atlantic coast. These fisheries are necessarily tributary to the trade of Puget Sound. Besides, the climate of Washington Territory offers for curing fish just the required medium of temperature—an average of 40 degrees in winter and 62 degrees in summer. The fisheries are 800 miles nearer the drying racks and the shipping ports of Puget Sound than to those of San Francisco. These advantages will govern the location of the fishing trade. The best whaling ground left to American harpooners is within eighteen days of the western terminus of the Northern Pacific Railroad. The basin containing the Sound and its branches is bounded on the east by the Cascade Range of mountains, and sheltered on the west by the Olympian or Coast Range. This depression between the two mountain ridges is about 75 miles in width, and that part which is not occupied by the waters of the Sound is mainly covered with magnificent forests, which extend to the very summit of the mountains. Here grows that Puget Sound timber of which so much has been written—fir, cedar, pine, spruce, hemlock, oak, maple, cotton-wood, ash, dog-wood, alder and some of the smaller varieties. The forests of giant fir and cedar are traversed by ten rivers, which flow down from the Cascade Mountains and empty into the Sound, furnishing ten alluvial valleys of agricultural land, and supplying for logging purposes another thousand miles of inland shore-line. In connection with the remarkable climate in which twenty varieties of flowers are known to be in bloom at the beginning of January, the productive capacity of the soil of the Puget Sound region is great, both as to quantity and quality. Puget Sound is no exception to the wheat yield of the Pacific slope. All the other cereals are grown to perfection: oats are particularly plump and heavy. The small grains are at home in Washington Territory. Pork is usually fattened upon peas, wheat and barley, and, it is claimed, can be made as cheaply as upon corn in the Western States. Fruits of all kinds, except the peach and the grape, are raised in great profusion. Oregon and Washington apples are exported to San Francisco. Potatoes and other vegetables, grown on the north coast, are also in high favor in the San Francisco market. The turnip yield will be most abundant.

### CULTURE OF THE OLIVE.--OLIVE OIL.

That the Olive thrives in California and yields abundantly is a fixed fact. Introduced by the Spanish priests in early days it became a favorite at their missions, both as an ornamental shade tree, as well as supplying them with its fruit, and oil for illuminating their churches and dwellings. It is with its culture for commercial purposes, however, we would treat, as it is attended with great profit at but little outlay, and is one of the most reliable of crops. In the southern provinces of Italy, Bari and Laterra d'Otranta, it flourishes in its greatest luxuriance, and it is from such practical orchardists as are found there that we should gather our information. They succeed in getting bearing trees in two years, and full-bearing trees in five years, and the profits they realize exceed those of their competitors in Palestine, Syria, Greece, and the south of Spain and France. In the latter country much poppy-seed oil is sold, and finds its way into foreign markets as second quality olive oil. The olive tree is similar in appearance to the willow, and is of extraordinary longevity and hardiness. At Pescio one is known to be upwards of six hundred years old; another, three hundred and fifty years old, lately yielded no less than sixty gallons, although the trunk was entirely hollow. A hundred years is its usual full bearing lifetime, and it is to be observed that the yield increases for twenty years of its growth, and never decreases after. At six years the olive tree should produce from eleven to fourteen gallons of fruit, and this, properly manipulated, yields a gallon of first quality oil, and a gallon to a gallon and a half of second quality, of a value of from \$7 to \$10 per tree. The Italian methods of collecting the crops vary; some allow it to ripen and fall, but this decreases the yield of oil; others gather it before it is ripe, but this deteriorates from its quality. To gather it by hand when it is just ripe is the best method, but as this is tedious, another plan has been adopted with great success: The fruit is shaken from the tree when ripe and caught in a cloth loosely stretched on a frame and placed beneath the tree. If the olives are quite ripe, the oil is at once extracted; if not they are allowed to lie for a day or two till they begin to wrinkle. They are first crushed in a circular bed by a single millstone, then placed in hair bags, and lightly squeezed in a screw press of rude construction, to obtain the first quality oil, which is run off, after being freed from water, into rock tanks, where it is left to clarify. The bags with the olives from which the first quality oil has been extracted are now immersed in hot water to coagulate albuminous matter, and when cool are again placed in the press and the balance of the oil expressed. This is termed second quality, and after standing for a considerable time the top portion is drawn off; the residue is termed third quality, and is principally used in the manufacture of Castile soap. The cost of producing the oil is about 12 per cent. of its value, but so simple and inexpensive is the process that even in this country from 20 to 25 per cent. would be an ample allowance for expenses. Oil should be clarified in stone, or in glazed earthenware vessels before being placed in casks or other wooden vessels. At Gallipoli the oil cisterns are hewn out of the solid rock.

In Santa Barbara valley Messrs. Fernald, Blanchard & Towle have 2,000 olive trees of six years growth which will this year probably net them from ten to twelve thousand dollars, and the product of the neighborhood is estimated at over 100,000 gallons. In Italy from 300 to 350 trees are planted to the acre, from 11 to 12 feet apart. In this country the fruit sells for seventy-five cents a quart, but the probability is the demand would be too limited for an extensive production. The oil, however, will always be one of the most remunerative articles which can be produced, either for home consumption or for export. It is to be observed that the olive tree cultivated for oil is of a species producing a smaller fruit, whilst those of Spain produce a larger fruit for consumption and from which a much smaller quantity of oil is obtainable. These latter are seldom of the same size and height as the former. Around the amphitheatre of hills at the back of Mentone a perfect forest of the oil-producing trees form one of the most striking features of the landscape.





**THE MILLS SEMINARY.****[For Engraving, See Opposite Page.]**

Civilization is the test of intellectual development: it is the touchstone of its quality, the evidence of its progress, and in the same ratio as the latter is fostered will the former advance. The generally received maxim that a newly peopled country tends but little to encourage mental culture is negated by our experiences in California. In no State or country, of whatever growth, have greater facilities for the encouragement of the mental culture of youth been offered than here. Our public schools are sufficient proof of this. Their condition is a conclusive commentary upon the energetic action of our citizens in promoting the great cause of education in our midst, and is to us, justly, a source of honest pride. But whilst the means for public instruction for the masses have been thus extended and perfected in so signal a manner, the high character and greater advantages afforded by private educational establishments have even at an early stage in our political existence commanded our admiration. First among these stands preëminently the MILLS SEMINARY, an institute which, whether considered in reference to the admirably arranged course of study, its internal economy, its home-like character, its lovely situation, the completeness of every detail, the size and elegance of the building, or the high standing and ability of the principals and their competent staff of professors and assistants, has no superior, if any equal, in the United States.

In presenting to our readers a somewhat detailed account of Mills Seminary, we may premise that a personal inspection of many of the private schools of Europe, including some of those of the highest class in England, in France and in Germany, compels us to acknowledge that we have never yet met with one combining so many advantages, both mental, physical and moral, as does the one which is the subject of this notice. In 1852, the Seminary for young ladies was established at Benicia and placed in the hands of Trustees. The objections which are inseparable from a divided authority was soon apparent to many, and two years afterwards it was transferred to Miss Mary Atkins, who purchasing it became sole proprietress and directress. Under her management the school soon obtained the character it has ever since maintained—that of the best seminary in the State. After conducting the Benicia Institute for eleven years with the most remarkable and continued success, Miss Atkins disposed of it to the Rev. Dr. C. T. Mills, under whose charge, and that of his wife, it has since been. Dr. Mills is a gentleman of very lengthened experience in tuition, an enthusiast in his occupation, and a man of varied and high attainments. His administrative talent is no less remarkable, and to it is added an affectionate and fatherly manner, which wins for him the warmest regard of his pupils, who in consequence strive to merit his approbation in the pursuit of their studies. It is easy therefore to understand how the popularity of the Seminary increased, until the patronage bestowed upon it soon rendered its removal to more eligible premises a matter of necessity. Possessing a tract of land in the neighborhood of Fruitvale, Alameda county, Dr. Mills, after due consideration, determined to erect there an institute second to none in the United States, and which, bearing his name, should remain a monument to his labors in the cause of education. In the Mills Seminary he has faithfully carried out his purpose. The cost of the land, buildings, furniture, and other improvements, exceed \$100,000; of this sum, the Doctor himself supplied upwards of \$60,000, and more than \$30,000 has been contributed, in sums varying from \$1,500 to \$100, by liberal and public spirited gentlemen of San Francisco, Alameda and the adjoining neighborhoods. Their contributions are *free gifts*, conferring on the donors *no voice* in the design, erection, or in the conduct of the Seminary, but freely donated to enable Dr. Mills to carry out his noble purpose. Nothing could give a greater proof of the high estimation in which the character of the Doctor is held, and of the confidence felt in his ability to complete that which he proposed. In the canvassing for these subscriptions, not only the Doctor, but the people of the State at large,

owe a debt of gratitude to Mr. J. O. Eldridge, one of the very largest contributors, who, in a whole-souled manner, directed his well-known energy to the attainment of the object.

No better locality than that selected for the erection of the Seminary could have been found in California. It is picturesque in the extreme, healthy, retired, and yet easily accessible; being about five miles from Oakland, and only one mile from the Seminary Park station, on the Alameda Railroad. Leaving the Seminary station, a broad avenue, planted on either side with poplar trees, leads towards the Mills Seminary, which lies in a delightful nook resting at the base of the foothills, surrounded by fine oaks, sycamore, laurel, alder and willow trees. Two running streams meander through the grounds, which comprise sixty-five acres. Over one of these the visitor crosses on a substantial bridge, and passing under and close to the magnificent oaks, the facade of the edifice meets the eye. It is of three stories, with a mansard roof, and is at once imposing and tasteful, conveying an idea of spaciousness and comfort fully confirmed by internal inspection. The aspect of the front is southerly, and it is sheltered on the north by hills, wending round to the westward. The length is 218 feet, with a depth of 75 feet, the eastern wing having a depth of 130 feet, with 55 feet of frontage. It is intended to add to the length of the corresponding wing hereafter. The center and wings project slightly, thus relieving the monotonous appearance of continuous length and adding to the airiness and comfort of the interior. The center is surmounted by a cupola, in which a fine telescope is to be mounted, commanding a magnificent view of San Francisco Bay, the San Bruno Hills in the distance, with the towns of San Leandro and Alameda in the foreground. To the left of the Seminary, at some distance, is the Gas House, whence gas is supplied to the whole establishment, there being not less than 350 burners in the various apartments. Fronting the house, beyond the lawn, is an orchard and grapery, producing some of the choicest varieties of fruit in the State, and formerly cultivated by Mr. Saillot. It is Dr. Mills' purpose to greatly extend the size of this vineyard so as to have ample supplies of healthy fruit for his pupils. There are three front entrances; that in the center leading to suites of reception rooms, furnished in elegant style, with frescoed ceilings and walls—that on the right to the Principal's private apartments, and that on the left to the studies, lecture and music rooms. Entering by this last you are at once struck by the spaciousness, airiness and cheerful aspect of the interior. Passing an office for the Principal, we enter a music room, adjoining which is the private room of the Professor of the art—an elegant little apartment, beautifully frescoed and decorated. Passing through this, we enter the large Hall, used for various purposes, with raised platform and windows at both ends. This opens into a fine schoolroom for juniors, with desks and other appurtenances of the most approved kind. Adjoining this are several recitation rooms. The blackboards are throughout of patent slate cloth—a great improvement upon the chalk-boards generally in use. In the immediate vicinity are various other accommodations for the pupils, of the most complete and convenient design, as wash rooms, etc. A corridor from the main building leads to the dining-room, a lofty apartment, 70 feet long and 36 wide; and in close proximity is the kitchen, with extensive ranges and hot-air ovens of large size, capable of baking 80 loaves at a time.

In the main building, three wide staircases lead to the second story, and a like number to the third story. On these are situated the bedrooms of the pupils and their teachers. These are of uniform furniture, neatly varnished bedstead, with spring-mattress, bureau, table, bookshelves and chairs; a washing-closet adjoins every room, with fixed wash-bowl, hydrant, etc. The bedrooms are carpeted throughout, and furnished with inside blinds and gas jets. The assistant teachers' apartments are situated at various points on the floors, so as to be always accessible to their pupils in any case when their advice or assistance may be desirable. Adjoining the Principal's private apartments in the right wing of the house, are rooms set apart in case of sickness, to which the invalids can be removed, and close under the eye of Mrs. Mills. There are numerous bath-rooms and other conveniences, with water tanks on the top of the building for the supply of all the bedrooms and the bath-rooms, and also as a security against fire. For further pro-

tection in this case, there are numerous fire extinguishers of the most approved description. The great width of the halls and the separate stairways are excellent features. In any case of sudden alarm, ample means of egress is thus afforded. The entire building is a model, indeed, of convenience and comfort, with ample ventilation and light in every part. The architects were S. C. Bugbee & Son, and the Seminary reflects the greatest credit upon their taste in design, and their talent of arrangement. The whole of the rooms are warmed by hot air on the most approved method. In the rear of the building, and detached from it, a laundry and servants' rooms have been erected, and a gymnasium, 72 feet by 40, will shortly be completed, which will be furnished with suitable apparatus, affording every facility for calisthenic exercises. Dio Lewis' system of gymnastics is the one followed in the Seminary. The extensive grounds afford also ample accommodation for the physical training of the young ladies.

The Seminary is eminently Christian in character, but not sectarian, and a beautiful chapel, 100 feet by 45, will shortly be erected a few hundred yards from the school, with a pastor's study and lecture-room attached. There is also in progress of construction a reservoir, at an elevated point on the hill in the rear of the Seminary, so as to have a constant supply of water, brought from the creek at that point to the highest part of the building, without the necessity of pumping; and a swimming bath is also to be thus supplied continuously with fresh water.

Dr. and Mrs. Mills are aided in their labors by fifteen resident assistants, selected with special regard to their qualifications in their various departments, in addition to the visiting professors.

We have thus at some length described the most salient features of this noble Seminary, to which California may point as a prominent mark in her advancing history. On our visit during the present vacation, we saw many of the pupils visiting their new home, and it was pleasant indeed to observe the affectionate yet respectful manner with which they greeted their preceptors. Several other visitors were there, and we heard of one case where a gentleman from Chicago, in company with his daughter, was so pleased with his visit that he asked her how she would like to remain there to school. On her replying that she would, he at once placed her in the Seminary, and has returned home to send her sister to join her before school opens. The names of those gentlemen who have donated sums of money to carry out Dr. Mills' intentions we give below:

H. H. Haight, W. C. Ralston, W. A. Bray, H. M. Newhall, N. W. Chittenden, Robert Simpson, W. H. Ladd, Capt. Levi Stevens, T. H. Pinkerton, M. D., Eustace Trenor, M. D., A. J. Pope, W. C. Talbot, Milton S. Latham, Charles Minturn, C. W. Hathaway, James P. Pierce, Edward Vischer, Oliver Eldridge, Charles Crocker, H. D. Bacon, James B. LaRue, A. A. Cohen, P. Sather, E. J. Pringle, W. H. Sharp, D. O. Mills, Hon. Thomas H. Selby, Henry Wetherbee, E. D. Sawyer, R. E. Cole, M.D., R. B. Woodward, John Center, E. B. Mastick, Hiram Tubbs, E. M. Derby, Abraham Seligman, George Barstow, Geo. C. Hickox, Peter Donahue, Maurice Dore, R. B. Swain, H. P. Wakelee, E. G. Matthews, Isaac E. Davis, R. H. Magill, John Taylor, Frederick MacCrellish, N. G. Kittle, M. G. Cobb, John B. Felton, William Blackwood, G. K. Fitch, S. M. Wilson, Charles W. Howard, Benjamin F. Washington, R. B. Gray, J. W. Davidson & Co., Levi Strauss & Co., Samuel Cowles, G. W. Clark, Snow & Roos, Goodwin & Co., M. G. Cobb, H. B. Platt, W. H. L. Barnes, H. S. Gates, Milo Hoadley, J. S. Emery, R. H. Sinton, James Pullman, Rodmond Gibbons, W. W. Stowe, Samuel C. Harding, A. A. Snyder, Charles D. Carter, George W. Tyler, J. K. Pryor, D. C. Haskin, M. J. Latham, Captain Wilcox, A. C. Henry, Lewis Jordan, M.D., Thomas Bennett, M.D., James Otis, A. S. Rosenbaum, J. R. Granniss, W. H. Rhodes, L. P. Fisher, J. Hopkins, E. Bigelow, N. M. McPherson, E. D. Sanford, George Tait, Joseph East-erwood, J. O. Eldridge, Edward McLean, R. Hockofier, Charles Menicke, Josiah Sessions, E. P. Flint, W. H. V. Cronise, James Laidley, E. T. Crane, W. C. Blackwood, W. F. Boardman.



## OUR CROP--OUR CONDITION--OUR PROSPECTS.

From Friedlander's *Grain Circular*, the standard authority on such matters on this coast, we make the following extract:

*Receipts and Exports of California Wheat and Flour for Eleven years.*

	RECEIPTS.		EXPORTS.	
	WHEAT. centals.	FLOUR. bbls.	WHEAT. 100-lb. sks.	FLOUR. bbls.
From July 1, 1860, to June 30, 1861 ....	2,164,330	122,869	1,528,226	179,652
" 1861, " 1862 .....	1,451,465	111,269	775,553	82,400
" 1862, " 1863 .....	1,890,777	149,825	1,150,748	141,488
" 1863, " 1864 .....	1,843,840	99,298	984,941	158,225
" 1864, " 1865 .....	569,163	61,670	29,818	52,424
" 1865, " 1866 .....	2,138,442	167,316	1,044,826	249,857
" 1866, " 1867 .....	5,214,196	301,449	3,642,565	485,493
" 1867, " 1868 .....	5,062,150	208,237	3,773,092	426,157
" 1868, " 1869 .....	6,311,059	208,228	4,373,213	459,627
" 1869, " 1870 .....	6,542,504	170,290	4,864,590	554,106
" 1870, " 1871 .....	4,784,670	132,511	3,583,124	194,765

In addition to the above we have received from Oregon 43,194 centals of Wheat, 143 centals of Barley, 7,922 centals of Oats, and 180,558 barrels of Flour. It will be seen from the above, that our receipts of Wheat and Flour for 1870-71 show a falling off from those of 1869-70 of the equivalent of 1,900,000 centals of Wheat. This, however, by no means represents the actual loss to the State from the unfavorable character of the season through the great wheat-growing districts, for the increased acreage planted was so great, that had the season been even ordinarily propitious, the product of Wheat would have exceeded that of the previous year fully one-third. This would have nearly doubled our receipts for the past twelve months, and instead of a deficit of 1,900,000 centals, we would have shown a total receipt of nearly 10,000,000. We regret to say, that instead of making up this deficiency, the year we are now entering on will show a still greater falling off. The season has been one of the driest ever known in this State, and coming on the heels of a dry year, the effect on the farming interest has been most disastrous. It is estimated that something over a million of acres was planted this season in Wheat. Under favorable circumstances this would have produced over and above all our own requirements, a surplus for export of something like 600,000 tons; instead of which it is hardly probable that we will have much more than 100,000 to send abroad during the coming year. This succession of dry winters has been very hard upon our farmers, many of whom were recent immigrants, whose entire means had been exhausted in getting in crops which yielded no returns; but we are happy to state that, with the ingenuity and adaptability which so wonderfully characterize them, the farmers throughout the great interior valleys have already commenced to secure themselves against future contingencies of the same sort, by an entire change in their system of agriculture, and by the construction of large irrigating canals. The natural conformation of the country in the great valleys of the San Joaquin and Sacramento is such, and the amount of water in the streams so great, that nature seems to have lent herself completely to the work, and there can be no question, that, when once the facilities for irrigation are afforded, the fertility of the soil is such, the product of Wheat will be enormously increased, at the same time that the yield will be put beyond the pale of contingencies. These most important works are already under way, and a large district of country (most of which has never yielded a bushel of grain) will be planted under the new system during the coming season. It is believed that five years hence almost all the Wheat raised in the State will be produced in this manner.

Recurring to the above estimate of the amount of Wheat over and above our requirements that we will have for export during the coming twelve months, we would say, that while we believe it to be substantially correct, it is extremely difficult in a season like the present to arrive at anything like strictly accurate figures.

The crop yield throughout the State has varied from a total and absolute failure (as on the west bank of the San Joaquin River, where for thousands of acres planted not one head of grain was produced) to a yield far surpassing an average, such as is the case in Napa Valley, parts of Sonoma, the Pajaro, and Butte and Tehama counties. Assuming, however, that we will export 100,000 tons, and that an average price of two cents per pound will be obtained for it (which does not appear to be an extravagant figure considering the anomalous condition of affairs in Europe), our Wheat crop will furnish an exchange of \$4,000,000. It is estimated that our clip of wool under the effect of an extraordinary high range of price will amount to \$10,000,000. Our wine, fruit, nuts, etc., will hardly yield less than an additional \$2,000,000, so that the entire result of the labors of our farmers of all classes will foot up not far from \$15,000,000, which our friends abroad will, we think, admit is an extraordinary showing for a State with a population of hardly half a million of souls—particularly in a *second* season of almost unparalleled drought. That a good deal of distress prevails among our farming population is most true, but the reason of it is obvious. Up to November, 1869, no class of working men in the world were in better position than our Agriculturalists. They had had quite a succession of favorable seasons; they had realized good prices for their farm products of every description; and they were not only free of debt, but had a large aggregate of realized capital in hard coin in bank. It looked as if farming in California was one of the most profitable avocations in the world, and it undoubtedly was, but the desire on the part of those engaged in other industrial pursuits to embark in it, and on the part of those already engaged to extend their operations, brought about a land speculation, under which large tracts changed hands at high prices, and the spare money was not only all invested, but a heavy residue remained in the shape of debt, secured on the land newly purchased. The farmer became rich in acres, but poor in purse, and with, in too many cases, a load of debt hanging over him. Had the seasons continued favorable all would have been well, except that the speculation would have taken a still wider range, and the collapse when it came—and come of course it must—would have been still more disastrous. As it turned out, an immense amount of capital in the shape of both money and labor was invested in the purchase and cultivation of new lands which yielded nothing, and the farmer at present is *poor*. He is *not*, however, either broken nor really discouraged; and there is hardly a part of the State where one good crop will not place him in easy circumstances. Meanwhile the speculation in lands has been checked before extreme prices were reached, which is a benefit which can hardly be over-estimated; and while irrigating canals and ditches are being constructed on an immense scale in those parts of the country where experience shows that the average rainfall is too light to render the culture of grain a positively safe business, the railroad system is spreading in net work all over the State, and the crop that is grown by the artificial distribution of water will find the means of transportation afforded the moment it is harvested.

We have the *best* of authority for estimating the bullion product of this coast for the coming twelve months at \$65,000,000 to \$70,000,000. Our agricultural product will yield us \$15,000,000, making a total of say \$80,000,000, which the Wheat crop of Oregon and the timber of Washington Territory will certainly increase by several millions of dollars. These are not, be it understood, *crop* values, but *export* values. They represent what we have to dispose of over and above the supply of our own wants. And yet the people of the State, and particularly the people of this city, are almost in a panic about the condition of the Pacific Coast! Why, we ourselves remember distinctly the time (and we claim still to be not more than of middle age) when the total exports of the whole United States were only \$100,000,000! And here we are, on a coast only settled for a quarter of a century, trending close on the exports of a population of 20,000,000 or 25,000,000, operating in a country that had been settled for three hundred years. Fie on such despondency! We are, if we would but recognize it, in a most enviable position. Our mines are in a better shape than ever before, particularly in our knowledge of the proper method of working them; our soil is fertile beyond comparison, our population is enterprising and hardy, our flocks increase in a ratio unknown in other lands, our vineyards are climbing every mountain side, our cattle are multiplying on every hill, we abound in every element of wealth, and we firmly and honestly believe that we are upon the verge of one of the greatest leaps of prosperity that a people ever has known. What we want is to know ourselves, and properly estimate our position and resources; and this knowledge, the result of self study, should teach the capitalist of the city that his proper effort is the assistance of the country in the development of its resources, and that there is more money in the opening of new fields of labor than in all the per cents. per month which can be failed to be collected on all the fifty-vara lots in San Francisco.

**BET-ROOT SUGAR.**

Among the industrial pursuits in course of development in California, that of the cultivation of the white or sugar beet, and the manufacture of sugar therefrom, promises soon to take one of the most prominent places. The immense consumption of sugar in this country, in proportion to the number of inhabitants, is difficult to account for, the more so as it is cosmopolitan, and hitherto returns for the portions of the Union more strictly American in its element have shown them to be the largest consumers in the world. The consumption of sugar by different nations has shown that of France to be only 5 lbs. per capita: that of Germany and Russia somewhat higher, varying from 6 to 10 lbs.; that of England 30 lbs.; and that of the Atlantic States 40 lbs. per annum. The quantity used in various manufactures in the two latter countries in some measure accounts for this, as also the better condition of the working classes. In view of the small consumption in France, it is somewhat singular that the first attempt to utilize the beet for the production of sugar should have been inaugurated there. This was due to the action of Napoleon Bonaparte, who suggested and fostered it by stringent legal enactments prohibiting the importation of West India sugars. This has been attributed generally by political economists to his desire to injure the colonial interests of Great Britain; but as the consumption of France was comparatively so small, and as she thereby injured her own tropical colonies, this seems hardly so probable as that the development of home resources of France was his real object. The first attempts, however, were productive of but poor results, arising in part from inferior machinery and partly from lack of experience as to the best manner of cultivating the white-sugar beet, five tons of them only yielding at best 304 pounds of sugar, or 4½ per cent., while in some cases it only amounted to 3 per cent. Of late years the cultivation of beets and manufacture of sugar has made extraordinary strides in the countries of continental Europe, as an exemplification of which France produced in 1864, 135,000 tons, and in 1866, 275,000 tons. In the Zollverein, or those parts of Germany in which the duties are by treaty uniform, the products for the same years were 185,000 tons and 200,000 tons, while in Russia the produce was trebled in a few years. The yield has in some cases amounted to 8½ per cent., but this is exceptional. In America it may be said that beet-sugar manufacture is yet in its infancy. In Chutsworth, Illinois, a company was formed, but from various causes its onward course was interrupted. In our own State the California Beet Sugar Company is already an established success, and its inauguration was looked upon by many with great interest as promoting a great principle, the encouragement of self-production, thereby affording employment to many, yielding a good interest on the capital invested, and retaining the money paid for the foreign produce in circulation in the State. The signal success, therefore, of the Beet Sugar Company in its first operations is a matter of congratulation to every citizen of the Occident, and demands from them their best efforts to promote it. The Company have established their works at Alvarado, and they have been in operation for one season. They have succeeded in producing upwards of 7 per cent. of sugar from the beets. From the best information we can obtain, we gather that the crops of beets are about 20 tons to the acre, the yield of sugar being 2,800 pounds. The quantity of beets operated the past season has been 3,000 tons, producing 400,000 pounds of sugar and 15,000 gallons of molasses. In the coming season, about September, the beets to arrive will comprise the produce of about 400 acres raised by the Company, and of from 150 to 200 acres more contracted for at about \$3 50 per ton delivered at the factory. The molasses already produced has been contracted for for distilling purposes. The refinery in connection with the works is at present engaged in refining Peruvian sugars, and until the beet produce is sufficient to supply constant employment the refinery of foreign sugars will be continued. The refined sugar from the beet which has been produced by the California Beet Sugar Company is acknowledged to be equal to any hitherto in the market. The capital stock of the Company is \$250,000, and every improvement of modern science has been introduced into their works, rendering it complete and perfect in its details. To the extension of this establishment we look with every wish for its success as developing by its able management one of our most valuable internal resources. The following comprise the present officers of the Company: President and Treasurer, C. I. HUTCHINSON; Vice-President, BENJAMIN FLINT; Secretary, L. FRANCOIS; General Manager, A. D. BONESTEE; Superintendent of Factory, A. OTTO. Executive Committee—C. I. Hutchinson, Benjamin Flint, E. R. Carpenter.

## CALIFORNIA MAIL BAG.

### Monthly Brevities.

A popular amusement among our country friends at present is gnawing off the noses of rural foes in bar-rooms.—J. M. Tracy, a promising young artist, has finished a capital landscape—"Mount Diablo." The foreground is a piece of rich green meadow land, tenderly painted, and the bold mountain looms up in the background.—The Hyde steam wagon is at Salt Lake City.—George Alfred Townsend (Gath) has been giving the *Chicago Tribune* the result of his Pacific Coast experience.—Lord Campbell is hunting grizzly in Tulare County. His Lordship may find himself the object of an exciting hunt before the close of his tour. Mrs. Grizzly is not to be trifled with, and has no respect for blue blood.—The Kimball palace car went East on the 3d inst.—Sonoma Republicans will favor the nomination of Selby.—Napa county Republicans are for Booth.—Santa Barbara Democrats favor Haight.—Grand excitement in the Baptist Convention at Chicago. Parsons fight hotly on the negro question. 'Tis pleasant to contemplate these feuds of the godly.—*Figaro* estimates the number of men who bore arms in the late insurrection, and who have not yet been identified or arrested, at 40,000.—An order, signed and sealed by the Commune, to burn the Hotel de Ville has been discovered. The railroads from Paris to Havre have resumed. The Prussians have evacuated Amiens and the entire Departments of the Eure.—Fire at South San Francisco. Two houses burned; insured for \$500 each.—Laura D. Fair was sentenced to death by Judge Dwinelle. Day of execution set to 23th July.—Skating carnival in Oakland. The Terminus is determined not to be excelled by any other cluster of houses in the State. We shall encourage that village.—Jesus Tejarra, charged with being an accomplice in the Medina murder, a few years since, was found guilty of murder in the first degree in the fifth District Court at Stockton.—Lots of people are visiting the Big Trees; fine harvest for the stage drivers.—Work on the new suspension bridge over the Hudson is to be begun early in the summer, and the engineers predict that it will be ready before July 4, 1875.—A letter from Father Hyacinthe in the *Gazette* acknowledges the sympathy Italy feels for France, and advises the union of the Latin races as the balance of Europe is menaced by the preponderance of the Germans and the Slaves.—Deputy Health Officer Rogers has been removed. Dr. John L. Mearis appointed in his place. The doctor's accounts were not exactly square, hence the execution.—The amount of gold and silver bullion shipped from Wells, Fargo & Co.'s office in Virginia City during the month of May was 664 bars, weighing 49,838 pounds, and worth \$1,148,787 53.—The recent census shows that Prince Edward's Island has a population of 93,500, of whom 40,000 are Roman Catholics. The increase since 1861 is twenty-five per cent.—Papers have been discovered which show that the operations of the Communists were directed from London.—The cable from Antigua to St. Kitts has been completed.—After mature deliberation we have come to this conclusion in regard to the Young Men's Republican Club: First, that the members are green, spoony and painfully foolish; secondly, that they pretend to an influence in the political pot which might as well be assumed by a pack of unheeded Hoodlums; and thirdly, that the fact of being led by the nose by a couple of newspaper hacks places them several thousand miles below our notice and contempt.—Usual weekly assault on young Chinaman by Hibernian of a corresponding age; interesting fight, furious clinch, Chinaman above, Irish below—enlargement of the Celtic smeller and triumph of the heathen.—A Methodist parson in Brooklyn, N. Y., is accused of loving the "red red wine" in conjunction with keno. The reverend gambler has been supported by his congregation and the accuser disgraced.—Only 176 of the 339 towns in Massachusetts voted at the late special election whether malt liquors shall be sold therein. Of these 159 towns voted "No," and 17 voted "Yes."—The shipment of wool has almost entirely ceased for the season from Los Angeles. The corn crop is looking very fine, and promises a large yield if not destroyed by the grasshoppers, which are unusually bad.—The Columbia (S. C.) Union hears a rumor that counter organizations are forming in that State to meet the Kuklux at their own game.—The strawberry season is drawing to a close.—The small minority against the removal of Trinity Church, Boston, have appealed to the Courts to prevent its consummation. This attempt will probably be of no avail.—The four highest mountains in the State of Vermont ranks as follows in feet above the level of the sea; Mansfield, 4,279; Camel's Hump, 4,188; Jay Peak, 3,675; Ascuteny, 3,320.—Iowa has planted a corn crop to raise 100,000,000



bushels.—The journals of Port au Prince, Hayti, publish protests of the people, addressed to the President, against annexation to the United States.—The New York Yacht Club has elected Grand Duke Alexis, of Russia, one of its members.—The Hoodlum is becoming an unbearable institution. Four of these abominations attempted to force their way into Woodward's Gardens a few days ago, but were repulsed with a loss of two—who were borne away by a humane policeman to slumber in the Station-house until their wrath should be extinguished.—Professor George Davidson, U. S. Coast Survey, has arrived from the Southern Coast.—Drunken woman on Market street. *Alfa* man recommends her as a fit subject for Gough. Now, we object to this. Gough had never manliness enough in his stale composition to get drunk. Better a professional inebriate than a canting humbug; better anything than Gough.—The credentials of Bancroft as Minister to the German Empire have been sent to him.—Prime milch cows are worth \$100 to \$125 each in the New York markets.—Cheeky fellow follows lady on Third street. Lady's friend turns up and punches fellow's head. Serve him right—Hager is at his old games. When will that adventurous Yank be exterminated?—Harry Byrne, the District Attorney, is reported as dangerously ill at Gilroy.—The Fifteenth District Court yesterday adjourned over till June 13th.—An address to the Pope is circulating in the Provinces. It expresses the hope that regenerated France will soon lend an avenging arm to the Holy Father.—General George Crook, the new Commander of the Military Department of Arizona, has arrived at San Diego.—Fight with knives at Los Angeles. Spaniards, of course. One gentlemanly Castilian had his jugular separated. The funeral was of the simplest description.—The saltpeter warehouse of the California Powder Company, on the San Lorenzo, was destroyed by fire yesterday.—Stabbing affray at Gilroy. Mrs. Dutch Kate inserts a knife between the respective ribs of a couple of males.—The Wide Awake Base Ball Club of Oakland and the Atlantics of this city played the return match for the championship of the Pacific Coast, on Saturday last at the Recreation Grounds. The latter Club was defeated by a score of 50 to 10.—A man by the name of Brant committed suicide by shooting himself through the head on the 5th at the corner of Lombard and Taylor streets.—The army has finally been reduced to a peace footing in accordance with an Act of Congress of July 1860.—Fifty-seven miles of the Burnt river ditch, Portland, Oregon, has been completed, and it is expected the remaining thirteen miles will be completed by the time the natural supply of water fails.—The submarine cable from Singapore to Hongkong was successfully completed on the 3d instant. London is now in direct communication with China.—The *Independent Belge* publishes a letter from Victor Hugo, thanking the five Deputies in the Belgian Assembly who voted for the order of the day respecting vigorous measures against Hugo.—A company is now being fitted out at Los Angeles to search for a platina deposit in the vicinity of the Mohave river.—Nude madman in St. Peter's Church, Newark, plays the devil with the images.—Duel in Louisiana; lively shooting and but little damage received.—Tragedy in Cherokee. Austrian brute murders beautiful young lady who had rejected his addresses. The murderer has been captured, shot and the body burned.—Meteoritic showers in Maine. Immense demand on hatters.—Two very severe shocks of earthquake were felt in Mariposa on Thursday morning, May 24th, about five o'clock. Both shocks came from the direction of Mono Lake.—It is stated that great destitution prevails in Santa Barbara county, near San Buenaventura, in consequence of the drought in that locality during the past two years.—Two suicides: two passengers across the awful bourne, etc. Number one has an obdurate sweetheart, and number two a faithless wife. The former chooses a pistol bullet, the latter a dose of poison. John McCullough will deliver his apostrophy to marble hearts at the obsequies.—Schumacker, the murderer of Generals Lecompte and Thomas, has been arrested.—M. Auguste Vermarel, the well-known journalist of Paris, is dead.—It is announced that 20,000 Communist prisoners will be transported to New Caledonia.—The *Appeal* says the City Fathers of Marysville intend to make whisky of the corn now growing in Napoleon Square, in that city. Those rural editors perpetrate outrageous jokes.—The Directors of the Sonoma and Marin Agricultural Society have fixed upon the 25th day of September for the commencement of their annual exhibition.—The insurgents in Havana killed the celebrated Col. Miguel Peraz and seven men near Guantanamo.—St. Domingo advices say the crops of all kinds are promising a heavy yield.—The graziers of San Diego are fencing their lands.—At a recent meeting of the Art Association, seventy-two members were enrolled.—The people of San Pablo have a summary method of dealing with "hoodlums," which we recommend for general use to our much suffering citizens: As soon as the presence of these dogs is discovered, they are deliberately hunted up and driven from the town with a few marks of the appreciation of the inhabitants.—Notwithstanding the unusual backwardness of the spring and the frequency of the frosts, the Idaho Valley will produce quite an amount of fruit this season.—Internal revenue receipts for the first six days in June show a falling off of \$5,000,000 compared with last year.—A French loan of \$100,000,000 is proposed.—A free library was opened in Chicago June 6th.—The Roumanian Chamber was opened June 5th. The reception of Prince Charles was enthusiastic.—An invalid in Lake county has killed ninety-five rattlesnakes in one hour. We have hopes of that gentleman's ultimate recovery.—The Portland (O.) City Council have appropriated \$5,000 toward defraying the expenses of surveys on the Portland, Dulles and Salt Lake Railroad.—A Bret Harte cigar has appeared. Though well seasoned, we shall not venture on the article. A little too rank and strong.—Mesdames Patti and Trebelli are engaged as prima donne of the Italian operatic company at Hamburg this summer. The former

lady will receive 40,000 francs for ten performances.—Vinnie Ream is said to be a "handsome likeness of the picture of Mme. De Stael."—*Exchange*. We are tired of hearing of this pretty trifle in marble. She has bamboozled those Washington people, smiling them out of contracts, and we begin to fear she has been operating upon those foolish Eastern editors.—A terrible accident has occurred at Pitts-*town*, Penn. Fire in the mine, and eighteen men destroyed.—The steamer *Prince Alfred* has returned from her first round trip to British Columbia, bringing 900 tons coal, 100 bales wool, and \$59,418 in treasure.—W. H. Seward and party were at Suez May 5th, and were going through Egypt. They had already traveled 30,000 miles.—The Chicago Common Council have ordered the closing of saloons from twelve o'clock Saturday night until twelve o'clock Sunday night. Here's a go: Chicago placing restrictions upon whisky shops. Whither are we drifting?—Guatemala advices say the Revolutionists had captured Escuintla. The inhabitants are highly incensed at the Government, and affairs are threatening.—In the Marine Court, New York, Grau, the Theatrical Manager, gained a suit against Brignoli for services as manager of the opera in Chicago.—The Mexican Government is increasing the regular army, which the Opposition say is to maintain Juarez in power.—A *Bulletin* man has been at the Twentieth Annual Commencement at Santa Clara College, and has "written up" the valley. We never saw anything like this piece of composition. In a grammatical point of view, it is fearfully wild, absurd, nonsensical, and altogether too ridiculous for the columns of the *Bulletin*. Friend, curb that Jenkins, keep him at home; put a stopper on his gushing, or your country friends, "the theme of his discourse," will have a mighty laugh at your expense.—Brick Pomeroy is coming to California. We shall pray for an epidemic, an earthquake, an invasion of mad dogs, anything to keep those Eastern donkeys to their domestic thistles. Brick is the last straw.—The property holders along the line of Montgomery Avenue are getting their backs up. The assessment pill is too bulky for these lambs to swallow, and their morning and evening prayer is, "woe, woe, to the Commissioners." A brisk fight is in prospect.—Twenty-five women were killed and fifty hurt at a railway accident near Paris.—The *Patrie* demands a rigorous suppression of the machinations of the Communists in the Provinces.—*La Verite* estimates the damage to Paris at eight millions of merchandise burned, excluding the docks and warehouses.—All the pieces found of the Column Vendome will be exactly restored.—The postponement of Rochefort's trial is said to be from apprehension of disclosures compromising the Government of the National Defense.—The Baltimore City Council has unanimously voted \$1,000 to the widow of a policeman who was murdered while endeavoring to arrest an offender against the law.—The New York *Herald* recommends, as a means of prevention of horse-car outrages in that city, the introduction of the Hansom cab system.—The operations at the Daney mine are in the direction of the supposed body of ore at the bottom of the old shaft.—The Union Pacific Salt Company have declared a dividend of one-half of one per cent., payable on Saturday.—The Board of Education have prohibited corporal punishment in the schools. Nonsense, gentlemen; a wholesome application of the rod prevents many a youth from enlisting under the Hoodlum banner. Solomon was correct.—The San Domingo reports and accompanying documents are at last completed, and will be issued next week.—An explosion occurred at the California Powder Works; nobody hurt.—Bandmann and wife have arrived in New York.—Tom Thumb and party are in London.—Lucille Western is playing at the Olympic, New York.—It takes 75 wagons, 200 horses, and 175 people to run Barnum's new show. His receipts in Brooklyn were from \$2,300 to \$3,000 a day.—General T. J. Rodman, Ordnance Officer of the United States Army, died at Rock Island on the 7th instant.—Headers, reapers and mowers are hard at work all over Los Angeles county securing the barley crop.—An attempt is to be made to introduce the opoponno into the southern section of the State.—Eighty millions of bushels of coal are said to be shipped annually from Pittsburgh.—The *Norwaska*, on the voyage down to the Sandwich Islands, New Zealand, etc., made the run to Honolulu in seven days and sixteen hours, the fastest time on record.—The legitimate drama has been revived in the Chinese Theater. Eastern sight-seers who come here with mouth and eyes open, can see, enjoy, and inhale the Celestial in his amusement den for a trifling consideration.—Lullier has been arrested.—The reported disturbances at Lyons are false. Gen. Assy's trial comes off July 1st.—The *Patrie* says France possessed, in July last, 150,000 breech-loaders and 430,000 soldiers.—A proposal to leave untouched the ruins of the Hotel de Ville is seriously discussed.—The Australians have been thrown into a high glee by a telegram from Suez that war was proclaimed between England and America. Those people must be laboring under a chronic attack of stupidity.—One of the wealthiest bankers in Chicago is charged with stealing the gas belonging to another man, by tapping his pipe on the wrong side of the meter. The Secretary of the Treasury has received from the Public Printer \$28,000,000 of the funded loan bonds.—The session of the Ferman Parliament will probably close on the 15th instant, but the members will remain in the city and take part in the ceremonies attending the triumphal entry of the army.—The Prussian *Cross Gazette* confirms the report that France will shortly send a Charge d'Affaires to Berlin, but mentions no name.—Brig Kentucky, of this port, has been wrecked on her voyage to Queensland. The crew are supposed to have perished.—Gentleman fined \$20 for looking on at a "keno" game. Are our amusements to be thus curtailed and an hour in the tiger's den paid for at the above rate? This reform is a bad business.—Debilitated Chinaman staggers along Montgomery street; heartless crowd gibe and jeer; relentless store-keepers push him from their doors,

when honest miner comes on the scene, helps the unfortunate, and the *Bulletin* man gashes throat. — Laura D. Fair's death warrant has been signed, sealed and delivered into the Sheriff's hands. — Most of the valuable agricultural lands in Colorado are in the hands of the National Land Company, of Denver, as selling agents, and in less than a year they have sold 100,000 acres for about \$400,000. — As compensations for accidents suffered on the various lines, the British railways last year paid out an aggregate sum of \$1,695,555 damages. — The residents of Lynn, Mass., are manifesting a lively interest in the Fine Art Museum. Meetings are to be held in the city to promote its success. — The fortune of Miss Burdett Coutte, recently raised to the peerage by Queen Victoria, is estimated at £10,000,000. She has given to charitable purposes not less than £3,000,000. — Swindling in wool is the last legitimate dodge for the acquisition of filthy lucre. A lot of bales when opened at the Wool Exchange were found filled with earth to increase the weight. Nice game. — The *Presse* expects that a strong effort will be made by Bonapartists for the success of their party in the coming representative election. — Picard has resigned the governorship of the Bank of France. — The Olympic Games are to be at Versailles. — The French prisoners are rapidly returning from Germany. — The Santa Cruz trout streams are affording excellent sport to the disciples of the "gentle Isaac" who in our opinion was an arrant humbug. — Brigandage is nearly exterminated from Greece. — Luckey gives valuable assistance by attacking the bandits and on the frontier. — The Sultan has issued a firman to the Pachas to receive Seward as the guest of the nation. — The United States Branch Mint has been closed for settlement and repairs. — A new volume of poems by Bret Harte is announced. — Mr. and Madame Carl Rosa are in Berlin. — Ole Bull's brother, Edward, organist, is coming to America in August. — Officer William Derand has been held to answer before the Police Commissioners for an assault upon a feeble Chinese woman. We hope William's star will grow dim and finally disappear from his humane breast. — It is probable that Mare Island will be the location of the new Marine Hospital. — The steamer *International*, which is to lay the telegraph cable between Marseilles and Algiers, has arrived at Marseilles. — Trains over the Lyons and Mediterranean Railway, via the Mount Cenis Tunnel, have commenced running again. — The State Treasury contains \$736,738. — Five inches of rain fell at Portland during May. — Calaveras will erect a new County Hospital. — Seven thousand sheep passed through Nevada City for the mountains a few days since. — A corps of geologists are to explore the country around Victoria this season. — The number of poems composed on the war have lately been collected by a German genius, and have been found to number 6,000. — The traffic in little Italian boys, who are kidnapped and sent to America to play fiddles, has opened briskly this year. — The census statement published lately, shows the funded debt of the city of New York, on the 1st of May, as \$49,551,864; floating debt, \$10,975,760; the county funded debt, \$21,591,150. The sinking fund amounts to \$17,747,043. — A terrible tornado has taken place in Iowa City. Houses and stores were unroofed and partly demolished. The crops of the fruit trees are badly damaged, and a man is reported as killed. — The darkeys at Washington have come to reason and the strike is ended. — Alameda county has gone for Haight. We think the anti-subsidy man is gaining ground. — The Montgomery Avenue people are very sore about the assessment business. They hold frequent meetings at Duncan's office to discuss their woes, compare notes and denounce the Commissioners. — A bargiar tried to get into 938 Howard street, a short time since, but didn't, because of a vigilant landlady. — A prominent business man of San José, whose accounts are not all right, has disappeared. This going up a metaphorical dump has become rather fashionable of late among "prominent business men." — The mumps are having an unprecedented run at Virginia City. — Seventeen car loads of wool were shipped East from Sacramento on the 9th instant. — MacMahon refuses a candidacy for the Assembly. — Races will soon be established in Paris. — The harvest prospects in France and Prussia are discouraging. The seed has perished. Further east the prospects are favorable. — Rev. Mr. Punsdon has been appointed by the Wesleyan Conference in session at Belleville, Ontario, to represent them at the next English conference. — Baron Hübner, late Ambassador from Austria to the Court of Napoleon III., is in this city, and is stopping at the Occidental. — F. Bret Harte is to furnish the poem for the Phi Beta Kappa dinner at Harvard College this year, and Professor Noah Porter, of Yale College, the oration. — The Olympic hub capered and gyrated before the "beauty and fashion" at the California Theater. — Much muscle, but brains in the minority. — The agreeable recreation of knocking Chinamen in the head is not confined altogether to the higher race. For example, a difference of opinion occurs in a cigar store between two operatives. — Chung Toy is now in the County Jail, and Ah Min's remains are ready for transportation to the Flowery Kingdom. — The Communists who are to be transported to New Caledonia will be allowed to take their families with them and form colonies. — The engineers propose to raze Forts Isely and Vanvres, and build new forts at Haute Bruyeres and Chatillon. — In the window of Carl Hain's new store, on Kearny street, is hung a large clock, encircled by smaller dials, which give the time in the principal cities of the world. They are worked with a single pendulum, and this ingenious piece of mechanism is of home manufacture. — In the District Court of Stockton, Jesus Tejarra, convicted of murder, was sentenced to be hung on Friday, July 28th. — A couple of editors relieve the tedium of the desk by a popping match outside the Post Office at Roseburg, Oregon. The only undertaker in that promising village is hopeful of a double job. — Big earthquake in China. Two thousand natives crushed by falling buildings. — The *Franchise* says the drought has seriously injured the cherries in the vicinity of Alameda, rendering



them shrunken and unfit for market as fresh cherries.—The Arctic exploring steamer *Polaris* has sailed from Washington for New York.—The steamer *George Weems* was burnt at Baltimore lately. Loss, \$20,000.—All the sacred vessels and valuable ornaments taken from the churches by the Communists have, with a few exceptions, been discovered in the Mint and other places.—The youths who dispatched Ah Hee by a blow in the stomach have had a preliminary trial. One has been held to answer for murder and the other for assault and battery. Gentlemen of the Coroner's jury, where is your verdict now! Intelligent fellow creatures, you are, to be sure.—The Tories are organizing to oppose the Treaty of Washington.—Andrew Kunz, weary of this world of woe, puts a pistol to his mouth and injects a leaden pill. Andrew's body will be interred by his friends.—The steamer *China*, which arrived on the 12th June, tells of the burning of the ship *Don Juan*, and the cooking of 600 Coolies under the hatches.—A correspondent of the *Central Californian* figures up the wool yield of Monterey county this year at \$1,059,000.—A fatal horse epidemic prevails in the mountains and foothills of Fresno county.—A gas company has been organized at Gilroy, and the stock, \$24,000, has all been taken.—At Mariposa, on three days of last week, the thermometer reached 91, 92 and 95 degrees.—The Kennedy mine, near Jackson, cleaned up \$7,000 lately, after a twenty days' run.—A dispatch from London says: A vessel, the *Curachee*, for Kotasir, near Lukput, foundered, and eighty lives were lost.—Judge Sawyer has taken the war path against the professional beggars who ply their trade on the steps of churches. Their rage shall quiver in the wrathful storm of that just Judge.—Sprouting Hoodlums are being nicely treated for their several complaints. And, says the *Bulletin*, sagely, parents will find this "Hoodlum" education an expensive matter, dearer, in fact, than the public school course.—The Board of Supervisors are unable to decide on what the new hospital should resemble. Some say wood and some say brick.

—Of course it is expected that we will defend the action of the Communists at Cherokee Flat, in burning the body of Austrian George, who murdered a young woman of that vicinity because she would not marry him. No longer ago than yesterday, we overheard a conversation in the Occidental Hotel, with regard to this roasting, and one gentleman remarked: "Bet that d—d *Town Crier* will justify it!" Now, we won't. It was a burning shame! Not, perhaps, what the *Alta* calls it: "a stain upon the civilization of the nineteenth century"—but a very senseless piece of stupidity. We do not know that our own opinion could be better expressed than in the words of our little four-year-old girl, who, upon hearing the story from the lips of her mother, said thoughtfully, that it was "all durned foolery!" [N. B.—That innocent is not in the market.] We object to it upon the ground that a roasting corpse emits a villainous smell. Cremation is good enough in theory; the practice is slightly nauseating. It is said by an eye witness that when Austrian George's head exploded with the fervent heat, the intercranial matter mused up the facade of an adjacent church, so that it will have to be repainted. If the original plan of grilling the murderer alive had been carried out, the wholesome moral lesson would have excused the legal irregularity of the proceeding. But the broiling of dead meat for any other than table purposes is childish. The good citizens of the Cherokee Flat Commune will rest under a certain social reproach until they shall establish the fact that Austrian George was cooked that they might make a meal of him. And even then, their culinary talent is open to question, for it does not appear that the body was buttered and seasoned before being put upon the coals.

### Stock Review.

A heavy business has been done during the past week in a number of leading stocks, as reported in the Board transactions, and a still heavier business outside, in the purchase of a large amount of Crown Point stock at the recent advanced price. Crown Point gradually rose to \$300, at which price the large purchase of 4,100 shares were sold, amounting to \$1,230,000. The amount of ore reduced during the fiscal year was 21,087 tons, showing an average yield of \$22.39 per ton. The assets are stated to be \$273,812; liabilities, none. A dividend of \$10 per share, amounting to \$120,000, will be paid on the 10th inst. Board of Directors: J. D. Fry, A. Hayward, Robert Sherwood, James A. Pritchard and B. Peart. Secretary, Charles E. Elliott; Superintendent, John P. Jones. CHOLLAR-POTOSI has been selling rather freely at a slight decline. Extracted 1,600 tons of ore during the week ending June 3d, showing an average assay value of \$56.20 per ton. HALE & NORCROSS is dull of sale. The report for the week ending June 3d, shows an average yield of 1,044 tons against 1,190 tons the previous week. YELLOW JACKET continues to sell quite largely under a recession. GOLDEN CHARIOT receipts for May, \$13,884. MEADOW VALLEY receipts for the month of May netted \$119,000. Ida Emore, \$14@ \$14½; Lady Bryan, \$4; Golden Chariot, \$47½@ \$49; Yellow Jacket, \$69@ \$71½; Belcher, \$160@ \$165; Segregated Belcher \$11@ \$11½; Chollar-Potosi, \$47@ \$57½; Overman, \$82@ \$9; Gould & Curry, \$82@ \$88; Hale & Norcross, \$67; Kentuck, \$117@ \$120; Savage, \$43@ \$45½; Ophir, \$7½@ \$7¾; Crown Point, \$325@ \$330; Meadow Valley, \$18@ \$18½; Original Hidden Treasure, \$10½@ \$11; Phoenix, \$1 70; Raymond & Ely, \$20½@ \$21.



### A Poem in Five Delirious Spasms.

#### SPASM I.—PRELIMINARY.

Pardoned may be in one who's struck it  
rich  
In lotteries, a temperate hazzza.  
To him to whom intelligence is come  
That all his hated rival's comely face  
Is honeycombed with small-pox, it were  
hard  
Some decorous rejoicing to deny.  
In one whose father is but freshly dead,  
And whose estate has thereby been ex-  
hanced,  
A mild exulting is excusable.

#### SPASM II.—GENERAL.

Such joys as these are sweet, indeed; and  
yet  
They season life like pepper, vulgar salt  
Or cheap spice, and scarce incite the  
Muse.  
But when the Devil in his steamy pit  
Is tethered by the Angel of the Law—  
Bound thong on thong and fettered hard  
with gyves—  
Springs the bright goddess from her lofty  
perch,  
On sounding pinions, to inspire the brain  
(With gin or lager, as his means afford)  
Of some terrestrial poet, saying, "Sing!"  
Straight from his larynx fly the headed  
notes,  
And all creation rings with the event!

\*The reader will pardon the peculiar diction of this spasm: when swayed by some powerful emotion the true poet always glides insensibly into his MUTTER-SPEECH.  
Vide Bret Harte and John May.

#### SPASM III.—PARTICULAR.

If e'er supreme felicity may claim  
Expression in hosannas, loud and long  
And throated welkinward with hearty  
lung,  
Lo! now the time; and the occasion see  
In righteous sentence upon Laura Fair.  
For, *ecce poësis!* harlots shall no more  
With speaking pistol plead their wicked  
cause:  
A man may keep his mistress, unafraid,  
Secure to shake her if it seems him good—  
A right unquestioned till these evil days.

#### SPASM IV.—DIALECTIC.\*

Come, all you fellers, let us lick'er up!  
Dod rot our hides! we've fit a holy fount,  
We've hung onto the faith, and we hev  
licked.  
The pow'rs o' sentiment hev not per-  
vaded:  
We've slow 'em and we've smote 'em,  
hip and thigh!

#### SPASM V.—CONGRATULATORY.

No more Pitts-Stevens shall exalt her  
horn—  
Nay, with her top-side, high-up free-love  
talk,  
Shall flee into the hills of Hepsidam,  
Where Leo jars the forest with his breath,  
And the bereaved Whangdoodle garbs  
herself  
In sable for her first-born. It is well.

### Proposed Coast Railroad.

On Thursday afternoon a number of our leading business men met in the room of the Chamber of Commerce to take measures for the reception of the Directors of the Atlantic and Pacific Railroad, who were invited last fall to visit San Francisco to consult with the business men here upon the proposed construction of a coast line of railroad connecting with the overland railroad from the Atlantic by way of St. Louis. The invitation was accepted and the visitors will be here to-night. The Directors expect to have 750 miles down by the 1st of January, 1872, and desire to commence the road from the Pacific terminus as early as possible. A reconnaissance, he said, had been made last fall, and a corps of engineers was now in the field making a permanent location for the line. The meeting having been duly organized, S. P. Dewey introduced the following preamble and resolutions:

*Whereas*, This meeting fully recognizes the great importance to our city, as well as to the entire State of California and the Pacific Coast, of the early completion of the Atlantic and Pacific Railroad, which will traverse a vast section of country filled with agricultural and mineral resources which has been and is now closed to the enterprise of our merchants and manufacturers, consequent upon the difficulties of transportation, and

*Whereas*, We believe that the speedy construction of another trans-continental line of railroad from San Francisco to St. Louis is particularly desirable, as giving to us the benefit of competition; and

*Whereas*, The Board of Trustees of the Atlantic and Pacific Railroad Company will reach our city on the 10th inst., with the view of conferring with the citizens of our State, as well as to see for themselves what facilities will be offered them in the construction of this important work; and

*Whereas*, It is desirable that our citizens should extend to these gentlemen a cordial welcome, and should also co-operate with them in the objects of their mission; and

*Whereas*, It is also desirable that our citizens should be fully informed by the Railroad Company of their requirements, as well as of their present status and future prospects, in order that we may act judiciously in the premises. Therefore, be it

*Resolved*, That the Chairman of this meeting be authorized and requested to appoint a Committee of our citizens, whose duty it shall be to wait upon the Trustees of the Company, and extend to them a warm greeting upon our behalf, and also request them to name a day when they will lay before our citizens, at a public meeting to be called by said Committee, a full and comprehensive view of the objects of their mission.

The resolutions, with some slight amendments, were unanimously carried.

### Court Chat.

**Lord Brougham**, in his "Recollections of a Long Life," gives the following amusing account of a royal game of chess between Queen Victoria and the Queen of the Belgians: "The dinner at the Castle this day passed off agreeably, and, when in the drawing-room, the Queen sat down to chess with the Queen of the Belgians. H. M. had never played before; Lord Melbourne told her how to move, and Lord Palmerston also assisted her. I looked on for some time, without taking part in the game, and I might as well have abstained altogether; for when Melbourne and Palmerston gave up advising her Majesty, in order that I might succeed to them, I did not succeed better than my colleagues. I was very near winning the game, when I lost it by an oversight, and by being very often asked by her Majesty, 'What must I do?' There was also some little confusion created by the two queens on the board and the two Queens at the table. Her Majesty was not so discouraged by her defeat as to prevent her playing again the evening after this. Who played for the Queen I do not know; but H. M. ran up to me laughing, and saying she had won. She asked me how she came to lose yesterday. I replied, 'Because your Majesty had such bad advisers;' on which she laughed heartily, and so did the Queen of the Belgians, who, by the way, spoke English well."

**The Right Hon. the Earl of Carnarvon** presided at the eighth annual festival of the Newspaper and Press Fund on Saturday evening, May 13th, at Willis' Rooms, King street, St. James's. The general company included his Excellency the Spanish Minister, his Excellency the St. Salvador Minister, his Excellency the Honduras Minister, his Excellency the Haytian Minister, the American Chargé d'Affaires, the Marquis of Bute, the Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol, Lord Houghton, the President of the Society, Mr. Godwin, F.R.S., Mr. Arthur Helps, Hon. E. Ashley, Mr. Shirley Brooks, Mr. Forsyth, Q.C., Mr. Horace Lloyd, Q.C., Dr. F. Winslow, and numerous others distinguished in the fashionable and literary world. The noble chairman, in proposing the toast of the evening, made an appropriate and eloquent speech.

**The project of a matrimonial alliance** between the Prince of Orange and the Grand Duchess Maria, only daughter of the Emperor of Russia, has been abandoned. The Prince was received with extraordinary distinction on the occasion of his recent visit to the Russian Court. He was received by the Governor of the Baltic provinces on the frontier, by the Grand Duke of Oldenburg at Gatchin, and by the Emperor himself at the St. Petersburg Railway Station; and, though the matter was kept strictly secret, there can be no doubt that at the time of his visit the projected alliance was viewed with favor at the Russian Court. The affair has naturally given rise to much gossip in the Russian capital, and all sorts of rumors are current as to the real cause of the failure of the marriage negotiations.

**The following** were some of the costumes at the Queen's Levee: The Princess Edward of Saxe-Weimar wore a fuchsia silk gown trimmed with dark green velvet leaves and white lace; the Duchess of Manchester wore a white satin dress, trimmed with variegated leaves; the Marchioness of Westminster's dress was of white poulx de soie, trimmed with gold; the Countess of Stradbroke wore an entire dress of yellow; the Countess of Sefton's dress consisted of a white satin gown, trimmed with tulle and flowers; the Marchioness of Huntly wore a rose thé tulle dress, trimmed with flowers and lace; Mrs. Saville-Onley's dress was of mauve satin.

**The American press**, says the *Court Journal* is still very much exercised about what ought to be done with the Marquis of Lorn. They do not propose to offer him the Presidency on condition of (figuratively) swallowing the "Tammam ticket" or any other "platform," but they think he might be made Governor-General of Canada. They also draw a moral from the "sound Republican" conduct of the Princess Louisa, and hope that her example will benefit the American maidens, who are always thinking of Russian counts and German barons.

**While diamonds** are increasing in value, pearls seem to be somewhat depreciated. The famous pearl necklace bridal gift of the Empress Eugénie to the Princess Anna Murat, has been sold in London for \$18,000. The necklace was made by Lemonnier, and its original cost not less than \$60,000.

**When the Princess Christian** has sufficiently recovered her health, her Royal Highness will leave Frogmore House for change of air. The Prince and Princess Christian did not accompany the Queen to Scotland, owing to the health of the Princess, which would not allow her to undertake so long a journey.

**His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales** has taken Titniss Park, Sunninghill, the seat of the Earl of Yarborough, for the Ascot race week, and it is expected that this will be a very brilliant season, as fashionable company are already daily arriving at Windsor, Ascot, and the surrounding neighborhood.

**It is said** there is a probability that Mr. Gladstone, whose "strong and deep admiration" of Sir Walter Scott has recently been publicly announced in a letter addressed by the Prime Minister to Mr. J. R. Hope Scott, will be present at the centenary celebration in Edinburgh on the 9th of August.

**The London papers** say the Albert Hall concerts do not give satisfaction. Music is essentially a thing to be heard, not seen, and only half what is desired is gained by looking at the elbows of fiddlers working backwards and forwards, and the piston movement of hornists.

**At the Queen's Levee** on Saturday, May 13th, there were two hundred presentations.

### Our European Reflex.

We briefly referred to the telegraphic dispatch informing us that the Comte de Chambord had issued a manifesto couched in the form of a letter to one of his friends, who oddly enough or purposely enough gives it to a member of the Republican Chamber, whence it is promulgated to the whole world. From it we learn that the Orleans branch of the family cedes for the nonce to the descendant of the house that Louis Philippe ejected from the throne, and are willing to serve their country under the son of the Duchess of Berry, videlicet Henry V. There is nothing strange in this. The Ulysses-like cunning of the father of the Duke d'Aumale has been inherited by the son. Paris is subdued and repentant, unable to resist if not willing to submit to a regal yoke; the provinces are in a fever of loyalty or anything that will restore order and humiliate the capital: the Comte de Chambord is old, childless and biggoted; the first gives him a short tenure of office, the second leaves him without a direct representative, and the third causes the nation to look kindly toward the liberal branch of the family that has behaved so wisely in exile and with equal wisdom declared on all exigencies its love and sympathy for France. Again, at this moment the ruler of France, either by divine or elective right, does not lie upon a bed of roses. A conquered sullen capital, a conquered impoverished people, an immense ransom to be paid and general order and government to be maintained, such a task with the title of King Henry the Fifth of France would only be undertaken by one who saw that unless he seized the present opportunity death would rob him of the desire of his life. The crafty Orleans family can wait, and in the meantime the members of it obey Louis Philippe's earnest injunction three days before his death to restore the throne if possible to the elder branch. France, meanwhile, is in the attitude of a nation waiting for something to turn up. Thiers declines an extension or enlargement of his powers. Paris is a mixture of gaiety and desolation. The theaters and cafés gradually open and the light-hearted Frenchman laughs again, only he must go home betimes and public places must close at seven hours, and there is an ugly look of patrols and sentinels guarding Montmartre and Belleville, and the foreigners have not begun to flock in, nor have the fugitives returned in great numbers, and the signs of wealth and opulence and luxury are wanting. The Assembly meanwhile debating whether the column of the Place Vendôme should be restored or not, as if the indignity once done could be effaced by replacement, and general squabbling among the members. Gambetta remaining wisely on the Spanish frontier aloof from rebellion that he would be powerless to quell, and away from a Convention with whom he has nothing in common. When the true history of the late war comes to be written the character of this man will be unveiled. To believe one party, he is a consummate, ignorant scoundrel, whilst the other side extol his self-sacrifice and wondrous administrative ability. In the midst of all the work of slaughter in Paris and that regeneration of blood which has sprung from that baptism of fire, now an historical by-word, we have the sad spectacle of the funeral of the good Archbishop Tarbey, who remained in the city that he loved during the whole siege; who, spite of threats, publicly held High Mass for the souls of those who had been slain in defence of their country, and whose simple words, "My friends, I am not afraid to die, seeing that my shadow is already on my grave," should have disarmed the most ferocious; he was buried with other priestly victims. The Orleans Princes are working their way silently forward, but Thiers puzzles us. He is not unfriendly to the house of his old master, although perhaps he lent a helping hand to his fall. He proclaims a republic, but refuses to be its principal executive after a term; he desires the extradition of the Princes to be annulled, but would refuse them civic rights. Does he think that his advocacy would be noxious to their cause? Mirès, the banker, is dead, and with him dies a host of schemes financial, speculative and political. In England a new question has arisen springing from ease of inter-communication. Why should not English society in its highest sense permanently settle in the British Colonies? And why should not Colonial Governments grant titles and honors like that at home? There was a time in the history of America when English nobility did establish itself, and had her American Colonies remained in the possession of the British Crown many an ancient family would have been represented in what is now the United States. Why should not the same obtain in Australia or Canada? Another question arose on the debate upon the disestablishment of the English Church in answer to the cry of increase of population as well as increase of dissent. It was: Cannot the Church be widened so as to admit the increase, instead of rending it asunder on account of its exuberant growth? In other words, cannot the Church enlarge its borders and yet maintain its defences, and by yielding on minor points of doctrine embrace within its folds many of those who hang on its skirts, lingering at the porch, forbidden to enter by reason of a weak dogma only adhered to because it is attacked.

— The *Alta* has a half column article upon "The Lesson of the Late Civil War in France." The "lesson" is stated impressively as follows: "It is a very dangerous thing to go to extremes!" But the writer commits the grave rhetorical mistake of stating this stupendous proposition at the very beginning of his article. He should have begun by slightly scratching the surface of his head and his subject, then clawed away the superficial difficulties from each, then got into the hole in the latter, and so dug his way gradually down to this profound conclusion. He would then have found himself about an inch into the upper crust of the question.



### Money and Commerce.

— Imports of provisions overland this year are more important than is generally supposed. The *Commercial Herald* says: John Y. Wilson & Co.'s purchases in Chicago, now here and *en route*, approximate 800,000 lbs, chiefly Bacon Sides, although including sugar-cured Hams, Lard, etc. Thomas Cross & Sons, of Portland, Oregon, are the next largest packers and receivers in Illinois. Then comes W. K. Dieterich, of Washington Market, with his Bacon, Hams, and Lard. Duffield, of Chicago, sends us this season about 1,000 cks sugar-cured Hams and boneless Bacon. Whittaker, of St. Louis, also sends us Hams in quantities; J. Morrison & Co., of Cincinnati, sugar-cured Hams. Then we have the Magnolia Hams from Kentucky; Andrew Brown's Hams from Chicago, and others, too numerous to mention. Considerable Lard has also been sent us from Cleveland; also 55 tes of same from Kansas. And during the current week we have received from Iowa five car-loads of fat Hogs—in all 330 head, weighing from 180 to 220 lbs each. These animals are held at 8c per lb. It is not probable that any considerable business will be done in bringing swine to this coast by rail, certainly not this warm weather; the risk is great and the shrinkage considerable.

— The vast and rapid increase of our overland traffic, says the *Commercial Herald*, is the occasion of considerable remark in all commercial circles. Already the present year, nearly two millions pounds of provisions have been received from the East, chiefly Bacon, Hams, Shoulders, Butter, Lard and Eggs. In exchange for these we have shipped East the present season eight million pounds of Wool, many thousand gallons of Wine, several car-loads of Hops; and as an offset to the general merchandise received, we have sent East in return several hundred tons of Tea, Coffee, and the like. It is in this way that we manage to build up a large and profitable reciprocity trade with the Atlantic side of the continent. Our Eastern friends are beginning to admit that the route *via* San Francisco is the shortest and best for the importation of Teas, Silks, Spices, etc., from China and Japan, and we have already noted the fact of increased attention given to the subject by Eastern capitalists, who are now en route to Hongkong and Yokohama to complete needed plans for the future wants of this growing trade.

— Of sugars, the steamship *City of Melbourne*, from Australian ports, *via* Honolulu, brings 1,600 kegs Island Raws; otherwise we are without imports during the week. Of the 600 pkgs Nicaragua Raws recently imported in bags, boxes, tierces and bbls, a portion was superior in quality, paying 4c per lb duty; there were about 69,000 lbs of high grocery grades, 160,000 lbs refining grades, including Melado; also 120,000 lbs of medium quality. The bulk of this invoice has been sold upon terms reserved. The refining portion was secured by the California Refinery; the same party has also purchased the cargo of 600,000 lbs Peruvian, *ex Leopoldina*, upon terms reserved. The market for Hawaiian and other Raws shows a good degree of firmness. We quote Hawaiian at 8@10½c. The demand for Refined Sugars is about equal to the supply, leaving no stock accumulations and keeping prices steady.

— The advantages and economy of Gypsum are worthy of especial notice by vinegrowers; if the trimmings of the vines are cut into small pieces, *put beneath the surface of the soil* and sprinkled with Gypsum, *no other manure of any kind is ever wanted*, as they supply all the essentials for the nourishment of the plant. So rapidly do the cuttings decay and become reincorporated with their mother soil to nourish it, that in four to eight weeks they will be found to have completely disappeared. Much greater results have been obtained by this simple and inexpensive treatment than by the most elaborate system of manuring.

— The Redwood Lumber Association quote as follows: Rough, \$15; Surfaced, tongued and grooved, \$28; rustic, worked, \$31; siding and battens, ½ inch, \$20; same, surfaced, \$25; rough pickets, \$14; same pointed, \$16; dressed do, \$22 50. We quote cargo lots of Oregon Pine at \$14, and Spruce at \$16 50 per M feet for rough. Sale of 275,000 feet Redwood and other descriptions, for export, private.

— "A dividend is the surplus, the remainder, the result, end of a transaction, divided amongst the shareholders—hence the word divide-ends. An apothecary originally carried his medicine about in jars—he was a pot-carrier—and from thence the word a-pot-he-carries."

— The two last cargoes of Central American Coffee have been withdrawn from sale, while most, if not all the other lots of the same description, have been placed at 15½c; Rio and Manila are nominal at 14½c; Kona, 15½c; Java, 25c.

— The increased imports of foreign wool at New York and Boston are noteworthy, being eighty per cent. larger than for the same time last year. Our market continues quite active at full rates.

— Five car loads of live hogs, aggregating 330, and weighing from 180 to 220 lbs. each, just received by rail from Iowa, and sold at 7¼@8c.; same importer has telegraphed for more.

— Paper pans and tubs are growing in favor. They are strong, bear boiling heat well, rough usage or exposure to the sun, and are more durable than either tin or earthenware.

— Wonderful discoveries of coal mines and oil wells have been made thirty miles from Aspinwall. The coal is said to be equal to the best imported.



### Parson Hunting Extraordinary.

We have seldom read anything racier than the account given at a prayer meeting of the Howard Presbyterian Church (late Dr. Scudder's), by the Senior Elder, Samuel J. C. Sweezy, of his race or hunt for a parson. One minister considered San Francisco a "very hard place," and was afraid of it. Another so pleased the Elder by his morning's discourse that he deemed him a pastor "eminently fitted for their church," but as "he didn't like him at all in the evening, his style didn't suit him." Perhaps Sweezy likes an "eye-opener" of a morning and a "night cap" of an evening. If so, why not close the church in the evening and engage the successful morning man? He made Beecher "a most tempting offer, but after taking a week to consider, he declined." Of course he did, for Howard Street can't afford \$12,500, which Plymouth Church gives him. He then tried Dr. John Hall, who was otherwise engaged. In Boston the migrating Elder "had a real good time, and was in a fine mood to hear superior preachers, but he found nothing desirable." That *Stoney* soil has already been sufficiently dug into, Brooklyn and Philadelphia had fine specimens of the clerical biped, but they were not fascinated by his offer. One man he liked so much that he went to hear him three times and got into communication with him, but the congregation would not let him come. At last the Elder in despair button-holed a Thomson (without a p), a fellow schoolboy of old Scudder, who promises to come from the 24th of July to the 1st of September. The Elder gives a flattering description of him. "He is not a great man (this is superfluous information, for if he were he would not come to Howard street), not eloquent nor polished." Poor Thomson; he has little chance of obtaining any polish where he's coming to. But then Thomson has "magnificent thoughts, and speaks great truths," and the Elder has no doubt that the Howard Street Church "will be greatly blessed by his coming." Well, we hope so, for they need ideas sadly. Sweezy saw Scudder—that eminent vegetable still lives. He didn't hear him preach, but he heard him pray, and tell yarns about his San Francisco flock. That is Scudder's capital in trade. He is powerful as a theological gossip and performs fresh miracles by recounting his old ones. Scudder is physically improved and "in full vigor of body." But how about his soul, Elder, is that better? Yes, it is; for they have promised him \$250,000 for a new *Scudderoleum*. The Elder says that "although he could find suitable men, he could not find any like Scudder;" of course not, one such is enough for a generation. He thinks that "a different part of their (the Howard Street) nature would have to be cultivated to render them fit to sit under another pastor." So do we. Let the reasoning part be developed, and they may in time become fit even to sit under the *News Letter*. The indefatigable Elder closes with the complacent remark that he has come back "with some of his old power." What was that? We didn't know he had any. Oh, "with some of his old power to strain every nerve." Ah, that is a great gift, the power to strain, not the heavenly strain of Watts, but the nerve-strain which is in tension at prayer-meeting and Sunday School. Go on straining, Elder, till you burst, only never "strain at a gnat and swallow a camel," or you will have the dyspepsia. Let us now narrate the Elder's Parson-hunt in becoming verse:

#### THE ELDER'S PARSON-HUNT.

Howard Street Sweezy  
Found it not easy  
To get a successor to Scudder;  
He liked every one best  
Till he heard the rest,  
And then didn't know one from t'other.

One's style was too prosy,  
And his accent too nosy,  
To suit such profound connoisseurs;  
One was for saying too many,  
T'other wouldn't save any,  
Some were dandies and others were boors.

This one's terms were too dear,  
That one's views were not clear,  
And a third hadn't brimstone sufficient:  
Says Sweezy, I'll not fool yer,  
Our people are peculiar,  
And can't stand a man who's deficient.

They want it hot and strong,  
In sermons not too long,  
And a parson must be pretty brisk, oh!  
To find a new sensation  
For each week's exhortation,  
That will tickle the sinners of Frisco.

Some were loud as a trumpet,  
Some buttered like crumpet,  
Some silvery soft like a lute;  
One had style syllogistic  
And action quite static,  
While another looked grave as a mute.

'Twouldn't do to have a croaker,  
After so eminent a joker  
As Scudder, so he wouldn't answer;  
One might "kick against the pricks,"  
And another "cut his sticks,"  
And a third prove a regular prancer.

Then he asked Doctor Hall,  
"If we give you a call  
To Howard Street Church—will you come?  
I'm sure that Fifth Avenue  
Won't mind our having you,"  
But Hall shook his head and was mum.

When the parson was willing  
To earn an extra shilling,  
The church cried, "Oh, no! what a pity!"  
He's a comfort to us  
And might get in a muss  
In such a rough place as your city.

He asked Henry Ward Beecher,  
That eloquent preacher,  
Who did at his impudence shudder,  
And said, with a wry mouth,  
"Can the Pastor of Plymouth,  
Play second fiddle to Scudder?"

So this excellent people  
With a church and a steeple,  
A sexton, a bell and a Sweezy,  
No parson can get,  
They're so hard to fit,  
And to come after Scudder ain't easy.

### Opinions of the "Mail Bag."

The appearance of the initial number of the *Mail Bag* has created a veritable sensation throughout the country. The publisher has been deluged with congratulatory letters from all quarters, expressing the highest appreciation of the enterprise. We give a few brief extracts from the communications to which we have referred, showing what our leading citizens think of the *Mail Bag*:

"It is a stunning novelty. Such a thing was never dreamed of before; and yet I ask myself *why* was it never dreamed of before? I see a fortune in it. It beats banking.

W. C. R—LST—N."

"It is the crowning idea of the nineteenth century, and the most thoroughly original and absolutely unique literary enterprise of this generation. It is finer than wheat.

I. FR—DL—ND—R."

"It is more exhilarating than our California sparkling wines.

L—NDSB—RG—R & Co."

"It is saucy, cynical, savage, sceptical, scurrilous, and strabismic. The writers evidently derived their inspiration from copious libations of the 'Excellent.'

B—RRY & P—TT—N."

"Send me 1,000 copies. They are devilish good. Send me 2,000 copies, and by G— I'll read them all.

CH—RL—S CR—CK—R."

"I have perused with interest the first number of the *Mail Bag*, and shall recommend it to my aristocratic friends in England, as an exponent of the progressive and irreverent tendencies in this country. You are aware that I have been threatened with cataract and have had an operation performed upon my eyes. I cannot be sufficiently grateful to Divine Providence that my sight has been restored in time to enable me to enjoy the pleasure of reading the first number of your delightful periodical.

W. INGR—H—M K—P, Bishop of California."

"P. S.—I am glad you republish the *Town Crier's* screeds in the *M. B.* I find them useful in composing my sermons."

"I see clearly that the *Mail Bag* is bound to be a power. What would be your figure for taking up for me as Gubernatorial candidate? If you don't make it too steep, we might come to an arrangement. I might go a thousand cash, and as much more contingent, with perhaps a small office for one of your friends after I'm in.

"Your *Mail Bag* is an amazing affair. There has never been anything in literature like it. It is 'grand, gloomy and peculiar.' It combines the practical and the theoretical in a way that is astonishing. It represents all our national interests in an intelligent and sober style, and at the same time furnishes us with an inexhaustible fund of amusement.

M—LT—N S. L—THR—P."

"I've seen it, my dear boy and it will do. I say so who know about these things. *Credite experto*. It's a thing of beauty and a joy, my boy. Nothing short of it. I once had a dear gazelle myself, and am an old newspaper man at that. By by, old boy.

ST—PH—N M—SS—T."

"P. S.—You may have my picture, if you like, for the next number. Adieu."

"It has tickled my ribs and shaken my diaphragm hugely. I shall have to get a new pair of sides.

DW—N—LLE."

"It's shockingly wicked. I have to enjoy the delicious thing on the sly.

EM—LY P—TTS ST—V—NS."

"What the d—l does it mean? I can't make head or tail out of it, and Woodward can't, either. Seems to me it's slightly obfuscated.

FR—DK. MACCR—LL—SH."

"I have read the advertisements with great relish. I also admire the pictures. The rest of the matter is not interesting. There is, it appears to me, too much indiscretion in the editorials. They all express opinions. It is believed by the best newspaper men that the secret of success is in either expressing no opinion at all, or expressing one on both sides, which unites prudence with impartiality.

L—R—NG P—CK—R—NG."

"Capital railroad reading.

L—L—ND ST—NT—RD."

"It's good; but why the d—l didn't you publish my argument in the Stockton and Visalia Railroad case?

S—ND—RS—N."

"It is abusive, discursive, and degrading.

JNO. P. H. W—NTW—RTH."

"I have paid twenty-five cents for one copy, and may the d—l catch me if I ever purchase another.

B—RT—N, Vice-Consul of France at Sacramento."

"It is an able and exhaustive exponent of all the material interests of this coast. I see in it a dangerous rival of the *Commercial Herald*.

B—L—S."

"This is the unkindest cut of all! What the thunder did you do it for? I regard your *Mail Bag* as an ungenerous and envious superfluity. As a literary enterprise, it is unkind, uncourteous, and uncalled for. If you persist in publishing the thing, I shall have to discontinue the *Overland*.

JNO. H. C—RM—NY."

"P. S.—What can you be bought off for?

J. H. C."

— An engine driver at Birmingham has traveled by rail more than a million and a half of miles—equal to sixty-five times the circumference of the globe.

### Decoration Day.

O Day of sweet blossoms  
And memories sweet,  
That now on the altar  
Of liberty meet,  
And mingle their incense  
Alike to perfume  
The corporal's grave  
And the general's tomb!  
Wherever are sleeping  
Our patriot brave,  
A wreath is descending  
For every grave,  
As if the archangels  
In many a crown  
Had woven a rainbow  
And showered it down.  
*Appleton's Journal.*

Flowers of the magnolia  
The South brings forth,  
And twines them to-day  
With the rose of the North;  
For over the fallen  
We plighted our troth,  
And the dead of the Union  
Belong to us both.  
If we have forgotten  
Some mound on the hills—  
Some miniature grave  
That a drummer-boy fills—  
God above it will hang  
When the evening lowers,  
A star-spangled banner  
Sublimar than ours.

— Clarence F. Buhler.

### Theatrical.

*Enoch Arden* has drawn good houses during the week, and has given Mr. Adams an opportunity to exhibit his best points as an artist. The peculiarly emotional and intense style of this gentleman finds appropriate utterance in the character of Temyson's shipwrecked sailor, and his full, melodious voice gave fine effect to the flowing lines of the part. Miss May Howard looked most interesting as "Annie Leigh," and played the character sympathetically. Mrs. Judah as "Miriam Lane," was a perfect picture, as usual. Mr. James Carden played "Phillis Ray" impressively, and Messrs. Leach, Buckley and Leathes sustained the parts of "Peter Lane," the "Bont-wain," and "Captain Sterling," admirably. The incidental music was given by a full body of voices, and would have been excellent, had it only been in tune, while the *mise en scene* was perfection. The Emerson darkeys pursue the even tenor of their way at the Alhambra, and Mr. Maguire's benefit was a well deserved tribute to one who has been a faithful and devoted servant of the public, and who has spared no pains nor expense in bringing talent to our city, frequently to his own detriment peculiarly. Wm. Hager's allegory of "The Great Republic" is a right good show. Miss Cora Balleau possesses all the requisites for a good actress, and would make a brilliant acquisition to the dramatic profession. The other two young ladies who sang, have lovely voices, which only need a training, such as they could get at the Musical Institute, to become fine vocalists, while Miss Morrison achieved an almost unparalleled feat in the rapid and perfect study of "The Goddess of Liberty" in the space of one day; her delivery of the lines was marked by both "emphasis and discretion."

— In a recent case, the New York Court of Appeals decided that a traveler on a public thoroughfare, in crossing a railroad, is justified in supposing that an approaching train will give the usual warning by bell or whistle. Says the Court: "In determining the degree of caution which he will exercise, he has a perfect right to act upon the assumption that the railroad company will obey the law." O just and upright Judge! He has indeed an inalienable right—a God-given right! Our advice to all is to assert that right; assert it constantly—as often per day as you have time. Go out of your way to assert it! You will certainly get killed at it, but what is life if it must be maintained by the sacrifice of your right to believe that a railroad company will obey the law? A bleak, cheerless, desolate waste! A moonless night lighted by no ray of hope! A howling wilderness of distrust! Rob us of our abiding faith in railroad companies, and you may take all the rest!—all— all—mother-in-law, income tax, everything but our hope in heaven, and we won't quarrel about that. We don't wish to enjoy our meals when we lose our childlike trust in the absolute goodness of railroad companies.

— It is pleasing to know that during vacation the students of the Pacific Theological Seminary will not consume with the rust of inactivity. One goes into the colporteur business, giving away bibles and selling nice rosewood boxes to keep them in. Another will discipline his mind by organizing sham Sunday-schools, and then disbanding them for want of funds. This fellow will be followed by an accomplice, who will preach, and take up a collection afterward to pay unsettled bills against his precursor. Still another will turn his attention to converting the wooden Indians at the doors of the tobacco-conists—a work of pure benevolence, for which he expects no earthly reward, as he is paid out of the missionary fund. Meantime, the Rev. Dr. Gapewallet will go East to solicit aid for the Seminary. Anything that has either intrinsic, representative, or sentimental value—like a crowbar, a check on a bank of pipe-clay, and the shriveled heel of an early Christian martyr, respectively—will be gratefully accepted. The motto of the Seminary is, "All is gold, whether it glitters or not, provided no equivalent is demanded."

### A Ripening Harvest of Horrors.

The camp meeting has closed; the great tent is folded, and the lot on the corner of Stockton and O'Farrell streets, abandoned by the evangelical sharps, is again one of the unsanctified waste places of the city. The uncouth saints with brows of brass and lungs of leather, are by this time, bellowing their best in Salt Lake City. We are now on the lookout for the revulsion in public feeling, and the outburst of immorality which are the sure consequences of too heavy a cram of spiritual food. During the next month or two we confidently expect that Satan will be on the rampage in our midst, and that we shall witness such "high jinks" on the part of his reclaimed and reconverted disciples as will greatly afflict the pious soul. There will be tribulation in households wherein are converted servant girls. The contents of ash-barrels will be looked to with more than common interest, and they will pan out rich, as they always do after a camp meeting. It will be a good time for the itemizers of the daily papers, who will reap an appetizing harvest of horrors. The slaughter of large families of sleeping innocents by their depraved parents, and the extermination of unsuspecting parents by their demoralized off-spring will impart an unaccustomed charm to the local columns of the matutinal journal. There will be whole columns of delectable gossip for the "prurient pride," perennial supplies of *Scan. Mag.*, and all manner of naughty rumors affecting "our best society." It will be our congenial mission, when the reaction has fairly set in to chronicle the sensational incidents tending to illustrate the fact that Satan never garners so abundant a harvest as when he condescends to the humble rôle of a gleaner in the wake of a camp meeting.

### Immigratory.

The Immigration Society of the European and Oregon Land Company have dispatched an agent to Germany, to induce the industrious Teut to settle in the Web-foot country. The Society has an agency at Frankfort, and will establish others at various points in Deutschland. The President of this concern is Mr. John S. Wilson, for the past twenty-five years Commissioner of the Land Office at Washington, and who may, therefore, be presumed to know something about the public domain and the method of obtaining slices off it. Mr. W. F. Roelofson is the Vice-President, and will soon leave for the old country in the interest of the scheme. Mr. Hermann G. Müller, the agent already on his way, is an old Californian, and was formerly associate editor upon the *German Democrat*, of this city, and has been for many years engaged in the practice of the law. He is a capable man, thoroughly conversant with his business. We shall await the patter of the German *robot* upon the Oregonian shore, with a cheerful confidence that ere many days the toe of the same shall be pointed hitherward. The climate of Oregon is a peculiarly trying one, but ours—well, we think we speak within the bounds when we say it is "the finest in the world, sir." Seriously, we have no doubt but this immigration movement is a healthy one, well devised to benefit the whole coast, unless it shall be counteracted by some Irish immigration scheme of equal boldness and vitality.

— The man who infests the Mercantile Library and reads the newspaper over your shoulder, or while you are perusing one side of it centers his soul upon the other, has been heard to remark that he regards a table-knife as the appointed instrument of Providence (the man is pious) for the transportation of peas from plate to palate. He is known also to favor a condition of underclothing quite at variance with his cleanly exterior. He is so unfamiliar with a certain article of toilet utility that he spells it "sope." His hair he prefers pasted horizontally across his forehead, and redolent of animal fat. One of his cherished habits is to blow his nose without the intervention of a handkerchief, and wipe his fingers upon the tail of his coat. An amiable weakness for socks with holes in them takes the place in his life of some nobler affection. We learn that he is under indictment for thieving the nosebag off a starving mule, and once served a term in the County Jail for monopolizing the benefit of a scratching post erected by a benevolent gentleman for the delectation of hogs in general. We clamor for his prompt suppression.

— Moses Remington, who shot his wife in the head at Virginia City, has been sentenced to two and a half years in the penitentiary. He expresses the hope that at the expiration of his term his wife will have sufficiently recovered to get along without any future rebukes from the mouth of the conjugal revolver, as he cannot afford to idle away half his life in prison. Mr. Remington is of the thought that if mothers having daughters to prepare for market would make a more liberal use of the pistol they would save their future sons-in-law a deal of educational responsibility. It is perhaps needless to say that in this thing our soul is in perfect accord with the soul of Mr. Remington.

— A beautiful and accomplished young lady has opened a large shoe store in Philadelphia. All her clerks are of her sex, are handsome and wear fancy little leather aprons. They are irresistible, and the store is a grand success.



**Puss on Protection.**

"Protecting small birds,"  
Said Puss, with a purr,  
As her eyes caught the words—  
And it a small blame to her.

For a bill for protection of small birds is just what a cat would prefer!

"Well, I'm glad to observe,"  
Said the cat, with a smile,  
"That men have the nerve,  
Just for once on a while,

To do what is right—for the way in which men shoot down small birds is vile!

"The creatures should know  
What good the birds do;  
Nor slaughter them, though  
They of seeds steal a few.

They should think of the grubs and such pests which the small birds alone can subdue."

Having made which remark,  
Puss the garden next sought;  
And ere long with a lark  
Returned which she'd caught;

Which you'll say after all of her preaching was not doing quite what she ought!

But, if you think so  
You're an ignorant elf;  
For a wise man would know,  
How for profit or pelf,

A rogue uses arguments perfect and proper—and then helps himself!

—*London Fun.*

**Arizona News.**

From private sources we learn that a short time since Captain Moore of Company F., Third United States Cavalry, with fifty mounted men under his command, during a scout near Calabazas met with Chacise, the noted Apache Chief, and three hundred warriors. The red devils immediately offered battle, which Captain Moore declined, the difference in the opposing forces being too great. From the same source we learn that during the command of the department by Stoneman the Apaches were possessed of the idea that the Government had concluded to withdraw all troops from the Territory and leave the settlers to the tender mercies of the savages. Consequently Chacise and other noted leaders have been receiving daily accessions to their ranks. For the safety of the defenceless whites who now inhabit Arizona, it is to be hoped that General Crook will immediately, upon assuming command, issue orders for the extermination of the fiends who are committing atrocities too horrible for print.

— For fifteen years daily, at Stamford, Conn., a man has sat on a fence and watched every railroad train as it passed.—*Exchange.* [He is probably trying to make up his mind if it would be safe to ride in the cars. Old fellow, you stick to that fence! If the top rail is sharp turn it over, or put a cushion on it. Fit up a smoking apartment on the next panel, if you like, and rig a luxurious couch on the next one to that. Bring out your baggage, take a check for it and hang it on a post. Buy a ticket and punch it yourself. Ask yourself the distance to the next station and get insulted. Secure, as your means will permit, all the luxuries of railroad travel, but don't get off that fence to enjoy them. So shall you die a natural death, and the good wife shall not expend the farm fighting the life insurance companies over your cold corpse. You're in the right o' this thing, old rooster!

— If we only had the power of divining the future what fun we could have, without materially deranging the predestined course of events. For example, if the *Town Crier* could have certainly known that four ladies were to break their arms at the Napa Skating Rink this season, he might easily have secured the privilege of breaking those members himself, as it would have made no difference to the fair skaters, and would have been to him an exquisite delight. Fancy the refined pleasure of spreading out a lady on the skating floor, and whacking away at her arm with the back of an axe!

— We have on our desk a communication from a country subscriber, who bewails the loss of his "gurl" in heartrending terms, and asks us to condole with him. Our subscriber's description of his "Yed feelings" has caused us many hours of unrest. In fact, we have lost many minutes of sleep in recalling to memory a friend who is now boarding at the expense of the State. We condole with country subscriber.

### Extraordinary Story of the Marquis of Bute.

A correspondent of the *Perthshire Advertiser* writes as follows concerning the Marquis of Bute: "I read so many anecdotes in the newspapers regarding the liberality of this nobleman to the head of the Catholic faith, the monastic buildings of their worship, his generosity to German shippers in Welch ports, etc., that I am surprised they have not heard of a romantic and rather affecting incident that occurred in his earlier years. The story, which has often been told to me in Rothesay, in quarters well-informed, is that the late Marchioness of Bute, on her deathbed, had her boy, to whom she was passionately attached, brought to her bedside, and there told the story of her sister and his aunt, Lady Flora Hastings, how she was 'done to death by slanderous tongues,' and then and there, beside his dying mother's couch, he was asked to promise, when he grew to manhood, never to frequent or go near the English Court during the present reign. The impulsive boy unfortunately promised. The anecdote has some collateral evidence in support of its accuracy. When the Queen, some twenty years ago, in the royal yacht, lay some time in Rothesay Bay, on the way to the head of Loch Long, no communication passed between the royal yacht and Mountstuart House. On the contrary, it was remarked that during the anchorage in the bay, the Marchioness had all the blinds at the windows in Mountstuart House pulled down."

### Sambo's Religious Distinctions.

Mr. Dickson, a colored barber in one of the largest towns of Massachusetts, was one morning shaving one of his customers, a respectable citizen, when a conversation occurred between them respecting Mr. Dickson's former connection with a colored church in the place. "I believe you are connected with the church in Elm street, Mr. Dickson?" said the customer. "No, sah, not at all." "Why, are you not a member of the African church?" "Not dis year, sah." "Why did you leave their communion, Mr. Dickson, if I may be permitted to ask?" "Why, I tell you, sah," said Mr. Dickson, strapping a concave razor on the palm of his hand, "it was jess like dis: I jined dat church in good fait. I gib ten dollars toward de stated preachin' ob de Gospel de fuss year, and de people all call me Brudder Dickson. De second year my business not good, and I only gib five dollars. Dat year de church people call me Mr. Dickson. Dis razor hurt you, sah?" "No, sir, goes tolerably well." "Well, sah, de third year I feel perry poor—sickness in my family—an' I gib noffin for preachin'." Well, sah, arter dat dey call me Ole Nigger Dickson, and I leff 'em!" So saying, Mr. Dickson brushed his customer's hair, and the gentleman departed, well satisfied with the reason why Mr. Dickson left his church.

— At the publication of each new edition of Webster, the average newspaper editor esteems it a Christian duty to reproduce the following paragraph: "It is a singular circumstance that the word 'unabridged' is not in the latest edition of *Webster's Unabridged Dictionary*." It is an equally singular circumstance that some few hundreds of other words with the prefix "un" are not in that work, and for a reason which the reader will find very fully set forth in the work itself, and which is perfectly obvious to a man of sense anyhow. But this is only preliminary to what we set out to say, and we now approach our subject with a feeling of deep religious humility, as of one who feels his incompetence to do justice to it. The average newspaper editor is a Cheese! Music: "With verdure clad."

— We have received the following communication, which is exactly suited to our columns: "MR. EDITOR—I am a new hand at writing, but if the following is any use to you, please accept it, and say it is from the costic pen of John J. Davis, of Oakland, a gentleman well known as one of the profoundest thinkers and most brilliant literaters west of the Rocky Mountains. Say also, that for deep resirch and keen suggestiveness it stands peerless as a satire." The other part of Mr. Davis' article we are reluctantly compelled to decline.

— At the next meeting of the Congregational Club, says the *Pacific*, the Rev. J. Rowell will open discussion on recent theories respecting the state of the wicked after death. We trust the Rev. J. will touch upon the most recent theory of all—the one now for the first time promulgated by ourselves, namely, that the state of the wicked after death is very greatly preferable to the state of some of the pious in this life. It may not be so comfortable, but it is more honorable.

— Mr. John Hodge, having departed his nose, will pay a liberal reward for that feature, dead or alive. It may be identified by comparing the marks upon it with the teeth of J. McCarthy, Esquire. Mr. Hodge says it is of no value to any one but the owner, and a certain sow of cadaverous aspect thinks, with a quiet twinkle of her cold grey eye, that it is not of much value to *him*. All of San Mateo.

### Oregon Wool and Real Estate.

The first shipment of spring clip of Oregon Wool arrived this week, and was attended with an unexpected mark of attention on the part of our web-footed neighbors. We all know how very much real estate has increased in value in Oregon in consequence of Ben Holladay's railroad project. The wool growers have affectionately enclosed in each bale, weighing about two hundred pounds, sixty pounds of natural earth, not taken up by the fleece, but shoveled in by the hard hands of the honest Oregonian wool-grower. If the shipments continue to arrive in the same condition, a valuable town lot will have been transported from Portland to San Francisco, but with the natural prejudice of Californians against outside lands, they are stupid enough to prefer wool in their bales.

— Speaking of the Rev. Mr. Williams, of Oakland, the *Churchman* remarks: "We are pained above expression to note the fact that his sickness took the form of insanity, of a serious character. Some days since, in consequence, he was removed to Stockton. It has cost us great pain to write this item." It only remains for the *Churchman* to explain that it costs the remorseful editor considerable pain to write any item as grammatical as the above, and as generally gratifying to sinners.

— A religious gentleman in Germany has bequeathed a handsome sum to a church, upon condition that his body shall be embalmed, crucified and stuck up conspicuously in the organ loft. It is said that the vestrymen decline, but it is only justice to explain that their refusal applies to the body, and not to the bequest. The reason of their objecting at all probably is, that it would cost more than the sum bequeathed, to embalm the gentleman's cadaver.

— At a point on Licking river in Kentucky, there is said to be a fog all the year round, says an exchange. If this turn out to be true, we shall probably hear no more from our Pioneers about our own "finest climate in the world, sir." But perhaps the favored Kentucky locality has not the advantage of an unailing cold wind, like that enjoyed by this cheerful peninsula. There should be an investigation.

— The *Bulletin* corrects a statement it had made, to the effect that at the time sentence was passed upon Laura Fair, a man was ejected from the Court-room for attempting to press forward and tender her his sympathy. The correction places the conduct of the ejecting officer in a rather bad light, for it now appears that the man meditated no graver offense than to offer violence to the prisoner.

— A young lady of our acquaintance—a downy little biped, who is always associated in our mind with diluted rose-water spilled over an underdone custard—wishes to know why we write such perfectly horrid sentiments. It is to keep the fatty-headed immaculates who take you to floral festivals from claiming them as their own productions, Dimity. And it works nicely.

— The telegraph announces that the Emperor of Germany has decided the dispute about the Island of San Juan, in favor of the United States. We don't know whether the telegraph has transmitted this gratifying decision before it was rendered, or the Emperor has decided the question before it was submitted to him. There is "enterprise" somewhere.

— A Philadelphia exchange relates how a lady in San Francisco applied for a divorce on the ground that her husband was a "confounded fool," and the Judge said that if that plea were allowed, every man who married would be liable to the same imputation.

— While undergoing the insignificant punishment of death by hanging, one Rufus of New York was observed in the last struggle to endeavor to place his hand in his pocket. During life his great desire was to place his hands in other people's pockets.

— A religious weekly says the word "Science" is used to designate more "stuff" than any word in the language. Except "Theology," perhaps, which is never used to designate anything else.

**Monthly Brevities.**—[Continued.]

Gentleman fined \$20 for looking on at a "kono" game. Are our amusements to be thus curtailed and an hour in the tiger's den paid for at the above rate? This reform is a bad business.—Debilitated Chinaman staggers along Montgomery street; heartless crowd gibe and jeer: relentless store-keepers push him from their doors, when honest miner comes on the scene, helps the unfortunate, and the *Bulletin* man gushes thereat.—Laura D. Fair's death warrant has been signed, sealed and delivered into the Sheriff's hands.—Most of the valuable agricultural lands in Colorado are in the hands of the National Land Company, of Denver, as selling agents, and in less than a year they have sold 100,000 acres for about \$400,000.—As compensations for accidents suffered on the various lines, the British railways last year paid out an aggregate sum of \$1,668,575 damages.—The residents of Lynn, Mass., are manifesting a lively interest in the Fine Art Museum. Meetings are to be held in the city to promote its success.—The fortune of Miss Burdett Coutts, recently raised to the peerage by Queen Victoria, is estimated at £10,000,000. She has given to charitable purposes not less than £5,000,000.—Swindling in wool is the last legitimate dodge for the acquisition of filthy lucre. A lot of bales when opened at the Wool Exchange were found filled with earth to increase the weight. Nice game.—The *Presse* expects that a strong effort will be made by Bonapartists for the success of their party in the coming supplementary election.—Picard has resigned the Governorship of the Bank of France.—The Orleans Princes are still at Versailles.—The French prisoners are rapidly returning from Germany.—The Santa Cruz trout streams are affording excellent sport to the disciples of the "gentle Isaac," who in our opinion was an arrant humbug.—Brigandage is nearly extirpated from Greece. Turkey gives valuable assistance by arresting all the brigands on the frontier.—The Sultan has issued a firman to the Pachas to receive Seward as the guest of the nation.—The United States Branch Mint has been closed for settlement and repairs.—A new volume of poems by Bret Harte is announced.—Mr. and Madame Carl Rosa are in Berlin.—Ole Bull's brother, Edward, organist, is coming to America in August.—Officer William Doran has been held to answer before the Police Commissioners for an assault upon a feeble old Chinawoman. We hope William's star will grow dim and finally disappear from his humane breast.—It is probable that Marc Island will be the location of the new Marine Hospital.—The steamer *International*, which is to lay the telegraph cable between Marseilles and Algiers, has arrived at Marseilles.—Trains over the Lyons and Mediterranean Railway, via the Mount Cenis Tunnel, have commenced running again.—The State Treasury contains \$736,738.—Five inches of rain fell at Portland during May.—Calaveras will erect a new County Hospital.—Seven thousand sheep passed through Nevada City for the mountains a few days since.—A corps of geologists are to explore the country around Victoria this season.—The number of poems composed on the war have lately been collected by a German genius, and have been found to number 6,000.—The traffic in little Italian boys, who are kidnapped and sent to America to play fiddles, has opened briskly this year.—The official statement published lately, shows the funded debt of the city of New York, on the 1st of May, as \$49,551,864; floating debt, \$10,975,500; the county funded debt, \$21,591,150. The sinking fund amounts to \$17,774,043.—A terrible tornado has taken place in Iowa City. Houses and stores were unroofed and partly demolished. The crops of the fruit trees are badly damaged, and a man is reported as killed.—The darkeys at Washington have come to reason and the strike is ended.—Alameda county has gone for Haight. We think the anti-subsidy man is gaining ground.—The Montgomery Avenue people are very sore about the assessment business. They hold frequent meetings at Duncan's office to discuss their woes, compare notes and denounce the Commissioners.—A burglar tried to get into 938 Howard street, a short time since, but didn't, because of a vigilant landlady.—A prominent business man of San José, whose accounts are not all right, has disappeared. This going up a metaphorical flume has become rather fashionable of late among "prominent business men."—The mumps are having an unprecedented run at Virginia City.—Seventeen car loads of wool were shipped East from Sacramento on the 9th instant.—MacMahon refuses a candidacy for the Assembly.—Races will soon be established in Paris.—The harvest prospects in France and Prussia are discouraging. The seed has perished. Further east the prospects are favorable.—Rev. Mr. Punshon has been appointed by the Wesleyan Conference in session at Belleville, Ontario, to represent them at the next English Conference.—Baron Hubner, late Ambassador from Austria to the Court of Napoleon III., is in this city, and is stopping at the Occidental.—F. Bret Harte is to furnish the poem for the Phi Beta Kappa dinner at Harvard College this year, and Professor Noah Porter, of Yale College, the oration.—The Olympic Club capered and gyrated before the "beauty and fashion" at the California Theater. Much muscle, but brains in the minority.—The agreeable recreation of knocking Chinamen in the head is not confined altogether to the higher race. For example, a difference in opinion occurs in a cigar store between two operatives. Chung Toy is now in the County Jail, and Ah Min's remains are ready for transportation to the Flowery Kingdom.—The Communists who are to be transported to New Caledonia will be allowed to take their families with them and form colonies.—The engineers propose to raze Forts Issy and Vanvres, and build new forts at Haute Bruyeres and Chatillon.—In the window of Carl Hain's new store, on Kearny street, is hung a large clock, encircled by smaller dials, which give the time in the principal cities of the world. They are worked with a single pendulum, and this ingenious piece of mechanism is of home manufacture.—In the



District Court of Stockton, Jesus Tejarra, convicted of murder, was sentenced to be hung on Friday, July 28th. — A couple of editors relieve the tedium of the desk by a popping match outside the Post Office at Roseburg, Oregon. The only undertaker in that promising village is hopeful of a double job. — Big earthquake in China. Two thousand natives crushed by falling buildings. — The *Freelance* says the drought has seriously injured the cherries in the vicinity of Alameda, rendering them shrunk and unfit for market as fresh cherries. — The Arctic exploring steamer *Polaris* has sailed from Washington for New York. — The steamer *George Weems* was burnt at Baltimore lately. Loss, \$20,000. — All the sacred vessels and valuable ornaments taken from the churches by the Communists have, with a few exceptions, been discovered in the Mint and other places. — The youths who dispatched Ah Hee by a blow in the stomach have had a preliminary trial. One has been held to answer for murder and the other for assault and battery. Gentlemen of the Coroner's jury, where is your verdict now? Intelligent fellow creatures, you are, to be sure. — The Tories are organizing to oppose the Treaty of Washington. — Andrew Kunz, weary of this world of woe, puts a pistol to his mouth and injects a leaden pill. Andrew's body will be interred by his friends. — The steamer *China*, which arrived on the 12th June, tells of the burning of the ship *Don Juan*, and the cooking of 600 Coolies under the hatches. — A correspondent of the *Central Californian* figures up the wool yield of Monterey county this year at \$1,059,000. — A fatal horse epidemic prevails in the mountains and foothills of Fresno county. — A gas company has been organized at Gilroy, and the stock, \$24,000, has all been taken. — At Mariposa, on three days of last week, the thermometer reached 91, 92 and 95 degrees. — The Kennedy mine, near Jackson, cleaned up \$7,000 lately, after a twenty days' run. — A dispatch from London says: A vessel, the *Curachee*, for Kotasir, near Lukput, foundered, and eighty lives were lost. — Judge Sawyer has taken the war path against the professional beggars who ply their trade on the steps of churches. Their rage shall quiver in the wrathful storm of that just Judge. — Sprouting Hoodlums are being nicely treated for their several complaints. And, says the *Bulletin*, sagely, parents will find this "Hoodlum" education an expensive matter, dearer, in fact, than the public school course. — The skating men are having a passage-at-arms in the U. S. Circuit Court. Plimpton sues Rimball for infringement of patent. — Aleutian Island coal has been examined by geologists and pronounced good. — The Archbishop of Dublin is dead. — A Professor at Munich has been dismissed for teaching the dogma of infallibility. — The Duke of Sutherland's railway between Golspie and Helmsdale was opened on May 16th. The length of the line is seventeen miles, and it has been constructed at the sole expense of the Duke. The cost is not more than about £3,500 per mile. — Important experiments have been made at Shrewbury upon the power and safety for quarrying purposes, and for transit of the nitro-glycerine compound called lithofracteur, extensively used in the late war by the Prussians in their engineering operations. The results are regarded as satisfactory. — The *Record* says that at the annual meeting of the Protestant Reformation Society, the Rev. Dr. Cumming stated that Pius IX. had, some years previous to 1870, predicted a war of Catholic France against Protestant Prussia. — Over 1,000 families of Michigan, finding the State too small, are preparing to emigrate to Nebraska. — A little girl of Alexandria, Va., 21 months old, committed suicide by holding her breath in a fit of anger so long that she died. — Two men embark in a plunger for Saucelito; squall capsize boat, and one is sent to the bottom; other picked up by steamer. — The Santa Rosa wheat crop is good. — Dr. Phillips, of Santa Clara Valley, attempted to kill a chicken with a pistol, and lodged the bullet in his body. He lived about ten minutes after the shot. — Police Court shysters squabble for the defense of the "Chicken." Citizen Sam Platt obtained the honorable task. — On Monday of last week a bear weighing nine hundred pounds was lassoed by a party of native Californians, in the Vulcan range of mountains, about one hundred miles south of Los Angeles. — Another large suspension took place last week on Mare Island, in the department of docks and yards, and embraced a number of blacksmiths, joiners, painters, masons and laborers. — Considerable snow fell recently in the mountain ranges of Fresno county, causing much suffering among the stock which had been driven thither for pasture. — The colored population of the United States, according to the last census, is nearly 5,000,000, being a gain of over nine per cent, since 1870. — The *Yolo Democrat* says of the wheat thus far harvested in that county, that in most cases it turned out better than was expected. — Gough promises a lecture on his return from Yosemite. We are consoled by the reflection that scrambling over those rocks is risky, and perhaps the Lord might \* \* \* — The Sagamore House, at Frost's Point, Portsmouth, N. H., has been burned; loss, \$40,000. — General George Stoneman will be placed on the retired list, on account of incapacity, resulting from injuries received during the war. — Secretary Fish will soon start on a tour across the continent. — It is positively announced that M. Ferry will succeed De Treillard as French Minister to the United States. — Minister Washburne has had permission to make a short visit home this summer, and will come if possible. — The Municipality of Strasbourg has received, as a first installment, ten million francs from the German Treasury, for rebuilding the houses burnt during the siege. — Property-owners on Grand Island Swamp Land District are about to build twenty-eight miles of levee. The estimated cost is over \$150,000, and the work will be given to one thousand men. — On Sunday evening, 11th inst., Joseph King was accidentally shot and killed by Joseph Soria, at Santa Cruz. The Coroner's jury rendered a verdict of accidental death. — The Emperor of Brazil is shortly expected at Madrid. — Young man and his wife tumble down the Blue Ridge Mountain, 650 feet. The woman was fearfully mangled, but the man

is still alive.—The Irish exiles have gone into the lecturing biz.—A Texas paper prints a list of 109 persons murdered by Indians in eleven years in one county in that State.—Bear Valley, Colusa county, was visited by two severe shocks of earthquake about nine o'clock on Sunday evening last.—Liverpool, England, according to the recent census, has a population of 234,625, against 269,775 in 1961, exhibiting a decrease of 35,150 inhabitants.—Professor Crane, of Marysville, has received a fine specimen of the vampire from South America. The bird is three feet four inches from tip to tip.—Members of the Los Angeles Wine Growing Association express the opinion that the present year's crop of grapes will greatly exceed that of last year.—The Bank of California has declared a dividend of one per cent.—Ship *Golden Age* (British) was sold at Auction for \$3,400.—The deaf, dumb and blind of the State Asylum gave an exhibition at Brayton Hall, Oakland. The proficiency of these "poor afflicted" in all the branches of modern study is remarkable.—*Chronicle* reporter has been interviewing an "Irish exile." Ye exile reveals his plan for the liberation of Ireland. Bosh.—Sonoma county has gone for Haight. The subsidy men are beginning to look blue.—James A. Duffy has been nominated for State Senator by the Sacramento Republican County Convention.—A German *Punch* is to be published here. What a sluggish flood of Teutonic wit shall be inflicted upon this suffering public.—Rochefort is ill, and his trial is postponed.—Another Cocos Island expedition has come to grief. This time the spirits are to blame, as somebody went into a trance and told somebody else where the treasure was hid.—The *Temps* says the French Bishops are actively moving for the reinstatement of the Pope in his temporal possessions.—The French Assembly has resumed its sittings.—The steamer *Anna Smith* has been wrecked on the British coast, and ten lives lost.—The bullion in the Bank of France amounts to twenty-two million francs.—The Deputies propose to impeach the Emperor for declaring and waging war.—The small-pox has broken out in Coquimbo and Guayaca.—The *Telegraph* says Earl de Grey is created Marquis of Ripon, in consequence of his distinguished service connected with the treaty.—It is with feelings of intense gratification that we record the incarceration of Mrs. Sophronia Swift, a female of the ballot persuasion. Madame Sophronia ran an intelligence office without a license, and when fined was unable to come down with the coin. Hence our exceeding joy.—*Call* reporter, who, by the way, is a promising little fellow, plunges recklessly into a joke on the last importation of hogs from Chicago.—Six thousand four hundred and one votes are registered on the Grand Register of Alameda county.—Murder and suicide at St. Louis. Widow shot by her brother, who also shuffles off himself in a social manner.—Treasury clerk at Washington pops at a colored Justice of the Peace, getting one bullet into the ebony carcass.—The work of restoration in the Bois de Boulogne is commenced. Laborers are replanting trees and shrubbery, filling ditches, and leveling the works of the troops.—There is a protest against the annexation of Strasbourg to Germany.—Haight pardons a Hoodlum in Santa Clara. Hoodlum's health was bad, and this is election time, you know.—Young Men's Republican Club continue to dictate the interests of the county. Out of the mouths of these babes and sucklings cometh forth an intolerable dose of Balderdash.—Surgical operation performed by Dr. McNutt. Ovarian tumor removed; patient doing well.—Fire in the Cosmopolitan Hotel; discovered at once and extinguished with but little damage to the premises.—An inevitable, pugnacious Irishman in Chicago, with all the fire of his race, gives a divorced wife her quietus with a log of wood.—An immense oyster bed, said to be the richest known for years, has been discovered at Eaton's Neck, Long Island.—Episcopal parson degraded from the ministry in Chicago. Affecting address by a gushing old Bishop.—Dr. Aloys Pichler, Librarian of the Imperial Library of Russia, was detected in carrying out a volume underneath his furs, and upon searching his house 6,000 volumes were brought to light, beside manuscripts valued at more than \$5,000.—The Czar of Russia has pardoned all the Polish ladies who were sent to Siberia on account of their participation in the insurrection of 1863.—There are now upward of one hundred permanent American residents in St. Petersburg.

—We are shocked and grieved to note in one of the *Call's* editorials an expression that ill comports with its profession of uniform propriety. We think the editor owes it to his twenty thousand readers to apologize for so glaring an insult to their respectability. Its readers may not have as much book education as some, but they are good, honest, hard working people, who pay their taxes and vote as they are told; and it is an outrage to send into their families a journal containing so atrocious a sentence as the one to which we allude. It makes but little difference that the debasing sentiment is clothed in Sanscrit words, the natural acuteness of the workman will ferret out the hideous meaning, and he will spurn the vile sheet containing it from his humble door. Hardy sons of toil, bone and sinew of the land, hope of our country, will you permit the minds of your females and young to be poisoned day after day by a newspaper that brazenly proclaims *Cum grano salis*? Nay, more: will you longer patronize a journal which prints communications signed by the infamous "Pro Bono Publico," and displays long screeds—yes, *screeds*!—from the pen of the incendiary "Veritas"? We should not be surprised at any time to see your fathers-in-law insulted by the statement that *Labor omnia vincit*! Subscribe for the *News Letter*. Subscribe, O, subscribe!

### Molly's Letter.

DEAR OLD NEWS LETTER:—June is a dull month. Everybody that is rich goes away to the country, for railroads leading to pleasanter places abound, and everybody wants to be in the fashion. So mater-familias persuades her husband to rent a little uncomfortable shanty in a patch of forlorn shrubbery, and takes the children there, and the father foregoes his comfortable dinner every day, and puts on a duster on Saturday evenings to go off and join the wife of his bosom till Monday morning at an unseemly hour, returning with a gnawing sensation at his stomach, occasioned by bad cooking, and aggravated by a rustic diet of fruit and milk. So the town is dull. The event of the week has been the closing exercises of Mme. Zeitska's Institute, at Pacific Hall. There was nothing to pay, so I went. We were requested by a polite note, printed in violet colored type, and headed by a violet colored monogram, to be there at seven, but the schoolmarm kept us waiting till eight. However, as everybody came early and the hall was crammed, it was good fun to see the people. There was no mistaking the mothers. In fact, the mothers took care that they should be identified. An anxious, unsettled, satisfied look, and a standing up to look at other mothers, joined to audible admonitions to minor olive branches, not to be asking after Bella, or Mary, or Mathilda, who were in the dressing-room, sufficiently impressed every one in the vicinity with the fact that "my daughter" was going to astonish the seven or eight hundred there assembled. At eight o'clock there was a hum of "here they are" and a solemn man, who looked like a Sheriff's officer, led a string of vestals up the middle aisle. They, with the exception of the Sheriff, were all dressed in white, and showed themselves all over the orchestra. The exercises were as they always are, unanimously harmless, and insipidly correct. Some young ladies warbled, some spoke little essays, full of moral adjectives, joined to mild nouns. The main object appeared to be the exhibition of the Sullivan family. I don't scruple to mention the name, as out of the twenty pieces, including the chorus, it appeared nine times in the printed programme. It was rich also to see the professors. There was the professor of dancing, airily flitting about to find seats for mammas with growing families. There was the drawing-master, who had got up an art exhibition in a corner, and was pointing out the beauties of those well-known crayon drawings, where the eyes are preternaturally large and dark, and the necks have glandular developments approaching to *goitre*, and landscapes that always have a water-mill in them, and impossible perspectives. The professors of philosophy, philology, and modern and extinct science, were all there with bald heads and profound looks. In short, Mme. Zeitska spared nothing for effect. And yet I doubt much if all this is good for the girls. What I blamed in that charlatan, Hager, I condemn in this. This public exhibition of girlhood destroys that innate modesty which should be cherished, and is so beautiful a feature. Vanity comes soon enough to us all, God help us, without its being fostered by popular applause, which, after all, is given more from kindness than to merit. It may be a good advertisement for the school, with weak, silly mothers, but as regards myself, it would deter me from sending my child, so you see that I do not consider myself either weak or silly. But I have written too much on this subject. Have mercy upon us miserable sinners, *mea culpa, mea culpa, mea maxima culpa*, we say every Sunday, according as we are Papist or Heretic, and having given our conscience a bath, we return refreshed on Monday to our darling sins. The Squire of San Pablo has built an altar to his patron Saint in the church of the Extorted Donations. From the time of Cain, who inaugurated this species of erection, to the present day such has been the customary propitiatory offering. The same thing is acted in society when a secretary is bribed to send out an invitation to a great man's feast, but the invited one is but an intruder after all, and not a guest. The pet banker of crowned heads is going to visit his *clientelle* in Europe. How impertinently magnificent Rothschild's boy will be in his absence. The *Zentimo* came into port yesterday, and the echo of her big guns woke up the sleepy echoes of San Rafael. The unransomed one came by an early train, to renew the assurances of her distinguished consideration. Yours,

MOLLY.

— In a sermon last Sunday, at Oakland, the Rev. Mr. Hamilton made some judicious remarks relative to the efficacy of praying upon an empty stomach. Mr. Hamilton's belief, as nearly as we can make it out, is that a petition put up from a gastric vacuum is about twice as likely to be attended to as one sent forth from a full belly. This principle has long been acted upon in morning prayers, and grace before meat, but is grossly disregarded in evening devotion. Mr. Hamilton said: "In order to be of the highest efficiency, prayer must key up its faith by fasting, which unloads the soul of the heaviness of surfeited appetites and sodden senses. Spiritual vision is ever dim, and spiritual force is ever weak, in a clogged body." We have ever held that the soul is but another name for the stomach, and it affords us a pious satisfaction to be supported in this view by so eminent an authority as the Rev. Mr. Hamilton. When a good Christian prays to have his soul supplied with the bread of life, he begs figuratively for that which can be only literally bestowed. It is probable that this form of petition was originally used with an intent to deceive, by those who wished to convey the impression that they were fasting, so that their prayer might be the more efficacious. The soul being merely the stomach, it follows that Theology is to a great extent a knowledge of purgatives, and divine service properly conducted would consist chiefly in administering cathartics to the faithful. This is what the pious Shakespeare intended to encourage when he said, "Throw physic to the dogs!"



### Our European Reflex.

France is drifting, whither who can tell? Like a vessel that will not obey her helm, with a mutinous crew and powerless captain, she is at the mercy of the wild waves, and may become the property of any one strong enough to take command and steer her with a firm hand. That France hardly knows what she wants is evidenced by the contradictory votes of the nation, as for example those of February and April last. Then the nation was for a republic; to-day, certainly, an immense majority of the country population and a considerable portion of the cities favor a monarchy. France is half monarchic and half republican. The priests support the throne, but it is questionable if their aid does not rather tend to weaken the government it would uphold. Recent horrible disclosures, which the late rebellion in Paris has brought to light, have created a bitter feeling against the clergy. Fifteen skeletons of young women, in attitudes of agony, found in a cell near the crypt of St. Laurent, leading to a dreadful suspicion of most foul wrong having been committed, succeeded by a like horror in the Church of Notre Dame des Victoires at Paris. The church was closed by order of the municipality, and subsequently opened by commissioners, consisting of members of the Town Council, medical men and the Chiefs of Police. Already several corpses have been disinterred. In a cell by the side of the altar articles of jewelry and silver were found, together with the head of a woman having long fair hair. In another, the bodies of four other recently buried women were found. In another cell two gold bracelets were discovered, and on the wall the marks of a woman's arm who wore a bracelet, the wall having evidently been struck while the plaster was wet. Four priests have been arrested, and public indignation is very great. The revolt of Paris, with its fury and bloodshed, has been the means of unearthing these evidences of silent crime. The Orleans Princes are at Versailles, and predictions are rife that one will mount the throne and once more attempt to maintain a constitutional monarchy. In other parts of Europe strange combinations are taking place. It is said that an alliance has been formed between Greece, Roumania, Servia and Egypt, with the connivance of Russia, for the purpose of dismembering Turkey. This accounts for the friendly and cordial terms that last power has lately been reported to be on with Russia, and for the sudden popularity of Prince Charles of Roumania with his subjects, for the same northern power that fomented discord could also excite the contrary sentiment. The Belgian government has issued a manifesto declaring that it regards the authors of the late Paris rebellion as malefactors, and as such not entitled to the protection commonly afforded to political refugees. This is as it should be. The census of London has just been taken, and the report shows the population to be 3,247,621, against 2,803,989 in 1861; being an increase in ten years of 443,642, or more than the population of California and Oregon together. The Greek government has decreed ten thousand pounds sterling to Mrs. Lloyd, whose husband was killed by the brigands at Marathon. The result of the winning of the Derby by Baron Rothschild's "Favonius" was known in Bombay four minutes after the occurrence.

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— Some native Californians lassoed a grizzly bear the other day, near Los Angeles, weighing nine hundred pounds. This reminds us of a strikingly similar adventure of our own. With the reader's permission we will relate it, speaking of ourself (to avoid the first person) as Col. Cremony, who is an excellent hunter, loves a joke, and will pardon the liberty. Cremony was hunting bears in the hills back of Oakland, with a good strong *riata*, when he came upon one whose weight could not be accurately determined, but who appeared much larger than he was expected to. The Colonel advanced to cast the noose. Bear sat still. Colonel stopped and whirled his *riata* threateningly. Bear stuck up his head and shut his eyes. Colonel adjusted the noose to slip more easily. Bear held up one paw. Colonel whirled again. Bear did nothing. Colonel looped the end of his thong tightly about his left wrist. Bear sat up like a statue, and smiled a smile of resignation. Colonel threw the noose a little way to try it, and jerked it back. Bear got down and walked slowly toward him. Colonel retired, so as to preserve a good throwing distance, whirling menacingly. Bear trotted. Colonel whirled once, wildly, and then spread out the noose on the ground, taking an additional turn of the other end about his wrist. Bear came forward, took the *riata* in his paws, placed the noose about his neck, tightened it, lay down and shut his eyes. Colonel fished out a sheath knife, severed the line between himself and the bear, and came over to the city by the five o'clock boat. Thanking the Colonel for the use of his name, we conclude by proudly asserting that no bear in California can stop our progress when we have made up our mind to go away.

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— The mechanical sharps all over the land have contracted another fit of discovering perpetual motion, and their example is contagious. We have ourselves not only discovered it, but have discovered where *anybody* may discover it, namely, in a woman's month.

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— Why was the surrender of Mason and Slidell like Bass' pale ale? Because it was a bitter draught for the English brewed on the "Trent!"



### Love is Clean.

Let lips be red, for God has said  
Love is like one gold-garmented,  
And made them so for such a time,  
Therefore let lips be red, therefore  
Let love be ripe in ruddy prime,  
Let hope beat high, let hearts be true,  
And you be wise thereat, and you  
Drink deep, and ask not any more.

Let red lips lift, proud curl'd, to kiss,  
And round limbs lean and raise and reach  
In love too passionate for speech,  
Too full of blessedness and bliss  
For anything but this and this;  
Let luscious lips lean hot to kiss  
And swoon in love, while all the air

Is redolent with balm of trees,  
And mellow with the song of bees,  
While birds sit singing everywhere;  
And you will have not any more  
Than I in boyhood, by that shore  
Of olives, had in years of yore.

Let the unclean think things unclean;  
I swear tip-toed, with lifted hands,  
That we were pure as sea-wash'd sands,  
That not one coarse thought came between  
Believe or disbelieve who will,  
Unto the pure all things are pure;  
As for the rest, I can endure  
Alike their good will or their ill.

—Joaquin Miller.

### Murder !

If any one of our readers is meditating a murder, unless there is some private reason or pressing necessity for its immediate commission, our advice to him is to postpone it. The present is about the most unfavorable season for murderers that we remember to have noted since the discovery of justifiable homicide and the invention of temporary insanity. Within the past few months, the sheriffs, all over the country, have been kept wholesomely busy stretching the criminal neck, and there is sufficient prepared material on hand to keep them going for some months longer. In short, the long-prayed-for reaction has set in, and the danger now is that capital punishment will be overdone; though, God be praised, the overdoing will be an error upon the right side! But if the present healthy and judicious hanging shall assume an abnormal and indiscriminate character, there will as certainly be a reaction in the contrary direction as there has been in this. After all, this matter seems to be as rigidly subject to the law of periodicity as is everything else; and probably the utmost we can hope for is that advantage may be taken of the present public sentiment, to impose restrictions upon the action of the inevitable opposite one. By some judicious amendments to our criminal laws—particularly those relating to evidence—we may reap some lasting advantages from this temporary turn of the tide. For it is to the rules concerning the admissibility of evidence that we may most effectually apply our reformatory acuteness. These rules are based principally upon precedents, and as a great many of these had their origin in the period of lenity just passed, they will materially hamper the free justice of that upon which we are entering, unless they shall be "disestablished" at once and forever. The plea of temporary insanity, which is practically a growth of the last dozen years, should be hereafter disallowed, and all evidence tending to support it should be rigidly excluded by special statute. The plea is in itself so monstrous, and in its effect so dangerous to the life of the citizen, that it is a matter of astonishment that any attorney was ever permitted to set it up. It is false to say that it is used *merely* as a pretext to permit the escape of a defendant whose actual justification is something else; or at least it is false to say that it is always so used. The evidence upon this point—baldly ridiculous as it invariably is—does in many cases really mislead a jury, and secure an iniquitous acquittal. That attorneys know this—and they are in a position to judge—is clear from the trouble they take to present it strongly and in overwhelming volume. If juries required only a pretext, a bare hint would be as efficacious as a mass of evidence. We honestly believe that, in cases of conceded or proven killing, outside of the necessary defense of person or property, justice would be more nearly perfectly administered by not allowing the prisoner to make *any* showing as to motive. The proof of the killing should close the case, and defendant should be promptly hanged. We are not of those who believe it is better for ninety and nine guilty to escape than for one innocent to swing—except in the limited sense that it is better for *them*. The life of an individual is of small account as compared with the security of life generally. Now we are not averse to murder, properly restricted. We believe there are circumstances in which a man is justified in deliberately and coolly taking the life of another; but he is justified *only* if he is willing to surrender his own. With this equitable limitation, we think the right to murder may be safely conceded to all. But after bravely availing himself of his legal privilege, no man should be permitted to perpetrate the cowardice of making a defense. Some method of punishing jurors who bring in verdicts contrary to the evidence is also a *desideratum*, but there are certain difficulties in the way of determining their guilt, which require for their final removal a separate article.

— That is a very stale joke about the horse that threw a minister, and was then complimented upon having assisted in spreading the Gospel; but seeing its familiar face in a newspaper suggests the reflection that the average person does not depend upon a horse to assist him in the good work. He is so entirely self-reliant that he employs only a donkey.

### Money and Commerce.

He that has money commands the service of men; he that has not, must be thankful for whatever he gets. Consequently, to be poor is to be weak, to be rich is to be strong.

— There is at present a fair degree of activity in business circles, there being a great number of small transactions. The *Commercial Herald* says our wholesale jobbers and dealers in groceries, drugs, dry goods, liquors, wines, etc., all report satisfactorily concerning business prospects; and the most of our merchants are exceedingly hopeful as to the future of the Pacific slope. The country appears to be all astir with life and animation. The amount of travel was never so great as now, be it on land or water. Our coasting steamers to Oregon and northern ports are scarcely able to carry all the freight and passengers that offer; and the same remark will apply to San Diego and the southern coast trade. The numerous small steamers now plying coastwise have not only increased the number of their trips, but rates of passage and freight have been largely reduced, thus inviting travel and stimulating the carrying trade to an extent far beyond the most sanguine anticipations of the masses. The amount of country produce now arriving coastwise, consisting of flour, grain, wool, wine, etc., is astonishingly great, and is but the forerunner of what may be expected within the next decade. As to the vast carrying trade now being developed by the Central and Union Pacific Railroads, it already exceeds the expectations of our people; yet what will it be when other railroads now projected shall be completed, and the Pacific Mail Steamship Company shall run semi-monthly their 6,000 ton steamers to China and Japan! These, and the Australian steamships, all bringing vast numbers of passengers and freight for transmission by rail over the continent, with the promise of liberal harvests, and the natural increase of our flocks, herds, etc., assure us of a great and important future to which we are rapidly attaining.

— The General Freight Agent of the Central Pacific Railroad Company furnishes the following statement of the amount of through freight (in pounds) passed over the road to the East during May:

Tea.....	182,152	Shingles, No.....	302,000
Cotton (foreign).....	25,375	Fish.....	27,967
Silk.....	50,405	Spices.....	27,450
Wool.....	4,703,178	Coffee.....	168,048
Leather.....	150,092	Base Bullion.....	28,350
Wine.....	172,992	Machinery.....	40,000
Hops.....	8,411	Stock, car loads.....	4
Lumber, feet.....	52,692	Unspecified.....	1,424,101

The total is the largest of any month since the completion of the road. Over nine-tenths of the freight was sent from this city. The shipments from other points embrace 900 lbs. wine and 6,400 lbs. unspecified freight from San José; 4,570 lbs. leather and 2,697 lbs. unspecified freight from Stockton; 24,798 lbs. wine, 256,592 lbs. wool, 8411 lbs. hogs, 156,104 lbs. unspecified freight, and all the live stock, lumber and shingles, from Sacramento; 1,114 lbs. wine, 40,000 lbs. machinery, and 2,963 lbs. unspecified freight, from Marysville.

— The annual report of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company is as follows:

ASSETS.	
Cash on hand, bonds, etc.....	\$2,491,552 35
27,149 shares P. M. S. S. Co. stock.....	2,714,900 00
1,668 shares California Dry Dock Company, San Francisco.....	100,335 99
42,445 tons coal.....	619,622 94
Outfits and supplies.....	282,820 23
Real Estate, San Francisco.....	\$981,819 60
Warehouses, San Francisco.....	183,230 78
Benicia.....	25,649 41
Oregon.....	2,367 75
San Diego.....	1,215 00
Other real estate.....	683,929 04
Twenty steamers.....	1,778,211 58
Lighters.....	11,843,534 60
Unsettled accounts with connecting companies, etc.....	103,122 60
Balance to debit of profit and loss.....	47,674 20
	78,934 63

\$20,060,709 12

LIABILITIES.	
Capital stock.....	\$20,000,000 00
Freight on coal in transit.....	50,999 92
Unsettled accounts with connecting companies.....	9,769 20

\$20,060,709 12

— The Rocky Mountain Coal companies have recently reduced their mining expenses materially, promising increased supplies in the future at reduced prices. The recent discoveries of Coal deposits on the Aleutian Islands will add new sources of supply to our market. The Coal has been analyzed, and shown to be of a superior quality: Geologists assert that the deposits are the oldest yet discovered on the coast. It can be delivered here and sold wholesale at \$6 per ton.

### "Charge."

SEDAN, 1870.

Trumpeters, call for order of fight.

Place your divisions by bank and trench,  
Much shall be done ere the fall or night:

There come the Prussians—here stand the French.  
A burst of smoke along the lines,

A rattle and roll and a roar of guns;  
And death to the man that shrinks, and shuns  
His ordered path on the rough inclines!

Here, on the hill by La Garenne,  
See the hosts of the French arrayed:  
They are Soldiers, and they are Men;  
Who shall make them afraid!

Cuirassiers, prepare, for the Germans  
Scatter our infantry up the height:  
Yea, for all their prayers and sermons,  
They know how to fight!

Hark—the mouths of the guns, as they rattle, cry,  
"Death looms horrible, dark, and large"—  
Dare them! "Vive la France!" for your battle-cry:

CHARGE!

A dash of the hoofs, and a whirl of plumes,  
A "vive" from the Foot as they thunder by,  
A roar of cheers from the Cuirassiers,  
And the blades flash out like flames on high.  
The rider laughs, and the charger fumes,  
Each with the fire of blood in his eye;  
There are no fears for the Cuirassiers!  
They know how to die.

And here they are met  
With bayonets set,  
And flank and rear with bullet and shell;  
Not only at front  
Is the battle's brunt,  
There's a thinning of inner ranks, as well;  
And, hot and hard,  
It is thrust and guard,  
Slay as they can, be slain if they must:  
Horse and man  
To press to the van,  
And churn with their teeth the gore and dust;  
Thus they close  
With an army of foes,  
With neither space nor the will to swerve,  
Stern and fast,  
Each man to the last,  
With quivering steel and iron of nerve;  
Till battered, and shelled,  
And foiled, and felled,  
Tens by tens they dwindle—they fall;  
Heap on heap  
Death grips them with sleep,  
And scarce a man lives of the ranks of them all!

The end is at hand. This misty heat  
Of wrath and ruin inflames our sight;  
Our hearts are hot, our pulses fleet,  
We cannot perceive, or judge aright.  
Yet it shall be, that when Time brings  
The cool that lies in the fan of his wings,  
And the rolling away of dark from light;  
And when the age's pitiful things,  
The hates of peoples, the scorn of kings,  
Succumb to his passionless might;  
Men shall not fret of the wrong or right—  
That is lost in the long gone by—  
They shall say, the German—He knew how to fight:  
The Frank—He knew how to die.

—*Cassell's Magazine.*

— In the Police Court, a man has been sentenced for hammering a woman with a rocking-chair. That man is a beast! A rocking-chair! The thing in which his own mother lulled his infant soul to sleep—about which cling all tender memories, as bats cluster upon a stalagmite—whose arms are sacred, whose back revered, whose legs hallowed, whose bottom—ah! it was cruel to put the entire anatomy of a rocking-chair to so vile a use as beating a woman with it; when an ordinary three-legged stool would have hurt her just as bad!

### Every Man His Own Gas Maker--Maxim Gas Company.

For a number of years attempts have been made, with more or less success, to supply light from gas made from various substances, as oil, fat, resin, or resinous woods, by limited apparatus, in hotels or other buildings remotely situated. The results, on the whole, may be considered as failures from the trouble involved, and the general public being not sufficiently skilled to properly manipulate the apparatus. Since the introduction of petroleum, however, the difficulties have been much lessened, and various devices have been offered by which from gasoline, a volatile product of petroleum, a brilliant light might be obtained. Some 200 patents have been issued for different methods of evolving the vapor mixed with common air for the purposes of illumination. The difficulties which constantly attend the development of a new idea have, however, interfered with, in a greater or a less degree, these efforts to attain the great desideratum. At length, it would appear, the enigma has been solved, and the object so long sought has been obtained, viz: a portable gas machine, so simple in operation as to offer no difficulties to the uninitiated, requiring but little attention, and combining economy, reliability, and safety, with a brilliancy of light superior to the coal gas usually in use. The Maxim Gas Company, who have accomplished this, have their offices situated at 315 Pine street, where Mr. Clark, the manager, may be found, willing to afford every information. Experiment having demonstrated the success of the Maxim method to such men in New York as Mark Sheldon, J. B. Thomas, Asa Lawton, Frank Randall, etc., the company was incorporated. These gentlemen have sold the patent right to the Pacific States and Territories to a company, of whom J. O. Eldridge, Wm. H. Ladd, Josiah Moulton, Phillip Meagher, and others, are the officers. Already the Maxim Gas apparatus is in use by, and to the entire satisfaction of the following gentlemen: James Gamble, Esq., Superintendent Western Telegraph Company; M. J. O'Connor, Esq., of Conroy & O'Connor, San Rafael; George Walkington, Esq., Piedmont Springs; George H. Howard, Esq., San Mateo; J. H. Redington, Esq., Oak Grove; H. A. Bloss, Esq., Dining Hotel, Lathrop Station, W. P. R. R.; Cosmopolitan Hotel, San Francisco; Tamalpais Hotel, San Rafael, Mills' Institute. Numerous other orders are in course of execution. From an exhaustive pamphlet on the subject, issued by the company, and to which we refer our readers for full details, we gather that the cost is only one-third that of coal gas, charged \$5 per thousand. The price of an apparatus is, for thirty lights, \$400; for fifty lights, \$500; for 100 lights, \$800. It affords us pleasure to call attention to this invention, as developing another source of industry, affording employment to many men, and adding to the comfort and convenience of the community.

— Professor Dramer conducted a side-show in the wake of a horse opera, and the same sojourned at Colusa. Enters unto the side show a powerful young man of the Colusa sort, and would see his money's worth. Blandly and with conscious pride the Professor directs the young man's attention to his fine collection of living snakes. Litely the black snake uncoils in his sight. Voluniously the bloated boa convulses before him. All horrent the cobra exalts his hooded head, and the spanning jaws fly open. Quivers and chitters the tail of the cheerful rattlesnake; silently slips out the forked tongue, and is as silently absorbed. The fangless adder warps up the leg of the Professor, lays clammy coils about his neck, and pokes a flattened head curiously into his open mouth. The young man of Colusa is interested; his feelings transcend expression. Not a syllable breathes he, but with a deep-drawn sigh he turns his broad back upon the astonishing display and goes thoughtfully forth into his native wild. Half an hour later might have been seen that brawny Colusan, emerging from an adjacent forest with a strong faggot. Not the least obeisance made he—not a moment stopped or stayed he—but with a singleness of purpose and a rapt attention to detail that would have done credit to a lean porker garnering the strewn kernels behind a deaf old man who plants his field with corn, he started in upon that reptilian host, and exterminated it with a careful thoroughness of extermination. Then this Colusa young man unto the appalled Professor thus: "Ther ain't no good place yer in Kerloosy fur fittin' out and equippin' serpence to be subter than all the beasts o' the field. Ther's enmity atween our seed and ther seed, an' it shell brooze ther head. Sluice my gizzard, ef I ain't half a mind to go fur yer owt crust! Stranger—git!" The Professor got, and the strong young man strode silently away. There is but little to add: Public sentiment in Colusa is unfavorable to snaix.

— Preliminary to deposing the Rev. Mr. Cheney, of Chicago, from the Ministry, Bishop Whitehouse divested his sorrowing soul of some extremely apt remarks. Among other things, he said: "There rises up before us the strange wreck of the after life of this our brother, who voluntarily goes out from among us." It is fearful to think, even at this distance, of this proud ecclesiastical craft, sailing lightly out of the still waters of the Episcopal haven, and going to eternal smash upon the rocks of mental freedom; thenceforth to welter a melancholy bulk in the unquiet billows of a layman's existence! The overstrained imagination gives way, and becomes as limp and imbecile as a dish-clout, in the effort to conceive the deep debasement of the wretch who is not permitted to preach the Gospel according to St. Pusey. It is just awful!



### Court Chat.

— The arms of Sir John Herschel, says the *Court Journal*, deserve a notice at the present moment. The first astronomer of the name, Sir William, was a German oboe player in the King's private band. He received encouragement from his royal master in the prosecution of the astronomical studies to which he had devoted his leisure, and eventually discovered the uttermost planet but one yet known in the solar system. He named it after his patron "Georgium Sidus," and was knighted and a coat of arms granted to him, which not only celebrated his discovery, but also emblazoned on the shield the instrument with which it was made. These arms were granted as an honor to the astronomer, and a disgrace to the so-called science of heraldry, which is worthy of better things: "Argent on a mount vert, a forty feet reflecting telescope with its apparatus, proper, on a chief, azure, the astronomical symbol of *Georgium Sidus* irradiated, or; crest, a demi-terrestrial globe, on which an eagle is standing with his wings elevated, or; motto, *Cælis exploratis*."

— The Lord Chamberlain has, says the *Court Journal*, laid his interdict upon the performance of certain pieces, among others, of *Le Supplice d'une Femme*, *Paul Forestier*, and *Julie*. His Lordship is to be complimented, and we hope that with the influx of foreigners (most heartily and sympathetically welcomed, we shall all have the moral courage and good sense to set our faces dead against any attempt to introduce their levity and license of life. The moral of the past few months and of the painful present hour cannot fail to be read.

— The Emperor Napoleon, says the *Court Journal*, has purchased Hooton Hall, the late residence of R. C. Naylor, Esq. A number of years ago, the Emperor, when Prince Napoleon, visited this country, and stayed at Hooton Hall for a short time, and hunted with the staghounds. Before his departure, he expressed his appreciation of the hall, and intimated that he would like to reside there. Fortune seems kind to the wishes of the great, and has enabled His Majesty to realize his.

— It is whispered at Copenhagen that there is some idea of a marriage between one of the English Princes and the Danish Princess Thyra, who is now in her 18th year. The Queen of Denmark and the Princess left the capital about the beginning of June for Rumpenheim, in the Grand Duchy of Hesse, where they were to meet the Prince and Princess of Wales, and other members of the Royal Family of England.

— The King and Queen of Spain continue to make a most favorable impression on their new subjects. They have given orders that no petition directed to them is to be neglected. At this moment 10,000 cases of distress are entered on the books at the Palace for inspection and report, and the almoners have \$5,000 cash in hand to disburse, with the intimation that more will be forthcoming when that is spent.

— There is a proposal, now that holiday-making is increasing once more in "merry England," that some attention and study should be given to the art of well employing holidays. Some men at the head of London life, of the best class, intend to call a meeting seriously to consider the art of merry-making. There is good intent and wisdom in the proceeding.

— A rumor is current in London of a project which, if carried into effect, will enable tourists of limited means to pay a visit to America this season. It is said that the *Great Eastern* steamship will be fitted up to take two thousand persons on a pleasure trip to the United States, and that the fare over will be five pounds only.

— A distinguished London amateur, who treats his friends to the very finest professional music that plenty of money and a discriminating love of art enable him to procure, has one peculiarity—namely, that to these treats he never invites ladies, simply from the idea that their too ample dresses "absorb the sound."

— The *Court Journal* says: An approaching marriage in high life nearly eight feet high, has been rumored and communicated to us—namely, that of the pretty Nova Scotia giantess, Miss Swan, with the Kentucky giant, Captain Van Buren Bates, who appeared for the first time at Willis' Rooms on Monday.

— Mdlle. Carreno, the handsome young Spanish pianist, now in London, has announced a *matinée* in a private residence, next week. This gifted young musician has had the honor of giving a recital at Apsley House before a select circle, including Sir Michael Costa.

— The Emperor of Germany has purchased of Prince Thurn and Taxis a large estate in Posen, in order to hand it over to Prince Bismarck as a slight token of his gratitude. The estate pays 120,000 thalers annual rent, about £18,000 a year.

— Baron Rothschild was so enthusiastically surrounded and cheered on winning the Derby that the assistance of six policemen was necessary to rescue him from the mob of admirers.

— Her Majesty the Queen has been pleased to name Wednesday, the 21st of June, for the opening of the new St. Thomas' Hospital.

— The cotton crop now arriving at the cotton ports of the South promises to be the largest since the famous one of 1859-60.

### Our Letters.

Away, to all the world, they go—our letters—  
 To mighty London, melancholy Paris,  
 To Pekin, Boston—welcome to the getters  
 As is a baby to a man that marries;  
 There, peradventure, held in paper fetters,  
 An earnest of our wealth each missive carries,  
 For thus the gold which issues from our shafts  
 Is dissipated o'er the world by drafts.  
 Hid in that bay repose a month's emotions,  
 Repugnant billets slumber side by side—  
 An order here, perhaps, for pills and potions,  
 And here a requisition for a bride;  
 All kinds of news, and narratives, and notions,  
 A murder now, a marriage, suicide;  
 Assertions, too, so hot, of love's attacks,  
 One wonders that they do not melt the wax.  
 Indulgent husbands, writing to their wives,  
 Who could not bear the climate, and have gone  
 Reluctantly away to save their lives,  
 And those of darlings whom they dote upon,  
 Now dolefully declare the hours are knives  
 Which stab their faithful bosoms, and anon  
 Must bring them to their graves—and then they hint  
 That money's scarce, and they have not a mint.  
 And then, their business done, their letters posted,  
 These desolate disconsolates adjourn  
 To dinner—say, a duck, divinely roasted—  
 Which mitigates their sorrow and concern;  
 And then, perhaps, a pretty barnmaid's toasted,  
 In cliquot, which they quietly intern;  
 And then some jolly dog proposes—such is  
 Life—that they go at once to the *Grand Duchess*.

### Theatrical.

The play of *Honor*, which has occupied the stage of the California Theater during the first part of the week, affords another instance that *nec semper tendit arcem Apollo*. Brongham's bow was indeed unstrung when it launched such an uncertain shaft. However, the piece, weak though it be, gave Mr. Adams a good opportunity to display his powers of impersonation as the twin brothers and the old Gipsy. *Othello* was given on Thursday evening, and was noticeable chiefly for the very admirable performance of the jealous Moor by Mr. McCullough, who may rank among the best representatives of the character. On Friday night the house was literally crammed by an audience pleased to testify their appreciation of Mr. McCullough as an artist, and kindly feeling toward him as a friend—for as such he is regarded by the play-goers of San Francisco. The benefit was a graceful compliment from Mr. Adams, and in keeping with that gentleman's well-known geniality and freedom from professional jealousy. The parts of "Damon" and "Pythias" were well suited to Messrs. McCullough and Adams, both in a professional and private sense, and consequently were acted with rare spirit. In the afterpiece of *Black Eyed Susan* Mr. Adams played the dashing sailor "William" in true *shellback* style, and was well supported by Mr. Raymond as "Gnatbrain," Mr. Mestayer as "Jacob Twig," Miss M. E. Gordon as "Susan" (a most interesting performance), and Miss Minnie Walton as "Dolly Mayflower," in which part that young lady's sprightliness and *naïveté* showed to great advantage. At the Alhambra, Mr. Purdy keeps his end up, and Emerson's comicalities are uproariously applauded. Signor Bideaux's fine baritone is a great acquisition to the vocal force of the establishment.

— The Young Men's Christian Convention, in Washington, decided that it was inexpedient to meddle with the question of the use of tobacco.—*Exchange*. [Several affluent delegates being engaged in the business, it was conceded that there might be an honest difference of opinion with regard to the effect of nicotine upon the human soul, but all could cordially unite in condemning the secular interference of the Internal Revenue Department.]

— Incarcerated in the San José jail for a term of seventy-five days, a San Francisco Hoodlum had languished out fifty days of his sentence, when he was pardoned by Governor Haight. We suppose if he had been sentenced to pay a fine of seventy-five cents the Governor would have remitted two-bits of it. The case is a striking illustration of how justice to a villain may be tempered with mercy to a voter.

### The Toad.

Not only are toads harmless, they are absolutely and directly useful to us, perambulating our fields and gardens at night, and devouring vast quantities of injurious insects which could never be destroyed by the hand of man. The mode in which a toad takes his prey is very curious. The singularly beautiful eye of the toad is as quick as it is bright, and if within the range of its vision an insect or a grub should happen to move, the toad is sure to see it, and nearly certain to catch it. First, the toad holds its head as high as possible, so as to make sure of its prey, and then crawls slowly towards it, preferring to get under it if possible. When it is nearly within reach, it gazes intently at the insect, its mouth being gradually brought nearer and nearer. Something pink then flashes from its mouth, and the insect vanishes as if by magic. The pink flash is the tongue of the toad, which is formed in a rather curious way. The base of the tongue is fixed close to the front of the lower jaw, and is long and tapering, the tip pointing down the throat when it is at rest. When, however, it is used for catching prey, it is thrown out with a sort of "tick," and the tip, which is covered with a glutinous secretion, adheres to the insect, and conveys it down the toad's throat before the prey had time to make an effort for escape. When the toad swallows its prey, it does it with a mighty effort, during which the eyes almost disappear, the size of the insect having little to do with the vehemence of the demonstration. Sometimes, when a large beetle is swallowed, it does struggle, but too late, and for some time its struggles may be seen through the thin and ribless sides of its capturer: the toad, sitting the while in perfect composure, not in the least affected by the scratchings and kickings that are going on in its interior.—*Rev. J. G. Wood, in Cassell's Magazine.*

### The Multiplication of Novels.

In walking along the sea-shore when a gentle breeze is blowing, and in watching the constant succession of waves, one may be reminded of the equally constant succession of novels. Each little wave comes up with such an important air, curls over, makes its roar and foam, and runs up the beach as if it were doing something that had never been done before and would hardly ever be done so well again. But before it has had time to sink back into obscurity, another wave is ready to follow it with the same little roar, the same little foam, and the same confidence that it also is doing something very wonderful and very new. Each tenth wave perhaps is somewhat justified in its conceit, for it runs up at least a yard or so above its rivals, and so for a moment draws the attention of those who are strolling along the beach. So it is with our novels. Their roar, their foam, or rather, we may say, their froth, is never-ending. Every day sees a fresh one, often two fresh ones, published. Not one of them knows what diffidence is. Each one, on the contrary, comes bursting on the world as if its froth were not the froth of yesterday, and as if it bore in itself something quite fresh, and not the old sands and mud that have been washed up again and again. It is scarcely possible to lose one's temper in watching this literary flood. Each author is so well satisfied with himself and with his little splash, and is so convinced that his readers will be equally well satisfied, that it is difficult to refuse one's sympathy and applause.

— The Young Men's Christian Associations in Ohio towns have appointed "smelling committees," whose duty it is to go about to the various gin mills and ascertain what bar-keepers sell liquor to habitual drunkards, with a view to prosecuting the offenders. From the number of that holy brotherhood that we have noticed hanging about the bar-rooms of this city drinking the liquor sold to habitual drunkards, we infer that similar committees have been organized here.

— A gentleman afflicted with a cancer wishes to learn from a literary weekly (the idea of learning anything from a literary weekly is, in itself, a tolerably good joke) if it is true that an infallible cure for this ailment has been discovered, as is claimed by the *Alta*. Yes; there is no doubt of it. Everybody who has tried the remedy has died directly, but you must not expect a new medicine to begin curing right off. These things require *time* to get to working properly.

— Fashionable ladies who want blonde hair, bathe their black tresses with cider, lemon juice, or soda-water.

— Seventeen decorations from various European countries await Dr. Livingstone on his return from Africa.

— Edward Hooley, the inventor of the metallic baggage check, died worth nearly a quarter of a million.

### Hard Times for Jurymen.

Much sympathy has been expended on the members of the jury in the Fair case, and there were some of the wives of the immortal twelve who agreed with the amiable Emily Pitts Stevens in the opinion that Judge Dwinelle acted like a veritable "tyrant" in that case. As a contrast to the course of Judge Dwinelle, we beg the fair Emily to contemplate the course of Judge Williams, of Melbourne, as described by the Melbourne *Punch*, in the following dialogue:

*A Jurymen*—Your Honor, the jury wish to retire for a few minutes. Some of them are very faint, as they took breakfast at an early hour.

*His Honor Judge Williams*—I'm very sorry, gentlemen, but we must get on. It's a long case, and we must finish it to-day. We cannot positively adjourn.

*Punch's* "paid poet," taking this dialogue as a text, rhymes thus:

Pity the sorrows of poor jurymen,  
When by the acting Judge it is decreed,  
That not one moment must they leave the box  
To go in for a feed.  
However famished those poor souls may be,  
From taking breakfast at an early hour,  
It stands to reason, when they feel so faint,  
That they should look quite sour.  
Because we know that empty innards will  
Upon the wounded feelings work with ravage;  
Stop a man's mid-day meal, and what results?  
Why, he gets awful savage.  
Upon the Judge they cannot vent their spleen  
In being forced to go without their dinner;  
So, ten to one, they lay the total blame  
On the misguided sinner,  
Who waits their verdict with a beating heart,  
Wondering the while if he will come to grief.  
Most likely; for the jury yearn to dash  
At mutton, pork, or beef.  
And what's the use of wasting time, you know?  
Guilty, of course; ha! famished men can't wait—  
It's wonderful what lack of grub will do  
In fixing a man's fate.  
On all accounts, for certain it is best  
To have your jury perfectly at ease;  
Let them at mid-day have ten minutes, and  
A snack of bread and cheese.

### Laughing at Jonathan.

The *Alta* doubts the authenticity of the anecdote that describes Von Moltke as indulging in ridicule of the strategy of the American armies during the civil war, and declaring that he had never studied the history of Grant's and Lee's campaigns "because nothing is to be learned from the confused scrambling of two armed mobs." Notwithstanding the *Alta's* skepticism, it is certain that the story has been widely circulated in the European as well as the American journals, and has never been contradicted. But the renowned German strategist is not alone in his contempt of American military prowess. Prince Bismarck seems fully to share it, and, according to the correspondence of the English papers, takes every occasion to express his sentiments on the subject. "Last week," says the London *Court Journal* of May 27th, "two *bon mots* against the Yankees by the Prince enlivened the jovial column of the Continental papers."

The *Journal* adds: "The ridicule with which the Prince so persistently assails the Americans is not a little singular. Surely he does not wish to pick a quarrel with Jonathan?"

We opine not. Both the blind General and the Prince have a right to entertain and express their opinions in regard to the strategy of our armies during the war, and Jonathan is not so silly as to find in such freedom of speech a *casus belli*.

— John Wise, the aeronaut, has written an article advocating the construction of copper balloons.

— On the 22d ultimo, Venus and Jupiter were both visible at noonday in the Sandwich Islands.

— Solidified lager is the last thing. You carry it in your pocket, and eat it like candy.



**"Marriage" and "Marry Age."**

A young lady having received very urgent proposals of marriage from an old gentleman, sent the following answer:

Why thus urge me to compliance?

Why compel me to refuse?

Yet though I court not your alliance,

Perchance a younger I may choose;

For 'tis a state I'll ne'er disparage,

Nor will I war against it wage—

I do not, sir, object to marriage,

I but dislike to marry-age.

**America and Australia--Our Sympathy Repudiated.**

Our consuls in Australia are growing impatient at the disposition shown by the leading press of San Francisco to patronize and befriend them, under the supposition that they are the victims of oppression at the hands of a distant government, whose policy, "dictated by jealousy," is narrow-minded and selfish. The *Australasian*, alluding to this subject, says: "The interest which our American kinsfolk take in our supposed republican aspirations is quite touching; and the tender compassion they evince for our forlorn political condition betrays a warmth of feeling for which we suppose we ought to be grateful. But we wish that that remarkable people, which is so anxious to patronize and befriend us, and to make good republicans of us, would be at the pains to make themselves better acquainted with us and our institutions. Both in New York and in San Francisco the most ludicrous misconceptions prevail with respect to Australia. In the last batch of papers from California we alighted upon a leading article in a leading journal on the possible independence of these colonies, in which it was evidently assumed that we are governed from Downing street, and that we have taxation without representation, and that we have to submit to customs rates which may pour manufactured goods in upon us from the mother country without stint, and practically extinguish our own industries. Our readers will not require to be told that this is a tissue of ignorant misstatements. Even if there were a scintilla of truth in them, they would come with a singularly bad grace from such a quarter. For what is the position of California? It contains a population of half a million people, engaged mostly in agriculture, horticulture, wine making, mining, and commerce. All its customs duties are imposed by a legislature 3,000 miles off—a legislature under the control of certain rings composed of enormously wealthy manufacturers in the eastern States; and these duties operate most oppressively upon the producers of gold, silver, wheat, wine, and wool in California. True, that State is represented in both Houses of Congress, but its representatives are powerless against the wealthy combinations which engineer tariff bills through the national legislature." The Australian editor quite fails to perceive the advantages of an elected over a hereditary executive, and actually maintains that the government of the colonies will favorably compare with that of the States of the American Union. He insists that life and property are more secure in the colonies than in the States; that the laws are more justly and impartially administered, and that the standard of political morality is higher. We have no time at present to refute these outrageous propositions, and accordingly turn the job over to the intelligent notists of the *Alta*, whose patriotic zeal and proverbial intellectual prowess admirably qualify them for the task of demolishing the presumptuous antipodean journalist who ventures to promulgate such atrocious political heresies.

**Speakers and Reporters.**

The *Echo* says: "Lord Lyttelton has written to the *Times* to make eight corrections in the half-column report of his speech of Monday night. To his letter the *Times* appends the note: 'If our readers could but hear Lord Lyttelton speak, their only wonder would be that he could be reported at all.' To this we may add, that if our readers could but see Lord Lyttelton's writing, their wonder would be that the compositors could ever print his explanation." In a subsequent letter to another new-paper, Lord Lyttelton relates the following anecdotes to show that public speakers are at the mercy of reporters: "Mr. Cobden, during the short time he was in Parliament, incessantly abused the reporters (whom he always called 'reporters'; for not fully reporting him. The consequence was that they ended by not reporting him at all. The late Lord Montagu, when Mr. Spring Rice in the House of Commons once said something the reporters did not like, sent him a formal warning that, unless he publicly apologized, reported he should not be. He did not apologize, and reported he was not for two years. At last the spell was broken by Mr. Murray, the bookseller, starting a new paper called the *Constitution* (which nearly ruined him). To ingratiate himself with Mr. Rice he reported his speeches, whereupon the others gave in."

— We think the administration of justice might be much simplified by furnishing each cell in our city prison with a good stout rope, depending from a hook in the ceiling and fitted with a slip noose. There has lately been a strong tendency among the prisoners to avail themselves of the obvious advantages of hanging, and as that is a luxury unfeelingly denied them by juries, it ought to be accorded by the jailor. What are we saying? We mean it ought to be accorded to him.

**The Deacon's Prayer.**

In the regular evening meeting  
 That the church holds every week,  
 One night a listening angel sat  
 To hear them pray and speak.  
 It puzzled the soul of the angel  
 Why some to that gathering came  
 But sick and sinful hearts he saw,  
 With grief and guilt aflame.  
 They were silent, but said to the angel,  
 "Our lives have need of him!" [pain,  
 While doubt, with dull, vague, throbbing  
 Stirred through their spirits dim.  
 You could see 'twas the regular meeting,  
 And the regular seats were filled,  
 And all knew who would pray and talk,  
 Though any one might that willed.  
 From his place in front of the pulpit,  
 In his long-accustomed way, [was sung,  
 Where the Book was read, and the hymn  
 The Deacon arose to pray.  
 First came the long preamble—  
 If Peter had opened so, [heard,  
 He had been, ere the Lord his prayer had  
 Full fifty fathoms below.  
 'Twas the regular evening meeting,  
 And the regular prayers were made,  
 But the listening angel told the Lord  
 That only the silent prayed.

Then a volume of information  
 Poured forth, as if to the Lord,  
 Concerning His ways and attributes,  
 And the things by Him abhorred.  
 But not in the list of the latter  
 Was mentioned the mocking breath  
 Of the hypocrite prayer that is not prayer,  
 And the make-believe life in death.  
 Then he prayed for the church and the pas-  
 And that 'souls might be his hire'— [tor;  
 Whatever his stipend otherwise—  
 And the Sunday-school; and the choir;  
 And the swarming hordes of India;  
 And the perishing, vile Chinese; [Rome;  
 And the millions who bow to the Pope of  
 And the pagan churches of Greece;  
 And the outcast remnants of Judah,  
 Of whose guilt he had much to tell—  
 He prayed, or he told the Lord he prayed,  
 For everything out of Hell.  
 Now, if all that burden had really  
 Been weighing upon his soul, [side,  
 'Twould have sunk him thro' to the China  
 And raised a hill over the hole.

—William O. Stoddard.

— 'Twas summer's eye. We were ambling innocently along the sands of Oakland, noting curiously the habits of the lower animals—the lithe gopher, the cheerful chipmunk, the nimble squirrel, and the meditative Methodist—when our fine intellectual eye was arrested by a ponderous knapsack that attempted to pass between our feet. Atop of the moving knapsack was an enormous soldier cap, and, running up skyward, a ponderous musket barrel tipped with a bayonet—the whole resembling a heap of old clothes protected by a lightning rod. Balked in the attempt to pass between us, the knapsack executed a rapid evolution to the left oblique, changed front, advanced in *echelon*, halted, wavered wearily, and finally toppled over on its back and lay like a turtle overthrown. Then for the first we observed that it had legs, arms, a neck, and brass buttons like sauce plates all up and down its front. We moved cautiously away, and in half an hour returned with a native. "There," said we, pointing to the *busu naturæ*, "what's that?" "That!" replied the gentle savage, "why, that's a University Cadet, *act. VII.*, on his way to recitation. Poor boy, he's gin out!"—and he stood him up. "Ruer," continued the barbarian, "canst thou construe *Stultus*?" "Yes," returned a thin voice from the depths of the soldier cap, "it's a University Regent." "And what, my gentle warrior," proceeded the native, "means *Ignorare*?" "That's to belong to the faculty," was the sepulchral but triumphant squeak. "And what is *Miles*?" "That's a soldier in the vocative, which is me," sadly returned the little man. "You spoke of the faculty, mine own citizen soldiery, what's them?" "Dam *scilicet*!" was the astounding reply. "Do you know the Greek alphabet, son o' Mars?" "If I had *alpha* show I'd *beta* long roll on their heads," said the son o' Mars, his mind still running on the faculty. So would we.

— On Tuesday last, Mr. J. M. Stripes found a bag of money at the corner of California and Sansome streets. He pounced upon it with avidity, he devoured it with glad and eager eyes, he silently thanked God for lifting him from penury to affluence! Then, with a calm, unruffled composure of soul, and a psalm of gratitude in his heart, he opened the bag. Seven dollars and six bits in copper cents! Mr. Stripes counted them over and then with a sigh replaced them in the bag and tied the string with unnecessary deliberation. Then he turned his eyes down hill and thought. He thought long and carefully. Quoth Stripes at last unto himself: "I think I'll return this damn thing to the owner." Stripes did it, and lo! the newspapers have raised the song of praise. Blessed, thrice blessed, holy above all things and unspeakably splendid is the man to whom seven dollars and six bits in copper cents is no temptation! For the same shall be accounted a god, and shall have beeves, and spring lambs, and sour cabbage, and mining stocks, and much wine, a skating rink, and a canal boat, all the days that he lives in the land, and they shall be many. And men shall say to him: Let us go take a drink, for the deed that thou hast done, behold! it is an honest deed, and thou art worthy to treat. Then the wicked *Town Crier* shall be consumed with envy, and shall stand afar off and throw dirt, saying.

### The Arbitration Treaty.

The importance of the treaty just ratified between the United States and Great Britain for the settlement of pending questions between the two powers is such as would justify its publication *in extenso* did our limits permit, and were such a course calculated to promote a thorough understanding of its provisions. But we think an understanding of its provisions will be made more easy to the popular mind by the following abstract than by a perusal of the text: 1. Regrets expressed by Great Britain. *Alabama* claims referred to five arbitrators from United States, England, Brazil, Italy and Switzerland. 2. To meet at Geneva, soon, and decide all questions by majority. 3. Papers to be delivered by each side to arbitrators—at least within six months from ratification. 4. Within four months afterwards each side may deliver reply to arbitrators, but arbitrators may extend this time. 5. Within two months afterwards each side to deliver a paper, showing evidence on which the reply is based, and support it orally in writing. 6. Arbitrations to be governed by the three new rules: 1st. A nation is bound to use diligence in preventing fitting out, arming or equipping of vessels, which it has reasonable ground to believe is intended for war against a power with which it is at peace; also in preventing departure. 2d. Not to let the belligerents use its ports as naval bases. 3d. To use diligence in ports to prevent violation of these rules. These rules acknowledged not to have been in force when the *Alabama* escaped, but England to be judged by them all the same. 7. Decision of arbitrators to be given if possible within three months from close of argument. Decision to refer to each award separately. Arbitrators, if they find that England has been in fault under the new rules, may award compensation. 8. Each side to pay its own agents and share expenses of arbitration. 9. Records to be kept. 10. If arbitrators decide that Great Britain has been in fault, but does not award a given sum as compensation, a Board of Assessors to be appointed, to consist of one named by England, one by the United States, and one by the Italian Minister at Washington. Board to sit at Washington, New York or Boston, and to decide claims *seriatim*. 11. Decisions to be final. 12. Claims not *Alabama* claims to be referred to three Commissioners, one named by England, one by the United States, and one conjointly, or by the Spanish Minister at Washington. Commissioners to meet at Washington. 13. And receive evidence and decide claims individually. 14. Claims to be presented within six months from meeting of Commission. Awards to be given within two years. 15. Payments to be made within twelve months of award. 16. Records to be kept. 17. Decisions to be final. 18. Americans to have liberty of sea fishing on the coast of British North America. 19. British subjects to have similar liberty on American coasts as far south as 39 deg. lat. 20. Places particularly reserved under the treaty of 1854 to be still reserved. 21. Fish to be admitted into each country free of duty. 22. Commissioners to decide whether the United States should pay compensation, and if so how much, for the superior advantages thus gained by the United States. 23. Commission to consist of three, one named by England, one by the United States, and one conjointly, or by the London representative of Austria. Commissioners to meet in Halifax. 24. They may arrange their own rules of procedure. 25. Records to be kept. 26. Navigation of the rivers St. Lawrence, Yukon, Porcupine, and Stikine to be free. 27. Government of England to urge that of Canada to grant free navigation in Welland and other canals. 28. Navigation of Lake Michigan to be free. 29. Goods destined for Canada, etc., may be transmitted through United States free of duty, and goods for United States through Canada, etc. 30 to 32. Detailed regulations *in re* this subject. 33. These clauses to take effect as soon as the laws providing for them shall be passed by British and Colonial Parliaments. These to remain in force for ten years, or further for two years after notice on either side. 34. San Juan boundary to be left to arbitration of the German Emperor. 35. Decisions to be final. 36. Case and evidence to be laid before the Emperor within six months of ratification. Replies to be delivered within six months of delivery of case. 37. Arbitrator may call for evidence and hear counsel. 38 to 42. Details. 43. Ratifications to be exchanged within six months, or earlier.

— We grieve to relate that the dead body of a Chinaman was found the other day out near the Mission. His nationality was determined by the presence of his queue, which had been neatly riven from his pate and ingeniously tied about the waist of a corpulent brick. The brick was deftly imbedded in the head of the deceased. The only other wound visible—or at least worthy of mention—was a slight perforation of the chest, very much as if some one had sunk a pick through. The features were distorted, and had that placid, hopeless expression as of one who had striven against the Spirit until it had abandoned him to the gentle ministrations of a more effective Irishman. The only clue to the name of the deceased is found in the supererogation of an old letter picked up under his starboard quarter: "Dunnia O'Rafferty, Wurrukman on the shirates of the city; San Francisco, California." The letter was mailed at a town of illegible name in County Cork, Ireland, where the family of the deceased probably resides. Mr. O'Rafferty's mysterious death will be a sad blow to them.

— Prince Arthur has consented to become honorary colonel of the 28th Middlesex (London Irish) Rifle Volunteers, commanded by the Marquis of Donegal.



### Our European Reflex.

It is worthy of remark, and indeed may be classed among one of the far-reaching multiple arms of the Nemesis of nations, that Thiers, who almost alone opposed the declaration of war by the government of Napoleon, is the one who signs the treaty of peace on behalf of the conquered nation. Nay, more, the man who urged that France was unprepared either with men or money, now brings words of hope and consolation that he can gradually pay off the enormous debt incurred by the war and redeem his country from the bondage of debt that the conqueror has imposed as its ransom. From being Commander-in-Chief, Thiers has now become Chancellor of the Exchequer, and his financial statement will go more to restore peace and confidence than thousands of mitrailleuses or forts Mont. St. Valerien. France, under the idea of a burden of impost it were impossible to bear, became rebellious and turbulent. France, seeing its way out of the depth, becomes self-reliant, hopeful and peaceable. And yet this last crime of Paris added eighty-seven millions of dollars to her debt. On the other hand, the clear statement by Thiers of the financial position of the country has effected two good objects: It has made the people fully understand the necessity of paying the indemnity, and has likewise established the fact that the country is perfectly able to do so. The one proves the futility of rebellion, the other incites to action for deliverance from bondage; for France will be in bonds until the last dollar is paid for her redemption, and the sooner the people feel that to be the case the better. The Pope is holding a levee at Rome with a simulacra of temporal power. Crowned heads, Catholic and Protestant, are sending congratulations on his having attained to the term of twenty-five years of spiritual dominion, and he fondly hopes that a reaction is taking place. Simultaneously with this a petition comes from Rome to Paris praying once more for French intervention. Another instance of near-sighted policy instigated by false hopes. France cannot again send her legions into Rome without a war, and Thiers is not a man to risk that fresh calamity. An organization, partly secret, partly overt, has been formed in, and is now spread all over Europe. It is known by the name of the International, and is neither more nor less than Communism under another name. Communism made plausible, as indeed it should be, for philosophically speaking its tenets are admirable, and it is only the natural character of mankind that renders it impracticable. It calls for a higher standard of goodness than is possessed by the multitude, and consequently must fail. It may, nay does exist in single individuals, but their voice, like the voice of reason to an infuriated mob, is drowned in the clangor of passion. This Internationalism, however, spreads, and is creating uneasiness in hard-working, thickly-populated Belgium. The two parties (liberal and conservative, or clerical and anti-clerical) are so evenly balanced in that country, and so bitterly antagonistic, that anything which strengthens the one is deeply felt by the other. The English appear to be satisfied with the result of the American Convention, and honors are being bestowed on the members who composed it. The present session of the English Parliament draws to a close. It opened with a promise of important measures to be brought before it. The war in Europe was still raging; the lesson taught by it caused grave doubts to arise whether a reform in the army system and increased grants for army estimates were not absolutely called for. Various complicated questions with Europe and America were also on the *tapis*, and yet comparatively little has been done. The Prime Minister has been more successful in tiding the ship of State over the shoals than in passing salutary measures of reform or of strengthening his position in the House or with the country. The terms which the Commission has concluded with America will shortly be made public, and this appears to be the only ministerial undertaking which has been pushed to a conclusion. Gladstone has lost ground, but it is a question whether Disraeli has gained any. The ballot bill may pass, and its effect will be to transfer several county seats to the Liberal or Radical party; in fact all changes will tend in that direction. If such should happen we may see the House of Commons divided into three parties, the extreme of Tory and Radical and a middle or moderate party composed of members holding opinions between the two. The present condition of Germany and the combination of the various German States or kingdoms under one head has caused attention to be called to the diplomatic service of Great Britain and the necessity for its simplification. If Victor Hugo had contented himself with his fame as a poet he would have been wise; as it is he has proved himself an ass, for none but an ass puffed up with self-conceit could have made the following grandiloquent offer: "This asylum which the Belgian Government refused to the vanquished I offer it. Where? In Belgium. I do Belgium this honor. I offer an asylum at Brussels at No. 4 Place des Barricades." Even the stolid Belgians laughed at this bathos, and turned the poet out of the kingdom.

**The Copper Balloon.**—Wise, the Philadelphia aeronaut, proposes making the copper balloon he advocates 200 feet in diameter, the metal weighing one pound to the square foot. The copper contains an inner ounce of cloth fixed round air tight at the bottom. The hydrogen is to be introduced between the copper and the cloth, so as gradually to expel atmospheric air and the cloth together. When that is accomplished, the cloth will be detached; and India rubber diaphragm at the bottom admits of contraction or expansion from varying atmospheric pressure. Mr. Wise estimates this balloon to have sixty-eight tons carrying power, so as to carry ammunition or explosives for the purposes of war.



### Grant and His Peace-Pipe.

It is ardently to be wished that in the better world, whether all we scoundrels tend, the possession of great skill in "the scientific slaughter of mankind," and some talent for the President business, may be somewhat oftener accompanied by hard practical sense in the matter of judging of what one sees with his eyes. We have been betrayed into this somewhat prolix reflection by reading a reported—and doubtless correctly reported—monologue of President Grant a, concerning the red Indian. According to the President, "those who clamor for the destruction of the Indian either are interested, or know nothing of the condition of affairs in the wild regions where the Indians live." As they are chiefly men who reside among them, the ignorance hypothesis will hardly do, and we are bound, by the Presidential manner of "putting things," to suppose they are "interested." Their interest is, in most cases, limited to a desire to preserve their property, their lives, and the lives of their families. If this kind of interest finds its expression in "clamor," it may be said in addition that that form of protest is made respectable by the universal custom of birds and beasts who have been robbed of their nestlings and their whelps, respectively. Clamor is the language of outraged nature, and, if voted unpleasant at the White House, and vigorously excluded, it may, with all the more charity, be tolerated on the plains. But, says the President, "When I said, 'Let us have peace,' I meant it. I want peace on the plains and everywhere else." Thanks; you and your Quakers have been some time in power, and still the prairie daisies are nourished at the root with settlers' blood; still the horizon is hazy with the smoke of cabins, and still the ravished mother essays to lift her broken arms about her murdered babe. Peace! O, yes, let us have it, and let its emblem be a dead olive branch, fit to kindle a cheerful blaze upon the writhing body of the pioneer, staked and fettered to the plain. "The Apaches are war-like; that is, the young savages wander off to rob and murder occasionally, but no doubt they have provocation." No doubt. There is the provocation of their own lust, cupidity, and wanton general brutality. Then there is that greatest of all possible provocations—opportunity; the opportunity furnished by the presence of United States protectors in blue uniform. "The Quakers, and other denominations of Christians, are laboring with effect among the Indians. I will give them all the support I can. I don't like riding over and shooting these poor savages." No more do we; it's dangerous. It used to be dangerous—to all but the commander-in-chief—to ride over and shoot the poor Confederates in the days that you and we wot of. Where, then, O, Christian Hero, were thy Quakers? 'Egad! we were all Quakers, but we had no time for the milk-and-morality cant of the advanced humanitarian. We had no votes to catch in those perilous times, and that kind of talk would not have caught them, anyhow. We had but "bloody noses and cracked crowns, and passed them current, too." We are deathly unwell of this babble of a high Christian civilization—this painting a thistle with ruddy pigments, and dubbing it a rose. Every intelligent and observing man who has—as Grant says *he* has, and as *we* have—"lived with the Indians, and known them thoroughly," knows that not one ray of justice, honor, or humanity ever illumed the moonless midnight of their savage lives; that not a touch of pity ever impressed their stony hearts. He knows that when they stay their bloody hands to keep a truce, it is because they dare not kill. He knows that by the same meter they measure us, construing forbearance as weakness, and good faith as fear. He knows, in short, that the Indian is but a tearing animal, who has attained to the physical, but not the moral, dignity of going upon two legs.

— Some sensitive brass-bandist is exceeding wroth because the *Bulletin* alluded to his kind as "horn-blowers," and suggested the justice of their giving their tuneful services gratis on Independence day. They *are* horn-blowers. Moreover, they ought to give their tuneful services gratis. Furthermore, they are upon all public occasions addicted to the knavery of dividing one band into two, and ringing in "dummies" with corked horns, who boast the laboring lung, protrude the strained eyeball, crack the swelling cheek, and redden royally about the gills, without making any noise. If they won't toot for nothing, they should be furnished with a tutor who will make them toot. If the Grand Marshal will appoint us chairman of the finance committee we will see that patriotism is not taxed anything for blowing unless the orator of the day puts in a claim for compensation. We don't march in any absurd procession, but we can be made useful in repudiating bills.

— Compound fractures of the leg from being run over by trucks are now so common that no surgeon ever goes out without his case of instruments. About eleven o'clock in the forenoon the scene along Kearny and Montgomery streets is very novel and inspiring. Upon nearly every corner may be seen a surgeon, holding a maimed patient upon a sawbuck with his knee, and calmly rasping off a leg. Making the ordinary allowance for lying, this is strictly true, and may be implicitly believed in. The skill of the surgeon may not.

— Texas has a new game in cards—one holds a revolver, the other holds the cards. A coroner holds the inquest.

### The First Blackbird.

This morn I heard a merry lay  
Up in the chestnut tree;  
It was a strain of love and May  
The blackbird sang to me.  
It seem'd to echo through my heart,  
Where had been silence long;  
I could not help but take a part  
In that most grateful song.

He pour'd his wordless psalm of praise  
In loud and cheerful tone,  
Unmindful of the dreary days  
He had so lately known.  
The Winter's hunger, frost and cold  
The winds and tempests rude,  
Were all forgot, or left untold  
In joy and gratitude.

I took the lesson to myself;  
One is so apt to mourn,  
To grieve and sigh for things gone by,  
For troubles long since borne,  
So should we rather gladly sing,  
And hopeful journey on,  
Just as the blackbird welcomed Spring,  
Ere Winter days were gone.

### Rifle in Hand.

A few weeks ago the telegraph brought the sad tidings of the death of Lieut. Cushing, 3d U. S. Cavalry, at the hands of the Apaches, in Arizona. He was as valiant a young soldier as ever fought those murderous savages, and his death may be fitly characterized as nothing less than a public calamity. The Apaches seem to have known and respected his courage and gallantry, for they left his body unmutilated on the field of battle. The same telegram announced the death of Wm. H. Simpson. He had been an old frontiersman, known from the northern waters of the Missouri and Mississippi to the valleys and mountains of Sonora. He was a native of England, but naturalized as a citizen of the United States in the State of Ohio. For the last ten years he has been a resident of Sonora, having but recently come to Tucson, A. T., to reside. At the time of his death he was forty-three years of age. He accompanied Lieut. Cushing as a guide on his expedition against that noted and most formidable Apache chief, Cachise, and with Cushing met his death. A private letter says: "He died, rifle in hand, alongside of Lieut. Cushing. When struck by the first bullet he fell from his horse and lay stunned for a moment. Cushing ordered two men to carry him away, when he sprang to his feet, exclaiming: 'One is enough to send to me; bring my gun, quickly.' A part of the lower jaw was carried away by the bullet, and, while the blood streamed from this terrible wound, he stood firm; and, after the fourth Indian had fallen by his unerring fire, he fell himself, by a second bullet piercing his breast." Surely the days of heroic deeds have not gone by forever.

### Naval.

A Board of Officers, composed of Captain Paul Shirley as presiding officer, and Commander R. L. Pythian and Lieutenant Leonard Chenery as members, was recently convened to examine officers for promotion. Lieutenants Robert M. Berry and Clifford B. Gill, and Ensigns Fernando P. Gilmore and Uriel Sobree were recommended for advancement, all of them having passed highly creditable examinations as to their moral, mental and professional qualifications, their physical condition having previously been pronounced upon by a Board of Naval Surgeons. These officers have seen some hard service in Alaska and in Central America, and are now well bronzed, hardy-looking sons of Neptune.

**Gypsum on Grape Vines.**—A grape raiser in the interior writes of this fertilizer thus: "My experience is this: on grass it is the best and cheapest manure I can use. On grape vines no person would believe, unless they saw, the great improvement by a slight dressing. The leaves are larger and a darker green, and the fruit one-third larger. On my hops, mixed with guano, the result was highly satisfactory. On potatoes it will keep off or kill the grubs or worms, and is a good manure when applied in the hill or drill."

— President Grant says the Indians *are* capable of Christian civilization. No one has ever doubted it. Since the settlement of the country by the predatory Christian, they have abandoned all the merely savage virtues, and they now get drunk, lie, cheat and steal, with gratifying proficiency.

— One Collender, a local policeman, having characteristically misbehaved himself, Judge Sawyer said he should be presented to the Commissioners for not having shown the true spirit of an officer. Seems to us that's just what he did show.

### Grapes of Thorns.

We must not hope to be mowers,  
And to gather the ripe gold ears,  
Until we have first been sowers,  
And water'd the furrows with tears.

It is not just as we take it—  
This mystical world of ours:  
Life's field will yield, as we make it,  
A harvest of thorns or flowers!  
—Alice Cary.

### Matrimonial Superstitions.

In olden days, June was held the most propitious month in the twelve for marriage, a happy result being rendered doubly certain if the ceremony was timed so as to take place at the full moon, or when the sun and moon were in conjunction. That unimpeachable authority, the registrar-general, tells us that May is in these latter days a favorite marrying month in England, so that one matrimonial superstition has gone the way all such fancies are doomed, sooner or later, to go; for May used to be as much avoided by persons about to marry as June was favored, that merry month being supposed to be specially under the influence of malignant spirits delighting in domestic discord. "The girls are all stark naught that wed in May," is the verdict of one old saw; another declares—

"From the marriages in May  
All the bairns die and decay;"

A third pronounces, "Who marries between the sickle and the scythe will never thrive;" while a poet, complimenting the month at the expense of what should be the ruling passion in marriage-minded folk, sings—

"May never was the month of Love,  
For May is full of flowers;  
But rather April, wet by kind,  
For Love is full of showers."

But if old sayings ruled the world, there would be no marrying at all, for a very old one avers that no man enters the holy state without repenting his rashness before the year is out; unless, indeed, everybody determined, like the old Norfolk farmer, to cheat the adage by wedding on the 31st of December. In times gone by, candidates for connubiality were obliged to study times and seasons. The Church would not allow them to marry just when they felt inclined. "Marriage," says the register of Norton, "comes in on the 13th of January, and at Septuagesima Sunday it is out again until Low Sunday, at which time it comes in again, and goes not out till Rogation Sunday; thence it is forbidden until Trinity Sunday; from thence it is unforbidden till Advent Sunday, and comes not in again until the 13th of January." That those concerned might better remember the rules, somebody put them into rhyme, running thus:

"Advent marriage doth deny,  
But Hilary gives thee liberty;  
Septuagesima says thee nay;

Eight days from Easter says you may;  
Rogation bids thee to contain,  
But Trinity sets thee free again."

It was considered improper to marry upon Innocent's Day, because it commemorated the slaughter of the children by Herod; and it was equally wrong to wed upon St. Joseph's Day. In fact, the whole season of Lent was declared sacred from the intrusion of Hymen's devotees. "Marry in Lent, and you'll repent;" and there are good people among us still who, if they do not believe that bit of proverbial wisdom to be prophetic, undoubtedly think Lenten wedders deserve to find it so. We may possibly be doing a service to some of our readers by informing them (on the authority of a manuscript of the fifteenth century, quoted in the "Book of Days") that there are just thirty-two days in the year upon which it is inadvisable to go into join-hand—namely, seven in January, three each in February, March, May and December; two each in April, June, July, August, September, and November, and one in October; so that January is the worst and October the best month for committing matrimony; the actual unlucky days being these: January 1st, 2d, 4th, 5th, 7th, 10th, 15th; February 6th, 7th, 18th; March 1st, 6th, 8th; April 6th, 11th; May 5th, 6th, 7th; June 7th, 15th; July 5th, 19th; August 15th, 19th; September 4th, 7th; October 6th; November 15th, 16th; December 15th, 16th, 17th. As to which is the best day of the week, why—

"Monday for wealth;  
Tuesday for health;  
Wednesday the best day of all;

Thursday for crosses;  
Friday for losses;  
Saturday no luck at all."

Friday is generally considered an unlucky day in England; but in France the country lasses look upon the first Friday in the month as peculiarly favorable, if not for the actual ceremony, at least for determining who will be the principal actors in it. Before getting into bed the curious damsel raises one leg, and plants it against the foot of the bed, hoping by this simple action to induce the patron of bachelors, good St. Nicholas, to show her in her sleep the counterfeit presentment of her destined husband.—*Chambers' Journal*.

— A German comic weekly has appeared, and we cordially commend it. We commend it the more cordially from a natural tenderness, such as one feels for a dolphin, who is bright only when he is out of his element, and about to die.

### The "California Mail Bag"—What the Press Say of It.

A new enterprise in the shape of a monthly magazine has been started by the indefatigable proprietor of the *San Francisco News Letter*. It has a unique and very handsome exterior, and contains an amount and variety of the best reading matter, especially interesting to Californians, which is certainly not equaled by any periodical, either monthly or quarterly, we have ever come across. The first number was issued on Saturday, at the moderate price of twenty-five cents. The proprietor is determined, evidently, to give the public the full worth of their shilling. The *Mail Bag* embraces, according to the cover, "Illustrations of the Wealth, Activity, Progress, and Development of the Material Interests of the Pacific Coast, together with a complete Résumé of all Items of Interest gathered from the Weekly Issues of the *San Francisco News Letter*." A careful examination of the contents convinces us that this programme is liberally carried out. There is an admirable map of the Central Pacific Railroad and its connections, "with very picturesque views of all the grand natural scenes through which it passes. The Month" contains the concise journal of each day's events of public and local interest. Articles on the "Mineral Resources of California," "How to Reach California and Oregon," "Our Home Exports, Cereals, Etc.," "Vine-Culture and Wine-Making in California," "Wool," "Opium Culture—A New Branch of Industry," "The Quartz Mines of Placer County," are all exceedingly valuable for their reliable statistical information, and the clear view taken by the experienced writers on these important subjects, which require for their exhaustive handling *special* in distinction to general knowledge. Besides the large and beautiful map of the Pacific Railroad, there are maps of California and of "Transcontinental Railroads, as Working and Proposed, with their Connections." The literary matter consists of articles illustrative of all subjects—men, manners, countries, and events. As a companion to the traveler we can conceive of nothing more congenial than the *Mail Bag*, which never worries the mind by long prosings, but sparkles with every species of literary gem. The best of those pithy, mirth-provoking, and satirical articles which have given the *News Letter* a distinctive character, and a "name to live" in every civilized portion of the world, are reproduced in this monthly *Mail Bag*. Here we have, interspersed with graver themes, those unmistakable and clear-cut vagaries—how else can we characterize the rhapsodical satirist?—of the inexhaustible *Town Crier*. His facetious yet iconoclastic eye slyly peers at us from all parts of the volume—for a volume this monthly is. We can regale at our leisure on the very *creme de la creme* of his prolific wit. He has, however, anything but a "milky way" of writing, being a concentrated essence of tartaric acid, sulphur, brimstone, "sling" and "smash." We trust he will not put his sling into active use on reading this, or the smash will certainly be ours. Racy paragraphs, literary notes, admirable poems, in the selection of which (where they are not original) Mr. Marriott has a good taste and discrimination such as few editors can boast of, complete a "feast of fat things" within the covers of the *Mail Bag* such as the public has never been offered before.—*Oakland News*, June 12th.

We have received a visit from Mr. George Johns, the urbane traveling agent of the *San Francisco News Letter*, and just now engaged in furthering the business interests of Marriott's new venture, the *California Mail Bag*. This publication is externally the handsomest ever produced on this coast. It is in magazine form, with a characteristic colored wrapper, and numbers over one hundred pages of reading matter, selected from the best materials of the *News Letter*, and enriched by many original articles and tables on commercial subjects. It is a *résumé* and collation of the wittiest periodical in the world, and as such we should insult the intelligence of mankind generally did we not predict for it an extended circulation and a deep-rooted popularity. The *Mail Bag* will be issued monthly, and will do, not only to read, but to keep.—*Sacramento Record*, June 14th.

The first number of the *California Mail Bag* has made its appearance, and it is prepossessing. The cover is illuminated, being unlike that of any other magazine in this country, but resembling some of the London monthlies of Society. Its closely printed pages furnish a great variety of matter, and the intention of the publisher seems to have been to make the *Mail Bag* unique in its way, like other California productions. It is made up, in part, from the pages of the *News Letter*, but has, nevertheless, an individuality of its own, which will cause it to be sought after at home and abroad.—*Call*, June 14th.

The first number of a new monthly, the *California Mail Bag*, has reached us. It is very neatly printed, is full of the best things from the *News Letter*, contains an excellent portrait and biographical notice of Leland Stanford, a summary of the month's news, a special article on mineral resources, vine culture and wine making, wool, etc., and is crammed with advertisements. It is embellished with numerous railroad maps, etc., and is sold for the low price of twenty-five cents.—*Alta*,

Mr. George Johns, traveling agent of the *San Francisco News Letter*, and business manager for the *Mail Bag*, the excellent collection issued monthly from the *News Letter* office, and which we noticed yesterday, arrived in town last evening from the Bay. He informs us that although the first number of the *Mail Bag* was issued on Saturday last, one thousand copies were disposed of on that day. The new periodical is already a great popular favorite.—*Sacramento Reporter*, June 14th.

We have received the June number of a publication under the title of the *California Mail Bag*, from Frederick Marriott of the *News Letter*, which is filled with matter that has appeared in its columns at different times, and is accompanied with maps and views of the Central Pacific Railroad and a section of California.—*Sacramento Union*, Monday, June 12th.



### Court Chat.

— Lord Strathnairn, presiding at the annual meeting of the Royal Cambridge Asylum for Soldiers' Widows, expressed an earnest hope that nothing would be done in the way of army reform to change the feeling of affection and regard between the British soldier and his officer which was seen in the admirable discipline that had enabled our army to carry its colors all over the world. He related the story which he recently told in the House of Lords, of an officer of the Rifle Brigade who was being carried away by a rush of the stream in the Ganges, when a private of the same regiment jumped in to his rescue. The officer, thinking that both must die, exclaimed: "My fine fellow, you cannot save me; try and save yourself;" whereupon the soldier expressed his determination to remain with him, and on being remonstrated with, said: "How could I go back and face my company if I left you to die alone?" Having had himself the command of two battalions of that distinguished regiment in India, he could vouch for it that that simple anecdote represented the feeling of every soldier in them, and, he ventured to add, in the whole four battalions.

— The London *Gazette* contains the following announcement of the elevation of Miss Burdett-Coutts to the peerage: "The Queen has been pleased to direct letters patent to be passed under the Great Seal granting the dignity of a baroness of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland unto Angela Georgina Burdett-Coutts, of Stratton street, in the parish of St. George, Hanover Square, and of Holly Lodge, Highgate, both in the county of Middlesex, spinster, youngest daughter of Sir Francis Burdett, of Foremark, in the county of Derby, and of Ransbury, in the county of Wilts, Bart., deceased, and Sophia, his wife, youngest daughter of Thos. Coutts, Esq., also deceased, by the name, style, and title of Baroness Burdett-Coutts, of Highgate and Brookfield, in the county of Middlesex; and at her decease the dignity of a Baron of the said United Kingdom to the heirs male of her body lawfully begotten by the name, style and title of Baron Burdett-Coutts, of Highgate and Brookfield, in the said county of Middlesex."

— When the *Galatea*, of which ship the Duke of Edinburgh is captain, was paid off, a few weeks since, at the Davenport dock yard, her royal commander was present at the pay-table. After all the men had received the amount due to them, a procession was formed, headed by the elephant which was given to his Royal Highness in India, and accompanied by the band of the ship. The crew walked through the principal streets of the town to the Mechanics' Institute, where, at the expense of the Prince, the whole of the men, about 450 in number, were provided with dinner. The streets through which the procession passed were lined with people, who accorded the Duke and his fine crew a very hearty farewell greeting.

— Mr. J. Camden Hotten promises "The Original Lists of Persons of Quality, Emigrants, Religious Exiles, Political Rebels, Serving-Men sold for a Term of Years, Apprentices, Children stolen, Maidens pressed, and others who went from Great Britain to the American Plantations between 1600 and 1700," with their ages, the localities where they formerly lived in the mother country, the names of the ships in which they embarked, and other interesting particulars. He has compiled these lists from MSS. preserved in the State Paper Department of Her Majesty's Public Record Office, England.

— A Roman correspondent says that his Holiness the Pope is about to proceed to the Castel Gandolfo, as he does not wish to be in Rome at the *Festa dello Statuto*, the Italian National *fête*. The illustrious "prisoner of the Vatican," however, by way of expressing his contempt for the Italian Government, and to avoid the honors—or insults, as he terms them—which would otherwise be paid him by the Italian soldiery, contemplates leaving in the night, at a season and an hour known only to himself and some few of his most immediate attendants.

— On Friday night, June 2d, the Countess of Stair gave a grand evening party in Holyrood Palace, Edinburgh, which was attended by upwards of 1,100 ladies and gentlemen. The decorations in the palace were much the same as in former years, but they were even more tastefully done. The company began to arrive at nine o'clock, and were received by the Lord High Commissioner and the Countess of Stair. The band of the Scots Greys was stationed on the quadrangle, and played a selection of airs.

— A mutual marriage-present and match-making society, with the appropriate title of the Maidens' Club, we learn from a Birmingham paper, is doing good work in the village of Stickney, in Lincolnshire. The members are of both sexes, and when one gets married the Club presents him or her with a marriage-present. That the members of the Club may shine in grace, excelled by none in the village, one of its objects is to induce young people to become and continue members of the Church of England.

— On the night of June 2d, the elephant presented to the Duke of Edinburgh in India, and brought home by his Royal Highness in the *Galatea*, was being conveyed to London by the mail train from Plymouth, when it attempted to get out of the horse-box in which it was placed. Its keeper, a corporal of the Royal Marines, endeavoring to prevent its doing so, was knelt upon by the animal and crushed to death.

— The late Marquis of Hertford left estates in Ireland, worth about £70,000 a year, to Mr. Richard Wallace, by a codicil, the estates having been, in the first instance, bequeathed to Sir Hamilton Seymour. The validity of this codicil is questioned, and the trial will come on at the next Down Assizes.

— The Duke of Edinburgh has no idea of idling, and expresses the hope that the Admiralty will give him command of another ship shortly. "If," says the *Court Journal*, "his Royal Highness has not influence sufficient, we hope Mr. Goschen will consider our recommendation and the Prince's past good services as of some weight."

— We understand, says the *Court Journal* of May 27th, that his Imperial Highness the Grand Duke Vladimir of Russia, second son of the Emperor of Russia, attended by a numerous suite, is expected to arrive in a few days from Germany. His Imperial Highness will stay several weeks in England.

— The Prince Consort National Memorial to be erected in the capital of Scotland is in an advanced state of preparation, but up to the present time great uncertainty prevails as to the site it will positively occupy. Any change of site from the Queen's-park must be sanctioned by her Majesty.

— A former Lord Mayor of London, Sir Thomas Harper, left two fields in Bloomsbury for the education of poor boys in Bedfordshire. At the time of the bequest the value of the land was £40 a year. Now it is £80,000, and at the end of the present lease it will be about £160,000.

— In consequence of the death of Sir John Herschel, Sir J. Shaw Lefevre, the clerk of the Parliaments, becomes the oldest senior wrangler of Cambridge, having attained that distinction in 1818, Sir J. Herschel having been senior wrangler in 1813.

— After June the International Exhibition will have some increased attractions. A lot of foreign pictures of world-wide fame is coming over in July. The contemplated additions are spoken of with enthusiasm by art critics.

— The first sod of the Whitby, Lofthouse and Middlesborough Railway was turned on Thursday, May 25th, by the Dowager Marchioness of Normanby at Sandsend. The *déjeuner* afterwards was presided over by Lord William Montague Hay.

— The Pope, who completed his 80th year on the 13th May, states that his official age takes two years off, from a mistake made in copying his baptismal register when he was consecrated bishop.

— The south-east wing of the royal palace of Holyroodhouse is in progress of being handsomely furnished, in case her Majesty should choose to spend a day or two there in the autumn.

### Brevities.

— No plant yields anything like as much nutriment from the same extent of soil as the banana. Baron Humboldt estimated that it returns 20 times as much as the potato, and 113 times as much as wheat.

— A young man has been sentenced to three weeks' imprisonment for kissing a young woman outside the Worcestershire Hall. He had made a bet that he would kiss fifty girls going down the street.

— A Western editor, who doesn't know much about farming any way, suggests that for garden-making, a cast iron back with a hinge in it would be an improvement on the spinal column now in use.

— A Louisville girl's lover went and committed crimes. She told him she couldn't wed him, but would lend him \$2,500, which he took and started out to redeem his moral character.

— The French young ladies in society now refuse to dance the "German." They feel indignant at the poor figure which their lovers made in the German a few months ago.

— Champagne punch, dispensed by lovely girls in ringlets and delicate dresses, takes the place of the inspiring strawberry and the placid oyster, at New Orleans church fairs.

— Miss White has been made cashier of a bank at Weymouth, Mass. Under ordinary circumstances women handle men's money as much as is actually necessary, without making bankers of them.

— An exchange mentions a case beyond the ordinary oculists. It is that of a young lady who, instead of a common pupil, has a college student in her eye.

— One of the wealthiest bankers of Chicago is charged with stealing the gas belonging to another man, by tapping his pipe on the wrong side of the meter.

— Mr. Doyle, of Brooklyn, while sick was attended by his faithful wife. She attended him with a poker. He has now gone to the hospital and she to jail.

— Dr. Bush says the reason why Germans die so seldom with consumption is the fact of their singing from their earliest childhood.

— It has rained so hard at Milwaukee for four months that the Chicago *Republican* asserts all the children born there are web-footed.

— King Amadeus is learning to talk Spanish. The Carlists and Republicans are anxious to give him lessons in walking Spanish.

— A young man in Delaware has made his debut on the stage in order to defray his expenses while studying for the ministry.

### The Epitaph of "The Buried Animosities."

The last number of George Alfred Townsend's new paper, *The Capital*, published at Washington, contains a fanciful and humorous sketch purporting to be a report of some remarks in the United States Senate on the ratification of the Treaty, in which the following is attributed to Senator Vickers. He thought our late commissioners were sextons, and this work of theirs, called the treaty, was a deep grave in which the common differences of the Anglo-Saxon race were buried. In accordance with this idea his speech was a monument, on that monument he would inscribe the following epitaph:

Here lie, consigned to Peptual Olivion, the Buried Animosities of two Great Nations, and a Host of Colonies and Provinces.

They were Born

In the Heat of a Fratricidal War; They were Nourished by

Envy, Hate, and Jealousy;

They grew to manhood through Falsehood, Malice, and Selfishness.

While they lived

They swayed a Potent Influence;

Through them, Nations Flattered in the Path of Duty,

And the bands on the Dial of Progress

Stood Still.

While they lived, Sixty Millions of People, Speaking the Same Tongue,

Forgot their common origin and destiny, and were only

Anxious to Imbrue their Hands in

Each Other's Blood!

Now

That they have

Passed Away, the Ominous Clouds of

War have Burst, and through the rents gleam

Auspicious Omens from the Silvery Star of Peace!

### Theatrical.

Mr. Adams has continued to produce new pieces, among which must be particularized *The Inconstant*; or, *Wine Works Wonders*, a comedy of the old school, full of quips, intrigue and stratagem, in which Mr. Adams, as "Young Mirabel;" Mr. McCullough as "Captain Duretete;" Miss Howard as "Oriana," and Miss Gordon as "Bizarre," acted in the true spirit of comedy. To-night that worthily-esteemed actress and whole-hearted woman, Mrs. Judah, will receive the annual congratulations of her friends and admirers, the name whereof is Legion, and present a bill worthy of the occasion. *The Homage*, with Mr. Adams as "Duke Aranza," he having kindly volunteered as a mark of respect and friendship to his old friend, to be followed by the commedietta of *Little Toddlekins*, in which Mrs. Judah is superexcellent, and Mr. Raymond execratable. On Monday night the business manager, Mr. Frank Cilley, will have a complimentary benefit, at which Miss Helen C. Dineon will assist as "Victoria," in the operetta of *The Invincibles*, together with the drama of *Hunted Down*, in which all the principal members of the company will appear; and during the week Miss Gordon, who is universally popular as a charming actress and a refined lady, will bid adieu to her many and refined patrons in San Francisco, when she will appear as "Jeanie Deans," in *The Heart of Mid Lothian*, assisted by Mr. Raymond, Mr. McCullough, W. Edwards, Mrs. Judah, Miss May Howard and Miss Minnie Walton. Miss Gordon will be regretted by a large circle of private friends and public admirers, to whom she has endeared herself as an artist and a woman.

### Naval Signal Light--A New Discovery.

At length that curious compound, phosphure of calcium, has been utilized. Inserted in a metal cylinder with a small orifice at the top and punctured at the bottom for the admission of water, the orifice closed by metal foil, the signal light is ready for instantaneous use. Simply tearing off the foil the cartridge, which is surrounded with a wooden float, is thrown into the water or placed in a pail of that liquid. The phosphorized hydrogen evolved by contact with the water passes up through the top hole or burner, and coming in contact with atmospheric air is spontaneously ignited, giving a most brilliant light. It is impossible to extinguish it, except momentarily, as it instantly relights for the same reason that it ignites in the first instance. They are constructed to burn for forty minutes, are economical in construction, and bid fair to supercede blue lights for naval purposes.

— It is not every man who can make an intelligent defense. The case of the sheep-killer, who pleaded that he would not permit himself to be bitten by a neighbor's ewes while passing peaceably along the highway, is in point. A friend whom we accidentally heard swearing at his wife has just attempted to justify himself by explaining that she sewed a whole row of button-holes on the wrong side of his dressing-gown. These things make one lose his faith in human nature.

**Monthly Brevities.--[Continued.]**

A rumor is in circulation that Fred Grant is hankering after Princess Beatrice.—*Exchange*. We have been reliably informed that Emperor Norton is about to wear the dinky but accomplished Queen of the Cannibal Islands.—The Haight epidemic is spreading far and wide. The subsidy business has about the same effect on the public as a crimson rag on an irascible turkey rooster.—Respectable Irishman shot at Haywards by peace-loving German. Cause, a squabble about the price of chickens.—The political contest engages all unabsorbed interest. So far as the nominations are concerned, it now seems sufficiently clear that Haight and Booth are to be the standard bearers of their respective parties. This suits the *Examiner* and also the *Sacramento Union*. And still it is possible that these results are not to be bet on. The Conventions have not yet assembled—and Conventions are very uncertain.—The death of Gregory Yale is lamented by a host of friends. California has never boasted a more accomplished lawyer than Yale. His erudition was prodigious, and the native qualities of his intellect were of the most brilliant order.—A meeting of the Catholic laymen interested in the celebration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Pontificate of his Holiness, Pope Pius IX., met on Sunday in the basement of St. Mary's Cathedral, for the purpose of furthering arrangements for the celebration. Meantime, the Holy Father's appeal to the Powers seems to be a dead failure. We fear the "temporal power" is past praying for.—One of the Hunter's Point and Dry Dock stages was upset on Sunday afternoon. No one seriously hurt, but thirteen "insides" vigorously shaken up.—Edward Tompkins, of Oakland, has been invited by the Committee of Arrangements for the celebration of the Fourth of July to deliver the oration on that occasion. Tompkins is a good talker—that is, at least, a very voluble talker. He hath a choice array of goodly words garnered up in his memory. When it comes to ideas—but pshaw! what have ideas to do with a Fourth of July oration?—T. W. Curtis, of the Omaha *Herald*, and James McClatchy, of the *Sacramento Bee*, are at the Grand Hotel. Now, what the d—l is McClatchy down here after? He must be after something. He always is. He didn't get a nomination on the Republican ticket at Sacramento; does he mean to shake off the dust, and run for office here?—Kitty O'Hare, aged 17, jumped into the bay from Meigs's Wharf on Saturday. She was rescued and taken care of. It turned out that the precious young woman had been drinking.—The hearing of an application for an injunction restraining further proceedings on the part of the New Montgomery street Commissioners has been postponed until the 27th inst., to be heard at that time in the Fourth District Court, Judge Morrison presiding.—The *Alta* still clings to Selby, and still publishes the most awful bosh in the shape of "stories," written by "literary persons," who ought to be shoveling sand or manuring turnips.—McGarrahan's stock is looking up again. It is reliably stated that on the 16th the President gave instructions to the Secretary of the Interior to restore McGarrahan's record to the condition it was in before it was mutilated. This step is in accordance with the recommendation of Bingham's minority report of last winter, which was adopted by the House, but laid on the table by a decided vote in the Senate. This looks bad for our friend Neely Thompson.—The Pope declares his intention to go to Corsica, if Victor Emanuel enters Rome.—Ex-President Johnson is to be the Democratic candidate for Congress in the First District of Tennessee, and they are about to reconstruct the districts for the purpose of securing his election. Andrew used to boast that he rose from a tailor to a President. He is now on the reverse process of sinking from President to tailor again.—The *Sacramento Record* says: "The Amsterdam Library, the most extensive in the world, has been purchased by the New York Jewish Fifth Avenue Congregation for a Jewish seminary." We congratulate the happy purchasers. It only remains for them to buy the British Museum.—Sonoma and Marin counties send butter to Arizona.—A ballet has been produced in Rome founded on the Prodigal Son.—The use of gold and colors in architecture is fast coming into favor in New York.—H. B. M. S. *Zealous* has arrived, thirty-seven days from Honolulu and reports in the English papers that the old ship had gone to the bottom. John Bull, heavy fellow, must have his regular sensation. *Zealous* sails for Vancouver next week.—Miners intend cutting a figure on the Fourth. Insane militia man suggests sham battle by way of celebration. The booby did not take into consideration the probable accidents from misdirected waddings. Militia are so awkward, you know.—The Duke de Chartres is a candidate for the Assembly in the Department of Vendee.—The Prussians have evacuated Rouen, and 8,000 have left St. Denis and Genesee.—The San Francisco school teachers are doing the State in stray threes and couples, and the railroad people let them travel at half fares. Obliging monopolies.—Haight made a species of triumphal entry into Sacramento. "What conquests brings he home? What tributaries follow him to Rome?"—A *Call* correspondent has an idea that Lewis will beat Holden for Lieutenant-Governor.—It is reliably stated that Jules Ferry is appointed Minister to Washington, in place of De Treilhaut, who returns to France.—The French loan will be issued on the 26th instant, if the Assembly pass a bill authorizing it before that date.—Ye devout Catholics assemble to hold a big hoo-doo on the twenty-fifth anniversary of Pio Nino Pontificate. A grand religious celebration is anticipated.—The King and Queen of the Belgians have congratulated the Pope on the twenty-fifth anniversary of his Pontificate.—The result of the first levy for the Italian army in the Roman provinces is satisfactory. King Victor Emanuel is going to Naples, and on his return will visit Rome.—Big surgeon captured in the bay. Enterprising anatomists discover half digested net in the old dear's stomach.—The damage by



flood to the Oregon farmers is severe.—Fenian raid in Mallow, Cork. Patriotic cells invade the militia armory, and get away with a number of rifles.—Grote, the historian, is dead.—The London *Observer* announces that Professor Montague Bernard, late of the Joint High Commission, will enter the Privy Council.—The reports that Disraeli is to be deposed from the leadership of the Opposition are untrue.—The California Pacific Railroad Company are constructing a branch road from Adelanto to Sonoma. The accommodations on all the lines of this company and the courtesy and civility of officials are respected and appreciated by the traveling public.—The Marysville *Appeal* says that Jesse O. Goodwin is the first choice of the people of the northern section of the Third District for Congressman.—The politicians and newspapers of Montana have commenced agitating the question of who shall be the next Delegate to Congress from that Territory.—Walla Walla sees better times ahead. By one stage coach there arrived at that town, a few days since, a sword swallower, a stone eater, and a burned pig.—The country newspapers have been criticizing Gough severely. The rural mind is outraged by the stale anecdotes, and moldy jokes of that aggressive temperance quack.—The Fourth Brigade of the National Guard of California has been ordered to parade on the Fourth of July.—The Board of Supervisors have adopted a resolution repealing the order for the opening of Montgomery street. Here's a nice kettle of fish. Here's salaries and clerk hire and Commissioner whisky gone for nothing. This city government is a strange and wonderful thing.—Woman divorced one week and married in the next by Judge Dwinelle. A progressive age.—Man in Santa Clara breaks his leg and dies of lockjaw.—Sunday fist-fighting still continues amongst our sporting "hoodlums." How nice if they took to sterner weapons and gracefully thinned themselves off.—There is a girl in Oakland who is said to have received fifteen offers of marriage from fifteen different suitors, each of whom rejoiced in a bald head and a fortune. She has refused them all, on the ground of extreme servility, and now awaits hopefully the coming out of the present generation. Money is no object. A smooth face and a decent lockie will fetch her.—Grasshoppers are, six miles south of Los Angeles, devouring the leaves and bark of the young lemon and orange trees. Everything concerning any nutriment is swept away by the army now spreading over the plains.—Professor Swinton delivered an entertaining lecture on "Army Correspondents."—It Dr. W. A. Barstow attempted suicide by firing a pistol into his right temple. He is in a precarious position. His father-in-law was about the same time thrown from a buggy and fractured his skull. Dr. Barstow is unusually respected, and much regret is expressed.—Miners thought they had bamboozled Haught. Finding their mistake on arrival of troops, and too late to organize resistance, they insult the militia. Puerile, very; we await developments. Sympathy is not with the miners, who have shown neither conduct nor discretion.—Three hundred and two more Chinese passengers have arrived per ship *Ontario*, thirty-four days from Hongkong. The cargo is entirely consigned to Chinese firms in this city.—The Second Adventists are holding meetings on Market street, and discussing mundane affairs. An Elder lectured Sunday night on the inventions of the age.—Steamer *Louise* and opposition steamer *Chin du Wae* collided in the bay.—Carmany, of *Overland Monthly*, will be a candidate for State Printer.—Only four deaths in a week in Sacramento. *Vice in Concealment! Vice Phenome!*—Chinman has engaged Mlle. Zimmermann, the Dresden prima donna, to visit the States; salary, 5,000 thalers per month.—The woman's journal acknowledges that Mrs. Fair has erred. That is handling the case with gloves, certainly. Grandmamma *Alta* has resuscitated the story of the hauns on which advances were made by a well-known banker here. Very stale.—A silver mine on a desolate rock, now named Silver Rock, in Lake Superior, proves unusually rich—said to be on an average of \$1,500 to \$2,000 per ton.—Borax, strewed lightly around, banishes cockroaches. So says the *Alta*. Old women generally understand these things.—Among the articles preserved in the Police Office is a ferretype of one of the eyes of Mary Smith, who was murdered in 1845. The likeness of a man with heavy beard is visible plainly on the enlarged picture; although it has been of no use to the police, the fact of its existence is more less singular.—An attempt was made to rob a party returning home, Sunday night, on the San Bruno road, opposite the Bay View Toll Gate. The robbers driving on, were distanced.—More trouble about Magdalena Bay. Disgusted individuals shipped from New York to that earthly paradise, have made their escape and arrived here to quarter themselves on the Benevolent Societies' protection.—Locusts are playing the mislead generally down South, near Visalia; so numerous are they that the horses positively refuse to touch the water from the wells, which they have nearly choked up.—Three members of a Buckeye family in Gold Hill, consisting of two gentlemen and a lady, weigh 684 pounds, or 228 pounds each on an average.—7,028 seal skins were received by the *Sea Nymph*, valued at \$80,000. The whole were taken in three months.—Col. Strong's cotton, in Merced county, looks excellent; judges believe it a marked success.—Another tragedy occurred Sunday night. Mr. Eberling, 79 Clementina street, had a party at the christening of his child. Amongst the guests was Mrs. Farnen; her husband arriving, ordered her home. He was under the influence of liquor and was requested to leave. Mr. Wenner, another guest, pushed him out of the room. In a short time he returned, and placing a pistol to Wenner's breast, shot him. His death is not yet reported, but there are no hopes of his life being saved.—Lawrence Sherlock, who shot Thomas Melody, in May, for a alleged improper intimacy with his wife, has been discharged.—The claim of Troupe &

Lewis, forty miles south of Wadsworth, Nevada, is so rich in borax as to be considered more valuable than a gold mine. Each acre is estimated at eighteen tons *pure borax*, or \$7,200. The claim covers 1,280 acres.—A man on Fifth street yesterday attempted to capsize a China peddler's basket. Peddler put down his basket, knocked down the Caucasian, and proceeded on his way. John's getting civilized.—Yellow fever is dreaded this year in New Orleans from the stagnant water left by the late inundation.—\$32,400 has arrived from Oregon by the *Oriflamme*.—Jobbers' trade has been good the past week.—Our lumber exports for the past three months exceed those of the same period last year by fourteen per cent. Two-thirds of it went to Peru.—Seiby got sixty-two delegates in San Francisco to the Convention—beyond the most sanguine expectations.—The disabled steamer *California* is to be towed to San Francisco by the *Idaho*.—The city authorities of San José and the gas company have smoked the calumet of peace.—Capitalists propose starting a paper mill in Marysville.—There is a lady sign painter established in Hamilton, Nevada.—A sharp earthquake was felt at Healdsburg on the 19th June.—Brookshire Hotel, Napa county, was destroyed by fire last week.—The branch of the California Pacific Railroad running towards Bodega is rapidly progressing.—Violent rain, thunder and lightning at Volcano on the 22d.—Coach upset near Santa Cruz. Mr. Bosqui's shoulder dislocated, French Consul's collar bone broken, Italian Consul and wife both badly hurt. Gen. Cobb and daughter escaped with slight bruises.—Row in Chinadom; one Celestial killed. Officer Shimp shot in the hand.—Julia Kelly, six years old, fell off a wagon at the Almshouse and was instantly killed.—A lottery for the benefit of orphans is to be inaugurated in Sacramento.—French Monarchists desire to offer the throne to Count de Chaudard; if he declines, to Count de Paris.—Harry Meggs proceeds rapidly with the Peruvian Railroad. His brother proves an able assistant.—Oakland has raised a girl five years old that weighs 110 pounds.—A band of Gipsies are encamped on the Encinal, Alameda.—Governor Hoffmann laid the cornerstone of the new Capitol at Albany, N. Y., on the 24th instant.—Secretary Boutwell and Commissioner Pleasanton are at loggerheads; cause, the latter denies the right of the other's interference.—Seventy-five forty-niners meet to arrange matters for joining the procession on the Fourth of July.—It is expected the railroad to Red Bluff will be open in about three months.—The crops on Twitchell's Island are estimated at fifty bushels per acre.—San Luis Obispo stage upset; driver's leg broken.—A volcanic eruption has broken out on Black Mountain, near Lassen Buttes; lava is thrown up thirty feet, and bright flames issue, visible for miles around.—Another stage upset near Red Bluff, and badly injured three passengers.—Three hundred and fifty men are now engaged, within a circle of twenty miles, in the salmon fishery on the Sacramento and San Joaquin rivers.—The Pacific Mail Company have applied to the Mexican Congress for a subsidy, provided they call at Mazatlan, Manzanillo and Acapulco each trip. They only ask \$8,000 per month, and to be exempt from harbor dues.—An insane woman in St. Louis saturated her clothes with coal oil and then set fire to herself. She leaves a family of young children.—Packages and boxes of gold coin, registered as letters, and bearing postage, averaging \$100 each, pass East daily from California.—The famine in Persia is horrible, the bodies of the dead frequently furnishing food for the living.—The Sheriff of Lewiston (Washington Territory) refused to hang Walters on the ground that the death sentence was illegal. A mob of men disguised as Indians took the condemned man from the jail and hung him. He made a desperate resistance.—Several children have died lately in Mississippi, it is supposed from eating mulberries in which locust eggs had been deposited.—It is reported that Consul-General Butler will be recalled from Egypt, being charged with mercenary, dishonest, and immoral practices.—An Eastern exchange, noting the approaching visit of Susan B. Anthony to the Pacific Coast, wickedly remarks that if it remains pacific after her advent, its chances of perpetual peace are first rate.—U. S. Treasurer Spinner was disgusted at being kept waiting by the Rothschilds at their office, and informed them that they were more courteous to dogs in America.—Henry Clay's old home, Ashland, has been purchased by the University of Kentucky for \$90,000.—Woodhull & Claflin threaten to sue the New York *Tribune* for calling them free-love brokers.—Wilkie Collins has postponed his lecturing tour in America, owing to the state of his health.—The late hail storm in Vermont attacked a railway train with such fierceness that the locomotive, with all the energy of 130 pounds of steam, required twenty minutes to move the cars a mile.—If there is any one thing we admire more than another, it is youthful precocity, and here is a beautiful example of that charming feature in our city life: Youthful Hoodlums playing in the cheerful neighborhood of Cemetery Avenue have a little unpleasantness. Offended party procures a revolver and pops his adversary, a child of seven, in the leg. No warrant, and this desperate character is still at large.—Our friend, Judge Sawyer, has been again overruled in the "keno" matter. The heavy men of the Supreme Court have decided that "keno" is an unlawful game. Things are rather mixed, eh, Judge?—The Antioch *Ledger* says that from ten to forty Chinamen arrive there every evening by steamer, who are employed on the islands in that vicinity in leveling.—There is at present an unusual amount of travel between Nevada and California.—A bank has been organized at Gilroy, with a capital of \$100,000.—A bolt of lightning entered a house at Brooklyn (N. Y.), the other day, and perforated a pile of China plates without breaking or dislodging any of them, after which it meandered into an adjoining closet and set a demijohn of whisky on fire.—The senior class of Amherst College have shown their sense and appreciation of the discomforts of the audience on commencement day by petitioning the faculty to limit the number of speakers to eight.—The

Democratic agony is over, and Haight is the name of the child, as *Post Card*, with his inevitable sagacity, predicted two weeks ago. The star "Anti-Subsidy" is thus seen in high ascendant in the Democratic horizon. But, after all, the silver-haired chief (which his name is McCoppin) is not Sedanned—that is to say, though eulched so far as the Governorship is concerned, he has succeeded in his strategic game of "massing" the San Francisco delegation so as to secure a big say on all the nominations below those of Governor and Lieutenant-Governor.—So far as the Democrats are concerned, the railroad folks are beaten. If Booth gets the Republican nomination, then the fight will be one in which Stanford & Co. will take no interest. Just now the prospect is that Booth is the coming man.—German cavalry are to turn out in the Fourth of July procession. Now for a dose of allegory.—President Grant starts for California about the 15th of August. All the members of his Cabinet accompany him.—News from Fort Yuma says two United States mails from Tucson are overdue at that place. It is supposed the Apaches have captured them.—A plot for the assassination of the Pope has been discovered. It was concocted in London, Florence and Paris by members of the International Society.—Corpses are daily discovered in the ruins around Paris. The exploration of the sewers is completed, and many have been found horribly mutilated. They are buried in Montmartre.—Twenty-five hundred women, convicted of setting fire, or attempting to set fire to buildings in Paris have been sentenced to transportation to New Caledonia.—Prince Napoleon accepts the Corsican candidature. His election is thought certain.—Zealous men are to play a game of cricket with San Francisco Club. Was there ever a naval ship in harbor whose officers did not dabble in the noble game?—The pay of private soldiers in the cavalry, artillery and infantry is to be \$13 a month after this month.—Kentucky has a colored population of 230,000, and denies them the benefits of the common school fund. Governor Leslie, the Democratic candidate, in his stump speeches, dwells upon the fact as a matter of especial pride. *Exchange*.—And why not? Educating niggers is nonsense. We are altogether for total ignorance principles. It is a happier state of things, and much cheaper.—A cargo of 2,600 sacks coffee has just left Rio de Janeiro for San Francisco.—The steamer *Prince Alfred* will sail hence on her next trip for Victoria on the 3d July.—Imports of treasure from Mexico, per *Idaho*, aggregate \$150,000.—The steamer *Idaho* will sail for Mexican ports on the 29th instant.—Boy run over by a grocery team. Result—broken arm, and disappearance of the driver of the juggernaut.—Accession Day was noticed by the dressing of the war vessels in the harbor and firing of salutes.—Cyrille Dion has won the diamond cue.—It is denied at the Interior Department that orders have been given by the President for the reopening of the McGarahan case.—"The Prussian Spy," a romance, founded on the late war in France, will shortly be published. The work, it is understood, is by a lady of rank, and it will be published by Messrs. Tinsley Brothers.—The *Guardian* says that the Rev. J. A. Froude, the historian, has taken steps, under the Clergy Disabilities Bill, to divest himself of his clerical designation.—A story is going the rounds of an old colored man who was left in charge of a telegraph office, in New Orleans, while the operator went out "to see a man." A "call" came over the wires, and uncle shouted at the instrument as loud as he could, "De operator isn't yer!" The noise ceased instant.—The Grand Duke Alexis of Russia is to visit San Francisco this fall, and the Russian fleet will center in our bay to greet him. Won't there be hops and dinners and incense of codfish offered up before the imperial idol.—The steamer *Collingwood*, from Liverpool for Bombay, is believed to have foundered with thirty souls on board.—The *Guardian* says Pyat is in London. He escaped with a passport of a Bavarian officer.—The attempts at reformation in the Industrial School afford us a fund of amusement. Pelton tries kindness, but it doesn't work. As an instance of the respect and obedience of the senior classes towards their teachers, five of these scamps lowered an officer into a well on the farm, drew up the rope and then made tracks for the city. The victim was rescued in about an hour afterwards, but the boys have not yet turned up. Better try the Wilcox and Wood system. They must respect it.—The militia have been ordered out to suppress a disturbance among the miners at Sutter Creek. The latter have struck for higher wages.—The probability is that Mayor Seely will retire from the field in this gubernatorial fight.—Thiers refuses to permit the reappearance of the *Peuple Français*, one of the journals suppressed by the Government before the insurrection.—Three vessels, the *Shanghai*, *Mars* and *Agnes Banfield*, have foundered at sea.—A severe shock of earthquake has taken place at Calistoga.—Mun in Portland shoots the seducer of his daughter-in-law in Court. Deceiver was a colored man, so nobody cares about his sudden departure for the African Elysium. Queer taste that female had.—The upper Missouri Indians are opposed to the Northern Pacific Railroad. Who cares for the red devils? Let Uncle Sam's boys clean them out.—*Public Opinion* says: "German interests have greatly increased in Turkey of late, and it is proposed to publish the *Phare du Bosphore* in French and German. Hitherto the Germans have used the English newspapers in Turkey. The English, French and Italians have long been provided with journals in that Empire.—They have a tornado in Massachusetts, which has knocked the churches and burials completely out of joint and killed a few Puritans in its jocular career.—The "Chicken's" case has come up in the Police Court, and was postponed for a week. We have an interest in that case.—The Congressional Committee are to report shortly on the Sutro Tunnel.—The yellow fever is disappearing in Buenos Ayres.—The census of England shows: Wales, 2,270,000; Ireland, 5,400,000.—The Prefect of Madrid has resigned in consequence of the disturbances on the Pope's Jubilee.—It is said that twenty-two bishops petitioned



or the reestablishment of the temporal power of the Pope, but their petition remains unanswered.—Foolish man treats a beer girl to oysters and champagne; but unable to win the coy female attacks her cellar, breaks glassware, sets her wardrobe on fire, and passes an easy night in the city prison.—*Figaro* man has been waxing funny at the expense of the Academy of Sciences. Not a bad attempt, either.—Young Men's Republican Club are to take measures for serenading Senator Cole. A battery of water buckets has been prepared by the honorable gentleman for their reception.—Mad Frenchman sent to Stockton.—Express messenger had his leg broken at the Oakland ferry landing. Bucking horse did it.—Seaman brings suit against Captain and two mates for thrashing the aforesaid with a capstan bar. Who wouldn't be a sailor!—*Alta* publishes a poetical squib on Haight, over the signature of C. We have a shrewd idea that the author attempted to set the Pacific Ocean on fire some months ago.

### Interesting Marriage Statistics.

A contemporary gives some curious marriage statistics, from which impatient youths and desolate old maids and bachelors may both take heart. During the year 1869 seven maidens were married at the age of 14, and no fewer than 41 at the comparatively mature age of 15. The lads are not so venturesome as the girls, the youngest husband having wedded at 16 to a wife of the same age. On the other hand, an old maid of 78 found a husband, and four other women were married after they had passed the age of 70. One man of 32 was married, for the sixth time, to a maiden of 30; also, another man, for the sixth time, to a widow of 62, it being her second marriage. The ages of the oldest parties married for the first time were the male and female 60 each. The greatest disparity in the first marriage was the male 67 and the female 30. Forty-five males were married during the year who were over 70, and one widower of 80 was united for the second time to a widow of 54, it being also her second marriage. A widower of 30 was married for a second time to a young widow of 20, it being her fourth marriage! But one marriage is reported where both parties were married for the fourth time each, their ages being 73 and 63. There was also one marriage, the male being 73, his fourth marriage, to a widow of 57, her third marriage. One male of 29 was united to a widow of 30, it being his first marriage and her fourth. A widower of 56 was united to a widow of 52, it being her fifth marriage. The sixth marriage of a male is reported at the age of 32 to a spinster of 30. A second marriage of a man of 56 is reported to a female of 52, it being her fifth venture.

—The German Reichstag is represented as being eager to settle upon Prince Bismarck and Count Moltke one million thalers each. Bismarck peremptorily declined at first, but afterward consented, lest his refusal should entail upon Moltke the necessity of refusing also. Then Moltke peremptorily declined, but has now consented, lest his refusal should put Bismarck's acceptance in a bad light. We have at some time heard of craftier coquetting than this, but it must have been in some former state of existence. We are wholly unable to recall anything in this life which at all approaches it in sublimity of acuteness.

—About two hundred white Christian brutes the other day enjoyed a spectacle peculiarly suited to their gentle civilization, and one of the products of it. It was a lunatic of their own race, savagely pounding an inoffensive Chinaman. The appearance of the suffering Celestial, as he dragged himself away, is described as eminently satisfactory to the white Christian soul. His head was bereft of most of its hair, and of several broad flakes of scalp; his clothes were limp with blood, and most of his features had gone a-gipsying. "As ye feel that others ought to do unto you, do ye even so unto them."

—The contract for burying the indigent dead of this city has been awarded to Mr. McGinn. He is to inhumate saints and sinners alike, at five dollars and twenty-four cents a corpse. He desires to say that any mistakes upon the part of his employers will be rectified upon the Day of Resurrection. For example, if any pauper shall be crowded into a hole too short for him, let him bear the discomfort as patiently as he may, and file his claim for damages when he gets out. It won't do him any good to come spiritually fooling about Mr. McGinn at night.

—A letter, says the telegraph, is published from Chief Justice Chase to Valandigham, thanking him for his "new departure." He has lately made a newer departure, and we thank him for that.

—A visit from the Sultan to the Emperor of Russia appears certain.



### The Vengeance Year.

"Death, is it only death the spectre we dread may come?  
 Fall not darker shadows at times on the poor man's home?  
 Come not strange forebodings across us whenever we press  
 Bride or daughter in loving arms, lest this be the last caress?  
 Lest the pure eyes coyly drooped, the low tones endlessly sweet,  
 Eyes that lighten to see to us, voice that softens to greet,  
 Be but quarry for courtly sport, the prey of the tyrant's lust,  
 While we bow the heavy head, and bear as the peasant must!  
 Day that our fathers prayed for, when all the wretched should rise,  
 Day of combat and victory, is this thy star in the skies?  
 Still the darkness is round us, and scarcely who aids us we know,  
 Scarcely discern the battle, but grope to close with the foe:  
 If we strike a brother to earth, not reading the doubtful sign,  
 Brother, who wouldst have died for us, forgive us, the cause is thine.  
 If we strike in the flush of wrath when the field is gained and sure,  
 Blame not ye who know our past: is the blood that flows so pure?  
 Surely the tavern, the midnight brawl, the vices that stain and sear,  
 Have had richer harvest from France than we in our vengeance-year!"

### The Presidential Cow.

The itemizers at Long Branch, being short of sensation material for a paragraph, have fallen back upon the President's cow, which has arrived there with the rest of the government traps, for a summer vacation. Here is the sketch: "The President's cow, which he brought from Washington, is an object of a good deal of interest. I have had the honor of seeing her, but have not had an opportunity of interviewing her. However, I chance to be in possession of some facts concerning her opinions on matters in general. She is a small, sleek animal, and is blooded, of course. Her color is significantly black, but she has a white line over her back, and her maternal bosom also does honor to the Caucasian race. On her arrival at Long Branch all the cows about here paid her the greatest respect. Even now, as she passes along the road to and from her pasture every night and morning, all the cows in the adjoining fields regard her with envious respect. The multitude of local dogs which would soon worry to death any other unprotected kine coming from abroad skulk away from this cow queen and dare not so much as utter a growl. None but the daintiest of flies are permitted to ride on her neck. Mrs. Cow is about five years old."

### The Great Poets.

Lord Neaves says: "Among the great poets, those who possess the most universal minds, seem to me to have been Shakespeare and Burns. Without at all meaning to put the two on the same platform—for what poet, if it be not Homer, can approach the unrivaled name of Shakespeare; we see in them both a many-sided mind, great alike in tragic and in comic power, strong in depicting the beautiful as well as the appalling, with the warmest love of nature and the deepest knowledge of the human heart. No man can study these two authors—and more especially, I think, no man can study them in connection together—without learning more truth, and gaining more lively perceptions of beauty and goodness, than the most varied intercourse with mankind could bestow upon ordinary minds. Some of their beautiful descriptions, wise sayings, or pathetic sentiments come over and goby heart from time to time, would in my opinion go far to confer that completeness of character which I think it is the great object of leisure and of literature to create."

— We are well pleased to note that the undertakers will turn out with hearses at the celebration of our national independence. Each hearse will contain a coffin, and each coffin a corpse. The banner of the guild will be a black flag, displaying a death's-head and crossbones, with the motto "Put me in my little bed," and the drivers of the hearses will wear shrouds and crape. Altogether the effect will be inspiring. Any persons having relatives freshly dead upon that day, and who may be willing to loan the bodies for the purpose specified above, will confer a favor by sending the day to this office, care of Towne Cryer, undertaker. He will undertake to make a cold luncheon of it.

**A Neat Invention.**—Pocket pencil lights have just been patented. They are made of German silver. On rubbing the point it ignites and burns with a steady flame. A slight turn of the screw extinguishes it. When again wanted, the screw is turned the reverse way, and the point again rubbed or pressed on a hard substance. A new core is supplied when required at any time in a similar manner to the leads of patent pencils.

## War Against War--The Lesson of the Joint High Commission.

In September, 1868, the third Congress of the International Labor Association assembled at Brussels. It was composed of over one hundred delegates, representing organized labor leagues in England, France, Prussia, Belgium, Switzerland, and most of the principal cities of Europe. From the United States there came to the Congress a letter of sympathy, in the name of the National Labor Union, offering coöperation. The sessions were calm and orderly, and the tone of the discussions was thoughtful and decorous. There was no rant or windy declamation about the wrongs of labor and the tyranny of capital; and so far as we can judge from such reports of the proceedings as we have had access to, the debaters evinced more knowledge and study of the subjects discussed than is indicated by our National legislators in the discussions in Congress. One delegate introduced a resolution to put an end to war by a concerted refusal of the working classes to accept military service, and made a speech, pitched in the key note of Byron's apothegm,

"War is a game, that were the people wise,  
Kings should not play at."

The sentiment that pervaded the entire body was bitterly opposed to an appeal to arms as a mode of settling international disputes, and found expression in the words of a French workingman who closed the debate, "*Guerre a la Guerre!*" Opposition on the part of the industrial classes, to war as a means of settling international disputes, has gained great additional strength since the time when it was agitated in the International Congress. In a former article in the *News Letter*, we alluded to a remarkable lecture, delivered in April last before the British Peace Society by Professor Seeley, the author of *Ecce Homo*, in which he proposed to organize a great Confederation for the abolition of war, to be called "The United States of Europe." The Professor, recognizing the fact that it is idle to talk of abolishing war without proposing a substitute and equivalent for it, went into the details of the subject and endeavored to present what he considered a feasible and statesmanlike scheme providing practical contrivances to meet practical difficulties. He insisted first, that the international system wanted is something essentially different from the existing system by which European affairs are sometimes settled in Congresses of the Great Powers; Second, that it demands a federation of all the Powers that are to share in its benefits, and Third, that it cannot succeed without a federation possessing legislative, judicial and executive powers similar to those wielded by the Federal Government at Washington with reference to the States of the Union. In other words, Professor Seeley proposes that the European Powers should establish a *general government*, having the same power to prevent or settle disputes between France and Prussia, England and Russia, or any other of its members, that the United States Government has in controversies between California and Oregon, or New York and New Jersey. We will not undertake at present to discuss the feasibility of such a scheme. Our object is simply to note the significant fact that in various quarters of the civilized world the minds of thinking men are engaged in the solution of this great problem. Contemporaneously with the delivery of Professor Seeley's lecture, Charles Sumner presented a memorial to the U. S. Senate praying that body to take the initiative in the settlement of international disputes by a High Court of Arbitration. Since then the success that has attended the labors of the Joint Commission, seems to lend additional strength to the position of those who indulge the hope that some plan may be devised by which war between civilized countries may be abolished.

## "I'm With You Once Again."

"Our Eugene," the favorite of the California Democracy, our only sober Senator, is back from Washington, and the Democracy have welcomed him with open arms. The Democracy greet him with a serenade, and from his hotel balcony he responds in strains of characteristic eloquence. Hear him: "Among you, for twenty-one years, has been my home; and among you shall be my grave." (Applause.) "You complain that business is flat here. I assure you it is inconceivably flatter at the East." (What subtle flatter-y!) "They boast of their strawberries at the East. We, who never boast, have bigger strawberries all the year round—all the year round, fellow-citizens." (Sensation and cheers.) "Need I allude, fellow Democrats, to our mines and vines, our mammoth squashes and giant pines?" (No, no; we've heard all that; tell us about politics!) "They have men at the East, and giants at the West; but I can lay my hand upon my heart and assure you that, in crossing the five great water courses that intervened between the National Capital and San Francisco, I saw neither men nor giants that were not pigmies compared with you. Our climate!"—(O, dry up about the climate; how about Chinese immigration?) "I have returned to take a part in the coming campaign." (Then, for God's sake, talk more to the point when you get onto the stump.) "I shall not spare my energies nor my breath, and I promise you that you shall have more cause to complain of the tediousness of my speeches than of their brevity." (Groans, and cries of "the h—ll you say!") "I will not on this occasion allude to my course in the Senate." (Oh! oh! it's nothing to speak of.) "Fellow Democrats, the fatigues of my long transcontinental journey admonish me that it is time to conclude." (Bully for you! Nobody objects.) "And so good night!" (Curtain.)

### Death of Sir John Herschel.

Sir John Frederick William Herschel, the renowned astronomer, died on Thursday, May 23, at his seat at Collingwood, near Hawkhurst, Kent. He was born in 1792, and was the only son of Sir Frederick William Herschel, the celebrated astronomer, and first president of the Royal Astronomical Society of England. Very early in life he gave proof of the possession of those faculties which have rendered the name of Herschel illustrious in the annals of science. Educated at St. John's College, Cambridge, he distinguished himself there by his high mathematical genius, and graduated B.A. in 1813, being senior wrangler and Smith's prizeman. From the time of leaving college he occupied himself in mathematical studies, his first work of note being "A Collection of Examples of the Application of the Calculus to Finite Differences," published at Cambridge in 1820. After his father's death, in 1822, he cooperated with Sir James South, using his father's instruments, in a re-examination of the nebulae and clusters of stars discovered by his father, the result of which was described by him in a catalogue presented to the Royal Society, and published in their "Transactions," in 1823. In addition to his astronomical work, there appeared by him, in 1830, a "Treatise on Sound;" in 1831, a "Treatise on the Theory of Light;" both published in the "Encyclopædia Metropolitana;" and his celebrated "Preliminary Discourse on the Study of Natural Philosophy," published in Lardner's "Cyclopædia" in the latter year. In 1836 was published in Lardner's "Treatise on Astronomy." In 1834 Herschel went to the Cape of Good Hope and began his survey of the heavens, continuing his observations until May 1838. In 1847, nine years after his return to England, he published a large quarto volume entitled "Results of Astronomical Observations made during 1834-38 at the Cape of Good Hope: being the Completion of a Telescopic Survey of the Whole Surface of the Visible Heavens, commenced in 1825." Besides this tremendous work, his stay at the Cape benefited also meteorology; for while there he suggested a plan for simultaneous meteorological observations made at different places. In 1848 he was elected President of the Royal Astronomical Society. Sir John married, in 1828, the daughter of the Rev. Alexander Stewart, D.D., of Strathgarry, Perthshire. He is succeeded by his eldest son, now second baronet, William James, born in 1833, who entered the Bengal Civil Service in 1853, and is now magistrate and collector of Midnapore.

### A Funny Story about a Safe Safe.

An ingenious mechanic in New Orleans constructed a safe which he declared to be absolutely burglar-proof. To convince the incredulous of the fact, he placed a one thousand dollar bill in his pocket, had himself locked in the safe, with a liberal supply of provisions, and the key cast into the river, declaring that he would give the money to the man who unfastened the door. All the blacksmiths, and carpenters, and burglars in the State of Louisiana have been boring and blasting, and beating at that safe for a week with every kind of tool and explosive mixture known to science, and the man is in there yet! He has whispered through the key-hole that he will make the reward \$10,000 if somebody will only let him out. He has convinced everybody that it is the safest safe ever invented. Fears are entertained that the whole concern will have to be melted down in the blast furnace before he is released, and efforts are to be made to pass in through the key-hole a fire-proof jacket, to protect the inventor while the iron is melting.

—The honors accorded to Patrick Rafferty O'Blank and Teddy Finnerty O'Dash, whose real names have escaped our memory like a neck relieved from the halter, remind us that we have an amiable weakness for Fenian exiles. They usually labor under the social disadvantage of being also convicted cut-throats and incendiaries, but if the doctrine of the freedom of the will is a humbug (and we believe it is), they are not to blame for that. If the being a scoundrel disqualified a man for active patriotism, the personal property of oppressors would be disgracefully secure, and the women and babes of tyrants might never experience the refined felicity of being brained and disemboweled. It is tolerably obvious that such a state of things would be dull. And so we bless God for the existence of Fenian patriotism, and having still half a lungful of breath on hand, we employ it in praising Him, also, for favoring us with scorpions and rattlesnakes.

**Another Theological Lion**—According to a report extensively circulated in the European journals, Dr. Dollinger, the great excommunicated, is about to visit England, and afterwards the United States, accompanied by Père Hyacinthe. Has this movement any connection, we wonder, with the declaration attributed to the latter that "the time for words is gone, and the time for action is come," which is said to have caused some uneasiness at Rome? It really looks as if an attempt were contemplated to organize a schism.

**Water Truth.**—Every drop in the sea of life imagines itself an ocean.

### A Vision.

DEAR NEWS LETTER:—I had a vision. I saw seventeen Chinamen chasing an Irishman, and I was glad. I saw the seventeen joined by seventeen millions, and I was correspondingly elated. Finally, the foremost, a mere lad, got the fugitive by the leg, and another stripling swotted him across the pate with a piece of board so that he died. It is needless to add that I sniggered tumultuously. A change came over the spirit of my dream. The Irishman's corpse lay stiffened on a slab, and Dr. Li Po Tai sawed open the head. Then seven Chinamen came up and stuck their dirty fingers into the opening. They nodded and sat down on the body. A chicken was brought in and decapitated, some joss-sticks were lighted and burned with a villainous smell, and the seven Chinamen swore seven great oaths. After this they smoked opium uninterruptedly, and the boys that had swotted the Irishman brought in the piece of board and testified that they did the swotting, and were rather proud of it than otherwise. The seven jurymen laughed, and so did I. Then they rendered a verdict, and it was translated to me. It read thus: "We the undersigned jurymen, convened to inquire into the cause of the death of Dennis O'Shaughnessy, do find that deceased was a native of Ireland, aged thirty, and that he came to his death by being welted on the crust by these two dam little Chinamen, who ought to be hanged!" No sooner was the verdict rendered than the two offenders were strung up higher than a kite. A change came over the spirit of my dream. I wept. Just then some one made a devil of a racket in the kitchen, and it waked me. I jumped out of bed, went to the tool house and selected a nice heavy pick handle. With this I sought the Irish servant girl, and I walloped that hateful female till she had to be taken up on the dust-pan. You never saw a girl smashed so fine!

A. M. W.

### The "News Letter" in London.

There is no paper published in the United States that wields so powerful an influence in London, especially in financial circles, as the San Francisco *News Letter*. British capitalists rely upon it as an authority in all matters of commerce and finance. A few lines in the *News Letter* sufficed to give the *coup de grâce* to "Berton Vice-Consul of France's" wretched sham, known as the "Mining Bureau." It was *News Letter* that warned British capitalists against the plausible blandishments of the French "Vice Consul at Sacramento," and blocked his little confidence game; and we propose in the future, as in the past, to keep an eye on all dubious schemes and enterprises of a similar character, and put foreign capitalists on their guard against them.

— It is stated that two unknown women placed flowers upon the grave of Ruloff, the murderer, but that the act gave offense to some persons, and the flowers were removed. We hardly know which to admire most, the "tender and mournful sentiment" that decorates the dirt upon the carcass of an assassin, or the severe morality that could take offense at the display. Both are extremely beautiful, for the same reason that much other sentimental stuff and brutal bosh are esteemed extremely beautiful; namely, because they are extremely human. Together, they remind us of the holy rites of Decoration Day, and our own barbarity in ridiculing them. But where is the "audacious orator" who showed us up?

— The Oakland *News*, which has of late been edited with conspicuous intelligence and refreshing gentlemanliness, pays the *Town Crier* some very graceful compliments, and concludes by expressing an apprehension that upon reading them he will smash the writer. Not at all; the *T. C.* finds in this kind of literature a peculiar merit for which he has vainly sought in all ancient and modern works, and which meets his unqualified approval. As something to take along at funerals, the light and entertaining article in the *News* is peerless; and the *T. C.* thinks it is not too much to say that a perusal of it would go far to dispel the deep gloom of sitting up with the corpse of a creditor.

— Some people argue—very logically, too—it is impossible to keep your word if you give it. A man who cuts his heirs off with a shilling need not necessarily use a silver razor. An Irishman calls his sweetheart honey because she is beeloved. An honest banker sometimes fails in making money, but a dishonest one makes money by failing. There is little encouragement for a lady to be charitable, because, after all, she can only be called a kind woman, while the rest of her sex are still womankind. When is a soldier not half a soldier? When he's in quarters.

**Railroad Progression.**—An advertisement of a railway in Pennsylvania in 1832 reads thus: "The engine with a train of cars will run daily, *when the weather is fair*, commencing to-day. When the weather is *not fair*, the horses will draw the cars."



### Dog Ham.

T. T. Cooper, late agent for the Chamber of Commerce at Calcutta, says in his "Travels of a Pioneer of Commerce:" While waiting for the return of the coolie, Philip and myself breakfasted at a fine tea shop, the proprietor of which, thinking that his customer was a Mandarin, prepared an elaborate meal, consisting of a number of dishes, and among others, fried dog ham! I proceeded with stoical fortitude to taste doggie. One taste led to another, and resulted in a verdict for reason; for in summing up, after a hearty meal, I pronounced the dog ham to be delicious in flavor, well smoked, tender, and juicy. The landlord having heard that the Yangjen, as that test had discovered me to be, had conquered his prejudice, brought in the ham to show me. It was very small—not much bigger than the leg of a good-sized sucking pig; the flesh was dark, and the hair had been carefully removed, while the paw had been left as a stamp of its genuineness, as the proprietor remarked. Dog hams are justly considered a great delicacy in China, and as such bring a very high price, costing as much as five taels per pound. They are chiefly cured in the province of Hoonan, where dogs of a peculiar breed are fattened for the purpose.

### The New City Hall.

What are the new City Hall Commissioners doing? At least three-fourths of the community are anxious to see the foundations laid, and it is very hard that a factious opposition of less than one-fourth of our citizens should be allowed to hamper their progress in the good work. We want a City Hall now. We shall need it more when the new building is completed. At present the various offices appertaining to the municipality are scattered in hired rooms, ill adapted to their purpose, all over the city, and rented at prices that form a large item in the city expenditure. That the Hall must be built sooner or later, is inevitable. Why then delay that which, when completed, will relieve us of a yearly and unnecessary tax.

**Meteorite Stone.**—One of the largest, if not the very largest, meteoric masses that ever fell was one which descended in Oswego county, New York, in June, 1859. It struck the earth about four A.M. with a crash and shock that awakened the inhabitants at a distance of five miles. It covered nearly half an acre of land, and was at some points seventy feet high. Many fragments broken by the fall were thrown a distance of over half a mile.

**American Style.**—We find in a London paper of recent date the following item of fashionable intelligence, which will possess the charm of novelty for readers on this side the Atlantic: "The latest style at a dinner party, in America, is to have a fan placed at each lady's plate, on which is printed the bill of fare, and on the side of which is a small looking-glass, so that she is able to survey herself and keep cool."

— An Indiana man has effected a strategical combination against the potato bugs. He planted a grain of corn in each hill of potatoes. The corn came up before the potatoes, which, of course, cheated the little pests into the belief that it was a cornfield, and they never went near the potatoes until it was too late to do any damage. His crop of the esculent is, therefore, the envy of his neighbors.

**Real Estate Transactions.**—The records of the Mercantile Agency of Messrs. Hope, McKillop & Co., show that during the week ending June 15, 1871, the total number of deeds recorded in the city and county of San Francisco was 70, the aggregate consideration being \$101,480; the number of mortgages was 43 for \$442,683; 44 releases for \$96,447.

— The Alameda Beet Sugar Factory is now engaged in refining Peruvian sugar, at the rate of ten tons per day. The company expect to soon commence the manufacture of fine crushed sugar, at a less expense than by the old process, and consequently to the great advantage of consumers.

— Why must a Yankee speculator be very subject to water on the brain? Because he has always an ocean (a notion) in his head.

— The skeleton of a giant, twelve feet high, is the curiosity at Jefferson, Ind. Probably the cardiff's grandfather.

### Special Brevities.

— In a recently published sermon, the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher thus fairly indicates the state of thought upon the subject of Darwinism: "Although there is much yet to be made known, it seems to me that all thinking men who have taken the trouble to inform themselves about these facts believe in the theory of evolution, or that the theory by which God created the world and the races consists in the development, the unfolding of everything from some anterior and less perfect state. . . . Although many of the later applications of the theory of development require ripening, yet they foreshadow, I think, if not the very truth, yet the direction in which the truth lies; and we may as well prepare ourselves to accept it. For one, I am ready."

— At Coatbridge, Scotland, a starling lately built a nest in an empty compartment of a dove cot, consisting of seven or eight holes, the remainder being occupied by pigeons. The starling had great difficulty in building her nest, owing to the decided opposition of the pigeons. The other day, while the starling was out foraging for her young, a pigeon planted itself boldly at the entrance of the starling's domicile to prevent her entrance. On the starling's arrival, she was driven off. She flew away, but returned in a few minutes, and, hovering above the dove cot, let fall a stone so smartly that every pigeon flew away. She has since had peace.

— An Ohio paper thus describes an effort by one of Ohio's legislative orators: "Mr. Acker thrilled the House on Saturday with one of his most majestic efforts. A reporter speaks of the scene as indescribable. Ladies on the back seats were obliged to climb up to the back of the chairs to escape the torrents of eloquence. The speaker was so charged with the electricity of eloquence that his sharply-pointed spike-tail coat frequently stood at an angle of sixty degrees, and trembled like an aspen. The orator most of the time resembled an irresponsible victim in galvanic slippers."

— According to returns recently published, the population of New South Wales was numbered at 485,356, and the area at 206,999,680 acres. The area under wheat was 189,452 acres; under barley and bere, 9,152 acres; under oats, 17,302; under rye, 2,378; under maize, 128,041; and under other kinds of grain, 134 acres, making a total of 346,459 acres of land under corn crops. Potatoes occupied 17,133; sugar cane, 3,918; tobacco, 366; vineyard, 3,907; and grass for hay, 75,034 acres. These statistics refer to the years 1869-70.

— According to the *St. Pancras and Holborn Journal* persons who are receiving out-door relief have made it a practice to go to the butchers who contract for meat, and ask for certain portions to be cut off, and, when served, to produce their relief ticket, and offer to pay the difference between the value of the ticket and the price of the meat. The Holborn guardians were told that it was impossible sometimes to detect these people, for they came to the butchers' shops with obignons on and in velvet jackets.

— A small steamer named the *Explorador* has had a trial trip on the Thames. She is designed to make one of the most interesting series of explorations ever undertaken in South America. Ascending the Amazon, she will be rolled around the rapids of the Madeira river, and will then penetrate far into the interior of Bolivia and the Brazilian province of Matto Grosso; while up the great river Manuata she may reach almost to the famed city of Incas, Cuzco.

— Many of the great French merchants and manufacturers are giving up business in France and preparing to settle in Spain, Belgium and England. A notable instance is in the case of M. Schneider, the President of the last Imperial Chamber, who was the owner of perhaps the largest iron works in the world—at Creuzot, and who is about to commence operations upon a very large scale at Stockton-on-Tees.

— George Walcott, who killed a soldier at Frankfort, Kentucky, some time since, and for whose arrest a reward of \$500 was offered, had himself arrested by a friend, who drew the reward and gave it to Walcott, the latter immediately giving the money to the widow of his victim. He was drunk when the murder occurred.

— An Erie paper notices the establishment of a saloon for the dispensing of ice-cream, and urges all of its readers who like "this delicious bivalve" to call there. We suppose ice-cream is served up at that saloon raw, stewed and on the half-shell.

— The following dialogue in one of the coaches of a first-class car is very "Frenchy": "My little angel," asks a fond husband, "are you comfortable in your corner?" "Yes, thanks." "You do not feel the cold?" "Not at all." "Your window closes easily?" "Very nicely, dear." "Then come and take my place."

— The pigeon killing industry is so thriving in Wisconsin that from 10,000 to 30,000 birds are daily forwarded on the midnight trains east, and one man has paid over \$1,000 to the express company for charges on this kind of merchandise.

— An artesian well 350 feet deep, sunk on the alkali district 800 miles west of Omaha, is a success, a plentiful supply of pure water being obtained for the use of the locomotives.

— A narrow gauge railroad is to be erected in Green county, Tenn. The cost is only \$20,000, or about \$1,800 per mile. The gauge to be 30 inches.

— The *Economist* says: "Mr. Lowe rather astonished the House of Commons not long ago by telling them that we are paying off our debt much more quickly than is commonly believed, and that, as a proof of it, we paid off as much as £10,000,000 since so short a time ago as 1st of April, 1868. An account showing this to be so has now been laid on the table of the House. But these figures do not tell us that since 1868 we have increased our debt \$7,300,000 to pay for the telegraphs. And this happily is a debt of a peculiar nature. It is a debt counterbalanced by a property. Formerly the State was liable on Consols and interest-bearing debt; now it is liable on a debt in the ledger on which it pays no interest. The annual charge is diminished; but, except so far as the unclaimed balances go, the liability to repay the principal sum, or the equivalent to it, remains just where it was. If we deduct this peculiar item in the account, we have really paid off £11,888,846 in four years, which is at the rate of £2,972,212 a year, an amount of repayment which is very satisfactory, especially considering that our expenditure has in these years been very large, and which under all probable circumstances ought, as a matter of national policy, to be at least maintained, if not increased.

— To a considerable extent the body adapts itself to the requirements of each climate. Volney went so far in saying that climate determines physiognomy, as to see in the negro a face acted upon by sunlight and heat, with overhanging eyebrows, half-closed eyelids, raised cheek and projecting jaws; while another writer, Mr. Stanhope Smith, has, upon the same principle, made Jack Frost answerable for the short, broad, hard-featured face of the Tartar, by contracting his eyebrows and eyelids, raising his cheeks, and compelling him to keep his mouth shut as much as possible. Certain it is that the native Peruvian, living at heights of from 7,000 to 15,000 feet above the level of the sea, becomes broad-chested by need of a large development of lung. A certain quantity of oxygen the blood requires from the air, and more room is wanted to take in a sufficient bulk of the more rarefied air.

— The *Figaro* says that a Republic has been sufficiently tried in France. The massacres of 1793, the insurrection of 1848, and the Commune of 1871 will disgust people with any but monarchical sentiments. The *Times* assures us that "four-fifths of the French people are prepared at the present time to welcome, or at least to acquiesce in a Monarchy." Undoubtedly a strong reaction towards Monarchy seems to be setting in, and the fusion of the Legitimist and Orleanist parties will give strength and coherence to it. Quite possibly, then, a constitutional Monarchy, based on the ascertained wishes of the country, will be the result, and within a very short time the streets of Paris may ring with cries of *vive le Roi—nous terrons*.

— Hood, in his *Comic Annual* for 1880, communicated the following from a contributor: "Sur, my wyl had a tom cat that dyd. Being a torture shell, and a great favorit, we had him berried in the guardian, and for the sake of enrichment of the sile, I had the carkiss lade under the roots of a guzberry bush. The frnte being up till then of the smooth kind. But the next sesons fruit after the cat was berried, the guzberries were all hairy, and more remarkabl, the catpillars of the same bush was all of the same hairy description."

— The following is given by Frank Buckland as the origin of ox-tail soup: At the end of the late war there were a great many French prisoners in England, and, by way of feeding them cheaply, the commissariat used to supply them with ox-tails, then considered an offal and left on the hides. The Frenchmen, with their usual cleverness in cooking, made these tails into soup; and this is the origin of ox-tail soup—a story which, I think, should not be forgotten."

— In England we find that in the time of Henry III. bread was made in three qualities, viz., *reasted bread* (fine wheat), *cricket bread* (seconds), *bread of treat* (brown bread); and strict and effective laws were laid down as to its being of certain weight and quality. Fraudulent bakers were driven about the city with the loaves tied round their necks, and subjected to sundry other coarse but rigorous punishments.

— Advice in love: Josh Billings gives some advice to a young lady as how she should receive a proposal: You ought to take it kind, looking down hill, with an expreshun about half tickled and half scart. After the pop is over, if yure luyver wants to kiss you, I don't think I would say yea or no, but let the thing kind ov take its own course.

— A letter was posted at a village post-office that had no postage-stamp on it, but in place of the stamp had the following written on one corner of the envelope: "Mr. Postmaster, don't charge no postage on this; the stamp wouldn't stick, so I tore the thing up."

— Dr. Morcan Morris, Sanitary Inspector of New York, reports that several horses have recently died in that city, after feeding on brewers' grains, and that chemical analysis shows that their death was caused by strychnine.—*Medical Times and Gazette*.

— It appears that the Commune had promised to pay 200,000 francs to whoever should bring M. Thiers alive into Paris. The German journals say that Marshal MacMahon having performed the task, ought to be paid this sum by the Commune.

— It is asserted that about one-third of the demented owe their insanity to disappointment in love. It is not clear which is the preferable mental condition: that resulting from disappointment, or that which renders disappointment possible.

— Iron Telegraph poles are in common use in Switzerland. They are durable, tasteful in design and economical. They are to be tried in the Atlantic States.

### Money and Commerce.

He that has money commands the service of men; he that has not, must be thankful for whatever he gets. Consequently, to be poor is to be weak, to be rich is to be strong.

— Money is plentiful at moderate rates, banks showing a willingness to discount good paper at short dates. Commercial banks charge from 10 to 12 per cent. on loans, but Savings Banks and Loan Societies as low as 9 to 10 per cent. on first-class security. The following local incorporations have paid dividends as annexed during the past month:

Name.	Rate.	Amount	Name.	Rate.	Amount
Bank of California..	1	\$ 50,000	Pioneer L. & L. Ass. 1	\$ 1,160	
Pacific Bank.....	1	7,500	Bamber & Co.'s Ex... ½	.....	
California Trust Co. 1½	4,375		Merchants' M. I. Co.. 1	5,000	
California Theater Co	2,500		People's Insurance Co 1	3,000	
Sacramento Gas Co.. ½	5,000		Cala. Powder Works. 1	4,000	
San Fran'co Gas Co. ½	45,000		Chollar-Potosi M'g Co. \$2	50,000	
Spring V'y Water Co. ½	40,000		Crown Point M'g Co. 10	120,000	
Front-st. Railroad Co	.....		Eureka (Cal.) M'g Co. 1	20,000	
North Beach R. Co.. ½	5,000		Green'le (Cal.) M'g Co 1	4,000	
S. F. Stock Brewery. 1	708		North Star (C.) M'g Co 4	12,000	
Union Pacific S't Co. ½	1,500		Ray. & Ely Mining Co 1	30,000	
Merchaufs' Ex. Ass.. ½	1,200		Redington Q'er M. Co 5	6,300	
Natoma W. & M. Co. 1	3,000		Yellow Jacket M'g Co 2½	60,000	
			Total.....	\$487,243	

Nearly all the foregoing incorporations paid similar dividends in the previous month. After an interval of a few months, dividends have been resumed by the California Powder Works. For the previous four months, Chollar-Potosi paid \$10 per share each month. The dividend by the Crown Point mine is the first since September, 1868. The Greenville mine is in Plumas county, California, and the above is the first dividend. The Raymond & Ely mine did not pay a dividend in May. Classified, the disbursements for the past month compare as follows with the same month last year:

	1870.	1871.
California and Pacific Banks.....	\$ 57,500	\$ 57,500
Gas and Water Companies.....	85,000	90,000
Insurance Companies.....	7,000	8,000
Railroad Companies.....	7,500	5,000
Mining Companies.....	201,500	308,300
Miscellaneous Companies.....	61,583	18,443
Totals.....	\$420,083	\$487,243

During the same month in 1869 the amount disbursed was \$421,000, against \$587,900 for the same month in 1868 and \$636,500 for the same month in 1867. Most of these amounts were from mining incorporations, \$245,500 being paid by the same in June, 1869, \$415,500 in June, 1868, and \$514,000 in June, 1867.

— From the *Commercial Herald* we learn that arrangements are already made for the importation of Australian wool and tallow, and the export to those colonies of salmon, brooms, etc., in return. It is proposed by our contemporary to send a well-informed commercial man there who is competent to explain the great advantages derivable from a closer commercial intercourse. Australia is comparatively dependent upon America for many of her trans-oceanic supplies, and San Francisco is assuredly the best point from whence to ship them.

— Flaxseed continues to arrive from Oregon, and goes direct to the oil mill, under contract. The production of flax has largely increased upon this coast the last three years, we now producing enough to keep our linseed oil mill constantly employed, instead of importing several cargoes, as heretofore, from Calcutta and Chile; it is worth 30@3½c per pound. Beans are in large stock, not a little held by speculators at high cost; prices now low and nominal; sales quite out of the question.

— The ship *Sonntag*, for New York, in Moore & Co.'s line, has her full complement of freight engaged, consisting largely of California wines and other home products. The same parties have also chartered the ship *Daniel Marcy* to follow, while the Dispatch line has secured the *Sovereign of the Seas* for the same port.

— The demand for French brandies is on the decrease, the California grape brandy gradually taking their place. It is probable that some of the former will be reshipped for France, where, in view of the small products anticipated this year, they will be in demand.

— Hides and tallow both find greedy purchasers at very full prices. The arrival of seven more car-loads of swine from Des Moines, Iowa, had a very depressing effect upon the hog market, and caused a very serious decline in prices, which it will be hard to recover this summer.

— The lower rates of freights ruling on our coast steamers are tending rapidly to develop our domestic commerce, the increase of their carrying trade being beyond expectation.



[COPY.]

**California Mail Bag--Extra.**

JUNE 23, 1871.—Quick time and cheap fares from Australia, China and Japan to New York and Liverpool. The great trans-continental all-rail route, *via* Central and Union Pacific Railroad line, is now in complete running order from San Francisco to the Atlantic seaboard. Through express trains leave San Francisco daily, making prompt connection with the several railway lines in the Eastern States, for all the cities of the United States and Canada, connecting at New York with the several steamer lines to England, France, and all European ports. Through time going East—from San Francisco to Omaha, four days and six hours; to Chicago, five days and six hours; to New York, six days and twenty hours. Silver palace sleeping coaches, second to none in the world, are run daily from San Francisco to New York, and intermediate points. These drawing-room cars by day, and sleeping cars by night, are unexcelled for comfort and convenience to the passenger while *en route*, combining the elegance of a private parlor and all accommodations pertaining to a well-furnished chamber, with comfortable couches, clean bedding, etc. A competent porter accompanies each car, to attend to the wants of our patrons. Children not over twelve years of age, half fare; under five years of age, free. One hundred pounds of baggage per full passenger, free; fifty pounds of baggage per half passenger, free. Through ticket office, 422 California street, San Francisco. T. E. SICKLES, General Superintendent Union Pacific Railroad. A. N. TOWNE, General Superintendent Central Pacific Railroad. T. L. KIMBALL, General Passenger Agent, Omaha, Neb. T. H. GOODMAN, General Passenger Agent, Sacramento, Cal.

**Maxim Gas Company.**—In the *New Letter* of the 17th ultimo we noticed the success of this method of obtaining gas for household use at a very small cost per thousand feet. The difficulties which have hitherto interfered with the many plans adopted for the same purpose have been completely surmounted by this invention. The greatest of these arose from the more volatile portions of the gasoline passing off first, during which time a fine light was maintained, but as the denser portion came to be acted upon by the air which passed through, or over, or through fibrous material saturated with it, then its greater gravity, added to the decrease of temperature caused by evaporation, lessened the amount of vapor evolved, till an insufficient quantity was produced to maintain the number of lights required. Finally the residuum, or about one-fifth of the gasoline, became so dense as to be worthless for the purpose, and was a consequent loss. Mr. Maxim has succeeded in controlling the proportions of the mixture of gasoline and common air supplied to the burners, utilizing the pressure of the vapor itself, to supply the amount of air requisite. The principle applied is that of *induction*. A jet of vapor forced through a small opening and directed into the mouth of a pipe induces a current of air which accompanies and mixes with it. The proper relations as to size of the aperture and pressure of vapor, with the quantity of air required, are maintained by this elegant method, and constitute its principal feature. The Maxim machine is an *air induction apparatus*, and all others hitherto have been *air blowing machines*. It therefore dispenses with all blocks, pulleys and weights. The action is automatic, and continues, so long as the supply of gasoline is not exhausted, with the same steady supply of gas, and with perfect steadiness of light.

— Under the title of "Driftwood," some fat-sided cow is cutting capers in the *Alta* that remind one of nothing so much as—the capers of a fat-sided cow! Says this gabbling beef: "If the gods take care of Cato, we hope they will not forget the citizens of San Francisco, who are soon to have thirty-one prison birds let loose upon them." Now, Udderspraddle, we shall welcome those liberated canaries, the knavery of a thousand rogues would be a grateful relief after the folly of a single dunce like you. Orroint thee, thou sportive spouter of moral milk—thou horned horror stumping stoutly up the walks of wit! Thou cattle!

— The Oaklandites are making their regular annual riot anent the withdrawal of their militia to parade in San Francisco on the coming Fourth of July. May we be permitted to remind them that "the true greatness of a people is not to be sought in the camp of its heroes, but in the closets of its philosophers?"

— The oldest California postmaster has been discovered in Mr. At Lee, editor of the *New Age*, Odd Fellows' organ. But how the devil a Chinaman came to be appointed a postmaster, is as inscrutable a mystery as is his connection with Odd Fellowship and journalism. Will somebody rise to explain!

— A very thriving business has been carried on in London lately, in painting sparrows and selling them as canaries.

**Love's Music.**

Love held a harp between his hands, and, lo,  
 The master-hand, upon the harp-strings laid,  
 By way of prelude such a sweet tune played  
 As made the heart with happy tears o'erflow!  
 But sad and wilder did that music grow;  
 And, like the wail of woods by storm-gusts swayed,  
 While yet the awful thunder's wrath is stay'd,  
 And earth lies faint beneath the coming blow,  
 Still wilder waxed that tune, until at length  
 The strong strings, strained by sudden stress and sharp  
 Of that musician's hand intolerable,  
 And jarred by sweep of unrelenting strength,  
 Sunder'd, and all the music broken fell.  
 Such was Love's music—lo, the Shatter'd Harp!

—*Cornhill Magazine.*

**Communism.**

"The Emperor of Germany and the advisers of his Majesty," a correspondent says, "consider they are the conservative protectors of continental order, the one power alone which can at present protect society from revolution, having its origin in the French politics of the Communism of the 'International.' The Berlin Government, you will find, is now exercising its influence in neighboring States, where certain classes of workmen have been taught revolutionary doctrines by the agents of the French International Workman's Associations, a combination and union which has more to do with political revolution, socialism, robbery and destruction of property, than the amelioration of the condition of the industrial classes. I have read a sketch of a report on the workings of the 'International' by a French diplomatist which will probably find its way to most of the European Cabinets eventually. The Government of Napoleon III. had collected much valuable information, and appears to have understood the aims of Socialistic Republicanism as brought to the surface by Assi. In principle it is a war against capital, invested interests, and property generally. It is a war against Sovereigns, aristocracy, landholders, all classes designated by the French demagogues as *les riches*. It is a war against religion, priests, and the Christian system of education which States have always encouraged in order to teach the youth of the country to respect such laws, divine as well as earthly, as can alone hold society together. Perhaps the high priests of these infernal doctrines never believed they would have such an exceptional opportunity of practicing their crimes as was brought about by events which gave them unlimited ammunition, and armed Paris—hundreds of thousands of National Guards recruited from the lowest classes of society and taught the use of a musket. The course of events has shown what is meant by Communism as the ideal of International Red Republicanism. Every European State has an interest in attacking this political pest. The destroying disease has shown itself in England, in Belgium, in Spain, in Italy, and even in Germany, and had the Commune triumphed in Paris, many other cities would have responded. The Belgian Chambers are the first to bring the subject in all its hideous nakedness before the world. A conversation has taken place in the Chambers of Belgium, in which the dangers which have arisen from the Paris Communists and French Republican Communism have elicited from the Government an assurance that no 'political refugees' of that class shall find protection in Belgium. The police of Belgium are more than ever on the *qui vive* in the coal districts especially, as those districts have long been worked by the agents of the Paris Commune."

— It is stated that the Canadians are in dead earnest about their one hundred and eighty million dollars' worth of railroad to Victoria. As the road is chiefly for the benefit of the Pacific colony, we would suggest the expediency of paying about one-fourth of its cost by selling all the real and personal property of the colonists.

— Marshal Ellis says it is optional with the butchers whether they parade on the Fourth of July in their carts, or on horseback. We should think it would be proper for them to go bullback, using a saddle of mutton and a bridle furnished with a bit of sausage.

— It is consoling to learn from an advertisement in the dailies that "Man Chong & Co. have taken Cun Sui as a partner, and have employed Mo Yok to attend to their business in Tuolumne county." Tuolumne will employ an Irish miner and another bull dog to attend to the business of Mo Yok.

— A man who was told by a clergyman to "remember Lot's wife," replied, that he had trouble enough with his own, without remembering other men's wives.

### The Cricket Match--California vs. H. M. S. "Zealous."

This cricket match was played last Saturday, at the Recreation Grounds, and proved an exceedingly interesting one, although it was evident that both sides were somewhat out of practice. Some very good play was, however, shown both in batting and fielding, and the promoters of this glorious game are now doing their best to revive the interest which, until the last eighteen months, was generally felt in this community. Many causes might be assigned why cricket has for nearly two years been allowed to fall to the ground, but the *News Letter* prefers uttering hopes for its future firm establishment to growling at what cannot be helped. In this temperate climate, out-door sports like cricket should be freely indulged in; and if this were done there would be fewer dyspeptics and hypocondriacs whose cadaverous countenances indicate "cocktails" and general lethargy. Having thus reproached our young men, the *News Letter* expects to see different doings from henceforth. Our esteemed English Consul has expressed himself much in favor of the establishment of Cricket Clubs, and of late several absent cricketers who were wont to take much interest in the game have returned to California; amongst others, we notice our respected citizens, Messrs. Henry Fox and W. J. Macdougall, who, assisted by such players as Messrs. Marshall, Chisholm, Salter, *et alæ*, will no doubt take the matter in hand. In the present match, the *Zealous Eleven* made in their first innings, 41; in their second, 83--total, 124; against the first innings of the California Eleven (118), who won with 10 wickets to go down. Of the *Zealous Eleven*, the best batting was made by Messrs. Byrch, Wilmot, Taylor and Gravener, all of whom batted with much care and precision, notwithstanding that their scores were moderate. Had these gentlemen been in good practice, we believe the scores would have looked very different. The *Zealous Eleven* fielded also very creditably, and Lieutenant Wilmot made a most brilliant left-hand catch; the bowling of Messrs. Byrch and Gravener was also very effective, although the former (a powerful, fast "round-arm") would now and then bowl a little "wild." Of the California Eleven's score, Messrs. Marshall, Macdougall and Fisher were the chief contributors. Mr. Marshall made 52, "not out," in really fine style, and at the conclusion of the innings was carried off the field on the shoulders of his comrades. He plays a clear, free, forward play, very low, and with a good square bat. Mr. Macdougall played a long and careful innings for 16, and he and Marshall, being in together, kept the field "alive" for some time. Fisher came next, with a well-earned 10. The fielding of "our" Eleven was also very creditable--Davis catching Sunderland neatly with his left hand, and Macdougall catching Byrch cleverly at "point." The bowling of Mr. Davis was excellent, he having taken three wickets the first over. Mr. Chisholm also bowled with judgment, but his bowling, having evidently been "collared," should have been changed. If this had been done, California might have won in one innings; as it was, Messrs. Hilliard and Peel went in the second time for California, and, having made 7 without losing a wicket, won the game for the California Club, with 10 wickets to spare. The following is the score:

ZEALOUS CRICKET CLUB.				CALIFORNIA CRICKET CLUB.			
First Innings.		Second Innings.		First Innings.		Second Innings.	
Thornton b. Davies...	0	b. Davies...	3	Macdougall b. Byrch...	16		
Muir b. Davies.....	2	b. Davies ..	0	Chisholm b. Gravener ..	4		
Gravener c. Fisher, b.				Davies b. Gravener.....	2		
Davies.....	0	c. Hilliard b.		Marshall, not out.....	52		
		Davies.....	14	Fisher b. Byrch c. Wil-			
Byrch b. Davies.....	9	c. McDougall		mot .....	10		
		b. Chisholm.	0	Hutchinson b. Graver-			
Sunderland, run out.	0	c. and b. Da-		ner.....	8		
		vies.....	10	Knott c. Wilmot b.			
Haviland, run out....	0	b. Davies....	7	Gravener.....	0		
Taylor b. Davies.....	15	not out.....	21	Fox c. Hocker b. Gra-			
Wilmot b. Chisholm.	7	stumped by		verner.....	8		
		Knott....	3	Gilchrist c. Haviland			
Hocker b. do.....	3	c. Hilliard b.		b. Gravener.....	5		
		Chisholm.	11	Peel c. Hocker b.			
Baring, not out.....	3	b. Chisholm.	5	Byrch.....	1	not out.....	5
Byes.....	1	Byes, etc..	7	Hilliard b. Byrch.....	0	not out.....	1
				Byes 10, leg-byes 2..	12	Byes.....	2
Total, 1st innings..	41	Total 2d..	83	Total 1st innings..	118	Total 2d....	8
		Total 1st..	41			Total 1st....	118
Grand Total.	124			Grand total.....	126		

The California Cricket Club winning, with ten wickets to spare.

#### ANALYSIS OF THE BOWLING.

CALIFORNIA--First Innings: Chisholm bowled 12 balls, no maidens, 2 wickets, for 34 runs. Davies bowled 38 balls, 4 maidens, 6 wickets, for 6 runs.

Second Innings: Chisholm bowled 63 balls, no maidens, 3 wickets, 44 runs. Davies bowled 66 balls, 1 maiden, 6 wickets, 31 runs.

ZEALOUS: Byrch bowled 117 balls, 8 maidens, 1 wide, 4 wickets, 30 runs. Gravener bowled 114 balls, 3 maidens, no wides, 6 wickets, 88 runs.

— Doing a roaring business—Keeping a wild beast show.

**Little Sally.**

You've a-beard me tell o' my Sally' Joe, Talk!—why, she talked like a purnted  
 My 'cute, little bit of a Sal— book  
 Lor' bless me! what is it a-chokin, me so— Afore she were scarcely three;  
 She were but a shrimp of a gal— She could read like a passon afore she  
 And 'ere I'm a hact'ully going to blub— was six,  
 She's dead, that's all, old pal. She read Lloyd's regular to me.

I can mind the night that I picked her up, There ain't much sun in my cellar, Joe;  
 'Twere in Linmerstone-lane, Shore- Nor light, for the matter of that;  
 ditch; 'Twere really a sight more cheerier,  
 I hadn't had bit nor sup all day, Along o' that little brat;  
 Nor narra a chance of sich; She seemed to hact like a sunbeam, Joe;  
 For the fruit trade were mighty bad then, She were better nor gas, that's flat.

Joc, She called me "Daddy"—'twere just as  
 As yer knows the meanin' of which. well—

But I coudden have passed a dog that I christened her Sally, yer know;  
 night, I courted a gal with that very name,  
 For 'twas cold, and a-snowin' quite Close on forty year ago;  
 thick; She died—there, don't look at me, pard-  
 So I takes the breathin' bundle up, ner, don't!

And hurries off home with it, quick; I'm a silly old duffer, Joe.

And sent Missis Hodges's 'Lizabeth out The luck she brought me were sum'tut  
 For a 'aporth o' milk, on tick. strange,

Well, Joe, yer may think it strange, old I comed upon brighter days;  
 man, I'm certain she made me a better man,  
 What I tells yer about the kid; With her purty, innocent ways;  
 But the baby she seemed to take to me, I'd lay she'd do yer a lot more good  
 And she kicked, and she crowed, she Than those blokes in black what prays.

And I relished my bit o' dry toke that I had the parish doctor, Joe,  
 night, And I think that he done his best:  
 As tho' it had cost me a quid. But 'twere when I sat a-holdin' her 'and,  
 From that time forrard, Joe, hup she That my darlin' were most at rest;  
 grewed, And she died, old pal, with her little head  
 A-nussed, so to speak, by shares; A-leanin' upon my breast.

Lor' bless 'ee, man, they was nuts on her, It's hard to think that she's gone right off,  
 The women what lived up stairs, And it's strange why she had to go;  
 And, God knows, they often had trouble She were doin' good in this wicked world,  
 enough She were wanted here below;  
 Lookin' arter their own affairs. Why shouldn't we have some angels here?

'Ow purty she growd up—bless her 'art! But there, we must leave it, Joe.  
 Sich eyes I never did see— —The London Figaro.

**Court Chat.**

—A charming anecdote worthy of the ancient days of chivalry is being whispered about amongst the higher circles in London. It seems that one of our young Catholic heroes of high life, always a great admirer of the Empress Eugenie, paid a visit to Chiselhurst last week previous to his departure for Paris. "What can I bring your Majesty from Babylon?" (the name by which the doomed city is always designated now by the Ultramontane party), said the young nobleman, as he bent low over her Majesty's fair hand. "Nothing," replied the Empress, sadly; then suddenly correcting her speech said quietly, "Yes, there is one thing I should love. Bring me a rose from the garden of the Tuileries!" The young man promised to execute this apparently easy commission, and departed in sadness. Yesterday he reappeared at Chiselhurst with a case of purple morocco in his hand, which he reverently presented on bended knee to the Empress. It was the Golden Rose, gift of the Pope to Her Majesty, that he had brought "from the Tuileries." How he had obtained it, or through what long course of adventure he had traced it to the party willing to part with it, will never be known, nor yet at what sacrifice it was obtained. But great was the joy of the illustrious lady on beholding it, and pardonable the feeling which induces her to hope that it will bring a blessing to last to her house and stay the wrath of Heaven. It had always formed part of the altar decorations of the chapel at the Tuileries.

—A recent visitor to Chiselhurst publishes in an American paper some curious particulars regarding the habits of the Imperial family. The Empress keeps a good deal to her private apartments, and seems to have completely changed in her disposition of mind. She is nervous and discontented with everything that happens around her, so that her temper begins to be the subject of general complaint at Chiselhurst, and the Emperor himself seems to suffer from it more than any one else. Even the little Prince does not see his mother as often as formerly. The Emperor dines quite *en famille* with the Empress and the Prince, and none of the courtiers are present either at dinner or in the evening, except occasionally. "Both he and the Empress," it is added, "were always very superstitious, and now consulting their fortune on the cards seem to be their chief occupation." What a subject for an historical painter.—*London American Register.*



— General Schenck, the new American Minister to England, was accompanied from America by his three daughters, Miss Luez, Miss Julia and Miss Sallie Schenck; also by General Nordhead, his private secretary; and the Hon. Mr. Fisher. They are now at the Alexandra Hotel, and receiving numerous visits and hearty congratulations. General Schenck is described as bearing rather a nautical than a military appearance, and as being thoroughly English in the hearty frankness of his manners. The American Chamber of Commerce at Liverpool presented an address of welcome to General Schenck, who, in reply, said that three rules had guided the action of the High Joint Commission—viz: to demand nothing which could not be conceded without loss of dignity and honor; to insist upon those points which involved principles, instead of caviling about forms and phraseology; and to bear in mind that a war between the two great English-speaking nations would be a crime alike against humanity and against civilization.—*Court Journal*.

— The Bankruptcy Disqualification bill, which has passed the House of Lords, disqualifies from sitting or voting in that House every peer who becomes a bankrupt, including any peer whose affairs are liquidated by arrangement under the Bankruptcy Act; as to Scotland, a deliverance awarding sequestration is to disqualify. The term "peer" is to include any lord of Parliament. The bill enacts that "a writ of summons shall not be issued to any peer" while thus disqualified. The disqualification is to cease on the bankruptcy being determined either by its being annulled or the bankrupt being discharged from his debts by payment or satisfaction, or in the modes prescribed by the statutes in force. The bill is to apply to any person already bankrupt, or to any person "who before or after the passing of this Act becomes bankrupt, and subsequently succeeds to a peerage," whose bankruptcy has not determined at the time of his so succeeding.

— In future no presentation can be made at a levee excepting by a person actually attending that levee. It is also necessary that intimation from the nobleman or gentleman who is to make the presentation of his intention to be present should accompany the presentation card above referred to, which will be submitted to the Queen for Her Majesty's approbation. It is Her Majesty's command that no presentations shall be made at the levee except in accordance with the above regulations. It is particularly requested that in every case the names be very distinctly written upon the cards to be delivered to the Lord Chamberlain, in order that there may be no difficulty in announcing them to his Royal Highness. The State apartments will be open for the reception of company coming to Court at one o'clock.

— An action raised by the present Earl of Perth and Melfort to recover from the trustees of the late Lady Willoughby d'Eresby the estates forfeited by the attainder of the Earl of Perth and Lord John Drummond after Culloden in 1746, is about to come before the House of Lords. The rental of the estates is about £30,000 a year. The titles and honors were forfeited along with the estates, but after various proceedings before the Committee of Privileges, these were regranted to the present Earl some years ago. The Court of Session, reversing the decision of the Lord Ordinary, decided against the Earl's claim to the estates on the preliminary question of "satisfying production"—hence the present appeal.

— Among the victims of petroleum in Paris is the well-known Nuto-Narini, the once famous hermit of Mount Vesuvius, who, having realized an easy fortune through the donations of his foreign visitors, cut his nails, shaved his beard, and throwing aside his cowl and cassock, set off for Paris, where, for the last ten years, he has led the jolliest life possible. He was one of the finest connoisseurs in wine ever known, and his attachment to his cellar, which he could not be persuaded to leave, was the cause of his death. The flames consumed his house at the corner of the Rue Royale, and he is supposed to have perished in the ruins.—*London American Register*.

— His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, with Prince John of Glucksburg and Prince Vladimir of Russia, went on board the *Xantha*, Lord A. Paget's steam yacht, before that fine yacht steamed away on her cruise to Dutch waters with her noble owner and the Earl of Yarborough on board.

— A French Marquis, who has published his voyages in Australasia, describes the ladies of Cape York as being "enveloped in the dazzling rays of a tropical sun-burn—and nothing else."

— An American orator proposes to "grasp a ray of light from the great orb of day, spin it into threads of gold, and with them weave a shroud in which to wrap the whirlwind which dies upon the bosom of our western prairies."

— Artemus Ward says: "Yu ma differ as much as you pleze about the style of a young lady's figger, but I tell yu confidenshally, if she has forty thousand pounds, the figger is about as near right as you will get it."

— Gen. Butler's style of speech-making and letter-writing is, according to the *Boston Traveler*, the "harum-scarum-helter-skelter, knock-down-and-drag-out, one-down-another-come-on, go-it-ye-cripples style."

### The "Seasons."

The following lines, written for the *News Letter*, and sent all the way from New Hampshire, seem to be designed as a parody on the new poem of the same name by Wm. Morris:

#### "SPRING."

Mud am I, so "soft of heart,"  
That I cling to every cart,  
"And the summer's sun shall prove  
The abundance of my love."

#### "SUMMER."

A mosquito-fly am I,  
"Men shall pray or—ere I die,"  
"Prithee take it not amiss,"  
"Though I weary thee with bliss."

#### "AUTUMN."

Fall's blue-bottle, "here I stand"  
On your nose, or book, or hand;  
Billy Morris, let me be,  
"Naught but rest seems good to me."

#### "WINTER."

Winter's coming cures this pack;  
Leave Blue-bottle! seek a crack!  
Shoo-fly, Skeeter! Here's Jack Frost.  
"Neath the snow the mud is lost."

—VIF.

### Houghton.

The Republican Congressional Convention of the First District assembled yesterday, at Mercantile Library Hall, in this city, and after organizing, Mr. Sears, of San Francisco, placed in nomination for Representative in Congress the name of Mr. Selby, the unsuccessful candidate for Governor before the State Convention at Sacramento. The nomination was seconded by Mr. Houghton, of Santa Clara, and unanimously carried. Of course, this was but a graceful compliment—a manner of letting Mr. Selby down easy. This was apparent to the contemplative outsider, from the fact that Messrs. Sears and Houghton were themselves candidates for the nomination. In accordance with the programme decided upon, Mr. Selby was duly surprised, and then thoughtfully declined. The Convention had adjourned until evening, to give him time to do it, when it again met, and Messrs. Sears, Houghton and McClellan were placed in nomination, with the usual and inevitable blather and bathos rostrum accompaniments. Mr. Houghton made a quiet, gentlemanly speech, and then the agony began. Mr. McClellan got upon his hind legs, and shook his side whiskers. He then overturned a few tottering European thrones, exterminated all the crumbling dynasties and effete despotisms extant, and with a joke too profound for the average comprehension, wriggled gracefully out of the fight and off the platform. Mr. Sears made a tolerably long harangue, and then the ballot: Houghton 81, Sears 39, and the country is saved. Seriously, the work was done in a business-like manner, and if it be not inconsistent with good morals—for the which we are a stickler—we trust it may bear fruit. In other words, we do not care a tinsmith's imprecation *who* goes to Congress. Our political position is one of energetic and active neutrality.

### Calvinism.

Calvinism is not an amiable form of creed. It is absolutely repulsive to those minds which seek the soft atmosphere of mysticism, which hate to hear the jargon of law in the sanctuary of the Temple, and which covet a misty horizon for their faith. Nevertheless, Calvinism has done signal service to the Scottish people. It has made their sermons logical and intellectual. By forcing the clergy to preach discourses which mean something, it has forever divorced the pulpit from the consolations of twaddle, and has made the people a nation of thinkers. The Calvinistic theology, and the sermons which it shapes, have done more to quicken the intellect of Scotland than all her parish schools and universities.

### National Sensitiveness.

The old theory used to be that people belonging to nations without a history are the most sensitive, that the exceptionally thick skin of the Englishman when attacked on account of national peculiarities was due to the nearly unbroken character of English political prosperity. As a matter of fact, however, Scotchmen, with their proud history in the distant past, and great prosperity in the immediate past, are exceptionally sensitive to attacks on their nationality; and so are the Spaniards, who, if they have fallen in the world, certainly do not know it; while the French before their disasters, with their marvelous history, were morbidly sensitive to criticism even from themselves, denouncing the latter as unpatriotic.

— Mr. Soap, a railroad man of this city, has invented a "switch." We know nothing as to the general utility of his device, but we know a great many children in town upon which both the invention and its inventor might be made extremely useful.

— It is stated that a portion of Buckingham Palace is about to be set apart as a town residence for the Princess Louisa and the Marquis of Lorn.

### The New and Wonderfully Improved Version of the Holy Scriptures.

We protest against any change in the "authorized version" of the Holy Scriptures; we protest against the *sophisms* of the devil-dodgers of the present day; we declare in favor of preserving these curious records in the form we have received them—through the pious requirements of King James. The intelligent portion of mankind—in short, "the Ten"—understand right well what is meant. Leave them as they are; let not a set of old priests assembled in London, England, take on themselves to "polish them up;" we want no "new face" put upon them; not a bit of it! These charming old records of *Sun Worship* ought to be preserved, and all the persons thereof—for our grandchildren, who will doubtless understand the "hidden" or "spiritual" meaning, and "the interpretation thereof." It is not a new and improved version of the Holy Scriptures, "suited for schools" and the requirements of the moment, that we want; it is a Protestant Reformation, and the public acknowledgment of the absolute necessity of submitting every point to reason—the greatest gift of God to man. Have these pestilent priests started fair, with an acknowledgment that there is a spiritual or secret meaning concealed beneath an apparent one; that there is a difference between the "spirit" and the "Letter;" we believe not: it would be against the interest of the craft. The fact is perfectly certain that they are professional priests, prepared to support the devil-dodging trade in all its infamy; men who would burn Colenso at the stake, or "any other man" who dared to throw himself on common sense, nature, and Almighty God, whom with reverence he it spoken, despises all sects as much as we do:

### Fashion.

Fashion always begins and ends in two things it abhors most—singularity and vulgarity. It is the perpetual setting up and then disowning a certain standard of taste, elegance and refinement, which has no other formation or authority than that it is the prevailing distraction of the moment, which was yesterday ridiculous from its being new, and to-morrow will be odious from its being common. It is one of the most slight and insignificant of all things. It cannot be lasting, for it depends on the constant change and shifting of its own harlequin disguises; it cannot be sterling, for if it were it could not depend on the breath of caprice. It must be superficial to produce its immediate effect on the gaping crowd, and frivolous to admit of its being assumed at pleasure by the number of those who appear to be in the fashion, to be distinguished from the rest of the world. It is not anything in itself, nor the sign of anything but the folly and vanity of those who rely upon it as their greatest pride. \* \* \* Fashion is haughty, trifling, affected, servile, despotic, mean and ambitious, precise and fantastical, all in a breath—tied to no rule, and bound to conform to every rule of the minute.—*Hazlitt*.

— On last Tuesday evening the Knights of St. Crispin held a meeting to devise measures to resist the encroachment of the Chinese upon the trade. Naturally Mr. Sheehan presided, and Mr. Flaherty was conspicuously in attendance. As was to have been expected, some members counseled "more effective measures than mere speech-making"—a Crispinian euphemism for splitting asunder the Chinese head and dog-chewing the Chinese muscular tissue. Resolutions were passed "embodying the sense of the Order." It is fair to presume that they were sound—and fury signifying *nothing*. A thing so stupendously little as the sense of these leathery-headed pole-puggers might be "embodied" in a cypher. The meeting is an indication of trouble in store for the Johns, and we advise these to prepare to refute the arguments of their opponents by anointing their own shins with dog-poison, that the Crispinian *ultima ratio* may be covertly assailed in the stomach.

— In connection with a recent event at Sacramento, it becomes important to know how Mr. Selby stands upon the more vital questions affecting the welfare of this State. We are not in his confidence, but we feel authorized to state that he will labor faithfully to further the interests of lead pipe and the larger kinds of bird shot. His well known firmness and decision of character warrants the hope that he will wield an iron hand in the reduction of rebellious ores. Being himself addicted to "smelting," the fishing interest is safe in his hands. We think, upon the whole, that he may be trusted to faithfully perform the duties of the position to which he has been called. Mr. Selby has himself frankly and honestly stated his views upon the railroad subsidy question, and with such clearness and force that it is very unlikely they will ever be seriously refuted, or that there will be any further attempt to misrepresent his position. It would be cruel.

— The lady who wrote to the ex-Empress Eugenie, inviting her to come to the United States and lecture, is disgusted at not being favored with an answer.

**Anacreontic.**

<p>O if my love offended me, And we had words together, To show her I would master be, I'd whip her with a feather. If then she, like a naughty girl, Would tyranny declare it, I'd give my love a cross of pearl, And make her always bear it. And if she dared her lips to pout, Like many pert young misses, I'd wind my arm her waist about, And punish her with kisses!</p>	<p>If still she tried to sulk and sigh, And threw away my posies, I'd catch my darling on the sly, And smother her with roses! But should she clench her dimpled fists, Or contradict her betters, I'd manacle her tiny wrists With dainty golden fetters! —J. Ashby-Sterry.</p>
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*Dark Blue Magazine.*

**The Island of San Juan.**

We briefly announced, on Sunday, the finding of an American map at the office of the Colonial Secretary of this Colony, which defines the boundary line between the United States and the British Possessions, and marks out with the distinctness of black dotted lines and green ink the islands claimed by the British and American Governments respectively. The map is the same as that alluded to by the Earl of Lauderdale, a few weeks ago, in the House of Lords, of which it was said few copies are now extant. All that the United States could get hold of have been called in and destroyed. In overhauling a lot of old papers at the Colonial Secretary's office on Saturday, the map was found. Its importance may be estimated when we state that the map is an *authorized* edition. The 49th parallel is distinctly and plainly marked out, as we have stated, and the line is drawn to the center of the Gulf of Georgia; thence southerly, passing between Lummi and Orcas Islands; thence to Sinclair Islands, where it passes Cypress and Guemes Islands to Smith or Blunt Island; thence down through the center of the Straits of Fuca to the ocean. This line gives the British more than they claim. It gives them, in addition to San Juan and other important islands, Smith or Blunt Island, on which the United States Government have erected and maintained a lighthouse, together with several other islands to which no claim has yet been preferred, but which we suppose it will now be found necessary to include in our demands.—*Victoria Colonist*, June 20th.

**The Next Novelty.**

A land and water velocipede is the next novelty with which we are to be favored. This promises to put in the shade the extraordinary adventures of Rob Roy (Mr. J. McGregor), who voyaged in his tight little canoe up the river Jordan, and in many other parts of the East. Mr. Jackson, of Caroline-street, Eaton-square, is constructing a velocipede which is to convey him direct from London to Paris without stopping, its peculiarity being that it is amphibious. The same wheels which are suitable for the road will act as paddles in the water, and appear to be as suitable for the one as for the other. The experiment has been tried with a temporary-constructed machine, and found to be practicable.

— We were honored the other day with a visit from Mr. At Lee, editor of the *New Age*, who came to explain the mystery of his Mongolian blood and Caucasian calling, over which we had vainly puzzled in private, and of which we finally took the liberty to publicly ask an explanation. We regret exceedingly that we were not in, and shall hope to claim the privilege of calling at our editorial brother's sanctum, and taking a cup of tea with him. His command of our language, as shown in his journal, is sufficient assurance that the services of an interpreter will be superfluous, and its general excellence and scholarly spirit claim our sincere admiration, and have induced a desire to personally know its editor.

— A correspondent writes: "TOWN CRIER.—What is the cause of your bald head; likewise the color of your goggle eyes?—and decide a bet." When we are angered the latter are pea-green. We are now angered.

— Put six-penny-worth of clean and fresh hops in your pillow-case, and you must be ill, or sorely conscience-stricken, if you do not sleep, or find a soothing inclination thereto, gently stealing over the senses.

— A dog weighing four ounces was recently sold for £50—£12 10s. per ounce.



### "Paris is Dead! Long Live Paris!"

We need never doubt that "hope springs eternal in the human breast," when we look at France. The people and journals of Paris, amid death and ruin (in the calm that now succeeds the hurricane) are full of the future, and are rapidly recovering from their depression, too rapidly, it may appear to us, even for decency; but not the less a noticeable fact. "We hope to be forgiven," says *Le Temps*, "for seeking in the very excess of our misfortunes, and even in the ashes of our dear and beautiful Paris, the hope of some future national resurrection." "Is it out of place," it goes on to ask, "in this supreme crisis of our existence as a society, to inquire whether the crisis may not become an opportunity for our salvation?" And it concludes that France will have exchanged artificial prosperity for real and solid prosperity, if her misfortunes serve to bring her back at last to the condition of free nations. *La Liberté*, too, taking the title of our present article as its text, reads a most remarkable sermon to the people of Paris. "Paris," it says, "is dead!" It is the end of a world, the end of a civilization! It is the end of a world and of a civilization which have been powerless against the German invasion, powerless against the insurrection! It is the end of an egotistic world, of a corrupting civilization! \* \* \* It is the end of a world which placed the highest object of its activity and life in material enjoyment; it is the end of a civilization which could only satisfy the grosser appetites. \* \* \* It is the end of the disgraceful part played by Paris in the world; Paris, which assumed the lofty name of capital of civilized nations, and which was only their brothel, their vast school of immorality." And then it turns to "Long Live Paris!" "A new era is beginning." Our ruin can no longer be the rendezvous of the carnival of Europe. "We shall have to toil hard in order to extract from our fallow fields, from our ruined manufactures and our wasted commerce, the milliards due to Prussia and the money for the restoration of our ruined capital. But labor purifies the mind and strengthens the body; and God grant that we may not restore our monuments till we have reformed our morals!" It matters not that *La Liberté* turns all this to account in favor of a Republic. The world will read it as an acknowledgment of the true secret of the fall of Paris. If it be anything more than pretty sentiment, and if it be the admission of the nation as well as the expression of a journalist, it may mean a new existence for France. It has been said that the shadow on the dial, which marks the progress of civilization, went back last week. It will be for Paris to make amends for the past, to set about a moral as well as a political revolution, and she may with great propriety endeavor to find out what part the license of Romanism and the selfishness of Atheism have played in the past troubles.

### Obituary.

Young tells us in his "Night Thoughts" that death is the crown of life, and but for death the poor would live in vain. But it would seem that those we love die too soon. On Monday last was buried from St. Francis' Church, in this city, a lady beloved by all who knew her, possessing youth, beauty, and accomplishments of no mean order. Mrs. Josephine Viadero was an ornament to the society in which she moved, and in which her death leaves a void not soon to be filled.

"And thou art dead, as young and fair  
As aught of mortal birth;  
And form so soft, and charms so rare,  
Too soon return'd to earth!  
Though earth received them in her bed,  
And o'er the spot the crowd may tread,  
In carelessness or mirth,  
There is an eye which could not brook  
A moment on that grave to look."

— Theodore Glynn has been fined five dollars for using profane language. Theodore may as well understand at once that he can't imprecate with impunity in a city of civil and religious liberty, especially if the same be burdened with a heavy municipal debt which can be paid only by a tax upon blaspheming. Theodore urges that the debt was contracted chiefly by plunder and general dishonesty. Well, two wrongs do not make a right, but one wickedness may be advantageously taxed to pay for another. For example, the vice of intemperance is very properly made to contribute to the extinction of a national debt caused by the expense of cutting throats. It is true that it is not quite so wicked to drink whisky as it is to cut a throat, and swearing is one degree less vile than plundering; but then it must at least be admitted that the sum of the angles of a triangle is equal to two right angles, and that if all A is B, and C is A, then you cannot make a tin whistle out of a pig's tail, which is absurd. [At this point the *Town Crier* became so deeply metaphysical that he could not preserve a proper distinction between his morality and his geometry, and having seen his logic expire ingloriously in the spiral agony of a pig's tail, he had recourse to pure theology, and his subject became at once as intelligible as the second spasm of Goethe's *Faust*, and as instructive as the repentant reverie of a boa constrictor distended to a particular thinness over the passive anatomy of a cast-iron dog.

### Our European Reflex.

The Orleans star is in the ascendant. The princes of that house allow themselves to be talked about—nay, go so far as to permit it to be hinted that they were present at the review of the Longchamps. That same review was a perilous experiment. It was the touchstone of the fidelity of the army. Two elements of danger existed in thus culling together a hundred thousand soldiers; the one was the old watchword, the still slumbering magnetism of the name of Napoleon, the other was that later and more disaffecting spirit of Communism. For the very essence of Communism is antagonistic to the fact of a standing army, and that doctrine is so subtle that when it once gets into the ranks it spreads and ramifies until the whole corps is inclosed in its meshes. Did the elephant but know his strength how powerless were man to guide him. So is it with the masses. They have not yet tasted of the tree of knowledge, the first fruits of which are intemperance and crime. Communism changed Versailles from a republic to a despotism. Versailles has changed Communism into a monarchy, and they who would have cried *vive la charte*, now cry *vive la duc de Chambord*. Had Versailles been conciliatory Paris had not become ferocious. Had Versailles been initiatoryly decisive, the Commune would not have been able to achieve their work of destruction. Thus terrified menace on the one side led to aggressive crime on the other; again the weak hand could not snatch away the brand from the burning city. And now, when the Commune is crushed, the slaughter begins, the excuse being that they (the Communists) were pervaded with the spirit of wanton destruction; so the victors act upon the homeopathic doctrine of *similia similibus curantur*, and like the Israelites of old, smite the Parisians hip and thigh. We can hardly believe that the Courts Martial have sentenced Cramieux and Pellissier to death, and Duclos and others to transportation. If such is the case this severity will rebound on the judges. Gambetta hangs on the outskirts of France, either on the Spanish border or at a seaport, keeping his one eye wide open. The Emperor of Germany has proffered a needless pardon to political or military prisoners in Alsace or Lorraine, that is to say, he pardons crimes committed against a government not his own, and therefore, which he can neither sentence upon nor punish. In Austria a drama of the coolest nature is going on. The German complications have brought the Hungarian deputies to the fore in the Parliament and even Poland raises her head; such being the case, Count Von Hohenwart, the Prime Minister, never admits an adverse vote as a defeat, complacently urging as a reason that having been intrusted by his Imperial Master to form a government and frame amendments to the constitution, he feels it his duty to do so, even contrary to the expressed disapproval of the House. The Minister gains ground daily; eventually the German party will be outvoted, and Austria will assume the prouder position of ruling Hungary and the Slave provinces by affection, and not through Germany. A ministerial crisis at Madrid. The Minister desirous of resigning; entreated to remain, more from doubt as to who should be his successor than for any other reason. The Tory party in England, true to its traditions, opposes the terms of the conference just terminated at Washington; denounces it as a cession without an equivalent, and a yielding without a struggle. We have not received the details of the reply made by Lord Granville, but only know that the Tory resolutions were rejected without a division. To make the terms of the convention binding, they must be such as should be alike honorable and agreeable to both parties, and not concluded without mature and crucial mutual observation. The French nation has an extraordinary predilection for lending itself money. No sooner is a Government loan announced, it matters not whether it be by a Republic, a Bonaparte, or a provisional committee, forthwith out come the earnings, and more is offered than is asked for. It is a type of the French nationality and of self-reliance, amounting almost to vanity. In direct contrast with this was the action of the United States during and after her war. The French Government asked for two milliards, and immediately five milliards are eagerly subscribed. France springs up more like one refreshed by sleep, than an athlete exhausted with a strife which the world deemed mortal. It was the action of German bankers buying up U. S. bonds that caused their gradual rise and hastened the present advanced rate of American securities in the markets of the world. The visit of the Emperor and Empress of Brazil to England looks like a gathering of the whole Orleans family, and the rumored interview of the Duke de Chartres and Comte de Paris with Thiers lends weight to the feeling of an intended movement to restore the ancient dynasty. Meanwhile, the agents of Napoleon are busily engaged, and by speciously framed pamphlets addressed to the people, together with many promises to Holy Church, hope to make a diversion in favor of the exiled Emperor.

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— The indefatigable Quint has got some more affidavits impeaching jurors in the Fair case. Among other things, one Dunn, a lawyer of Truckee, swears that he would not believe a certain juror under oath. We did not previously know it was essential that he should. But is it not mildly impudent in one Dunn to seek to impeach another person's veracity without fortifying his own? One Dunn will accept our intimation that he is an ass of extraordinary auricular development and astounding resonance of larynx.

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— The thieves of New York propose to form a society to reclaim as many as possible of their *confreres*, so as to decrease their number and prevent their business being ruined.

**A Fact.**

It was on an English summer day,  
 Some six or seven years ago,  
 That a pointsman before his cabin paced, And patting the ground with crows of dead  
 With a listless step and slow, And not a moment to spare! [firm,  
 He lit his pipe—there was plenty of time— His face was dead-white, but his purpose  
 In his work was nothing new: [points As straight to his post he trod, [train,  
 Just to watch the signals and shift the And shifted the points, and saved the down  
 When the next train came in view. And trusted his child to God.

He leant 'gainst his cabin and smoked There's a rush in his ears though the train  
 He was used to lounge and wait; [away, He gropes, for he cannot see, [has passed;  
 Twelve hours at a stretch he must mind To the place where the laughing baby  
 those points, crawled,  
 And down-trains were mostly late! Where the mangled limbs must be,  
 A rumble—a roar—"She is coming now, But he hears a cry that is only of fear—  
 She's truer to time to-day!" [rails, His joy seems too great to bear.  
 He turns—and not far off, between the For his duty done, God saw to his son—  
 Sees his youngest boy at play! The train had not touched a hair!

—Good Words, May, 1871.

**The Amador Strike.**

Much balderdash has been written concerning the *emeute* of the miners of Amador county, and the usual spirit of ridicule which pervades the American mind in dealing with this, as with every subject of its consideration, has been manifested. We are not disposed to satirize, nor, on the other hand, to give undue importance to the events of the past week. We do not underrate the rights of labor, nor the privileges of capital, nor the responsibility of those whose duty it is to protect and foster the leading interest, commercially speaking, of the State of California. Certainly the laborer has the right to say at what wages he will work. Certainly he has the right to combine with his fellows in every lawful way to produce for himself the best results and the highest reward: and to this extent he is entitled to sympathy and countenance. Beyond this he has no privilege. The liberty he demands for himself he must allow to others. If Pat McGinniss and Patsey Boliver don't choose to extract ores for less than three dollars per diem, why, let them remain idle. If Tom Noakes and John Stokes are ready and willing to expend their muscular energies in honest labor for two dollars and a half per diem, why, let them do so. If the employer, mine-owner or capitalist does not see his interest in utilizing his property on the terms proposed by either of these gentlemen, why, let him remain in peaceful possession of his own and do what he will with it. The Amador League, as we understand it, not merely fixes its own rate of compensation, but assumes to say that no man shall toil, however willing and anxious he may be to secure employment, for any other price than it decrees. It enforced this declaration by driving away from the mines, by intimidation or acts of cruel and brutal force, all contented workmen. It drew the fires from the furnaces, stopped the pumps from keeping the mines clear of water, and left them to decay and certain ruin. The arrogant lawlessness and insolence of this action of the League aroused the mine owners to a determined resistance, and resulted in an appeal to the State authorities for protection. Property valued at millions was in actual peril, and millions more not yet subject to the dominion of an organized mob, were waiting attack in other parts of the State, according as the Amador League succeeded or failed. For the credit of the Governor be it said, that notwithstanding the pressure of Labor Organizations and the solicitations of politicians who valued votes more than justice, he acted promptly, and, in the end, wisely. A sufficient number of State troops was ordered out, and put in readiness for descent on the turbulent Communists. The Governor proceeded in person to attempt to bring them to reason. But, what reason did not put into their thick skulls, reason failed to get out, and the Governor speedily discovered that nothing less than the presence of armed force would restore order and maintain the laws of the land. The troops were sent forward, and with them went security for property and the right of each individual man to work for honest wages without molestation or abuse. They will remain at their post, we fervently hope, until the last vestige of mobocracy is starved out, or, if need be, driven out of the State at the point of the bayonet. The authorities and the State forces engaged in the work have our heartiest sympathies for their just, temperate and prudent action. The men of Our National Guard, too, have shown that they have higher qualities than those which grace picnics and flourish on the 4th of July behind a sheet iron band of music. They responded promptly to the call of the Governor, abandoned pleasant occupations and lucrative employments, and are doing just what was to have been expected from law-abiding citizens and good soldiers. It is a pity to see certain of the baser sort of the city press busy in vilifying and caricaturing them, and flinging each its petty handful of filth upon them, simply because, being part of the necessary machinery of Government, they cheerfully do what is required of them, and are at last putting to practical use their drill and military training. The public need not be told that the *New York Letter* has no higher joy than to prick pretentious bladders or create a laugh at the expense of suitable subjects. But in this business we see only a lamentable attempt to destroy or seriously impair a great industry of this young State by most unjustifiable means, promptly and efficiently repressed by lawful authority temperately used.



### The Sacramento "Union."

In the editorial conduct of a newspaper, the most opposite policies will often lead to an identical success. You may study to keep abreast of, or ever so slightly behind or ahead of, popular opinion, like the *New York Herald*; or you may ignore and wholly disregard popular opinion, like the *News Letter*—and in either case your success will be assured, if only you have pursued your chosen course intelligently and consistently. For the first you will require sagacity of no common order; for the second is needed a quality which modesty forbids us to more particularly point out. We may remark, however, that if you do not treat the public to its own views, you must give it something unmistakably better. There are in fact a dozen roads to success, and it seems a trifle strange that from among them so few men are able to select at all. It is not our present purpose to assist our bone-headed contemporaries by pointing them to a prosperity that would be materially damaging to our own; our reflections were merely suggested by thinking hard at the *Sacramento Union*, which has just made a Republican candidate for Governor of this State, and stands a fair chance of electing him. This is strictly true, and every competing journal, if honest, would admit it. Not only did the *Union* put Mr. Booth in nomination, but it did this in pursuance of a policy of its own, dictated, in part, by revenge upon the most powerful moneyed monopoly of all the West. The anti-railroad subsidy movement not only originated with that journal, but it was by it forced upon the Republican party, and, from the necessity of self-protection, upon the Democratic party also. In shaping public policy by dictating public opinion, the *Sacramento Union* is a power infinitely greater than all the balance of the press combined. For all the years the writer of this article has been in California, he has quietly enjoyed the not very quiet spectacle of a perennial combat between the *Union* upon one side and the entire California press upon the other. When a journal can maintain such a position as this, it is a trifling matter whether it comes out of each particular discussion with triumph or defeat; its end is attained in the hostility it has provoked, and, like Antæus, it rises mightier from each fall. And, sooth to say, the *Union* is as frequently worsted as triumphant in debate. Now how is this done? Simply by harping on a single string. It picks up a subject like a bull pup worrying a rat. It shakes it and lays it down; picks it up and shakes it again; walks round and lays hold of it again; tosses, crunches and goes away that it may return to toss and crunch. Whether its victim is a real or a fancied rat is of little consequence; the shaking goes on like Tennyson's "Brook"—forever. But before it has gone on long, the *Union* has drawn upon itself, first the ridicule, then the grave and labored expostulations, then the angry protest, and finally the chagrined abuse of all its contemporaries, who seem profoundly unaware of the sordid advertising uses to which they are being put—blindly ignorant that ridicule, expostulation, protest and abuse are the aim and object of the whole proceeding. The "gentleman from the Interior" points his moral and adorns his tale with copious extracts from the *Union*, which is his oracle. The gentleman from the Interior happens to believe in the power of the *Union*, and by so doing (for he is a numerous voter) he confers the thing in which he believes. We are not ourselves particularly friendly to the journal in question, and esteem its opinions as we esteem most other opinions—infinately inferior to our own; and its general course we regard as intelligent only in a commercial sense, and honest in no sense whatever. But the phenomena we have noted have long impressed us as most remarkable, and therefore a proper subject of remark. Not being included in the great game of the *Sacramento Union* vs. the California Press, we are in a position to impartially fulfill the duties of marker. The score looks bad for the Press.

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— We learn from an exchange that a grandson of the famous Daniel O'Connell is editing a newspaper in New York. The family seems to have a journalistic turn. The father of the race is in San Francisco, where may be seen the good-natured gleam of the old gentleman's spectacles, searching the columns of the *Bulletin* with a thoughtful radiance, and emitting a twinkle of quiet approval as the "Oakland Items" advance into the focus and beam back with a kindred brilliancy.

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— Captain Hall has taken with him to the Arctic regions—or will take it with him, if he has not yet defrauded the life insurance companies by sailing—a thermometer capable of registering eighty-eight degrees below zero. It will be a cheerful diversion for Captain Hall to stand and hold that thermometer and watch the mercury get down as low as it can, and then take off his coat and wrap it up warm to make it go up again for a new observation.

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— One Phister has been assessed fifty dollars for drawing a pistol upon a contumacious female tenant. The sentence was a tolerably unrighteous one; the fact that he thought better of it and did not shoot proves that he was a coward—therefore that his mind was in a natural human condition—therefore unsound.

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— A pleasant manner which is frequently neglected as a small thing, is often that which decides men for or against us.



### The Tuolumne Trio.

"A friend till all hell froze over,  
And then three days on the ice;  
A bell-ringer, too, at a rifle shot,  
And a beggar at throwin' the dice."

So Busted Ben informed me,  
As we hatched near the tavern fire;  
There wasn't a man in Pumpkin Knob  
Would dare to call Ben a liar.

Ben was only a blurred press-copy  
Of what he had been in his youth,  
But like all those soft reminders,  
He never spoke aught but truth.

Knowned Bony! Should think so, sar'tain,  
As well as I know my hoss; [ground,  
Why, Algerine Camp was our stampin'  
Me and Bony and Towheaded Ross.

Why, Bony, he shot seven greasers,  
As lofed round Tuolumne Bar,  
And done for two Deppity Sheriffs,  
As was huntin' me somewhar thar.

He was a lightnin' striker,  
As allers was born to be boss;  
'Twas jest a spike-team and a buster,  
Me and Bony and Towheaded Ross.

If I misene, when we've landed,  
And parsons are there and sich like,  
Why, we'll jest make our game three-handed,  
Me and Towhead and Bony Vandyke.

Antioch, Cal., June 22, 1871.

Why, he was the law-and-order-est man  
As ever straddled a mule;  
And he druv them Vigilantes  
Like a bumblebee scatters a school.

But jest because them fellers  
Was a huntin' Towhead down,  
Fur knifin' a man what had stole his hoss,  
Bony kept them outer the town.

Them two was slew together,  
And I—d'ye see that scar?—  
Was plowed in the neck with a rifle ball,  
Like a rip from the claw of a bar.

That parson from outer Sonora,  
He said as they got their deserts,  
I hope the Devil's a cookin' him now,  
And bustin' with red hot squirts.

Them parson chaps is holy—  
And so is a cane-seat cheer;  
They allers calls 'em a missionary—  
They hain't any mission here.

Fur I don't believe God is a feller  
To jedge a man by his close,  
Nor when he walks inter his garding,  
Snubs a daisy and pulls every rose.

—G. F. E.

— We have received the following dispatch from the seat of war in Amador, where the pretty soldiers have gone under command of a staff officer to suppress the striking miners. The dispatch is secret, and therefore authentic: "All stagnant on Sutter Creek. Military hopeful—Miners' League correspondingly confident. The League is elated at the splendid equipment of the army. Hostilities will begin as soon as both sides are ready. (The wicked are requested to abstain from food and drink until both sides are ready.) Each embattled host is busy securing its line of retreat in case it should meet with organized resistance. The Honest Miner swears to demolish the dishonest Major. From yonder Sierras forty centuries look down upon the soldiers! A council of war was held by the military chiefs, and it was decided not to eat the dead of the enemy, but to worry along on half rations of their own sick. During the session of the council there was thunder, an earthquake threw up a small white mouse of mountain parentage, the sun stood still upon one leg, and the constellation Taurus licked his wide nostrils alternately, with a contemplative regularity and a uniform curl of the tongue that boded no good to anybody. Canis Major descended from the firmament, sat down in front of the tent, humped up his back, stuck out his hinder legs stiffly in front and dragged himself toward the enemy as if he too had an itching for fame. In the most tremendous moment of this solemn conference the lights winked mysteriously, a beer bottle popped without human agency, and a green rat leaped upon the table and executed an astonishing *tour de force* by spinning rigidly upon the point of his tail. Here the despatch became unintelligible, as if a battle were expected. The colored troops fought nobly.

— William Nandrupe has had to pay a fine of two hundred dollars for walloping his wife. After paying it, he returned to his humble hearth and seated himself moodily thereon. Observing his abstracted and melancholy demeanor, the good wife approached and tenderly inquired the cause. "It's a delicate subject, dear," said he, with love-light in his eyes; "let's talk about something good to eat." Then, with true wifely instinct, she sought to cheer him up with pleasing prattle of a new bonnet he had promised her. "Ah! darling," he sighed, absently picking up the fire-poker and turning it in his hands, "let us change the subject." Then his soul's idol chirped an inspiring ballad, kissed him on top of the head, and sweetly mentioned that the dress-maker had sent in her bill. "Let us talk only of love," returned he, rolling up his dexter sleeve. And so she spake of the vine-embowered cottage in which she fondly hoped they might soon sip together the conjugal sweets. William became rigidly vertical, a look not of earth was in his face, his breast heaved and the fire-poker quivered with emotion. William felt deeply. "Mine own," said the good woman, now busily irrigating a mass of snowy dough for the evening meal, "do you know that there is not a bite of meat in the house?" It is a cold, unlovely truth—a sad, heart-sickening fact—but it must be told by the conscientious journalist: William repaid all this affectionate solicitude—all this womanly devotion—all this trust, and confidence, abnegation, in a manner that needs not be particularly specified. A short, sharp curve in the middle of that iron fire-poker is eloquent of a wrong redressed.

### Electioneering Bribery.

An English Attorney remarks that nothing is easier to carry out than bribery, a common prudence be only observed. He tells of a case in which he was professionally employed to supply *sub rosa* \$10,000 to an important electioneering agent. He was desired to be looking in at a print-shop window in the Strand precisely at twelve o'clock, when a party behind would tap him on the shoulder, and repeat a line of Shakspeare; that at five minutes past twelve he would receive another tap, and have a second line from the same illustrious author repeated in his ear; that a further interval of five minutes would ensue—his watch to be consulted—when the immortal Shakspeare, already made a *particeps criminis*, was again to be a subsidiary—"to what vile uses do we come at last"—and a third line from his divine page administered with the indispensable tap on the shoulder. "Then to some foul corrupting hand, their craving lusts with fatal bounty fed, they fall a willing, undefended prize." After this, the learned gentleman handed from his pocket to his poetical but mythical friend behind, a packet containing the bank-notes. When the disputed election came to be investigated before a Parliamentary committee, he was able to swear that the person produced was one whom he had never seen in his life.

### Woman's Work.

The *Saturday Review* says: We must remember that women cannot abolish their duties; they can only delegate them—turn them down from hand to hand till they reach the lowest, which perhaps will refuse them in its turn, and so throw them back to the starting point, where they ought to be. Thus all the cry raised now for a wider sphere means only, in the case of married women, that they do not like their natural duties, and that they want to shuffle off to other shoulders the assigned burdens which they do not choose to carry on their own. They do not propose that men should keep the house, or that machines should nurse the baby; they only ask that other women than themselves should do so; and they confess, with cynical frankness, that they prefer to engross parchment and make up pills for money wherewith to pay other women for their time, rather than themselves nurse or educate their own children, or put thought, energy, or knowledge into making the home happy and beautiful for husband and family.

— It is said that no less than seventeen decorations await Dr. Livingstone upon his arrival in Europe. It is to be hoped he may not hear of it, or he won't come. He has been long enough among the black savages of Central Africa to become disgusted with "decorations," one would think. In a place where the royal favor is expressed by sewing up the navel with wire, and appending thereto the skull of a young alligator (*vide Speeke*), and nobility is conferred by fastening upon the candidate the tail of a cow, one would naturally get to think lightly of such honors. Dr. Livingstone might be given a grand complimentary benefit at one of the London theaters; or he might have a speech made at him by the Lord Mayor; or a bay stallion might be named in his honor—or a cravat. So eminent a scientist should be rewarded in some delicate and characteristic way, but if we were a "crowned head," instead of wooden-head, we should hesitate before offering him a bauble to stick on the lapel of his coat. It would be in a little better taste for these generous patrons to ask the favor of a decoration from him.

— Those social philosophers who have all along asserted that the late European war was an unqualified benefit to America, may now be easily covered with confusion and brought to the confessional: the German young men having been thinned out, the girls are coming over here like a swarm of devouring locusts, to get husbands. We exalt our warning voice to our friend the Marriageable Man: the she German—or perhaps we should say the Gerwoman—is not a desirable wife. She "eats awful," and is profoundly prolific.

— Prince Bismarck is reported, on the authority of an American diplomatist, to have said: "The civil war at Paris frightens me neither for Europe nor for France. Let the Commune go on, and all the revolutionists of the world will make their rendezvous there. When the Assembly will be complete the trap will be shut, and very fortunate will be those who escape."

— In his speech at New York, Earl de Grey called George Washington "one of the most illustrious of Englishmen." In comparison with this, the heart of an iceberg is uncomfortably warm, and the claim of an Ethiopian Baronet to a seat in the United States Senate would be an example of modest humility.

— An anti-kissing society has been formed by the Galena, Ill., girls. "No kissing before marriage," is their motto.

### The Alabama Claims Payers.

British people, do not cry  
O'er your mess of humble pie,  
Treaty, not to call it names,  
Touching Alabama Claims.  
Eat it up, be not afraid,  
Never mind of what 'tis made;  
You won't taste it, you'll digest,  
'Twill not weigh upon your breast.

Do not give its price a thought,  
It will cost the Many nought.  
All the sum awarded due,  
Will be levied on the Few.  
They alone that fine will share  
Who the tax on income bear;  
They're all extras doomed to pay  
Evermore. Hip, hip, hooray!

— A remarkable instance of canine sagacity has just come to our notice. A gentleman living on Howard street had a small child, no wife, a large dog and a house. As he was unable to afford the expense of a nurse, he was accustomed to leave the child in the care of the dog, who was much attached to it, while absent at a distant restaurant for his meals, taking the precaution to lock them up together to prevent kidnapping. The other day, while at his dinner, he crowded a large, hard-boiled potato down his neck, and it worked him off into eternity. His clay was taken to the Coroner's, and the great word went on, marrying and giving in marriage, lying, cheating and praying, as if he had never existed. Meantime the dog had, after several days of neglect, forced an egress through a window, and a neighboring baker received a call from him daily. Walking gravely in, he would deposit a piece of silver, and receiving a roll and his change would march off homeward. As this was a rather unusual proceeding in a cur of his species, the baker one day followed him, and as the dog leaped joyously into the window of the deserted house, the man of dough approached and looked in. What was his surprise to see the dog deposit his bread calmly upon the floor and fall to tenderly licking the face of a beautiful child! It is but fair to explain that there was nothing but the face remaining. But what wonderful sagacity in a dog, to temper his diet of baby with a relish of bread! What a cultivated tooth! We would give anything for a dog like that—if we had a baby.

— Persons desiring to visit Magdalena Bay to gather *orchilla* for the Lower California Company will naturally desire some information as to their duties. *Orchilla* is an endless moss, which grows in the sea, and the stem is cut up into macaroni. In gathering it you use a reel, upon which you quietly wind some thousands of miles, until you come to a place where some other fellow has cut it. This reel is fastened at the side of a golden throne, upon which you sit, and it has a music box attached, that plays the most ravishing melodies. While operating it, you are served with wines, cigars, and all tropical delicacies, by beautiful female slaves. Each throne has a superb canopy of cloth-of-gold, supported upon pillars of topaz, and sparkling with all known gems and brilliants. The whole establishment—together with a palace, a park and stables crowded with winged horses—is decided to you directly you disembark at the Company's wharf. You are allowed all the money you want to send home; for where every desire is gratified the moment it is felt, there is, of course, no use for money. The climate is unspeakable, the winds being perfumed with attar of roses, and the sunlight falling through a sky of stained glass, across which float clouds of surpassing splendor. The whole country is covered with a natural Axminster carpet, except where holes have been cut to let the trees grow through. A great deal might be said upon this subject that would hardly be believed; but we hold him in light esteem who requires urging to make him go gather *orchilla*.

— J. W. Davidson & Co., of the "White House," announce that they will give away goods to everybody except the *Town Crier*. Now, he appeals to the public if this be not a most unjust and outrageous discrimination! After basely deserting him in his holy crusade against the Dry Goods Clerks' Early Closing Association, the least they could in decency have done would have been to give him two or three back-loads of ladies' hose or an armful of children's underwear. If they could but see his wan and pinched face, his hollow, sepulchral look, his wasted figure, and his attitude of general dejection and discouragement, they would be smitten with pity and consumed with remorse. What has the *Town Crier* done that he should thus be singled out for this active and bitter persecution? Before high heaven, he swears, with lifted hands, that he remembers committing no crime more atrocious than the murder of his mother, the maiming of an occasional babe with a cart-rung, the disemboweling here and there of a useless old man, and, at long intervals, the stealing of a soft corpse to feed to his needy swine. He flatters himself that in point of general morality he is no worse than he should be, considering that he is always consistently hungry, and seldom knows clearly where he is when he wakes up in the morning.

— Many a girl thinks she can do nothing without a husband, and when she gets one, finds she can do nothing with him.

**Monthly Brevities.**--[Continued.]

Bourke, the Fenian, has been released by the British authorities, on condition of reporting himself once a year.—President Grant declines to interfere in the Boutwell-Pleasanton emente; latter states that if not supported by the President he will resign.—A party of scoundrels attacked a house in Lawrence, Indiana, occupied by four brothers and a sister. They threw benzine and torpedoes into the house, and commenced to fire at the inmates with revolvers. One brother was killed and his sister fearfully burnt.—A petition is in circulation praying the pardon of Senator Bowen. His wife had an interview with the Attorney-General in regard thereto.—From 2,000 to 3,000 people are expected to form in the procession on Sunday next, to celebrate the twenty-fifth anniversary of the accession of Pius IX. to the Pontiff's chair.—Bob Cushing assaulted H. M. Blumenthal, of the Eighth Ward, opposite Ebner's Hotel, Sacramento. Mr. Hanley's son, Tenth and K., Sacramento, fell from balcony and died from injuries received.—Weston has accomplished his feat in New York. He walked 500 miles in 18 minutes less than five hours; he used no stimulants.—The latest Eastern swindle is to roll up an old iron screw in paper and pass it off for a roll of pennies.—Gambetta is a candidate for the French Assembly. The people are very apathetic about the elections.—Amador Miners' League have concluded not to oppose the military. The Sheriff seems to be in hot water with both parties, and some of his bondsmen, it is said, propose withdrawing their security.—Fire in Folsom; Patterson House and a portion of the Chinese district destroyed.—A dog was struck by lightning in Rockford, Ala., and instantly killed. A child feeding the dog at the time was uninjured.—Schooner *Aimer*, from Coos Bay, is near the Cliff House. She is full of water, and will probably be a total loss.—Dr. Thompson, from New York, occupies the pulpit lately filled by Dr. Scudder, for a couple of months, at any rate.—Mrs. Fair has filed another batch of affidavits to support her petition for a new trial.—A gentleman had a fight the other day with a bear, on Russian river, and succeeded in knocking him senseless by repeated blows with the butt end of his whip.—The financial history of the Government from 1776 to 1871, now preparing under Government control, will soon be completed.—Lord Granville, in a speech in England, eulogises the members of the High Commission, and the friendly spirit shown by the American members.—A member of the Atlanta Board of Education has resigned, because subsequent to his election he had acquired an interest in a publishing house which had school books for sale. We are not quite so particular here.—J. A. Thompson, well known as the mountain express man years ago, who made his trips across the Sierras on snow-shoes, is a member of the Republican Convention.—It is expected that the United States, England, France and Prussia will unite in sending a fleet to force the Korean Government to terms. The coast being but little known, offers great difficulties in the approach of large vessels.—The reports of the survey of the Isthmus of Darien are deemed fatal to the Canal project.—Captain George Porter, a citizen of twenty-two years standing, and a Port Warden, is dead.—There is reason to believe the difficulty between Germany and England, respecting Heligoland, is much exaggerated in the telegraphed reports.—The Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company are sued for \$30,000 by the relatives of a boy 14 years old, crushed between the cars.—Six thousand dollars is reported as collected, up to the 28th instant, for expenses of Fourth of July celebration; \$10,000 is required; pay up, gentlemen.—Pioche folks talk of a Vigilance Committee, in view of the organization and arming of certain revengeful cliques.—Elizabeth Cady Stanton and Miss Susan B. Anthony are coming here to advocate woman's rights.—Thousands of a small species of mackerel are captured on the beach at Soquel.—Fred Douglass has resigned his seat in the Territorial Council of the District of New Colombia, and is made State Printer.—Bullion remitted to New York this week per railroad was \$153,981 silver, \$5,000 gold.—Mission and Thirteenth street Homestead was divided on Tuesday.—The assets of the Pacific Mail Company were reported at \$20,000,079.—Foreign imports of United States for nine months ending March was \$333,900,000, and the exports, \$396,852,000.—Sacramento makes but small preparation for the Fourth of July.—Pajaro desires to be separated from Monterey county and attached to Santa Cruz.—H. B. M.'s *S. Zealous* sails for Portland, Oregon.—Panama Railroad Company refuse to pay any longer the \$250,000 a year to the Columbian Government, but offer to give them a percentage on the profits.—Friedlander & Co. have 1,500 men at work on their canals for irrigation.—No less than six camp meetings are in full blast in Oregon.—Sinaloa has had recourse again to forced loans to support the Government.—Illinois wheat harvest is excellent.—The Pope refuses to see Father Hyacinthe, and declares him one of the worst enemies of the Church.—Another row with a boy—a white peddler and some Chinamen—nobody badly hurt.—A land slide has occurred on the Second-street cut.—The American Princess, Salm-Salm, has offered five thousand francs for the body of her husband, who was killed in a cavalry charge at Gravelotte.—John Black sues Israel Luce for defamation in saying that he, Black, dropped a ticket and put another one in the ballot-box.—A new wharf is built at Foster's Landing; in future the steamers will call there.—The Stockton and Visalia Railroad is being graded.—A narrow gauge railroad is to be constructed from San Francisco South, to terminate at San Diego; English capitalists mostly are interested.—Dr. Connolly, of New York, in a fit of delirium tremens cut the throats of his two infant children and then committed suicide.—Booth has been nominated for Governor; Selby withdrew.—Haley, convicted of robbery and sentenced to fifteen years' imprisonment, has been found to be innocent.—Full details of the murder of the Arch-



bishop of Paris and other hostages by the Communists show fiend-like atrocity. — Shad have been brought alive from the East and placed in our rivers to breed. — Mlle. Schneider has married a nobleman. — Miss Plunkett, a school teacher, was upset near San Luis Obispo in a stage, the driver having been thrown and disabled. She crawled out of the window, detached the horses and secured them, then went for assistance. Brave girl! — Experiments with the fifteen-inch guns at Alcatraz were highly successful. — The murdered heathen Chinese was buried in grand style; full Celestial band discoursed music, and reams of paper distributed. — Mayor Selby had quite an ovation in Sacramento. — T. B. Shannon will be the Republican nominee for Lieutenant-Governor. — Commodore Rodgers has pitched into the Koreans on his own hook, taken five ports and two batteries and destroyed 481 pieces of ordnance. Commander McKee and two men were killed. — A man in St. Louis committed suicide because he was beaten at a game of dominoes. — Four beasts in the shape of men tarred and feathered a woman from the waist down, in Massachusetts, because they doubted her marital fidelity. They bound her husband, who attempted to protect her. They are in custody. — Photography is applied to exhibit the appearance and changes of wounds, ulcers, etc. — Accounts come of horrible incidents occurring during the fever plague in Buenos Ayres, men breaking out of their coffins and others buried alive. — One of the leading spirits of the Communists in Paris was a Belgian named Spithorn, who in 1848 attempted to assassinate King Leopold at Brussels. Another, who was governor of the jail and a monster in human form, had served fifteen years in chains. — The Grand Duke Alexis, son of the Czar, will arrive in the United States about September 1st. — The removal of the Italian Capital to Rome is postponed till October 1st. The opinion gains ground that it never will be removed there. — Latest from the seat of war in Amador—all serene. — A cousin of Edgar Poe uses a prominent man in St. Louis for \$100,000 for seducing her daughter, Emily Robinson, and afterwards causing abortion, resulting in death. — The French Consul at New York is accused of malversation in contracts for munitions of war. — Crown Prince and Princess of Prussia are to visit England this fall. — Count de Paris called on Thiers. — The French loan is covered and subscriptions closed. — The Pontifical Celebration procession was over two hours in passing the corner of Clay and Montgomery. No less than 12,000 to 13,000 persons were in the line. The illuminations were very numerous, and the electric light from seventy-five cups at St. Ignatius Church was magnificent. Excellent taste was displayed in the getting up of the whole pageant, the equal of which has never been seen in our city. — Von Buelst says Austria is in amity now with all the world. Happy Austria! — Washington Irving's bust was unveiled in Brooklyn, Long Island, on Saturday. — Mr. Seward was at Constantinople on Sunday, July 2d. — Supreme Court of Massachusetts decides that a woman has no right to execute the functions of Justice of the Peace. This annuls the recent appointments of Julia Maid Howe and Miss Stevens. — Small-pox in New York is increasing. — Public debt reduced \$710,000 in the month of June. — There is no doubt of the re-nomination of Selby for Mayor. — The *Idaho* sent to tow up the disabled *California*; while doing so, carried away her propeller off Point San. The *California*, under sail, managed to reach Santa Cruz. The *John L. Stephens* has gone to help the *Idaho*. — The re-nomination of Judge Dwinelle to the bench of the Fifteenth District Court is almost assured. Good. — Hurd, who was run over in the Booth procession, died July 2d. — Miner in Willow Spring Hill cleaned up a few days ago, after a run of thirty-three days, over \$5,600, or \$170 per day. — A man ran down Montgomery street, near California, pursued by a woman with a pistol. Cause, he was her *lover* and had deserted her. The opportune or inopportune appearance of a City Hall official interfered with what might have supplied a sensational item, and the lady bolted up California street at a 2:30 pace. — Cornelius Leonard, sent to State Prison in 1869 for three years, is going to petition the Governor for pardon. Natural enough, as election time approaches. — The "forty-niners" made quite a feature in the National Anniversary procession. — Boy firing off crackers in honor of the Pope, or for his own diversion, exploded a can of gunpowder lying beside him, burning his face badly, and destroying the sight of one of his eyes. — Another boy picked up a bomb which had not exploded; upon blowing it, did so, and shattered his hand severely. — A bomb exploded on the sidewalk, severely injuring a man's leg. — Barnum's sea lions have started for the East on their first land journey. — Information has been sent to Woodward of the capture of a live porpoise; of course he'll naturalize it at his Gardens. — Oliver A. Hulsted, known as Pet Hulsted, and a son of ex-Chancellor Hulsted, was shot and instantly killed by George Balt, in a house of ill fame in Chicago, when in company with the latter's former mistress. — The insurgent General Cavado has been taken in Havana. His doom is sealed. — Miss Alice Cooley is engaged in a life-size bust of General Lee. — T. A. Simpson, a colored preacher, was struck dead by lightning when preaching; while being carried to the grave his coffin was also struck with lightning and shivered to atoms. They hurried up the burial without waiting for another coffin. — An anti-Papist threw some nitric acid on someone in the procession. — James Hughes has been arrested, charged with the dastardly act. — The Western Union Telegraph Company have extended a line to Yosemite Valley. — Another convict—Thomas Stevens—sentenced last April to three years in the State Prison, has in view of the coming election, probably, applied for pardon. — Mrs. Lydia Sherman, at New Brunswick, New Jersey, is charged with poisoning, at different times, three husbands and two step-children. The proof is said to be strong. — Isaac Brokaw's trial for murder is set for the 15th inst. — The Metropolitan Theater will be opened by Joe Murphy on Monday next. — J. A. Mohood

has left the city to survey a railroad route from British Columbia to the Canadian border.—It is said that the giant, Bates, and the giantess, Miss Swan, purpose forming, or have formed, a matrimonial as well as a business connection.—In Sutter Creek, many of the new workers are intimidated by threatening rioters, and consequently quit work in the mines. Those who remain in opposition to the wishes of the League, working the pumps, etc., are protected by files of soldiers.—The Lingards are eminently successful at the California Theater, and they deserve it.—A man was recently burned to death in his bed in a building kept as a lodging house on Mission street near Second.—American hotels, for American visitors, are to be erected in London and Paris.—Mrs. Fair wants the *Bulletin* to publish a communication seeking to put her case in a more favorable light before the public. *Bulletin* declines.—Theodore Tilton pronounces Victoria Woodhull "one of the most upright, truthful, religious and unsullied souls he ever met." As the lady acknowledged to an ex-husband and present husband living in the same house with her, and declined to answer a more specific question as to their present relations, we may infer that the Rev. Theodore must have met and kept very queer company heretofore.—Minister Schenck's daughters have created quite a sensation in London.—The display of fireworks on the Fourth was superior to any of those heretofore.—The new hospital will be rapidly pushed forward. The plan adopted by the Board of S. H. Williams.—The Emperors of Germany and Russia are to meet at Ems and have a pow-wow.—France has demanded satisfaction from Egypt for alleged illegal arrests of French citizens. After the late occurrences in Paris, this looks like straining at a knot and swallowing a camel.—General Sickles has arrived in London.—Victor Emanuel held a grand review of the troops at Rome and was enthusiastically received and cheered.—A terrible fire has occurred in Yreka, one-third of the town being destroyed; loss, \$300,000.—An Irishman visited the headquarters of the Garibaldi Guard and ordered the flag with the words, "Rome, the Capital of Italy," to be lowered, threatening to bring those who would. The Italians soon mustered in large numbers and paraded the streets, uttering cries of antagonism to the Pope.—The Saucelito folks had a supplementary Fourth of July celebration after the termination of the San Francisco procession.—There was an unusual attendance of Cardinals and other church dignitaries at the Court of the King. The Kings of Italy proceeded from Rome to Florence.—An Italian, Signor Agostine, writes to the *Alta* in reply to Zach. Montgomery's late oration, asserting that the Romans, in common with the inhabitants of other portions of Italy, rejoice in the destruction of the Pope's temporal power, and that as to spiritual matters the Italians are, to an overwhelming majority, infidels.—Denny's character portrait of John McCullough is attracting great attention in this new line. Mr. Denny shows an ability in the treatment of his subject quite unexpected in one whose forte was considered to be marine scenes.—Dr. Barstow is recovering. His friends and medical attendants assert that he shot himself in a moment of temporary mental aberration, the result of physical suffering. He himself denies ever for a moment contemplating such a thing.—Barry & Patten showered the children in the cars at the celebration with bouquets. Good fellows; just like them.—Overland train July 5th was three hours behind time, being delayed by a land slide.—Sixteen of the boys from the Industrial School who were not permitted to join in the celebration made their escape from the School during Mr. Pelton's absence. They kept the Fourth up at Vallejo.—Drunken woman attacked and threatened to annihilate our militia. They bore the assault like veterans, driving back the enemy with their muskets, *i. e.*, with the butt ends.—Grand Lodge of Master Masons in Washington, D. C., have received from the Grand Lodge of England resolutions thanking them for their enthusiastic reception of Earls De Grey and Repon.—Pleasanton it is believed will be allowed to resign, as the President cannot afford to lose Boutwell.—A Boston speculator purposes to introduce Sedan chairs into New York.—The cricket match between Benedicts and Batchelors resulted in the defeat of the latter.—A malicious imp on the broad road to the Industrial School fired a pistol close to a Chinaman's head, and badly burnt his scalp.—The Industrial School band, after the procession, dined at Reagan's Restaurant by the kind invitation of Captain Howard.—The *Laura May*, *Rosella* and *Gazelle* carried off the champion flags at the regatta.

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— Eight hundred Collectors of Internal Revenue have been removed since last October by the consolidation of Districts. As further consolidation is impracticable, we should be hopeless of further relief were it not for the fact that unskillful stealing is construed as a penitentiary offense.

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— The Anglo-American Telegraph Company has re-united its broken cable at vast expense, which might have been avoided by the simple plan of using one cable for the transmission of lies, and the other for truth. The broken one would have been of quite ample capacity for the latter.

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— A little girl at Cheyenne was killed by "drinking concentrated lye." That is the neat way a local paper has of confessing that one of its editorials killed her.

### The Quartz Mines of Placer County.

The Grass Valley Union of the 24th inst. says: As the quartz mines around Auburn, Placer county, are attracting much attention, and as they are sure to attract still more attention from capitalists of this country as well as of Europe, we deem it proper to give a sketch of the mining industry of our neighboring county. We make our statements from careful personal observation and inspection, and we made the inspection because we wished to prove the proposition that mining in California, so far from being in a decline, is but commencing. The Auburn district is the most notable instance and witness in favor of our favorite proposition. A review of the mines there will show why labor, energy and capital seek the Auburn district as a field for mining operations.

#### SAINT PATRICK MINE.

Is located about three miles almost due west from Auburn. This mine is the best developed one in the district, and is so far one of the most successful mines in the State. The total depth of the shaft is 220 feet. From this shaft three levels have been run. The first level is at the depth of 80 feet, and has been run in toward the west, a distance of 20 feet. In this level the ledge is two and a half feet thick. The second level has been opened at the depth of 125 feet. The second level has been run in to the east the distance of 33 feet, and in this level the ledge is two and a half feet thick. The second level has been run to the west 22 feet, and in it the ledge is two feet thick. The third level is at the depth of 200 feet, and has been driven to the east the distance of 100 feet and has a vein two and a half feet thick; and to the west a distance of 20 feet, with a vein two and a half feet thick. The shaft is down 20 feet below the third level, and in the bottom of the shaft the ledge is four feet thick. The mineral bearing qualities of the ledge may be inferred from the fact that out of the excavations and openings we have described, gold to the value of over \$50,000 has been excavated. "The ore in sight" may be calculated in this manner:

Depth of shaft.....	220 feet
Lower level opened.....	140 feet

These numbers multiplied give 30,800; and that multiplied by 2 feet, which is the average thickness of the ledge, gives 61,600 cubic feet of ledge developed. Dividing this by 14, the number of cubic feet in a ton of quartz, we have 4,400 tons in sight. On the dump there are 200 tons of ore. This gives a total of 4,600 tons in sight. For convenience, and because of the upper and shorter levels having been run, we throw off 100 tons, and call the total of ore in sight, at least 1,500. The last crushing of average ores yielded nearly \$30 per ton. The next crushing, as good judges of ore inform us, and as we believe, will pay over \$100 to the ton. The openings in the mine show a ledge which is remarkably uniform in its mineral-bearing qualities. The value of the ore in sight, at that rate, will be \$450,000, or 50 per cent. more than the price of the whole property at the market value of the stock. In every instance the richness of the ore increases with the depth, and the St. Patrick mine, so far, is no exception to the rule. The St. Patrick ledge descends almost perpendicularly for 180 feet, and then takes an angle of about 45 degrees, pitching south. The ledge is inclosed in hard and smooth walls, and has not yet shown a fault. Two gentlemen of this place, familiar with mines, and who have worked in the Eureka and Idaho mines of Grass Valley, visited the St. Patrick mine with us, and they pronounce the latter a true ledge, and one of extraordinary richness. In addition to the St. Patrick ledge, the company own two other ledges, called the "Big Doig" and the "Little Doig," so named from the locator of them. The Little Doig runs nearly east and west parallel to the St. Patrick. The Big Doig runs from northeast to southwest, crossing the St. Patrick and Little Doig ledges diagonally. Both of the Doig ledges have been very rich on the croppings, when formerly worked, the Big Doig especially being rich. It is said, on good authority, that James Doig, the locator, took out \$40,000 from the croppings of the two ledges which bear his name. The permanent working shaft of the ledge, or ledges, will be near the junction of the Big Doig with the St. Patrick. The croppings of all the ledges can be traced, on the surface, for a long distance—say more than a mile. The success of the St. Patrick in the past, and its great prospects for the future, have done much to make Auburn district a mining one.

#### SHIPLEY MINE.

Is located about six miles west from Auburn, on Shipley Ravine. The company have commenced work in earnest, and in a systematic manner. The permanent shaft, of a size of 15 by 5 feet, is being put down on the ledge, and is now at a depth of about 60 feet. The ledge is a very large one, being from 5 to 6 feet in thickness, and standing almost perpendicularly. North of this permanent shaft, and distant from it about 75 feet, is a small shaft down 104 feet. The ledge in this deeper shaft is looking very well, or as a mining friend of ours remarked, "she sits like a duck upon the water." North of the main shaft, and distant about 1,000 feet, is an immense outcrop of quartz standing about 15 feet above the surface of the ground at the highest and being about ten feet thick and 75 feet long. This outcrop is mostiferous to a paying degree, and on one of the highest points of it free gold can be seen. The Shipley Company have a ten-stamp mill run by water power. The wheel of this mill is 40 feet in diameter and is capable of driving 20 stamps. The ten stamps now used will crush 20 tons of quartz for every 24 hours. The power costs the company about \$3 per day. Ore from the Shipley mine can be mined and milled at about \$1 per ton, while the croppings yield by mill process from \$10 to \$12 per ton.



## SAINT LOUIS MINE

Is located about a quarter of a mile west from the Shipley mine. The vein runs nearly north and south, and is enclosed in feldspathic granite. The vein is of the average of two feet in thickness. The company are running in a tunnel on the face of the ledge, and this tunnel is now in about 100 feet. When the tunnel is completed to the point designed, backs of 120 feet will be opened. The quartz of the St. Louis is of the laminated or ribbon kind. The rock shows fine free gold and occasionally rich specimens of rock bearing free gold are found. This mine is just being developed. The sulphurets assay well, and a ton of them shows, by assay, \$150 in silver and \$150 in gold. The sulphurets are argentiferous gray copper ore with iron pyrites with the gold.

## BUCKEYE MINE

Is located east of the St. Patrick mine. The vein is an east and west one. It is enclosed in talcose slate. There are two shafts sunk on this ledge, and the shafts are 144 feet apart. The company are now running drifts to connect these two shafts. The drift is in 65 feet, running to the east. There are three stopes; the first stope is one of 54 feet, the second 34 feet, and the third is 14 feet. West of the west shaft a drift is in 15 feet, and east of the east shaft a drift is in 40 feet. Along the surface of the ledge, in former times, miners have stoped out 400 or 500 feet to a depth of 32 feet. The character of the ore is similar to the St. Patrick. The ledge is about 15 inches in thickness. The ore has paid, by mill process, \$25 to \$35 per ton, which gives large profits. Occasionally fine specimen rock is taken out, as in the St. Patrick.

## GREEN MINE

Is well known to all who are interested in mines. It has been wonderfully rich, and is now in the same condition. The lowest depth attained in the Green is 125 feet. Of late rock has been taken from a level at 65 feet in depth. From this level, within the last thirty days, gold to the value of over \$40,000 has been taken.

## COX &amp; DENTON

Mine is one and a half miles northwest of Auburn. Work looking to permanency is being done at this mine. A shaft is being put down on the ledge, and a tunnel on the surface of the ledge is being driven. The shaft and the tunnel will connect at a depth of over 100 feet for the shaft and a length of 300 feet for the tunnel. The company have constructed a fine road from the Auburn Ravine Turnpike to the mine. The Cox & Denton mine have caused buildings to spring up, like Jonah's gourd, in a night, and unlike Jonah's gourd, they will not wither in a night. The rock from this mine looks well in sulphurets, and tests made from the croppings years ago, by mill process, prove that the ledge is a paying one. The ledge is well defined, and as far as developed shows an average of three and a half feet in thickness. San Francisco and Auburn men own this mine.

## OTHER LEDGES.

Work is being actively prosecuted on the Mina Rica, Cæsus, Butcher Boy, Spring and Merrow, Putnam and other ledges. We noticed that Bob Cryer & Co's ledge is idle, though paying rock has been taken from it. A visitor to Auburn will soon discover, by specimens of gold bearing rock exhibited, and by talk about mining, that the district is alive to the principal interest of California.

## FORMATION.

The country rock in the Auburn district is very much like that of Grass Valley. This insures permanency for the ledges, and the ledges show for themselves in metalliferous character.

**Chinese Torture.**—The man who stabbed the Mandarin Ma, some time ago, was executed in a horrible manner. Upwards of a thousand slices were cut from his body before the execution gave him his *coup de grace*. He only cried out once. The torture lasted nearly three hours.

— Every few weeks we are favored by the religious press with the opinions of a certain mysterious but oracular Bishop Littlejohn. Little as he is, he and his views are too much for us, and in all matters of consequence we prefer to consult our beloved demi-john.

— Mr. Larry Brannigan—tolerably well known in this city by his *alias* of Lawrence Barrett—is building a comfortable cottage at Long Branch. In deference to the professional memory of his male parent he will use in its construction nothing but soap-stone.

— Horace Greeley is invited to deliver an address at the Oregon State Fair. The address will be entitled "What I Know About Nothing." As Mr. Greeley has perfectly mastered his subject, the address will necessarily occupy several days in the delivery.

— The State of Michigan contains 5,144 inland lakes, covering an area of 1,114 miles, besides a water front on the great lakes of more than 1,850 miles.



### California Pacific Railroad Eastern Extension.

On the 23d inst., the certificate of the incorporation of the "California Pacific Railroad Eastern Extension Company" was filed in the office of the Secretary of State, at Sacramento. As no synopsis of the articles could convey a satisfactory idea of this undertaking, by far the greatest and most important since the organization of the Central Pacific Company, we publish the certificate in full:

**KNOW ALL MEN BY THESE PRESENTS:** That we, whose names are hereunto subscribed, being the subscribers to the stock of a contemplated railroad in the States of California and Oregon, and the Territories of Idaho and Utah, commencing at a point at or near the town of Davisville, County of Yolo, State of California; thence northerly through the Sacramento Valley; thence in a northeasterly direction, crossing the northern boundary of California, at a point near Goose Lake, to a point near Christmas Lake, in the State of Oregon; thence easterly through the State of Oregon, the Territory of Idaho, and the Territory of Utah, to Ogden City, Utah. Also from a point on the first-named route, in the bend of the Pitt river, near the 41st parallel of latitude, northwesterly to a junction in the State of Oregon with the railroad of the Oregon and California Railroad Company. Also from a point on the first-named route, near Christmas Lake, westerly to a junction with the railroad of the Oregon and California Railroad Company, at or near Lower Klamath Lake, in the State of Oregon. In all 943 miles of railroad, or thereabouts; which stock, so subscribed by us, amount to at least \$1,000 per mile for each and every mile of the said railroad so intended to be built, and has been subscribed by us in good faith, and

#### TEN PER CENT. THEREON

In cash has been paid actually and in good faith, to Milton S. Latham, one of our number, who has been appointed and named by us as Treasurer for that purpose. And, also, being desirous of forming a corporation for the purpose aforesaid, do hereby, at a regular meeting of us, the said subscribers, held in pursuance of the statutes in such cases made and provided, and after due written notice thereof, given to each of us by the said Treasurer, adopted the following

#### ARTICLES OF ASSOCIATION.

First—The undersigned, whose names are hereto subscribed, do hereby organize, form and become a corporation and body corporate under and in pursuance of an Act of the Legislature of the State of California, entitled "An Act to provide for the incorporation of railroad companies, and the management of the affairs thereof, and other matters relating thereto," approved May 20, 1861, and the several Acts supplementary thereto and amendatory thereof, for the purpose of owning, constructing and maintaining a railroad in the States of California and Oregon, and the Territories of Idaho and Utah, commencing at and from a point at or near the town of Davisville, County of Yolo, State of California; thence northerly through the Sacramento Valley; and thence in a northeasterly direction through the counties of Yolo, Tehama, Shasta and Siskiyou, in said State, crossing the northern boundary of California, at a point near Goose Lake, to a point near Christmas Lake, in the State of Oregon; thence easterly through the State of Oregon, the Territory of Idaho, and the Territory of Utah, to Ogden City, in Utah. Also, from a point on the first-named route, in the bend of the Pitt river, near the 41st parallel of latitude northwesterly to a junction in the State of Oregon, with the railroad of the Oregon and California Railroad Company. Also, from a point on the first-named route, near Christmas Lake, westerly to a junction with the railroad of the Oregon and California Railroad Company, at or near Lower Klamath Lake, in the State of Oregon; the length of the said railroad, as nearly as can be ascertained, being 943 miles.

#### ARTICLE SECOND.

The name of the corporation hereby formed and organized shall be and is "The California Pacific Railroad Eastern Extension Company," and the term of its existence shall be fifty years from the date thereof.

#### ARTICLE THIRD.

The capital stock of the said corporation shall be and is hereby fixed at \$50,000,000, being the actual contemplated cost of constructing the said railroad—the cost of the right of way, motive power, and every other appurtenance and thing for the completion and running of the road, as nearly as can be estimated by competent engineers, and is divided into five hundred thousand shares, of the par value of one hundred dollars each.

#### ARTICLE FOURTH.

The number of Directors who shall manage the affairs of the said corporation shall be thirteen; and the names of the persons chosen to act as such Directors, and to hold their offices until others are elected, are: William F. Rodolfsen, San Francisco; Milton S. Latham, San Francisco; Richard Hammond, San Francisco; Isaac Friedlander, San Francisco; Albert Gansl, San Francisco; Eugene Sullivan, San Francisco; Faxton D. Atherton, San Francisco; John P. Jackson, Vallejo; A. DeLaski, London, England; Edward C. Green, London, England; Rudolph Sulzbach, Frankfurt-on-the-Main; Wm. Tillinghast, San Francisco; all of whom, either in person or by proxy, are subscribers to these articles of association, having duly paid the ten per cent. required by law upon their subscriptions.

In witness whereof, we have hereto subscribed our respective names, places of residence, and the number of shares by each of us respectively taken in said

corporation, at the City and County of San Francisco, California, this 22d day of May, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and seventy-one.

William P. Roelofsen, San Francisco.....	260,000 shares
Milton S. Latham, San Francisco.....	18,000 shares
I. Friedlander, San Francisco.....	18,000 shares
Richard P. Hammond, San Francisco.....	18,000 shares
A. Gansl, San Francisco.....	18,000 shares
Eugene L. Sullivan, San Francisco.....	18,000 shares
F. D. Atherton, San Francisco.....	18,000 shares
J. P. Jackson, San Francisco.....	18,000 shares
J. B. Frisbie, Vallejo.....	18,000 shares
Alexander Delaski, London (England).....	18,000 shares
William H. Tillinghast, San Francisco.....	18,000 shares
Edward H. Green (by his attorney-in-fact, Milton S. Latham), London	18,000 shares
Rudolf Sulzbach, Frankfort-on-the-Main (by his attorney-in-fact, Milton S. Latham).....	24,000 shares
Julius May, Frankfort-on-the-Main (by his attorney-in-fact, Milton S. Latham).....	18,000 shares

A meeting of Directors was held on Tuesday, in this city, for permanent organization, and chose William F. Roelofsen for President; Colonel John P. Jackson, Vice President; Milton S. Latham, Treasurer; and W. H. L. Barnes, Secretary.

— *Apropos* of the instinct of carrier pigeons and other birds and animals in finding their way home over long distances, it is said "during the life of the celebrated sportsman, the late Sir Richard Sutton, a draught of hounds was sent up to London, by wagon, from the kennel near Lincoln, and there put on board a vessel to go abroad. While the ship was dropping down the Thames one of them jumped overboard, and swam ashore. Some weeks after it made its appearance at the kennel half starved, and covered with bites bestowed upon it by its more fortunate fellows. I regret to have to add that it was killed immediately, so many valuable hounds having recently been destroyed in that pack by madness that the huntsman was afraid to take it in."

— For all persons, especially invalids, a thin material of woollen gauze, next the skin, is safest and best for clothing, because it is a non-conductor, and carries heat from the body more slowly than cotton, linen or silk. The warmer the weather the more need for woollen next the skin. All garments worn next the skin during the day should be removed at night and spread out for thorough airing and drying. Cotton is the best material to be worn next the skin at night. All changes from a heavier to a lighter clothing in summer should be made by putting on the lighter clothing the first thing in the morning. It is safer for children, for invalids, and for old persons, to have too much clothing than too little.

— Scholar says: "I occasionally dabble in poetry, and my friends say that I have gut talenks. I send you one of my poems, wich took the prize in our town last zamination:

A REVERIE.

I had a dreme,	My eyes upon the sand
I thought I was alone, alone;	I bent, I bent.
O it did seme	I thort of other dase,
So sad, away from home, from home!	And things, and things;
My head upon my hand	Of happy, childish phase,
I lent, I lent;	And strings, and strings."

— The Bishop of London, at his ordination lately, in accordance with the recent decision in the case of "Hibbert v. Purchas," wore a cope. The best idea of its appearance that can be given to those who have not seen this vestment is a lady's waterproof corset. The cope of the Bishop of London is made of purple silk, lined with black silk and without trimmings. The cope was substituted for the chasuble. Remarks were made that the new dress was less dignified than the old Episcopal habit; it has, however, the merit that a Bishop is required to wear it only in the cathedral; and for such places which, even in summer, are often cold and draughty, it is not inappropriate.

— The Bedford News says: "A Lawrence county man planted a tree in front of his house, and named it after his wife. Soon the tree died, and the wife lived but a day or two after. Now you would be surprised at the number of men that are planting trees in front of their domicils, and naming them after their respective, if not respected, wives—and the sickliest-looking trees that can be found, too—trees that, with the tenderest care, cannot possibly live more than two weeks! The dodge is too thin. The women see through it, and have resolved not to die."

### Special Brevities.

— The Scottish societies of New York having recently resolved to place a statue of Sir Walter Scott in the Central Park of that city, they have arranged with Mr. John Steel, R.S.A., for a copy of a bronze of the well-known marble figure in the Scott Monument, Princes' street. The statue will, it is expected, occupy an important site in the beautiful park at New York, and will be placed on a pedestal of Peterhead granite, designed by the sculptor, and sent out from England. Mr. Steel has engaged to supply the statue in the course of a year from this date, and the foundation-stone of the pedestal is intended to be laid with great ceremony on the 15th of August next.

— When the siege of Paris was commenced by the Prussians, the stores of wine were carefully estimated. At its close it was found that the wine had been consumed at the enormous rate of nearly eight million gallons per month. Under the reign of the Commune the consumption was even larger. This may account for some part of the terrible events we have seen, and supersede the necessity for inventing a theory of "contagious mental alienation" in the population of Belleville and Montmartre.

— A little girl, scarcely eight years of age, was arrested as she was in the act of throwing petroleum into a cellar. She said, "Ah, you will have enough to do if you want to take us all up, for there are eight thousand of us, and some smaller than I am." The police crammed the child with bonbons to elicit revelations from her which may put them on the track of these furies.

— There is a beautiful girl living near Montreal, who, notwithstanding the fact that she has lost both legs above her knees, has received over a dozen offers of marriage during the past year, and refused them all. One of her lovers is a member of the Dominion Parliament. This afflicted girl speaks seven languages, and charms everybody who comes near her.

— Miss Caroline Myers, of St. Louis, a charming young lady of twenty, attended a picnic, and after swinging for some time on a rope, complained of great headache and dizziness. On the way home she fell from her seat in the carriage and almost immediately expired. Verdict, death from apoplexy, caused by heat.

— Quality-Ladies: The influence of a fine house, graceful furniture, good libraries, well-ordered tables, trim servants, and, above all, a position to secure that one becomes unconscious of it, gives a harmony and refinement to the character and manners which we feel, even if we cannot explain.

— Some years ago a French writer said, "You will see one day of what a society without a God is capable. Paris will burn herself down with her own hands." Those who have visited the Pantheon there in past days will remember Voltaire's marble sarcophagus, with the sculptured hand thrust through the coffin-lid, waving a torch.

— The ruin caused in Paris by the civil war is estimated at 500,000,000 francs by the destruction of houses, and a further 300,000,000 francs by the loss of securities, valuables, and objects of art, and furniture burnt. 60,000,000 francs worth of property has been burnt in the docks and warehouses at Villette.

— Lady to Servant: "I think you will suit me, but seeing that you are in mourning, I hope you have not lost any dear relation?" Servant: "By no means, madam—only my three last mistresses. I never goes to a situation but the lady dies in about a month afterwards."

— Nearly all the missing pieces of the Vendôme Column have been recovered. It is thought the Column can be exactly restored. A strange proposal is made to preserve untouched the ruins of the Hôtel de Ville. It is seriously discussed, and finds many advocates.

— Bacchus, when he spent his evenings with Jupiter and choice spirits, waited on by that charming bar-maid Hebe, invariably had the blues next morning, until he got a wrinkle from Pan, who turned up fresh because he always took his pipe before going to bed.

— It is stated by the Sub-Governor of the Bank of France that the Communists have had from that establishment 9,401,000 francs out of its own funds, and 7,290,000 francs in virtue of an order from Versailles; or, in all, 16,691,000 francs (£667,640).

— The Communist Cluseret, who figured *not very favorably* in our late civil war, turns out to be the Fenian M'Anliff, who planned the attack on Chester Castle in 1867, and was present at the murder of Policeman Brett at Manchester.

— It is rumored in foreign and English newspapers that Moltke intends to visit England to witness the sham battle and military maneuvers which are to take place there this autumn.

— *La Vérité* estimates the recent destruction of property in Paris at eight hundred millions of francs, and merchandise in addition to the extent of sixty millions.

— The contract for grading the first twenty miles of the Oregon Central Railroad has been let, and the track will for nearly all the way follow the old road back.

— The eldest son of the Duc de Gramont, who is now nineteen years old, has left England for France, and enlisted as a volunteer in the Garde Mobile.

— By the South African mail we learn that the Cape Town Parliament is considering the proposed annexation of the diamond fields.

### The Boy and the Brook.

ARMENIAN POPULAR SONG FROM THE PROSE VERSION OF ALISHAN.

Down from yon distant mountain high  
The brooklet flows through the village street;  
A boy comes forth to wash his hands,  
Washing, yes washing, there he stands,  
In the water cool and sweet.

"Brook, from what mountain dost thou come?  
O my brooklet cool and sweet!"

"I come from yon mountain high and cold,  
Where lieth the new snow on the old,  
And melts in the summer heat."

"Brook, to what river dost thou go?  
O my brooklet cool and sweet!"

"I go to the river there below  
Where in bunches the violets grow,  
And sun and shadow meet."

"Brook, to what garden dost thou go?  
O my brooklet cool and sweet!"

"I go to that garden in the vale  
Where all night long the nightingale  
Her love-song doth repeat."

"Brook, to what fountain dost thou go?  
O my brooklet cool and sweet?"

"I go to that fountain, at whose brink  
The maid that loves thee comes to drink,  
And, whenever she looks therein,  
I rise to meet her, and kiss her chin,  
And my joy is then complete."

—Atlantic Monthly.

### An Awkward Coincidence.

<p>"Episcopas" directs attention to the <i>Anti-Religious Crusade in Paris,</i> May 13.</p> <p>The following notice has been issued by the Commune:</p> <p>"Religious instruction will soon have disappeared from the schools of Paris. Male and female teachers will have to remove all crucifixes, crosses, and other symbols, the exhibition of which is an offence against liberty and conscience."</p>	<p>following very curious coincidence: <i>General Synod of the Irish Church,</i> May 13.</p> <p>After several amendments, a canon was passed in the following form:</p> <p>"There shall not be any cross, orna- mental or otherwise, on the Communion Table, or on the <i>covering thereof</i>; nor shall a cross be erected or <i>depicted</i> on the wall or other structure, behind the Com- munion Table in any of the churches, or other places of worship, of the Church of Ireland."</p>
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**British Finance.**—Those who assert that John Bull has seen his best days and is no longer able to hold his own in a quarrel, should study a little more the facts and figures. The Clearing House returns for 1870 was £3,997,884,000, an increase of £303,925,000 this year, and is one of the most conclusive evidences of prosperity. The traffic of railways shows a net increase of £315,000, and the dividends of the joint banks are much larger, which is the more satisfactory because the low value of money for the last half of the year was unfavorable to banking. These are not exactly the usual symptoms of national decadence, and but for the depression resulting from the war in Europe, doubtless a still better showing would have been made.

— A man about thirty years of age, giving his name as Patrick Lynch, rushed into the Coroner's office at New York, last week, and said he had been commissioned by Christ to save the life of Mrs. Laura D. Fair, now under sentence of death for the murder of Colonel Crittenden. He added that Mrs. Fair was his lawful wife, and if she was hung he would also have to suffer death. He further said he had just left San Francisco, the authorities of which had offered to build a bridge to New York for him to cross. It being evident that the fellow was demented, he was taken to the Tombs Police Court.

— A party of civil engineers left Omaha on the 19th inst. for Evanston Station, to commence surveying a route for a railway and wagon road from that place northward via Bear River to the Nevada line; thence to Soda Springs, on Snake river; and thence northward to some point on the Northern Pacific Railroad. This road, which is being surveyed by the Union Pacific Company, will open a new route to Helena and Virginia City, Montana.



## A Sensation Drama in 4 Acts.

BY JOSH BILLINGS.

**Act first.**—Enter a lap dorg, carrying a boarding skool miss in his arms, about 16 hands high—it makes the dorg puff—the dorg lays down the boarding skool miss, and orders mint juices for 2, with the usual suck-shun. The dorg begins to loll, the boarding skool miss tells him "tew dri up" (in French), and the dorg sez "he be darned if he will" (in dorg). [Grate sensashun among the awjence, with cries, "Put him out."] Finally a compromise iz affected, the boarding skool miss kisses the dorg, with tears in his eyes. Konklusion—Lap dorg discovers a wicked flea at work on his tale—purses him—round and round tha go—dorg a lettle ahead—sunbudy hollers out "mad dorg!"—boarding skool girl faints standing—the curtain drops.

**Act number 2.**—Curtin highsts—sevril blind men in the distance, looking thru a key whole—one of them sez, "he don't see it!" A shanghi raster comes out, with epaulets on, and crows Yankee Doodle—mnsik bi the band. The shankhi lays an egg on the stage, about the size of a wasp's nest, and then limps oph, very much tired and reduced. Curtin falls agin.

**Act number 3.**—Curtin rises slioly—big bolona sarsage on a tabel—bolona sarsage lifts up her head, and begins tew bark—band plays "Old Dorg Tray." Cat cums in—cat's tail begins to swell bad—bolona sarsage and cat haz a fite—tha fite 14 rounds—the stage is covered with cats and dorgs. Konklushun—tha awl jine hands and walk to the footlights—an old bull tarrier reads the President's call for "300,000 more"—band plays "Go to Lemons!"—a bell rings, and the curtain drops.

**Act number 4.**—A scene on the Eri kanal—a terribel storm rages—the kanal acks bad—sevril line botes go down hed fust, with awl their boarders on board—kant make a lee shore—tha drag their ankera—sum of the kapitins tri tew pra, but most of them hev the best luck at swareing—the water is strewed with pots and kettles—sevril of the cook maids swim ashore, with their cook stoves in their teeth—tha hev to draw oph the kanal to stop the storm. Konklusion—men are seen along on the banks of the kanal speering ded horses and eels—band plays "a life on the oshun wave." Amid tremendous applauze the curtain falls, and the awjence disperse, single file.

**Murder Will Out—A Dramatic Scene.**—A most extraordinary scene occurred in April at the Police Office, Geelong, Australia. Seventeen years ago, Bookhouse, a shepherd, was missed. Fifteen years after, his remains were found buried beneath a heap of stones, and identified by his boots, pipe and portions of his clothing. The police obtained a clue which they have been two years following up. At length they arrested a man called Geary, and his wife, and they were brought up for examination. Between the prisoner's dock and the bench, on a table, was laid the skeleton with the boots on the feet still, as found. It was covered with a rug. During the proceedings the rug was suddenly removed. The male prisoner started backward, becoming lividly pale. The woman's face was distorted with horror, and none who saw it can forget that look of terror, anguish and remorse as long as they live. Poor old Brookhouse's bones indeed arose, as it were, in judgment.

**Wonderful Cave in Decotah.**—This cave is a vertical fissure in the face of limestone rock. It varies from two to eight feet in width and considerably in height. In winter weather there is no ice, but as summer approaches the sides become incrustated with layer after layer, till in the extreme heat of summer it is in the greatest quantity. That the coldness which causes this is dependent upon the increased heat increasing evaporation, is the theory, but as the effect is confined to this one spot, will our scientists investigate and explain?

**Darwinism.**—However startling Darwin's theory of the origin of man may be, there is no new idea involved. In Hindoostan such has been one of the creeds of certain native philosophers of old, and some men have gone so far as to aver that their doctrine of physical progression is the origin of caste in India. At any rate it may be only another ramification or branch of the ancient Pythagorean doctrine of transmigration of souls.

**Ice-Making in New Zealand.**—Ice-making is in successful operation in Auckland. Mr. Gledhill makes two tons per day, which he wholesales at four cents per pound and retails at eight cents per pound. His machine is four-horse power, purchased from Siebe Brothers, of London, for £4,500. The expense is about \$7 50 per day.

—Baron Rothschild has given the sum of £1,000 to French, the jockey who rode Favonius, the winner of this year's Derby, and has bestowed upon him an annuity of £200 for life.

### The Mango Tree.

He wiled me through the furzy croft; 'Tis I, not they, am gone and dead;  
 He wiled me down the sandy lane; They live, they know, they feel, they see;  
 He told his boy's love, soft and oft, Their spirits light the golden shade  
 Until I told him mine again. Beneath the giant mango-tree.

We married, and we sailed the main; All things, save I, are full of life;  
 A soldier, and a soldier's wife, The minas, pluming velvet breasts;  
 We marched thro' many a burning plain; The monkeys, in the foolish strife;  
 We sighed for many a gallant life. The swooping hawks, the awing nests

But his—God kept it safe from harm. The lizards basking on the soil,  
 He toiled and dared and earned command, The butterflies who sun their wings,  
 And those three stripes upon his arm, The bees about their household toil,  
 Were more to me than gold or land. They live, they love, the blissful things.

Sure he would win some great renown: Each tender purple mango-shoot,  
 Our lives were strong, our hearts were true, That folds and droops so bashful down;  
 One night the fever struck him down. [high] It lives; it sucks some hidden root;  
 I sat, and stared, and saw him die. It rears at last a broad green crown.

I had his children—one, two, three. It blossoms, and the children cry—  
 One week I had them, blithe and sound. "Watch when the mango-apples fall;"  
 The next—beneath this mango-tree, It lives; but rootless, fruitless, I—  
 By him in barrack burying-ground. I breathe and dream—and that is all.

I sit beneath the mango-shade; Thus am I dead: yet cannot die;  
 I livemy five years' life all o'er— But still within my foolish brain  
 Round yonder stems his children played; There hangs a pale blue evening sky;  
 He mounted guard at yonder door. A furzy croft; a sandy lane.

—*Macmillan's Magazine.* C. KINGSLEY.

### The Social Pitch Caldron.

The civil war of the last two months cannot but concentrate political thought on the vast discontent which bred it, and on the state of education among the masses which gave so much currency to Utopian delusions and aggravated the crimes of the closing scenes. It is of little use to say that the motive power is only envy—that in the nineteenth century, notwithstanding better wages and more comfort, the artisans have not got beyond the ideas which produced a Jack Cade rebellion. The phenomenon will not be got rid of by hard times, even if it deserves them, and the unstable equilibrium it creates will be a continual source of anxiety. And the actual history of the insurrection, tho' the insurgents and their allies have temporarily lost power and prestige, will certainly aggravate the discontent and danger. The misery resulting will be fresh stimulus to passion, while there has been nothing like the failure of an experiment to make the Socialist doctrine unpopular with reflecting artisans. The Commune, they may say, never had a chance. It had to fight for dear life from the very beginning, and could not get beyond the organization of a camp. The partial Socialist experiments that were tried; they may add, were so far not unsuccessful. The whole circumstances of Paris for many months were such as to necessitate a State organization for satisfying the ordinary wants of living, and the organization did not break down. Why not render permanent an arrangement which was possible under the stress of a siege, and which at least bestowed on the artisans of Paris a state of comfort which they had not before enjoyed. There is thus nothing in the history to create a distrust among workmen of the theories to which they have been prone. The spirit in which the insurrection has been suppressed, as all must recognize, will also aggravate the evil. They were hated, the artisans will say, with a perfect hatred, because the bourgeoisie, the capitalists, the State pensionaries, the gentlemen were eager to get back to their money-getting and luxury, and would not even consider whether a more equal share for all at the banquet of life was not possible. We cannot but conceive therefore as most formidable during the next few years the state of mind among the artisan classes, not only in France itself, but by sympathy throughout the whole Continent of Europe. The discontent which bred the insurrection will have been aggravated, and even apart from the interest which the insurrection itself will rouse, should concentrate the thoughts of politicians on the means of averting the calamities involved in the existence of such feelings. No such stimulus should be necessary, but its operation may still be beneficent.—*Spectator.*

**A Lady Enamoured of the Chinese Giant Chang.**—Chang, the Chinese giant, who, it will be remembered, was exhibited here, is at present in Australia. A lady resident of Pleasant Valley lately presented Chang with a magnificent bouquet, and asked to be allowed to kiss his Celestial countenance. Chang blushed, but was induced to consent. The kiss settled the lady's mind on the subject, and she submitted to the tallest man in the world a schedule of her property, principally consisting of large shares in the successful North Cross Reef Mining Company, with all of which she would endow him if made Mrs. Chang. Unsuccessful in her first overtures, she has followed him to Ballarat, urging the increasing value of her property and her ardent love for him as worthy of his acceptance.

### Love of Children.

Lord Palmerston produced much scandal and a good deal of amusement by promulgating the heretical theory that all people are born good. Without discussing the theological bearings of this doctrine, we may at least say that it will hardly bear inspection from a scientific point of view. Rudimentary virtues are conspicuous in little children as rudimentary virtues. Let anybody observe candidly a child of two or three years old. There is scarcely any defect which it would not be possible for an unprejudiced person to discover. Such a child may be benevolent, courageous, and conscientious according to its little lights. But certainly it is also very apt to be sensual, selfish, and spiteful, and to show these qualities with a frankness which generally disappears in later life. It is greedy without blushing; it will appropriate the belongings of its little brothers and sisters with the utmost coolness; and it will tell lies as soon as it begins to discover what is the use of language. Painters generally please themselves by portraying infant saints and martyrs; but, if they were anxious to indulge in realistic representations, they would have no trouble in finding models for infant Judases, Calns, or Sapphiras. We generally excuse the misdeeds on the ground that our infant darlings know no better; but, if we insisted upon strict impartiality, the same argument would take all the merit out of their virtues. Children, indeed, sometimes develop the feelings of an advanced civilization with a precocity which is rather amusing. Thackeray, than whom nobody was a greater lover of children, somewhere relates an instructive anecdote. Half-a-dozen children are playing with a puppy, and manufacturing mud-pies. To them enters a companion, and exclaims, "Mary Jane, your sister has found a penny!" Straightway the puppy is put down as if it were so much dross, the mud-pies are abandoned, and the little band of courtiers gathers round the infant millionaire and accompanies her to the apple-stall. Were not these infants in course of preparation—if only the Fates were propitious—to appear in some future Book of Snobs?

In spite of all which, we may safely return to the proposition that, whatever logical justification may or may not be discovered, a love of small children is a very great test of a really amiable character. People who confess to a certain sympathy with Herod may produce a considerable body of argument in defense of their infantile propensities; but we cannot admit that they are in the right of the question. The doctrine, in fact, which lies at the base of their reasoning may be easily met. We have, in fact, been arguing on the hypothesis that we ought to love the most virtuous people the best. If that theory be admitted without qualification, it would be very hard to make out a case on behalf of infants. We need not, however, look twice to discover the fallacy of the argument. It was by assuming the truth of this proposition that certain philosophers of the last century discovered that the family affections ought to be put down as anti-social. Why, they inquired, should we love our brother merely because he happens to be the son of our father and mother, though he may be an unmitigated scamp? The consequences of admitting this doctrine are obvious. We should all prefer the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Prime Minister, and the Lord Chancellor, who, as need hardly be argued, must be the most perfect specimens of humanity extant, to any of our relations. No family could hold together if a father were always more occupied with the prosperity of those officials than of the welfare of his children. The parental instinct, which in its unattached form is the basis of a love of children in general, is to be encouraged, not because it is reasonable, but because it is the most essential of all instincts to a healthy condition of society. A philoprogenitive race will, on the whole, bring up the best generation of successors, and philoprogenitiveness implies that general taste for all infants which to bachelors and cynical persons generally sometimes appears decidedly anomalous. Admitting the propriety of the feeling as society is at present constituted, perhaps we may be allowed an occasional passing regret that boys are not differently managed. Mr. Darwin speculates upon the consequences which would ensue if human societies were arranged on the plan of beehives. In that case, he thinks it probable that fratricide would be considered as a virtue. When such Utopian theories are under discussion, we may ask whether it would not have been as well if the dreams of these philosophers had been carried out, and each nation provided with a common nursery.

When one looks upon a baby in a purely philosophical spirit; when one considers the very minute indications of reasoning faculty of which it is capable; when one proceeds to remark the obstacles which mothers, aunts, and women in general are accustomed to testify on some vague imitation of reasonable behavior, one cannot repress a momentary regret that so much good affection should be discharged upon an insensible object. Is it, one asks with some surprise, a subject for legitimate exultation that a minute fragment of humanity should have learnt the lesson which thousands of millions of human beings have learnt before it, and be just able to stick two syllables together? Or is the fact that an infant is gradually learning to exercise some sort of control over the motion of its limbs to be regarded by sensible people in the light of an unprecedented phenomenon? Surely there are people enough in the world who, if weighed in any sensible balance, are at least as deserving of affection and would be infinitely more capable of appreciating and returning it. But we feel the danger of pursuing this vein of thought. We have no desire to shock prosaic persons without necessity, and we therefore freely avow, as our profound and immovable opinion, that, as things are at present constituted—and we can see no reason whatever for supposing that any material change is likely to take place within any conceivable period—mothers ought to love their children. Indeed, we go further; we admit that a man is the better in

proportion as he retains certain feminine instincts and has something of his mother in his character; and, that being so, we will venture to argue that a love of children is generally a harmless and even a laudable instinct. Carried to excess, it is perhaps rather inconsistent with patriotism and cosmopolitanism, and we observe that universal philanthropists—who, of course, are the best of men—are apt to be slightly callous upon this point. But for the mass of mankind we have no hesitation in admitting that those who love children the most must be reckoned amongst the most exemplary of the species.—*Saturday Review*.

— We had supposed the *Pacific Churchman* newspaper was no longer published, but the *Chronicle* says it has come out in a new dress. Possibly, however, this is a mistake, arising from the fact that the snuffling gospeler who edited the painful concern has been sneaking about the streets with a new six-bit shirt on. We regard the purchase of this garment as a piece of sinful extravagance, but it is in no sense "a new dress." And while contemplating it, we seem to see its owner devoutly kneeling in that brief attire, and offering up the following evening supplication: "O Lord, I confess that some weeks ago I assailed the *News Letter* like unto one of the wicked, and am deserving of no more mercy than I am likely to get. Nevertheless, O Lord, if I may not expect mercy, let me take refuge in contempt, and let it be done unto thy servant even as men do unto a dog that has been rolling where a dog ought not to roll: let that servant be avoided. I have been told, O Lord, that I am but a scurvy cur, and I believe it; for lo! the *News Letter* man hath filled me with lime juice, and the same is in repute for scurvy. Notwithstanding, O Lord, my unworthiness to carry entrails to a bear, let not Bishop Kip bend his green goggles upon me in wrath, for my punishment is already greater than I can stand. Having the plague of the itch, shall I have that of lice also? Outch, Lord! I feel a nipping rat invading with keen tooth my unprotected heel, but behold I will not rise: I will be a martyr. For now thy servant feels that in the economy of nature he shall not be wholly wasted: he is good for the rats to eat. Amen!"

— Following is the opening spasm of the oration delivered at the Mechanics' Pavilion July 4th: "*Fellow Citizens and American Eagles*—When Freedom from her mountain height unfurled the *Mayflower*, the despotism of tottering Europe hid their diminished heads under a bushel of chaff. Then the bright arch of Liberty spanned the wondering nations with civil and religious toleration, and the Palladium of our proud nationality spread her wide wings in the blaze of free republican institutions. There never was—no, fellow citizens, there never will be—I say it without the fear of successful contradiction, and unabashed before the despotisms of effete Europe—there never will be, fellow citizens—never, I swear it, never, never! Let us, oh! patriotic Eagles—let us soar aloft into the blue empyrean of universal emancipation, and swear we will never sheath the sword until the blessings of civil and religious liberty shall—fellow citizens—shall—yes, shall totter to their fall. And that is what is the matter with Hannah, fellow citizens—that is what is the matter with Hannah!" At this unexpected burst of his own eloquence, Judge Sawyer's emotion mastered him, and he stood rigidly upon his head. The stars on a neighboring banner winked mysteriously, the stripes curled into a distracting snarl, and a wooden eagle in the audience snapped his beak solemnly, and laid a candy egg. Some brass instruments belonging to a band stretched out straight and yawned hideously. Our reporter impelled a dead cat at random, and was kicked out. Hooray!

— John Reed, of Illinois, is a man who knows his rights, and knowing dares maintain. Having communicated to a young lady his intention of conferring upon her the honor of his company at a Fourth of July celebration, John was pained and disgusted to hear the proposal quietly declined. John went away thoughtfully to a neighbor who keeps a double-shotgun. This he secured, and again sought the object of his hopeless preference. The object was seated at the dinner table contending with her lobsouse, and did not feel his presence near. Mr. Reed poised and sighted his artillery, and with the very natural remark, "I think this! fetcher," he exploded the twin charges. A moment later might have been seen the rare spectacle of a headless young lady sitting bolt upright at table and spooning a wad of hash into the top of her neck. The wall opposite presented the appearance of having been bombarded with fresh livers and baptized with sausage-meat. The telegraph obscurely adds that no one in the vicinity slept any that night. They were probably busy getting ready for the Fourth: the gentlemen going about inviting the ladies to attend the celebration, and the ladies hastily and unconditionally accepting.

— On Tuesday last there was a cricket match between married men upon one side and bachelors on the other, in which the latter were shamefully defeated. Being a scoffer at idle and childish pastimes, we construe this as a powerful argument in favor of remaining single. It is true, a great deal may be said on the other side, but it is for the ladies to say it.



### Bachelor's Buttons.

How many a man who might have dwelt Mother-of-pearl, cut into discs,  
 In single bliss for life, Mother-in-law involves.  
 Before a woman's feet has knelt The hapless wretch, at fearful risks,  
 And asked her for a wife, The bitter question solves,  
 Because (shamefall each laundress shut on) "Too oft" he breaks his teeth that nut on  
 He'd no one to sew on a button. "Will no one sew me on a button?"  
 His peace and freedom he resigns, Ah, if I only knew the man,  
 And lays his latch-key down; I'd pour down wealth in floods,  
 Forsakes his club (which is hard lines) On him who hit upon the plan  
 Gives up his rooms in town Of fixing things with studs:  
 Because (return we to our mutton) I'd give him gold to sate a glutton,  
 He's no one to sew on a button! Who taught men not to care a button

For now no female wiles I dread,  
 In single bliss unmixed;  
 My fate once hung upon a thread,  
 But now by studs 'tis fixed.  
 So let these words my tomb be cut on,  
 "This bachelor ne'er cared a button!"

### Our Labor Exchange.

The California Labor and Employment Exchange held its third annual meeting on Thursday last (July 6th). The Secretary, Mr. Zeehandelaar, handed in his report for the year, which was accompanied by most valuable and carefully compiled statistics. We regret very much our inability, through the pressure on our columns, to do more than take a cursory glance at the same, which is quite voluminous. From the Secretary's able report we extract the following: "It will not be inappropriate to bring the important facts to public attention that up to the present time the Exchange has found employment for 19,550 men and 8,852 women—total, 29,442 persons; or for this year 1,715 men and 2,146 women—total, 3,861 persons of both sexes. Orders were received in the men's department for about 2,600 persons. During the year ending June 30, 1871, the number employed according to nationality is as follows: Americans, 313; Austrians, 4; Belgians, 4; Danes, 23; English, 185; French, 27; Germans, 279; Irish, 663; Italians, 8; Netherlanders, 7; Norwegians, 15; Poles, 1; Portuguese, 2; Russians, 5; Scotch, 29; Swedes, 28; Swiss, 13; Spanish, 2; various and unknown, 107. Total, 1,715. During the same year the women employed are as follows: American, 324; Irish, 1,648; German, 49; various, 125. Total, 2,146. Total for the last three years, 8,852. So long as the Labor Exchange is maintained in its present shape, there is no necessity whatever for the existence of a solitary healthy pauper in our streets. Previous to the establishment of the Labor Exchange, paupers were able to claim that they had no definite means of getting work; but its existence takes away that excuse, and brings indiscriminate alms-giving within the pale of those offenses which increase vice and establish nurseries for ultimate addition to our City and State Prisons." According to this report there is no earthly cause for the various forms of pauperism in our midst, as the supply very seldom exceeds the demand for good men or women who prefer honest independence to hanging around the streets of our city. There is no free gratuity of any kind asked for or taken at the Exchange, from either the employers or the employed. The demand for labor during the past year has not been as brisk as formerly, but owing to various causes the supply has been proportionally less, while the rates of wages have suffered little or no reduction. We are glad to learn that the Exchange is entirely free from the encumbrance of debt of any kind. The same Board of active Trustees was re-elected, viz.: Ira P. Rankin, C. V. Gillespie, Chas. E. McLane, Wm. Alvord, I. Friedlander, J. B. Roberts and E. L. Sullivan.

— A cheerful kind of mining is carried on at Grass Valley. A small cannon is used to knock down the rock, and the other day, after performing the duty expected of it, the ball went pottering leisurely about the mine, and ended by spotting a man in the jaw. As there is now a vacancy, we suggest that a recruiting sergeant be sent there.

— Some carping bonybody is inquiring what became of the Kossuth fund. Kossuth fund! Ah! yes, it was so long ago. We do not remember just how, and by whom, it was stolen.

— A correspondent wishes to know why people always put camphor on their dead relatives. Because it smells bad and they happen to have it in the house, we suppose.

— An Italian, forty-three years of age, has been sent to the Insane Asylum. He has a son of twenty-seven. We did not learn if there were other evidence of insanity.

### Special Brevities.

— David Hoffman, of Wooster, Ohio, is to be commiserated. David is troubled with spirits of the spiritual, not spirituous, kind. They take David's good clothes, steal his money, irritate his lovely daughters, cut their petticoats, spoil the carpets, and perpetrate similar annoyances. What to do about it David cannot discover, and a reporter of whom he sought consolation is equally undecided, as his (the reporter's) new spring hat was slashed into ribbons while its owner was colloquially and professionally occupied in the next room. Altogether the Wooster are the bully spirits of the period, so far as achievements are concerned, and they will yet be the death, as they have been the pecuniary ruin, of poor David. Meanwhile he exercises his fruitless exorcising.

— Some interesting evidence has been given before a select committee of the House of Commons by Mr. Lambert, poor-law inspector, on the subject of expenditure for relief of the poor in London. It was stated that the total charge last year was £1,466,000, against £976,000 in 1866, and that the effect of union chargeability as against parochial was illustrated in a remarkable manner in the case of a certain City parish which, prior to the Act of 1862, maintained only two paupers at a cost to the ratepayers of £20 a year each. After the passing of the act incorporating the parish in the union it had to contribute £1,200 per annum, so that the two paupers now cost that particular parish £600 a year each.

— The sixty girls that are to welcome the returning army at the Brandenburg Gate have had a meeting at the Town Hall, in which the question of their attire was definitively settled. It is to be that of Margaret in Kaubach's sketch of her first meeting with Faust. Two plaits of their own hair hanging down the back are indispensable. They are pledged mutually and to the municipal authorities on no account to use false hair. It is an attempt definitively to get rid of the chignon, which will probably prove successful; for they have resolved—the one encouraging the other—after once having risked it, to keep to the plaits. Sixty wealthy young ladies may do much—perhaps as much as an empress.

— Certain photographs exist of the ruins of the Vendôme Column, in which the portraits of a number of National Guards, in triumphal attitudes, are plainly recognizable. Each of those heads, we learn from *Galignani*, after having been enlarged, has now been placed in the hands of the detective police. A series of views of the principal barricades also were published just before the troops entered Paris, and several hundred portraits of insurgents are given. The likenesses will in many cases lead to the condemnation of the men so depicted.

— The *Moniteur Scientifique* contains a paper, by Dr. G. Declat, "On the Preservation of Raw Meat, Fish, Eggs, or Vegetables, by the use of Phenicated Water." The process is exceedingly simple. The substance to be preserved is immersed in an aqueous solution of perfectly pure carbolic acid, and then dried. It is said that the process has been tried with much success. If sugar and salt were used at the same time, the preserved meat would have a better flavor.

— A Detroit druggist has on exhibition something that the *Detroit Free Press* calls "a strange curiosity." It is the hand and part of the arm of a man, perfectly petrified, but still showing every wrinkle of the flesh, the nails on the fingers, and the joints. The cords and muscles can be distinctly traced in the stone. It was found near a Missouri battle-field, and is believed to be a relic of surgical work, the arm seeming to have the appearance of being unjointed at the elbow.

— All traces of the late struggle in Paris are being rapidly obliterated. Numbers of visitors are flocking to the city, but few of them remain long; the majority departing immediately after visiting the principal scenes of the conflict and ruins. Meanwhile the prices of the restaurants have gone up about 25 per cent. since last year, though the articles themselves, so far from improving, have deteriorated in quality.

— An ingenious German has gained a great reputation in New York by his success in training coach horses to a grand gait. He used no burr-bit or other cruel contrivance, and people couldn't see how he did it, until it was found that he put magnifying goggles upon his horses, which made cobble stones look like boulders, and they acquired a grand tread by trying to step over them.

— The number of emigrants who left the ports of Ireland in the first four months of the present year was above nine per cent. less than in the corresponding period of last year. The numbers are 15,500 males and 9,781 females, making a total of 25,281, being 1,982 males and 642 females fewer than in the first four months of 1870.

— At the moment a convoy of prisoners arrived at Versailles recently, one of them addressed the officer in command and claimed the right to be placed in a separate cell, stating that he was M. Dereure, a member of the Commune. The truth or his assertion having been proved, he was immediately shot.

— The table on which the Versailles peace preliminaries were signed has been presented to Prince Bismarck as a *souvenir*, and is placed in the reception room of the princess, a small silver plate recording its historical significance. Where is the inevitable clock?

— Union Insurance Company held its annual meeting on the 12th inst. From the statement for the fiscal year we take the following: Assets, \$1,035,848, and liabilities \$943,416, showing a net surplus of \$92,432.

## Court Chat.

— What are the American bachelors about? One by one they are suffering all their great beauties and great heiresses to be carried off by foreigners. Another great conquest has been achieved by Prussia. Miss May Parsons, the brilliant belle of the last season at Compiegne, has just become Princess de Lynar. The Prince is on the staff of King William, and the old Kaiser is said to have taken such great interest in the successful issue of the courtship, that he has expressed a wish that the marriage should take place in Berlin. But even the commands of the Kaiser fell powerless before the resolution of the little American girl, who insisted on being married at her native place, Columbus, Ohio, refusing even the compromise suggested by diplomacy, that of having the marriage ceremony performed at Washington, by the Chaplain to the Prussian Embassy. The Prince de Lynar was therefore compelled to make the journey to Columbus, passing through London on his way thither a few weeks ago. Such is the description observed on the Royal Staff, that the Prince was vain merely to hunt at his impatience to start forth on his love chase, never daring to ask point blank for the *counté*. But Kaiser William good-naturedly set the lover's heart at rest by turning to the Prince at the grand banquet given at Berlin in honor of the return of the Royal Staff while the various toasts were being proposed, and saying, "Prince de Lynar, I drink to the health of your American *fiancee*, and may we soon behold her at your side here in Germany. A pleasant voyage, Prince, and a safe return amongst us!" The next day the Prince received his leave of absence, and started home Berlin immediately. So the resignation of Count Gortz, who has been five-and-twenty years Prussian Ambassador at Washington, gives rise to a rumor that he will be replaced by the Prince de Lynar, who was for some time Secretary to Count Gortz at Paris.

— Court Journal.

— The Queen on the 23d ultimo gave a breakfast, from half-past four to half-past seven o'clock, in the gardens of Buckingham Palace, where tents had been erected and preparations made for the occasion. Notwithstanding the desolate state of the weather, the ladies' toilets were very elegant, and of as light a material as the thermometer would sanction. What we should describe as a peary-dove color seemed a favorite, and dresses were worn rather short. The Queen was attired in black; the dress of silk; the black bonnet being trimmed with white lace. The Princess of Wales wore a very becoming costume of satin, of a *nuance* between amber and yellow, trimmed with black lace. The bonnet was of tulle, with dark leaves. The gentlemen were *en rose*, white waistcoats, light trousers and black ties, and also, in many cases, wore orders and decorations. The Prince of Wales and the other Princes were in deep blue frock coats with gold buttons.

— It is well known that the Crown Princess of Prussia, eldest daughter of Queen Victoria, is a most talented painter and limner, and that her beautiful sketches of English and Italian scenery, and her portraits of many celebrities of Europe, have found admirers even among professional men, who bestow the highest encomiums on the delicacy of touch and the poetry of conception which distinguish her productions. The Crown Princess has of late contributed quite a number of these delightful little sketches to fairs for the benefit of wounded soldiers in different parts of the Empire, and the price paid amounted, in one instance, to nearly nine hundred dollars.

— The most eccentric Princess in Germany is the Princess Caroline, who lords it over the great and important principality of Reuss-Schleiz-Greiz. She hates the Prussian Court intensely, and never lets an opportunity to slight it go by. The other day the French prisoners confined at the capital of the small principality were released. The Princess gave them a splendid banquet, and had from all officers and privates, driven to the railway depot in her court carriages, while the Prussian escort did not get anything to eat, and had to march on foot.

— Constant receptions took place at the Vatican in honor of the Pope's jubilee. Three thousand pilgrims arrived. The members of the Diplomatic body were received on the 17th, 20th and 21st. A great number of houses were illuminated, as well as all the churches. An anti-Papal manifestation on a large scale was made, the crowd marching through the streets singing and breaking the windows of some of the houses that were illuminated.

— It is reported in St. Petersburg that the Emperor Alexander II. of Russia, previous to his recent departure for Germany, took a solemn pledge to abstain entirely from spirituous liquors. The German Courts have been privately informed of this, and, in consequence, no wine will be offered to anybody at the repasts at which the Czar is present.

— In the course of the Tichborne trial, recently, it was arranged that the hearing should be adjourned on or about the 15th of July until about the 15th of November. In the afternoon the Prince and Princess of Wales entered the court and were accommodated with places in the gallery. They remained until the adjournment.

— The anniversary of the Queen's accession to the throne was celebrated recently with the usual royal demonstrations. Royal salutes were fired at most of the military establishments and by the vessels of war in port. Her Majesty has now entered upon the thirty-fifth year of her reign.

— The Emperor of Germany had an extraordinary ovation recently, and could not resist the temptation; he received an address from 100 pretty girls, and "looted" the speaker at once of a kiss. A gay old gentleman.

### Molly's Letter.

DEAR OLD NEWS LETTER:—What a strange thing color is, and how differently the same shade appears to different eyes. Philosophers try to persuade us that no such thing as color exists, that it is an optical delusion. I suppose that they know best, and when I walk along Montgomery street and see the badly assorted colors that are on the backs of some women, I do begin to think that I am dreaming. The beauty of it is, that every woman thinks herself the correct thing and criticizes other passers-by—superciliously, too. Mrs. 1866 Comstock, as she flaunts along with the last fashions from Paris, ere Paris gates were closed, looks scornfully on the quiet, sad-colored robe of Mrs. Flowery Pekoe, while she, with a quiet glance from under her curved eyebrows, looks reproachfully at the flounces, flowers and lace that glare in the sunshine. Others pass along clad in inharmonious tints. There is a French actress going to rehearsal. Her light morning dress, dragged out of a tightly-packed trunk, as you can tell by the creases, is sufficiently lifted up to show a dirty, open-worked petticoat. She is late, and pegs along the pavement like all women, raising her skirts to give greater freedom of motion. Her *chapeau* has been flung on her head and a jacket on her shoulders, and yet with all this disorder the colors blend properly and naught offends the eyes. I went to the French Church last Monday to hear the solemn mass for the soul of the murdered Archbishop of Paris and his attendant priests. It struck me that they had better have prayed for the murderers. That's not what I was going to say. I noticed that the curiosity mongers were more numerous than the faithful, and that the Heretics outnumbered the Papists. Now, there ought to be a countersign on entering, such as Free Masons use; for example, the proper manner of making the sign of the cross, in the same way that the early Christians acted. But this crowd was common and vulgar, and was disappointed because the church was all in black and the music was sad and bad. One woman, with a black hat and violet-colored feather, stood in order that she might better behold the elevation of the host, whilst the whole of thy congregation were humbly prostrate. The preacher consoled his hearers by telling them that for the last three hundred years the church of *perfidious Albion* has been at peace, whilst that of Rome has been incessantly torn by factions. That is neither true nor logical. A small artistical scandal took place last week. A little comfortable looking man, with a baritone voice and Eastern reputation, came here some time ago, sang at concerts, got into society, dressed in clean linen and fared sumptuously at his hotel. He was called to Sacramento to sing. He went, and days passed but he returned not. The landlord began to think that if the artist's note could be as *sostenuto* as that he had with the hotel he must be a great singer, and went to his room. There was his trunk. It was light; he shook it; something rattled within. He forced the lock and found a very old pair of boots. I picked up a volume of Anastasius, the other day, and opened at the part where the church painter, whose wife sat for his virgins, always painted her ugly when she was in the sulks. Now, we might adapt this to our domestic life. Let every household be furnished with an instantaneous photograph apparatus, and when any froward gesture or cross look comes over one's husband, turn the knob and take it off. Then carefully inscribe the date and incidents, place the illustration opposite, and put away the album for future reference. I went on Tuesday to Platt's Hall to hear Mrs. Cady Stanton. Spite of myself I could not help admiring her. With her sleek face and white curly hair she looked like a London Chancery barrister in comfortable practice. Her voice is particularly pleasing, and she has none of the shrillness of the shrew, that the foregone strong-minded ones possessed. Mrs. Pitts Stevens, who acted as bottle-holder, must have felt proud, for the vast audience applauded her. It was very unlike the last time I saw her in public, when she spun round the room in a melancholy polka with the man who had the customless tea-stand at their Fair. Mrs. Stanton spoke for more than an hour without halting, and was amusing if not logical, and ladylike if not profound, which is more than we can say of the others. Were all women like her I would join her cause with my heart and soul, for I think I am as qualified, mentally, to vote as many men I know, but she cannot avoid this dilemma: If women are to have the franchise, all women are to vote, and Topsy, who was raised on a plantation, and Biddy, who was brought up with the pigs, have an equal right to go to the polls with Mrs. Stanton and Miss Anthony. By the way, Miss Anthony went bobbing around after the lecture, and she reminded me of Mr. Thiers in petticoats. Her nice, quiet Sacramento brother must be rather bored by the escapades of his sister. She made a mess of it when she got up the theatrical display of the mother and daughter of Mrs. Fair at her lecture. It was deservedly a failure; the audience should have laughed, not hissed. It is sad to think that women of such superior mind as these two lecturers should descend to vulgar clap-trap in order to entice applause. If such is their argument, their cause is hopeless. Besides, it is hosh to talk about men alone causing women to fall, for what does a French author say, "C'est la femme qui perd la femme. Avec l'homme la femme se retrouve." Yours, MOLLY.

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— Matthew Brady, of the Fire Department, has been presented by his admirers with a silver trumpet. From the fact that we have seen something about this horn in every newspaper in the city, we infer that Mr. Brady has been rather zealously tooting it.

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— The People's Insurance Company paid a dividend of 1 per cent. on the 10th.



### Money and Commerce.

He that has money commands the service of men; he that has not, must be thankful for whatever he gets. Consequently, to be poor is to be weak, to be rich is to be strong.

The officers of the San Francisco Branch Mint have completed their official reports for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1871, and sent them on to the Department at Washington. The report of the Melter and Refiner, J. P. Cochrane, shows that he operated upon 2,153,576.42 ounces gold, on which the legal wastage was 4,307.15 ounces, and the actual wastage 327.65 ounces. The total amount of silver received was 1,451,941.64 ounces, on which the legal wastage was 2,908.04 ounces, and the actual excess 921.59 ounces. In the previous year the same officer received 1,834,141 ounces gold; legal wastage, 3,678 ounces; actual wastage, 114 ounces. Silver received, 924,837 ounces; legal wastage, 1,850 ounces; excess, 1,151 ounces, consisting of silver extracted from gold. The apparent heavy gold wastage for the past year is due to the fact that a considerable amount of gold bullion heretofore pressed to the credit of the Melter and Refiner, was, during the year just closed, credited to another account. The total coinage for the past year was:

GOLD.	
Double Eagles.....	\$17,660 000
Eagles.....	80,000
Half Eagles.....	85,000
Quarter Eagles.....	40,000
<b>Total Gold.....</b>	<b>\$17,865,000</b>
SILVER.	
Half Dollars.....	722,000
Quarter Dollars.....	7,725
Dimes.....	14,000
Half Dimes.....	8,050

**Total—Gold and Silver.....\$18,616,775**

The whole amount of Gold ingots received was \$1,788,189.53 ounces. The actual wastage in the manipulation of the above was as follows, as compared with the legal wastage allowed by the Mint laws:

	Ounces.	Value.
Legal Wastage.....	2,682.23	\$49,902 88
Actual Wastage.....	37.02	\$74 79
	<b>2,645.21</b>	<b>\$49,028 09</b>

The total amount of Silver ingots received was 1,307,015.15 ounces, on which the legal and actual wastage were as follows:

	Ounces.	Value.
Legal Wastage.....	2,114.03	\$2,017 53
Actual Wastage.....	02.04	78 68
	<b>2,351.09</b>	<b>\$2,938 85</b>

The above is a very satisfactory exhibit, and reflects great credit upon the Coiner's Department.

Imports of coal from January 1st to July 1st are as follows:

Anthracite, tons.....	5,473	Queen Charlotte Island, tons.....	565
Australian, tons.....	10,944	Vanconver Island, tons.....	7,796
Bellingham Bay, tons.....	11,890	Sitka, tons.....	18
Coos Bay, tons.....	14,238	Mount Diablo, tons.....	60,462
Cumberland, cks.....	2,224	Rocky Mountain, tons.....	918
English, tons.....	2,201	Seattle, tons.....	1,628

The general outlook of the markets for imports, as well as for business in general, is healthful, to say the least. Our wholesale merchants and jobbers in all leading departments of trade make satisfactory reports, not only as regards the volume of trade, but that the general profits are satisfactory quite as much so for the past six months as for the corresponding period the two years previous.

The California Trust Company makes the following yearly report: Surplus June 30th, 1871, \$134,976 41; dividends during the year, \$47,500; total, \$182,476 41; deducting the surplus on hand June 30th, 1870, amounting to \$57,918 27, leaves the profits of the year to be \$124,558 17.

Nothing has yet been done in the way of grain charters. Liverpool freights nominal at £20 £2 5s.; the surplus tonnage large, with little freight offering in any direction.

The Fireman's Fund Insurance Company disbursed a dividend of 1 percent. per month for the quarter ending June 30th.

Occidental Insurance Company disbursed a dividend of 1½ per cent. per month for the quarter closing June 30th.

The Bank of California declared its customary monthly dividend of 1 per cent., payable on the 15th.

In sales of miscellaneous securities we note that Spring Valley Water Company realized \$70@75 50 per share.

### Post Office Control of the Telegraph.

The loud complaints which arose against the British Post Office immediately after it had assumed control of the telegraph lines throughout the kingdom, soon died away; and though the transfer was made in the face of the most formidable difficulties, the result has been a complete justification of the undertaking. When the subject arises again in Congress, as it can hardly fail to do, the report of Mr. Scudamore, Second Secretary to the Post Office, will furnish some very forcible arguments for consolidation in this country also. He states that of all the messages handed in at Birmingham, Leeds, Liverpool and Manchester, from 14 to nearly 40 per cent. were at stations previously unsupplied with accommodation; while in London, deliveries which used to take hours are now made within an average of ten minutes. Whereas the telegraph companies had but 1,869 instruments, the Post Office had, last August, 4,153; and whereas the former had but 2,514 clerks—viz., 2,035 males and 479 females—the Post Office employed, in the month just mentioned, 4,913 clerks and assistants, of whom 1,535 were females. Many of the women clerks were secured by recalling those who had been discharged on marriage by the telegraph companies. Of this class as a whole, it is said (we quote directly from the *Times*): The women clerks have the essential qualifications of quickness of eye and ear, and delicacy of touch, are more patient than men during long confinement to one place, and take more kindly to sedentary employment; that the wages which will draw men from but an inferior class will draw women from a superior class, and hence they will generally write better than the former and spell more correctly; and that they are less disposed than men to combine for the purpose of extorting higher wages. Where the staff is mixed, the female clerks raise the tone of the whole staff. Civil servants expect their remuneration to increase with their years of service, even though from the nature of their employment they can be of no more use or value in the twentieth than in the fifth year of service, but women will retire for the purpose of getting married as soon as they have the chance, and only those will return to the service whose married life is less fortunate than they hoped. Mr. Scudamore concludes that if we place an equal number of females and males on the same scale of pay, the aggregate pay to the females will be less than that to the males; and there will be fewer females than males on the pension list.

— Miss Bertha Tozier, of Athens, Maine, is one hundred and seven years old, and lively.—*Exchange*. [Here's a rum go! An old maid of one hundred and seven. Mother of Eve! what a nice girl for a small and early tea! And this juiceless old cadaver is "lively;" this gnarled and knotted trunk has the audacity to put forth a green leaf; this dusty old highway dares to meander like a gravel walk! By Jove! it's mean of her. Why, confound her old corporation, she is legally and morally dead and damned—buried, rotted, taken up by the roots of green weeds, and drunk in herb tea by old maids of less than half her years! Now we will wager the profits of our newest swindle that that hag thinks of marrying—that she lies awake nights and wants to as hard as ever she can. Well, well, well; one hundred and seven years old and "lively!" Reader, let us go poison. Yes, thank you; some sugar, and just a dash of Stoughton. "Lively!" Great Scott!]

— An advertisement, to which we are willing to call attention gratis, states that persons desirous of joining the Order of the Seven Wise Men can address the Supreme Ephor, who acts "under the broad warrant of the Most Eminent Supreme Arclun." The *Town Crier* desires to join, and addresses the Supreme Whatisit thus: DEAR ELPH:—I am of good moral reputation (being but little known) and want to be a Seven Wise Man—a Heptasoph. Your advertisement says your Order is "Oriental;" I want to know if that is anything bad. Likewise, that it is "beautiful;" is it mostly male or female? Moreover, "high in principle;" is it higher than the Jack? Finally, that it is "free from all objection;" how does it happen that you are in it?

— From the annual statement of the Pacific Insurance Company we learn that their assets foot up \$1,845,322, being \$105,256 more than the previous year. Dividends at the rate of 1½ per cent. per month, equal to \$150,000, have been disbursed during the fiscal year. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, Jonathan Hunt; Vice-President, A. J. Ralston; Secretary, Charles A. Laton; Marine Secretary, A. Baird; Attorney, S. M. Wilson.

— It is now explained that Dr. Bars'ow, who shot himself in the pate and didn't die, had not the remotest intention of committing suicide. Not he—he only had the dyspepsia, and of course temporary aberration, etc. This is the unanimous opinion of his physicians, and he is beginning to believe it himself. Not wishing to appear obstinate, we believe it.

— Miners' wages at Ottawa, New Zealand, is \$2 50 per day.

### The Weird Sisters.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.—*LAURA D., a Murderess; SUSAN B., a Manikin; ELIZABETH C., an Idiotess; EMILY P., a Noodle. SCENE: A Jail.*

*LAURA D. (Sings).—* Now knells the midnight clock the death of day,  
And on the solis-ana stroke another's born:  
This is the hour when ghosts are wont to walk,  
With pallid aspect paling all the dark—  
Freezing the souls of sinners. How is this?  
Unwonted tremors seize my totter frame,  
Dun darkness settles on my clouding eyes—  
Where are my drops? I think it is a spell. [*Enter Susan B.*]  
O, God! I've seen the ghost of Gethsemane,  
Come hot from hell, with drawn and crinkled skin;  
And face to face I've met the ugly sprite  
Of Colonel F—r, with bullet-shattered head;  
I've sat for hours and watched the wretched  
Of dimpling aziness flange the front  
Of my attorney, Oleander Squint;  
But never saw I aught that could compare,  
In hideous deformity of face,  
With this. Speak, spectre, and declare thy name,  
If name thy mother lived, or father dared,  
To give thee—if, perchance, thou parents had—  
Sublime Absurdity, thy title read!

*SUSAN B.—* Fear not, sweet convert to our simple faith,  
I'm but a tender virgin come to speak  
Words of great comfort to thy woman's heart.  
The cause progresses: only yester night  
A woman set upon her tyrant lord  
And chopped him into shaw-wood; and anon,  
Out of her aged father's wrinkled brow,  
With iron spoon a maiden scooped the eyes;  
Then afterward a mother brained her boy  
With wooden cart-rung—

*LAURA D.—* What have I to do  
With childish recreations such as these?  
You call these Woman's Rights—I want them not,  
I deal in Woman's wrongs—my simple tastes  
Are satisfied with here and there a wife  
Made worse than widow, and made widow, too—  
Doomed for long years to nurse a broken heart  
And slunk at last in a dishonored grave.  
This, and some trifling sport with beggared babes,  
Comprise the measure of my simple joys.  
Whate'er male blood doth flow from fun like this  
Is merely incidental to my plan.

[*Enter Elizabeth C.*]

*ELIZABETH C.—* Hail sister of the Sisters Three!  
Glad tidings bring I unto thee,  
Of "Marriage and Maternity."

*LAURA D.—* I know no marriage such as this you preach,  
But such as that you practice. For I teach  
That other is but harlotry. I hold  
Him as my husband who can give me gold.

[*Enter Emily P.*]

*EMILY P.—* Ladies, good morning; I've a bit of news  
(Your pardon, Laura, "noose" was not the word):  
This way the devil takes a midnight cruise,  
And is to be admitted, as I've heard.  
I know not what his mission may be here,  
Unless he comes to me with a new tale  
(You know he's writing for the *Pioneer*)  
An naturally seeks me at the jail.  
But since His Sooty Highness is from hell come,  
Like daughters good let's give him gracious welcome.

[*They join hands.*]

*ALL (Singing).—* Joy to the mortals that bow at the shrine  
Of evil immortal—the Devil divine:  
Christ and Morality into the night,  
Flying before us, shall vanish from sight.  
Different methods of wickedness we  
Perfectly practice, but here we agree:  
Here where the bolts, bars and shackles surround,  
Sisterly meet we upon common ground.  
By divers roads to damned abodes—

Sometimes slower, sometimes faster—  
 All shall meet the mighty master.  
 Shameful, shameless, who shall shame us?  
*T. Diabolum laudamus!*

[*Satan jumps into the center of the circle in a flame of fire, and kisses them all round. He then produces from under his wing a bucket of pitch, and tars them all with the same brush. There is an earthquake and all disappear; but against the lurid East is seen the black shadow of four gibbets, and a voice is heard singing:*

Judgment is ratified,  
 Justice is satisfied,  
 Heaven is gratified,  
 Angels rejoice!

### Heligoland.

A correspondent writes: "I see the Heligoland question has turned up again, and a few words of description may not be without interest to your readers, for there is no place like it on the face of the earth. It is a tall red hill, rising straight out of the waters, with a sand-bank on one side. On the sand, and part of the way up the hill, is the town, or rather village. It was inhabited in former times by pilots and wreckers, but now they have degenerated into lodging-house keepers. Heligoland is the Margate of Hamburg. Thither stream the citizens of that rich city to gamble at rouge-et-noir (at least they did when I was there), and to enjoy sea bathing. There is a regular season in the summer months, and sometimes many passengers that are brought in the steamer are obliged to sleep on board, and go back again—the island being full. Every house probably takes in lodgers; but then there are not many houses. The bathers resort to a neighboring sandbank, a sister island, which the governor, it will be remembered, some time ago stocked with rabbits, which began eating up the grass that held the sandbank together, so that the Heligolanders became furious and talked of shaking off the English yoke. However, the rabbits were all shot, and the islanders were pacified, and nothing more was said about their old Frisian Constitution. Their language is German, but they detest that nation even more than they do ourselves. They are not English, though they are English subjects; they are not German, though they speak German. They are Heligolanders, the noblest of created beings; all foreigners are *skit*, which in their homely dialect means dirt. The top of the island hill is flat, and, as well as I can remember, about the size of the Green Park. There is a well-known story of a man from the Far West—and therefore accustomed to see land only on a large scale—who paid a visit to England. When asked how he enjoyed himself, he replied very much, only he never went out at night for fear of falling off. In Heligoland there is really a danger of such an accident happening to any one who from the force of habit should continue to walk too long in any one direction."—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

—The present inflation of the California mine market in London is working a permanent injury to our most important interest. There is an organized, and so far successful, attempt to thrust worthless stocks upon British capitalists, and to decry really sound and safe ones. We have had our intelligent eye upon this clever swindle for some time, and have prepared a correct list of both classes of stocks, and we purpose making an exposé presently that shall put this bulling movement in a most unenviable light indeed. The crafty and unscrupulous parties concerned in this wildcatting will come into sudden notoriety at no distant day.

—Some Kentucky women went to the cottage of one Dennis, and snaking him all naked from his bed did carefully pound him with clubs until his pliability was as that of a boned eel. For Dennis had licked his wife. Now, therefore, doth Dennis feelingly inquire: "If a man may not punish his own wife, to whom is the poor woman to look for punishment?" Dennis, we give it up. It is a wicked, wicked world.

—The editor of a city paper says there is now hope that the long desired ship canal "may be able to be cut" across the Isthmus. We learn that it is making superhuman efforts, and the present danger is that in trying to be cut it will so exhaust itself that it will be of no use. An exhausted canal is as useless as an exhausted reservoir, or an empty editor.

—A wild cat was killed in the streets of Los Angeles a few days since.—*Exchange*. [That is nothing; the streets of Oakland swarm with all the larger kinds of game, and one cannot shuffle along the sidewalks without upsetting a score of prairie dogs and nut-eating squirrels. Moreover, you are tolerably certain to step on a University Cadet.



### The New York Riot.

Three or four hundred killed and wounded is a tolerably low price to pay for the privilege of trampling upon law and order in America, and we do not think those who have purchased the same luxury in the marts of the old world need grumble at our rates. If it is objected that we have refused credit and demanded payment on the spot, the low figure at which we have marked our wares must be considered in palliation. In Dublin, London, Paris, Berlin, St. Petersburg or Madrid, such a demonstration as that made against the Orangemen would have cost some thousands of lives and some very long terms of imprisonment. So, upon the whole, the Hibernalians may congratulate themselves upon having driven a very good bargain, albeit one which they will feel no disposition to repeat in the future. As for the Orangemen they may hereafter celebrate the battle of Boyne with additional absurdities, zest and zeal. The occurrence has been an instructive as well as a destructive one. It has taught us as well how to make a good Irishman as punish a bad one. The Police of New York, which is composed—as is the Police of most other American cities—principally of Irishmen, did most faithful service in quelling this mob of their own countrymen. It is probable that nine-tenths of the rioters, had they been employed upon the Police, would have been as zealous in suppressing as they were in fomenting the disturbance; and had they belonged to the soldiery would have acted just as the militia did. We may learn from this how to make a good citizen of the average Irishman: give him a permanent place in the local government of the city where he may chance to reside, pay him a good salary and he will kindly abstain from cutting your throat, and assist you to cut that of his unemployed—and, therefore, bloodthirsty—countryman. Place him where he receives no permanent compensation and he becomes merely a gaudy and expensive idleness; to purchase the good behavior of the average Irish immigrant you must proffer something more substantial than a suit of spangled soldier clothes and a right to vote. It is well that this riot occurred; it has not only taught the foreign element of our population that we will maintain against them the rights of American citizens and the dignity of American institutions, but it has so taught ourselves. The revelation of our own unsuspected manhood is the most pleasing feature of the business. Our boasted toleration is so apt to degenerate into mere passivity, and the liberty we accord to all is so likely to become license in the few—a license that we suffer to go unchecked—that any occurrence which brings out the real purpose and meaning of our system, and the forgotten dignity of the American character, is wholesome and desirable. For all past time we have been idly boasting that we offer an asylum to the world's oppressed, and practically inviting them to come and oppress us. If this goes on for a few decades longer, some nation may do a Christian duty and supply an existing want by offering a refuge to Americans. We hope that henceforward our immigrants will be made to understand that it is themselves we want, not their dirty baggage of political and religious animosities.

—The Californian Democrats have joined in the "new departure." They accept the three amendments to the Constitution as a final settlement of the matters with which they deal, but demand the strict construction of them; call for universal amnesty; denounce "unlawful combinations" and also the "bayonet bill" passed to suppress them; declare for a tariff for revenue only, and reprobate the protective system; condemn land grants to corporations; abuse Congress for not repealing the income tax, for maintaining so many tax-gatherers, and for not stopping the importation of Chinese; denounce subsidies to railroads and other corporations; call for the amendment of the State constitutions for various purposes, but notably to prohibit the lending of the State credit to corporations; express warm sympathy with the workingman, and point to legislation shortening the hours of labor and restricting Chinese immigration in proof of their sincerity; again denounce Chinamen as an "inferior people," and abuse Congress for connivance at their coming. *The Nation*.

—A Boston paper thinks the Coolie traffic should be suppressed "by the united action of all Christendom." So far as we have observed, that is not the way in which all Christendom is accustomed to act.

—A daily newspaper, the *Morning Ray*, has just perished in New York. In this city the *Morning Rag* is a flourishing and influential sheet. By this we mean to compliment no less than three separate journals.

—The following is a conundrum: Does that side-whiskered man of destiny, R. Guy Metcalf, expect to make the effete dynasties of Europe feel insulted by shaking the coat-tails of his face at them?

—The Union Pacific Salt Company will disburse a dividend of  $\frac{1}{8}$  per cent. the present month.

### Our European Reflex.

The Ballot bill has passed the English House of Commons. The Lords may somewhat modify it in its passage through their conservative hands, but the fiat has gone forth, and henceforth the system in force in the United States will be adopted at the English elections. After all the change cannot be looked upon as a revolution, for we all know how little secrecy there is in our voting, and the Englishman will follow his leader or his inclination just as he does to-day. It will tend in one sense to encourage knavery, for the dishonest will sell their votes and then deposit their ballot for the other side. In America, party spirit overrides the temptation of the pocket. In England, the lower orders, especially in the agricultural districts, mix little with, and care less for, politics. It doesn't matter to them whether yellow or blue wins, and in many boroughs election day was only regarded as a certain allowance of beef and ale, with a certain amount of hard cash. But the followers and opponents of the Prime Minister were astonished by his declaration that it will become expedient to provide for a new distribution of parliamentary seats, and a readjustment of borough boundaries. What a Reform Bill treading on the heels of the ballot! The Pope has had his jubilee all over Europe, and simultaneous with the event was the entrance of the Italian Government into Rome, thereby restoring it to the title *de facto* of Capital of Italy. Any one passing through Italy and communing with the people cannot fail to be struck with the calm, determined attitude of the nation to preserve its temporal integrity. It will no more permit French occupation, nor active hostility by Papal troops. No future President or King of France, however ultramontane his tendencies may be, will dare to enter Italy with an army to restore the temporal power of the Pope. The Italian Government is strengthening itself with a treaty offensive and defensive, just concluded with Germany, and cemented with one of those great undertakings which seems to have adopted Italy as their expression, namely, the construction of a direct line of railroad to Germany, with a tunnel which rivals that of Mont Cenis in magnitude. Nice and Piedmont begin to cast longing eyes back to their mother land, now that taxation is beginning to press heavily upon them. The idea of the Pope taking refuge in France was too preposterous to gain much credence. He is too comfortable in Italy, where he still reigns as acknowledged Spiritual Pontiff, ever to leave the Eternal City. He holds Court as ever, and bends his magnificent gazelle-like eyes with their kind though mournful expression on the crowd of the faithful who still offer him homage. For indeed, to those who cling to the Papacy there is much to be proud of in these twenty-five years that Pío Nono has worn the tiara. The meeting of the Vatican Council; the promulgation of the dogmas of the Immaculate Conception, and the Infallibility of the Pope; the gorgeous gathering of Bishops and Prelates at the Centenary of St. Peter; the almost total appointment of the existing college of Cardinals by his Holiness, are of themselves enough to render a Pontiff's reign illustrious. By a strange coincidence, the day of the Papal jubilee was the day of the solemn entrance of the army of Protestant Frederick William, Emperor of Germany, into Berlin. Still, with all their enthusiasm, the good Berliners don't forget the cost of war, and with their address of congratulation to the Emperor, they present a petition that, as Germany had proved herself to be foremost in the arts of war, she would strive to be foremost in the arts of peace. Such action was necessary, because after a successful war there always remains a military caste, who, from the nature of things, delight in battles, and are ever on the look out for new lands to conquer. It is very well for the optimists to say that Germany does not rejoice in the brilliant achievements of her children, or in her acquisition of territory, or in united Germany, as in the guarantee afforded her of being unmolested for a long series of years. France is ostensibly quiet. The first installment of the German indemnity is paid. The general desire is to free the country from foreign troops. Two thousand five hundred women of the Commune, it is said, are to be sent to New Caledonia. We rather doubt the truth of this intelligence, but should it be true, the better portion of them will find their way to New Zealand. The Paris gardens are again open to the public, and Paris gardens are great peace makers to that light-hearted population. Still the places of public amusement have to close at midnight, and the influx of strangers is not yet as in days of yore. Gambetta ready, but not present, and the Bank of France stronger than ever in its wise and prudent conduct during the war and after the conclusion of peace. The course of that great institution during the difficult crisis through which it has passed will be marked in future ages as one worthy of all praise, and a study for those possessing the fiduciary interests of a great nation.

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— Mrs. Stanton wishes to know if it would harm a woman to read John Stuart Mill's Treatises. Not at all; neither does it injure an orthodox cat to lie down on a Spiritualist newspaper.

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— The longest pole knocks the persimmons from the political evergreen, quoth the *Bulletin* with sepulchral jocularity. Persimmons do not grow upon evergreens, Smarty!

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— Giant Powder Company pays a dividend of 1 per cent. the present month.

**The Rose of Kenmare.**

A SONG BY SHIEL DHUV.

I've been soft in a small way  
 On the green of Galway,  
 And the Limerick lassies have made me feel quare;  
 But there's no use denyin'  
 No girl I've set eye on  
 Could compare wid Rose Ryan of the town of Kenmare.

CHORUS.

O, where can her like be found?  
 Nowhere the country round,  
 Spins at her wheel  
 Daughter as thrue,  
 Sets in the reel  
 Wide a slide of the shoe,  
 A slinderer, tinderer, wittier, purtier colleen than you, Rose, aroo!

Her hair mocks the sunshine,  
 Neck and arm of the colleen completely eclipse;  
 Whillet the nose of the jewel  
 Slants straight as Carn Tual,  
 From the heaven in her eye to her heather-swate lips.  
 O, where, etc.

Did your eyes ever follow  
 The wings of the swallow  
 Here and there, light as air, o'er the meadowfield glance,  
 For if not ye've no notion  
 Of the exquisite motion  
 Of her swate little feet as they dart in the dance.  
 O, where, etc.

If y' enquire why the nightingale  
 Still shuns the invitin' gale  
 That wafts every song-bird but her to the wesht,  
 Faix, she knows, I suppose,  
 Ould Kenmare has a Rose.

That would sing anny Bulbul to sleep in her nesht,  
 O, where, etc.

When her voice gives the warnin'  
 For the milkin in the mornin'  
 Ev'n the cow known for hornin' comes runnin' to her pail;  
 The lambs play about her  
 And the small bonneens snout her,  
 Whilest their parints salute her wid a twist of the tail.  
 O, where, etc.

Whin at noon from our labor  
 We draw neighbor wid neighbor  
 From the heat of the sun to the shilther of the tree,  
 Wid spuds' fresh from the bilin'  
 And new milk you come smilin',  
 All the boys' hearts beguillin', alannah machree!  
 O, where, etc.

But there's one swate hour  
 Whin the hot day is o'er  
 And we rest at the door wid the bright moon above,  
 And she sitting in the middle,  
 Whin she's guessed Larry's riddle,  
 Cries, "Now for your fiddle, Shiel Dhuv, Shiel Dhuv."  
 O, where, etc.

—Dark Blue Magazine.

**Stock Review.**

The mining share market has been characterized by a fair amount of business during the past week, a very large number of companies having participated in the operations, and as a general thing shares have appreciated in value over opening rates for the week. **HALE & NORRIS** shows an advance under considerable sale. For the week closing July 8th, 624 tons of ore were extracted. **SAVAGE** was rather dull of sale at uniform rates. They took out 1,133 tons of ore during the week ending July 8th, showing an assay value of \$29.08 per ton. **KENTUCK** shows a bullion yield of \$21,700 for June. **CROWN POINT** is quiet. For the week closing July 9th, 1,965½ tons of ore were extracted, showing an estimated value of \$45,130. **CALEDONIA**, bullion yield in June, \$33,650. **RAYMOND & ELY**, bullion returns for June, \$65,000. **MEADOW VALLEY**, bullion returns in June, \$157,000. **SUCCESS** shows a bullion yield of \$11,900. **CHOLLAR-POTOSI** has been exceedingly active during the past week, under a slight advance. During the year they reduced 83,775 tons of ore, at an expense of \$4.58 per ton for extracting, and \$12.11 for reduction, showing a total expense of \$16.69 per ton. The average yield was \$41.30 per ton, which gives a net yield of \$24.61 per ton.

### Prudence on Women and Politics.

DEAR NEWS LETTER: I long since became so disgusted with this everlasting prating about women's rights, and women's wrongs, and women's suffrage, that I resolved never voluntarily to listen to one of the lectures of these shriekers, either public or private. But with the instinctive curiosity of a woman, I could not resist the temptation of going to hear Mrs. Stanton and Miss Anthony hold forth as the champion, pioneer Caudiers in the cause, and more especially as I wished to hear the secret of the "new departure" unfolded! I imagined all sorts of new developments would be made, but to my great disappointment it was the old story over again, save this feature—that in future they will force their way to the polls, register their names, if possible, and vote in spite of breaking the laws of the land; and in case of opposition make a hand to hand fight! The arrest and *courtling* process to follow is what will particularly please them, for who ever saw a woman that did not like to be courted? Now, I fancy, from Miss Anthony's sharp cut, hard, heartless appearance, and the vein of animosity she indulges in toward the opposite sex, she has never been indulged in *this* essential to a woman's happiness, and "that is what the matter is," and she must in self-defense seek her revenge in this way. She contrasts strongly in *personel* with Mrs. Stanton, whose matronly appearance, benevolent, jolly countenance is much more pleasing, showing she has not altogether neglected her duties in the more admirable and suitable sphere of woman in her own family and home. It seems the Democratic party is to be "the refuge and salvation" in the final contest of this question, and that they take sweet counsel together. Consequently, this "new departure" is one of a series of moves, and others will follow suit in due time. I have no doubt they will imitate Pat, and vote early and often, and be famous colonizers, and have their *private* drinking saloons, where milk and ginger pop is retailed to strengthen their efforts! I could see no particular necessity in these lecturers dragging in Mrs. Fair's case in the meddlesome manner they did, and the allusion to it in Miss Anthony's lecture received a just rebuke in the *prolonged* hissing of the audience. And the ideas of Mrs. Stanton, that Mrs. Fair should be tried by a jury of *her peers* before final judgment is taken! Peers in what respect? Heaven help us if we have her peers in *any* respect among us! A jury composed of women like Mrs. Pitts Stevens, the editress of the *Pioneer*, would, if called upon to judge of the guilt or innocence of the criminal, have consigned her to the *bottomless pit* long since, for, as a general rule, they are not inclined to be charitably disposed towards the faults and failings of their sex. I should pray to be delivered from a trial before a *woman jury*! In politics a startling rumor is afloat, that the railroad folks have been playing a Machiavellian game, illustrating the fact how "a wheel within a wheel" will work once in awhile. It is said by those well posted in these matters (the knowing ones) that the railroad people were not sincere in their pretended advocacy of Selby, and that it was through their active influence that he made a backward fight. Shrewd politicians are now of the opinion that had he come forward four weeks sooner he would have certainly beaten Booth and got the nomination. The railroad programme, according to these political sharps, was to keep Selby back until it was too late for him to win before the Convention, and then play Collector Phelps for the Gubernatorial nomination. But this is not all, nor by any means the most astounding part of the game. Phelps was to be put up as the easiest man to be beaten, the railroaders having made things all right with Haight, and desiring to have the weakest Republican candidate pitted against him. They knew that Selby would be strong, and Booth scarcely less so. They also knew that Phelps was about the *weakest* Republican candidate there could be named. Booth's unexpected development of strength in the interior spoiled this startling and interesting programme. I give this simply as the talk of those who are regarded the shrewdest of the inside wire-workers, and for myself, can scarcely believe it, it seems so preposterous.

PRUDENCE.

— Mrs. Cady Stanton is led to believe that war between civilized nations is pretty nearly at an end. She thinks this because Great Britain and the United States have settled a difference by treaty and arbitration. Half the editors in the land have been preaching the same sermon from the same text, but we did not expect it from a man of Mrs. Stanton's good sense. We hope it may not be regarded impertinent to—not inform but—remind these estimable people that international disagreements have been settled by treaty upon several former occasions, and also that good humans like themselves have been predicting the speedy termination of war ever since the blessed science of prophecy was known among men. And yet, of all years in the history of the world, the last has been the bloodiest year; of all decades, the last has been the bloodiest decade, and of all centuries, the last has been the bloodiest century. Christianity, the religion of peace and brotherly love, is also somewhat more widely professed than at any former period; and by a singular and most exasperating coincidence, nearly all the slaughtering is done among and by the most Christian nations. How do we explain this? We do not explain it; we refer you to His Reverence Archbishop Alemany, and His Rival Reverence Bishop Kip.

— Hall's *Journal of Health* says: "The old and young delight in warmth; it is to them the greatest blessing." It is a luxury that most of them will obtain dog cheap in the next world.



### A Scene in the African Diamond Grounds.

By accounts received from the Diamond Fields of South Africa, we gather how very different these new "Tom Tiddler's grounds" are from the ideal generally in favor. Most people probably form their conception of such a scene from Simbad's "Valley of Jewels," where the Arab mariner made a splendid haul by throwing legs of mutton into the dark ravine, from which the eagles and vultures brought them up again, stuck as full of precious brilliants as a Christmas pudding is of plums. The Vaal diamond diggings are low, dry, barren, ugly slopes, covered with thorn bushes, and sloping down to a wild, naked river. Yet here, for thousands of years, have been lying gems of the finest water, destined at last to glitter on the bosom of beauty and in the diadems of sovereigns. The fascinating stones are found in a yellow-tinted gravel covering the top of the slope; and diamonds seem to keep good company, even when undiscovered, for this very gravel consists largely of quartzes, corneolians, and broken jasper, which would tempt collection were it not that one good brilliant is worth a cart-load of such stones. The digger shovels into a large-meshed sieve as much as is convenient of the gravel, rejecting all the bigger fragments, and sifts the heap through into a pan, which is taken down to the stream. Here he washes the "lot" through two other sieves of decreasing calibre, and, after glancing at the coarser stuff, looks more carefully among the final dishful. Sometimes—not often—the gleam of a diamond repays his toil, but many go on week after week without the longed-for "flash," and the labor, although not severe, is dreadfully monotonous. Does it pay? Perhaps there is no form of plodding industry that more nearly approaches to gambling, whether in its motives or in the aggregate and average gain on the labor bestowed. *Telegraph.*

—The sentimental impracticables of both sexes—the old maids of vinegar aspect, with untold wealth of enforced virtue, equally with the bald-headed iniquitors who nightly sup full of all current vice; the tender virgin who knows not to be other; the sober-eyed dame, jealous of her husband's fair fame and careless of her own; the downy-faced young male with a talent for Sunday-school psalmody and a weakness for poker dice. Pat families whose stories at the club, if printed and carried in the pocket, would subject the bearer to arrest; the good parson upon whom the ewes of his flock bestow countless flannel wraps for his dear "rheumatism"—all these, and all their moral kith and kin, are piously shocked and grieved at a proposition of Dr. Holland to take the Social Evil by the horns, instead of covertly assailing it at the hoof with the milk-teeth of pinching poodles, or baying it from afar with the clamor of tethered hounds. These are they who clutch tight the nose against the stinks of society, and swear that all is lavender and sweet clover. According to them, there's not an ill in life, but naming it makes it so." And that canting Chadband, the *Bulletin*, must needs egg on this opposition to common sense, like the pious pander that it is to such poor pseudo-morality as it can comprehend. The *Call*, too, hearing the *Bulletin* growl, yelps in the minor key as a champion of threatened respectability. It matters not that the plan Dr. Holland proposes is undeniably beneficial wherever it has been tried; that it tethers vice and tethers disease; it is enough that its execution requires a seeming parley with the sin that our present system defies and encourages, ignores and abets. If we cannot defeat our enemy without recognizing him as a belligerent, let us submit to be ourselves defeated. So shall we preserve our blessed hypocrisy to the last, and while fleeing with corruption and dead men's bones, we shall point proudly to our whitened exterior, whose facade is carved with Scripture texts from base to dome.

—A placid simpleton who calls himself "Ignotus Magnus," and whose peculiar affliction it is to be wildly paragraphic in Sunday's *Alta*, says that when the journalistic blackguards of Oregon have killed one another off there will be a chance for the dunces. There seems to be a chance in this city for at least one dunce—the same which it is himself. His chance here, however, is a merely ephemeral one, and he would better make himself to Oregon with all convenient dispatch. Within the past three years we have cheerfully contemplated the rise and fall of some dozens of better imitators of the *Town Crier* than "Ignotus" is. They "cometh up as a flower" on every side, and for some weeks the dailies are merry with their foolery, but in the end it happens unto them that they rupture a blood vessel, and then they die as die the early righteous. Thus it shall be with this lordly weakling, who fain would fright us with his stride and voice; but we know that the one is as but the martial strut of a boned turkey, and the other as the clamor of an aged hen mistaking the cast-iron door knob upon which she has casually sat down, for an egg of her own. It is as impossible for a dullard to maintain the attitude of a wit, as it is for the long, white and sickly shoot of a collared potato to stand vertical. The *Alta's* last and most limpid intellectual jelly-fish will probably beach himself high and dry in about another week.

—The records of Messrs. Hope, McKillop & Co. show the following Deeds, Mortgages and Releases for the week ending July 13th: Deeds, 98; value, \$239,592. Mortgages, 61; value, \$434,100. Releases, 42; value, \$346,194.

**Monthly Brevities.--**[Continued.]

Nicolas Halpine, son of "Miles O'Reilly," has been admitted to the Naval Academy at Annapolis.—Platt's Hall was literally crammed on the occasion of Mrs. Cady Stanton's lecture on "The New Republic."—Americans are striving in Paris for Communist prisoners, offering them employment in different portions of the Union, and in Lower California.—Governor Randolph issued a proclamation permitting the Orangemen's procession in New Jersey.—A farmer in Ohio, while demonstrating with a pistol the manner of Vallandigham's accidental death, terminated his own life in precisely the same manner.—A Chinaman in Court, whose knowledge of his mother tongue was imperfect, but who speaks Spanish fluently. He has been many years in Havana.—An indignant Anti-Woman Suffrage man prevented his wife's entrance into Platt's Hall, last night, with some violence, throwing her down and swearing at her.—The Reno extension of the railroad is progressing.—Stamps for lager beer barrels average 40,000 a day—double that of last year.—When General Cavado was taken prisoner it was rumored that the authorities promised to spare his life if he would discourage his co-revolutionists. He has left letters to relatives and others, counseling the abandonment of the cause, but he was executed.—Governor Hoffman, of New York, revoked the order of Chief of Police Kelso prohibiting the Orangemen's procession. The Catholic element, predisposed for a free fight, commenced rioting before any signs of the procession appeared. The excitability of Irish blood, amounting at times to positive insanity, having thus inaugurated bloodshed, who can say when it will stop?—The *Bulletin* suggests the circulation of some of Drake DeKay's captivating descriptions of Lower California be perused by the proposed Communist emigrants.—Denny Sullivan inaugurated a small riot by—without warning—striking and knocking down officer Englander—perhaps on account of his name.—Albert Shopensky, who shot himself, died in the County Hospital.—John Morrissey will allow no women to gamble in his house. They are not so particular in the restriction of women's rights in Germany.—The Orangemen of this city showed a considerate thoughtfulness in not parading yesterday. To their credit be it noted that they let the Pontifical celebration pass off quietly.—Fifteen carts and thirty-seven men set to cleaning our streets—not before it was wanted.—The Pioneer and St. George Cricket Clubs will play a match at the Recreation Grounds on Saturday.—Street opinions of the New York rioting is generally severely condemnatory of the lawlessness of the Irish Catholics. Such acts tend to the resurrection of the American party.—The figures of Mr. Lowe show that while total taxation and rates in England vary from \$12 to \$15 per capita, having decreased from 18 to 20 per cent. in 45 years, in Boston it amounts to \$30, and in New York to nearly the same.—Capt. Hughes, a veteran of the late civil war, proceeds to Amador to relieve Capt. Woodhams, of the Sumner Guard.—A brute in Stockton, of Quim-like proclivities, less the butchering propensities, is threatened with hempen strangulation.—Ed. Curtis will lecture next Sunday.—A beet sugar factory is suggested at San Buenaventura.—Thiers' letter to the Pope is declared by Favre to be apocryphal. It is officially stated to be a forgery.—Schenck and daughters visited the Universities at Oxford.—French Minister of Marine denies the transportation of 1,000 women to Cayenne.—Mrs. Wharton, widow of Major Wharton, U. S. A., is charged in Baltimore with double murder in poisoning General Wm. T. Ketchum and Eugene Van Ness, a book-keeper.—Susan B. Anthony lectured on "The Power of the Ballot" to a large audience. She did not create so favorable an impression as Mrs. Stanton.—Twenty-five farm laborers have been engaged for a term, to be brought from Scotland, through Messrs. Vale & Warner.—French and German are to be taught at the Hayes Valley and Valencia-street Schools.—W. B. Cranna has commenced an action for libel against J. P. Bogardus, of the *Figaro*; damages laid at \$20,000.—An old gentleman committed suicide on a Mississippi steamboat by the Japanese method, hari kari.—Lady advertisements for an accomplished poodle nurse.—Louis Napoleon gets 2,000 letters a week from France. The Chislehurst Post Office has to be enlarged.—Switzerland is hard up, and wants a loan.—Brick Pomeroy calls the death of Vallandigham a special Providence.—Pension Agent Lawrence's defalcation is \$50,000.—Miss Hattie Cole, the squirming of a snake in whose stomach can be distinctly seen, is at Buckingham, Pa. She is only ten years old.—John Gahn, at Scranton, Penn., while intoxicated, jumped upon a locomotive and started it. He brought up in a ditch, the engine wreck, but he was not killed.—In New York, the opponents of the Orangemen cut the telegraph wires and appropriated the street cars. The military and police were insufficient to prevent the riot. They attacked the procession; many of them were clubbed by the police and taken prisoners. At Twenty-sixth street, the Ninth Regiment charged upon the mob with fixed bayonets, and several were killed, and one woman wounded. Col. Jim Fisk was shot through the ankle, and Lieut. Page mortally wounded. The Sixth, Ninth and Eighty-fourth fired on a house from which an attack was made, the last named regiment, it is said, firing without orders. The sidewalk was swept, and the officers rushed into the ranks to stop the firing. This volley quelled the riot, and the most desperate of the rioters could not be induced to resume the fight. The procession then proceeded without further interruption. About forty have been killed and wounded.—George Francis Train has gone to Paris to reestablish Communism or perish in the attempt.—The mechanics and laborers of Valjeo called a meeting to consider the reduction of wages in the Navy Yard, where they talk of *resisting* in their might such reduction.—The detailed account by Sergeant Mott of the conflict between the Apaches and the United States troops, when Lieut. Cushing was killed, is

thrilling.—The Common Council of New York had a meeting, and endorsed the action of Governor Hoffman in permitting the Orange procession.—Ferre, a leading Communist, has been taken.—Joseph Johnson, engineer of the distillery at Antioch, was found dead in striking at a bare with the butt of his gun. It was discharged, shooting him in the bowels.—The exciting riot in New York has led to the circulation of a proposal for the formation of a Protestant League of America, on the ground that the claims of Roman Catholics are incompatible with civilization and religious liberty.—The locality of the house to which Col. Flisk was taken after being wounded was kept a secret, as the mob threatened to take his life if they could find him.—A large force is to be put on at Mare Island. So says the telegraph.—The New York merchants tender "thanks to Governor Hoffman for relieving the Empire City from the odium of being governed by a mob.—Artesian wells are about to be bored in the City Park Reservation, at San Diego, to supply the city with water.—John Hunt, a passenger from San Francisco on the steamer *Pacific*, fell overboard and was drowned at sea.—Man named Hagan stabbed at Eureka.—Four Chinamen attempted to drown a fellow countryman, but were arrested.—A farmer—an Irishman—named Martin Meara, in Iroquois county, Ill., stripped his son, eleven years of age, and placed him on a hot stove, roasting him terribly on the back; he then flogged him with a snake whip fearfully. He died immediately afterwards. Meara has hitherto been noted for brutal cruelty to animals.—A wedding ring found by a fisherman in the belly of a codfish, some months ago, has been restored to the husband of a lady on whose finger it was when she was drowned by the wreck of the *Anglo Saxon*, in 1861. It was identified by a monogram, P. B., engraved on it. The gentleman, Mr. Burnam, made the fisherman a present of \$250.—Sheriff White has been served with the Supreme Court supercedens restraining him from executing Mrs. Fair.—The Orange demonstrations in Ireland, and also in Canada, passed off quietly.—Judge Selden S. Wright fractured his leg on board the steamer *Pacific*. This is unfortunate, as the Judge was on the eve of his political campaign.—The Judge of the Municipal Criminal Court declined to excuse a juror because he could not read or write, but had to let up on him because he said he did not understand the *high words* used in Court.

—To him who knows the Rev. D. D. Chapin, of the *Pacific Churchman*, merely as a decent Christian, a careful study of that gentleman's character will develop many unsuspected peculiarities. The Rev. D. D. Chapin (who does not happen to be also the Rev. Chapin D. D., because of his inability to convince any Theological institution that he is either a Doctor or a Divinity) is not exactly of holiness all compact, nor of wisdom entirely replete. He may in fact be wickedly likened unto a vicious donkey who has conceived the idea that it is his mission to let fly his heels at all the stonic walls with which he may chance to come in contact, and who accordingly does so, to the unspeakable edification of the wondering cows and admiring porkers, but without material injury to the wall. Or, chancing our simile, we may regard him as a bellicose ram assailing with headlong impetus a pendant grindstone, which returns his sturdy battering not in anger, but in simple obedience to the law of gravitation until the repeated encounters leave nothing of him but a warlike tail, shaking spitefully at its unconscious foe, with lofty scorn but rather ludicrous general effect. Such comparisons as these, however, are odious—to the donkey and the ram—and we will content our soul with simply calling our Reverend subject a *Chapin*; and, as says Mr. Congress, this we shall continue to call him so long as he shall deserve it, or until our fertile invention can suggest a more dishonoring epithet. Now, Chapin, dear, attend thou strictly to the holy things that appertain unto Episcopal salvation, and deviate not into matters secular. Give thyself up to the sanctimonious shuffle of the religious editor whose meek soul is centered upon the filthy lucre of the faithful. Pitch thine oily voice to the wonted whine of the journalistic beggar pleading for pennies. Lengthen thy visage to the standard wouniness and weep for the damned of thine own flock. But by the good Satan who sitteth in the pit whereupon thy steps take hold, if thou keepest not thy pious impertinence for the jackasses of thine own kind, we shall make it exceedingly merry for thee! Yea, we shall afflict thee with all manner of ill; we shall glut thee with gall and fill thee with a wealth of wormwood. Ha!... The reader will pardon the necessary brevity of this notice; we would say more, but don't know how Fiddle-D.-D. Chapin would take it. Commonly he takes it with sugar and a bit of lemon.

—A correspondent—a lady—would like us to flay Dr. Holland for his course relative to the social evil. It would afford us the utmost pleasure to strip the Doctor's hide from his quivering flesh, as requested; but it so happens that we think as he does regarding this subject, and must beg to be excused. If the lady will favor us with her address we will inveigle the Doctor into her toils, and she may maltreat him to her heart's content, according to the dictates of her own conscience and the promptings of her ingenuity. It would be a refinement of cruelty to kiss him.

**Born**—In this city, May 5th, to the wife of J. A. Jones, a son. Also, May 26th, to the wife of Robert R. Bulmore, a son.



### The English Communists on Paris.

A manifesto has just been issued, followed by a good many well-known English workmen's signatures, which is, perhaps, the most significant and ominous of the political signs of the times. It bears, amongst others, the signature of George Odger, of B. Lucraft, of Thomas Mottershead, of Cowell Stepney, and of John Hales, and consists of an exceedingly vigorous and virulent defense of the Paris Commune. It is not an apology for the Commune; it is not a plea in extenuation of its violence; it is a thorough-going panegyric upon its aim and its deeds, bestowing, as far as we can apprehend its drift, implicit approval even on its most violent acts, such as the destruction of the great buildings of Paris and the massacre of the innocent hostages. The writing, as vigorous as Cobbett, reminds us of that of earlier documents of the same Association, which have been attributed, we know not how truly, to the pen of the Corresponding Secretary for Germany, Karl Marx. But to whomsoever it may be due, it is a matter of no slight moment for England to find that ideas as violent as these are caught up and acknowledged by men who have taken no inconsiderable part in our recent English politics, who certainly sway the councils of a section, however small, of the workmen's Unions, and who aspire (even though as yet unsuccessfully) to represent the homes and dreams of English labor. Let it be understood that we are expressing no amazement and no regret that these shrewd and vehement men regard the cause of the Paris Commune with far greater favor than the cause of the Versailles Assembly. Nor should we feel either surprise or dismay at any manifesto signed by English workmen, which, after weighing the merits and deserts of the opposite parties in this bloody civil war, should have found much more that was noble in the ideal of the Commune, and much less that was malignant about its actions, than the ordinary looker on. But that would be faint language indeed, to describe the manifesto just put forth by the Council of the International Association, and approved by some of the leaders of the workmen. This manifesto finds but one serious fault with the Commune—that it did not march on Versailles while Versailles was still indefensible. For the rest, it overwhelms the Assembly and its leaders with charges of treachery and infamy, but it ignores wholly the wild suspiciousness, the utter want of reciprocal loyalty and coöperation among the leaders of the Commune; it casts scorn on M. Thiers and his colleagues for their corruptness, but while intimating incidentally that many of the Paris forts were *bought* by them from the Commune, it forgets to note in this the equal corruptness of many of the Commune's trusted adherents; it denounces massacre in M. Thiers, but approves the retributive massacre of his antagonists; it speaks of its heroes as martyrs to be "enshrined in the great heart of the working class;" and in a word, it justifies the bloody propaganda of the insurrectionary party of labor, just as the Holy Inquisition has justified the bloody propaganda of orthodoxy, or M. Thiers the "pitilessness" of his purpose of enforcing "expiation." It is hardly pleasant to see words like these with the signatures of respectable English working-class leaders at the bottom of them:

"When Thiers, as we have seen, from the beginning of the conflict, enforced the humane practice of shooting down the Communal prisoners, the Commune, to protect their lives, was obliged to resort to the Prussian practice of securing hostages. The lives of the hostages had been forfeited over and over again by the continued shooting of prisoners on the part of the Versailles. How could they be spared any longer after the carnage with which MacMahon's praetorians celebrated their entrance into Paris? Was even the last check upon the unscrupulous ferocity of bourgeois Government—the taking of hostages—to be made a mere sham of? The real murderer of Archbishop Darboy is Thiers."

Even this miserable excuse is taken away by the admitted fact that the hostages were murdered when the struggle was at a close, so that it could not exercise any restraining influence on the conduct of the Versailles Generals, while it could and did enrage the troops into fiercer frenzy. To execute a number of innocent persons as your last administrative act is a curious way of exercising "a check upon the unscrupulous ferocity of bourgeois Government;" it was, indeed, such a "check" as a bottle of pure spirits is to delirium tremens, or the plunge of a spur to a horse that is running away. To our minds, it is a very grave fact that English workmen, however extreme, should be found to speak with enthusiasm of a party which, whatever may have been respectable and defensible in its aims, made light of the unity of France, preferred itself to the nation, and yet was so filled with mutual distrusts, that it could rely on no leader, could never bring more than a small fraction of the people of Paris to support it at the polling-booths, and was forced to find its enthusiasm in a world of ruin and a sea of blood.

The ominous element in this manifesto, considered, that is, as obtaining the adhesion of any real leader of the English working class, is the firm conviction which pervades it throughout that the hands of the working class must be against those of all other classes; that the bourgeoisie of all countries are contemptible and corrupt; that humanity and the Proletariat are convertible terms; that in religion Voltaireanism is the true creed of the working class; that unless the wealthy submit implicitly to be ruled by the poor, and for the apparent good of the poor, a social war is the only means of regeneration. Nor is it even easy to make out clearly what the special objects of the advocates of the Proletariat are. They denounce indeed the high salaries of office, and wish to see Government carried on by those who will accept workmen's wages because they belong to the working class—which seems to be held to be a guarantee for honesty—but beyond this we get no clearer programme of principle than the following:



"The Commune, they [hostile critics] exclaim, intends to abolish property, the basis of all civilization! Yes, gentlemen, the Commune intend to abolish that class-property which makes the labor of the many the wealth of the few. It aimed at the expropriation of the expropriators. It wanted to make individual property a truth by transforming the means of production, land and capital, now chiefly the means of enslaving and exploiting labor, into mere instruments of free and associated labor. But this is Communism, 'impossible' Communism! Why, those members of the ruling classes who are intelligent enough to perceive the impossibility of continuing the present system—and they are many—have become the obtrusive and full-mouthed apostles of coöperative production. If coöperative production is not to remain a sham and a snare; if it is to supersede the capitalist system; if united coöperative societies are to regulate national production upon a common plan, thus taking it under their own control, and putting an end to the constant anarchy and periodical convulsions which are the fatality of capitalist production—what else, gentlemen, would it be but Communism, 'possible' Communism?"

We do not wonder at this dream, and still less do we blame it; but we do wonder that any honest Englishman should regard as the International Association evidently does—all the distrust felt of it as mere selfish fear, the recoil of corrupt luxury before naked right. Why, the dream is as yet hardly concrete enough to be sketched out in the imagination. How are the land and capital to be transferred to the coöperative laborers? By whom is the amount of competition amongst different coöperative societies to be determined? Is the Proletariat to organize itself into a number of Communes, each with the sole right of producing and distributing all possible wealth within its own area? The dream is as yet a chaos which would fill, we should have supposed, even Mr. Odger with dread; and yet the spirit of the pamphlet signed by him, amongst others, is one of fierce and even deadly animosity against all who do not join to preach and teach it as a gospel of the future. *Spectator*.

### In Committee of the Democrats

Mr. McCoppin offered the following resolutions, which were adopted without discussion; Mr. McNeal, Pilot Commissioner, voting no: *Resolved*, By the Democratic County Committee of San Francisco, First—That we recognize the perfect truth of the proposition recently enunciated, namely: "That the untrammelled exercise of local self-government by the people is the salt which preserves our whole system." Second—That the creation of numerous non-elective Commissions which require a swarm of officers who, in the present depressed condition of things in our city, harass our people and eat out their substance, is, in the opinion of this Committee, inconsistent with the untrammelled exercise of local self-government by the people, and is, therefore, undemocratic and wrong. Third—That this Committee, which, for the time being, is entrusted with the direction of the destinies of the Democratic party in this county, and being anxious for its success, doth explicitly declare that this city ought to be taken out of Commission at the earliest moment practicable, and we hereby call upon the Democracy, first of San Francisco and afterwards of the whole State, to unite with us in the work of abolishing said Commissions and the establishment, upon an economical basis, of a Board of Public Works in lieu thereof. Fourth—That for the purpose of obtaining an expression of opinion upon this subject at the approaching primary election, the people of the respective Wards and Precincts are hereby requested, in making up their tickets for Delegates to the Legislative Convention, to have them so printed that the electors can vote upon this question of Commissions to the end that all candidates for the Legislature shall be pledged in the most direct and unequivocal manner to use their influence, if elected, in favor of repealing the laws creating said Commissions.

— Professor Von Schlegelintweit is rather obviously of German extraction. The Professor has writ a book on California, which is a German book. The German Professor proposes to dedicate his German book to our Academy of Sciences. The Professor is not quite sure the Academicians will like it, and writes them a letter as long as his leg, begging them, with such circumlocution and prolixity as he is master of, to do him the great favor of permitting him to mildly toot their horn. The Academicians, not to be outdone in circumlocution, and conscious of superior prolixity, reply with a wild fantaronnade upon the horn of the Professor, and humbly hope that he will consent to blow the blast which he has asked permission to execute. Modestly admitting our own inferiority in circumlocution, and confessing that we are but young in prolixity, we yet would wish to remark unto the German Professor and the Kamaka Academy, that we esteem them eminently and equally ridiculous, and trust that they will lay us under an everlasting obligation by graciously accepting the assurances of our distinguished consideration.

— The Prussians are having a *T. Deum* on account of their victories, and the French a *D. Deum* on account of their defeats.

### The Robin.

My old Welsh neighbor over the way,  
 Crept slowly out in the sun of spring,  
 Pushed from her ears the locks of gray,  
 And listened to hear the robin sing.

Her grandson, playing at marbles, stopped,  
 And, cruel in sport, as boys will be,  
 Tossed a stone at the bird, who hopped  
 From bough to bough in the apple tree.

"Nay!" said the grandmother; "have you  
 not heard,  
 My poor, bad boy, of the fiery pit,  
 And how, drop by drop, this merciful bird  
 Carries the water that quenches it?"

"He brings cold dew in his little bill,  
 And lets it fall on the souls of sin;  
 You can see the mark on his red breast still  
 Of fires that scorch as he drops it in.

"My poor Bron rhuddyn! my breast-  
 burned bird,  
 Singing so sweetly from limb to limb,  
 Very dear to the heart of Our Lord,  
 Is he who pities the lost like him!"

"Amen!" I said to the beautiful myth;  
 "Sing, bird of God, in my heart as well  
 Such good thought is a drop wherewith  
 To cool and lessen the fires of hell.

"Prayers of love like rain-drops fall,  
 Tears of pity are cooling dew,  
 And dear to the heart of Our Lord are all  
 Who suffer like him in the good they do!"

### The Chinese Dispatch.

Trouble is certainly brewing in China. Our Ministers may be lulled into the sleep of a false security by the peaceful asseverations of Mr. Wade, whose roseate-tinted picture of the Celestials is exciting mingled gratulation and incredulity. But others equally well-informed on affairs in China affirm that matters are hastening on to the goal of a war of extermination against foreigners. The Chinese are becoming bold as the European Powers, which formerly held them in check, are becoming impotent and imperfurbable by events abroad. We offer no prediction as to the future course of events in China; but the Chinese Government has now presented its first ultimatum to the European Powers, and it remains to be seen what development this new phase of the Chinese problem will assume. The mysterious Circular of the Chinese Government, which has been the source of much apprehension, is now before Parliament, and from this it appears that the crusade is first made against the missionaries—chiefly Roman Catholic French—established in China. A more flaming excitement to popular wrath could hardly have been penned. The European missionaries are accused of all imaginable offences, whereby their presence has become odious.—*London Globe.*

— In the name of humanity we protest shriekingly against the following rule of the revised manual of the Board of Education: "Absence during days held sacred by parents shall be counted as absence for sickness." Now, if Monsieur and Madame Swottletot, who came originally from Boorioboola Gha, choose to excuse their son from school upon the day when the basswood God of their countrymen is said to have sprouted a live-oak tail, why should the youth in question be accounted sick? There is something singularly absurd in regarding the youth as an invalid, when perhaps he is perpetrating countless handsprings and throwing innumerable flipflaps in honor of his ligneous deity.

— A writer in the "Capital" says there is a striking likeness between Lydia Thompson and Laura D. Fair. If these worthy ladies had not long since lost the ability to blush, that statement would cause them to redder mutually about the gills. By the bye, speaking of likenesses, we have detected, in a cast iron dog at Mr. Latham's place on Folsom street, a most wonderful resemblance to Susan B. Anthony. If Susan has time we wish she would step up there and take a look at that dog: it will remind her of home.

— The pious Occident earnestly disclaims having charged the Methodists with the sin of Antinomianism. We are glad to see this large and respectable body of Christians relieved of so terrible and degrading an accusation. If anybody should call us an Antinomianism we should bring an action against him—the action of the extensor muscles in our dexter leg. There have been men killed for calling less opprobrious names than this.

— John Morrissey has published an edict excluding the she sex from his gambling rooms at Saratoga. If it will be soothing to the suffragers we will suppose his excuse was that the presence of woman at the gaming table so "elevated" his male customers that they would not bet. We suppose now that her purifying influence is removed, these dens will become as immoral as the Congress of the United States, or a conclave of church deacons.

# THE PONTIFICATE.

## Celebration of the 25th Anniversary of the Pope.

### HONOR TO PIO NONO, HEAD OF THE CHURCH.

The Pontifical celebration of Sunday, July 2d, was most extraordinary, both in point of number of participants and completeness of arrangement. The whole Roman Catholic population of the city and this comprises a good share of our citizens, entered into the affair with a heart and will which resulted successfully. A purely religious celebration of any size or importance is seldom seen in America—never has there been one which was a tribute to the head of the Great Church, and whose name is venerated even by those whose religious convictions do not permit them to do him reverence. The Church, which is the oldest of all Christian Churches, and whose history is the history of the world, united to do honor to



its head, PIO PONO, 25th Pope of Rome, who for five-and-twenty years has sat in St. Peter's chair. The elaborate programme of the procession, where the several divisions formed and the route of march we present in the *Mail Bag*. Each Church was awarded a division, and the various Benevolent Societies and Associations apportioned among them, and many of them awarded military escorts. Bands of music headed each division and discoursed fine music during the march. Allegorical and triumphal cars, elaborately decorated and filled with beautiful children personating epochs in sacred history formed an important feature in the celebration. From the towns about— from San José, Vallejo, Oakland and a dozen others—came large deputations of believers to add their mite to the grand whole.

#### DECORATING OF BUILDINGS.

The Roman Catholic Orphan Asylum was decorated, and also the Church of St. Ignatius on Market street. In front of the church was displayed a large portrait of His Holiness,

draped with white and yellow, and supported on either side with the American and Pontifical flags. In the evening an electric light, from a battery of sixty-four cups, was displayed in front of the College. A regulator made in Paris, and a powerful Fresnel lens were used. The Mechanics' Pavilion, on Union Square, where the exercises took place, was fitted up and decorated in an elegant and costly manner. The partitions which divided the wings from the main hall were torn down, and the floors which were laid by the Roller Skating Company removed. The interior of the building presented its old familiar appearance, and accommodated many thousand people. Seats were erected in the main hall, with an aisle leading from the front entrance to the platform on the west end of the Pavilion. The three arches which lead into the lobby on the Stockton-street side were decorated with heavy damask hangings, and large blue and white silk tassels. A large cross covered with flowers surmounted the whole. The entrances were hung with flags and banners, and the scene from the street was a very pretty one. The fountain was covered over and shaped into the form of a boat, in which the little girls representing the different States of the Union were seated. The platform was covered with red, white and blue bunting, and directly over it was a representation of the Great Seal of America. Around the balconies the coat-of-arms and mottoes of the different States were hung, and the flags of many nations drooped down from the pillars supporting the balconies, presenting a striking and beautiful appearance.

Pope Pius IX., in honor of whom this celebration took place, was born at Sinigaglia, Italy, on the 13th day of May, 1792. Passing with a single remark his ordination to the Priesthood in 1819; his mission to Chile as Apostolic Vicar, in 1823

his return to Rome and appointment by Leo the XII. to the Presidency of the vast Ospizio of San Micheli, in 1825; his career as Archbishop of Spoleto, commencing two years later, and terminating with his appointment as Bishop of Imola, in 1832, and his subsequent promotion to the Cardinalship in 1840, let us hasten on to that eventful day of June 16th, 1846, when the great and good Pius, at the ripe age of 54 years, was unanimously chosen by the Sacred College of Cardinals as the visible head of the Catholic Church. No language of July can half so well portray the pure gold of our good Pontiff's real character, as do the humble words, which, on the very day of his election, he addressed in a brief note to his brothers, informing them of that event. It reads thus:

"ROME, 16th June,  $\frac{3}{4}$  past 11 P.M.—The blessed God, who humbles and exalts, has been pleased to raise me from insignificance to the most sublime dignity on earth. May His most holy will be ever done. I am sensible, to a certain extent, of the immense weight of such a charge, and I also feel my utter incapacity, not to say the entire nullity of my powers. Cause prayers to be offered, and you also pray for me. The conclave has lasted forty-eight hours. If the city should wish to make any public demonstration on the occasion, I request you will take measures—in deed, I desire it—that the whole sum so destined be applied to purposes which may be judged useful to the city, by the Chief Magistrate and Council. As to yourselves, dear brothers, I embrace you with all my heart in Jesus Christ; and far from exulting, take pity on your brother, who gives you all his Apostolic blessing."

The twenty-fifth anniversary of the Pope's election occurred on the 16th of June, 1871, and to celebrate this event, in a manner worthy of the Head of their Church, the Catholics of this city and vicinity combined with the result witnessed on Sunday, July 2d.

That the gentlemen who took the matter of the celebration in hand nobly and faithfully discharged their duties is demonstrated by the result of their labors. For some time past the Catholic people had been most enthusiastic in their desire to participate, and it was not at all unexpected to see them turn out in thousands, either to take active part in the procession or be spectators. At an early hour the streets were thronged with people on their way to different churches, in accordance with instructions, to hear Mass, and then participate in the procession.

The Pontifical High Mass was celebrated at the St. Mary's Cathedral, by Bishop Alemany. The music was given by thirty-five singers and twenty-five instruments. Solos were sung by Mrs. Uhrig, soprano; Mrs. Evans, alto; Mr. Uhrig, bass, and Dr. Belinge, tenor. The offertorium, "Laudate Dominum," by Haydn, was then given; bass solo by Uhrig. A sermon was then delivered by Father Prendegast, after which Beethoven's grand Hallelujah Chorus was sung. The church was profusely and tastefully decorated. After the services fifty Aids from St. Mary's organized its congregation into line, and, preceded by Archbishop Alemany in an open barouche, marched to Kearny street, and took the lead of the procession from the Vallejo-street Church.

Father Gallagher, of St. Bridget's, Father Gray, of St. Patrick's, and Father Buchard of St. Ignatius, also celebrated High Mass in their respective churches, all of which were crowded with an immense number of people.

After Mass at the different churches, the crowds on the streets were everywhere increased; mounted Marshals drove rapidly from place to place, military companies in handsome uniforms marched to the place of rendezvous, while cars, handsomely decorated, containing young ladies robed in white and bearing emblems suited to the occasion, were everywhere to be seen. The societies connected with the different churches formed in front of these churches after Mass, and, joined by members of the congregation, marched under escort of Marshals and to the soul-stirring strains of music to the place of rendezvous, on Fifth street, near Brannan. One o'clock P.M. was the hour appointed for the procession to move, and about twelve o'clock the organizations began to pour in from all directions and take up their respective positions. At the time appointed for starting the scene presented in this vicinity was gorgeous and truly amazing. From Howard street to Brannan on Fifth, and the intervening cross streets, was a waving sea of human beings, while here and there the top of a temporary dome or canopy, gaily decorated and ornamented with pictures or decked with flowers, caught the eye. Further on the bright helmets of the Jackson Dragoons and Haight Light Cavalry shone in the sun, while their uniform contrasted with the handsome regalia of the Grand Marshal and Aids, lent a variety to the scene, at once pleasing and attractive. It was difficult to marshal a procession of such magnitude, and no one expected that it could be done so well as it has been. The Grand Marshal relied more on instruction imparted before hand to his Aids than upon directions on the spot. The result was a success, for although the procession was in a large measure composed of unorganized bodies, the Grand Marshal was able to give the order to march a short time after the appointed hour. At precisely half-past one o'clock his Aids reported the procession ready to move. The order was given and the trumpeters sounded it along the line—

"FORWARD, MARCH."

These words were picked up and reiterated by the thousands who lined the streets, followed by a general rush to keep pace with the forward movement. The advance was composed of a platoon of mounted police, followed by eight mounted trumpeters, after whom came the

#### FIRST DIVISION

Headed by Allen's band. Marshal A. Harpending rode in advance, with his two Aids, James Daly and J. B. Danos. Then came the Haight Light Cavalry, in as fine trim as we ever remember to have seen them—their arms and accoutrements bright



and their horses clean. They showed forty men in rank, and were under the command of Capt. Geo. T. Knox. They were followed by the Jackson Light Dragoons, who looked well, and had thirty-seven men under the command of Captain Greaney. A barouche drawn by four white horses came next, containing the Most Reverend Archbishop Joseph Sadoc Alemany, Right Reverend Bishop O'Connell, of Marysville; Very Reverend James Croke, Vicar General, and Very Reverend F. Villarsa, Provincial of the Dominican Order, Benicia. Next, another barouche containing Hon. Zach. Montgomery, Orator of the Day; Hon. P. H. Burnett, President of the Day; Henry M. McGill, Vice-President, and Charles F. Smyth and Capt. J. Mullin, Secretaries. Twelve carriages followed, containing Reverend Father Gleason, Brother Justin, President of St. Mary's College; Hon. Frank McCoppin; Supervisors Menzies, Kenney, Kelly, Commine, McCarthy and Goodwin, Michael Flood and others. The "Cars of the Centuries" then appeared. They were drawn each by two horses. The sides were draped with yellow and white cloth. In the center of each car longitudinally rose a sort of arch in yellow and white. Upon the white portion of this frame were inscribed in black letters the names of the Popes who reigned in the century which the car represented. We give them as follows, and also the names of the young ladies in each:

*First Century.*—St. Peter, St. Linus, St. Cletus and St. Clement. Young ladies—Ellen Flynn, Sarah Maharar, Nellie McElroy, Mary Sweeney, Mary Ann Kearney, Helen J. McDermott, Josephine Dillon, Annie and Kate Marsh, Dollie Hughes, Mary Ann Tiernan, Annie Sullivan, Kate Tiernan, Sarah Edgar. (This car had a large painting of Christ delivering the keys to St. Peter.)

*Second Century.*—St. Evaristus, St. Alexander, St. Sixtus I., St. Telesphorus, St. Higinus, St. Pius I., St. Anicetus, St. Soter, St. Eleutherius, St. Victor I. Young ladies—Mary Duff, Annie Callahan, Theresa and Lizzie O'Connell, Sarah McNeil, Lillie Brady, Mary Allen, Nellie Burns, Nellie Cah, Minnie Carlton, Minnie and Kittie Lemasney, Carrie Hickson, Katie Wheelan.

*Third Century.*—St. Zephyrinus, St. Calixtus I., St. Urban I., St. Pontian, St. Anterus, St. Fabian, St. Cornelius, St. Lucius I., St. Stephen I., St. Sixtus II., St. Dionysius, St. Felix I., St. Eutychian, St. Balus, St. Marcellinus. Young ladies—Mamie Farren, Mary Housmand, Annie Clark, Maggie Connor, Francis Imberg, Mary Ellen Moore, Jamie Johnson, Ella Burke, Fannie Collins, Ella J. Spillman, Mary Ann Sullivan, Minnie Spillman, Mary Sullivan, Mary and Nellie Regan, Fannie Housman, Aggie McNamara, Josephine White, Julia Hagan.

*Fourth Century.*—St. Marcellus, St. Eusepius, St. Milchiades, St. Sylvester, St. Mark, St. Julius I., Libeline, Felix II., St. Damasus, St. Siricius, St. Anastadius. Young ladies—Mary O'Brien, Blasema and Mary Elizabeth Fitzpatrick, Ellen Bradley, Mary Fenton, Nellie and Mary Norton, Mary A. McGuire, Katherine O'Regan, Mary Geohan, Delia Murphy, Mary Jane Madden, Mary Ann Murphy.

*Fifth Century.*—St. Innocent I., St. Zozimus, St. Boniface I., Sixtus III., St. Leo the Great, St. Felix III., St. Gelasius, St. Hilary, St. Simplicius, St. Anastadius, St. Symmachus. Young ladies—Mary Dwyer, Cecelia Daley, Mary Francis Meetur, Mary Tobin, Clara Theresa Hopkins, Katie Riley, Francis E. McNamara, Annie Geary, Minnie Callahan, Delia Agnew, Mary Dunn.

*Sixth Century.*—Hormisdas, John I., Felix IV., Boniface II., John II., Agapinus, St. Silverius, Virgilius, Pelagus I., John III., Benedict I., Pelagus II., St. Gregory the Great. Young ladies—Lizzie Bloom, Katie Shafer, Josephine Kearny, Katie Kelly, Agnes Regan, Maggie Fitzgerald, Johnnie and Richie McMann, Lizzie Doyle, Emma Bloom.

*Seventh Century.*—Sabianus, Boniface III., Boniface IV., St. Deusdedit, Boniface V., Honorius I., Severinus, John IV., Theodore I., St. Martin I., St. Eugenius I., Vitalian, Adeodatus, Domnus, St. Agatho, St. Leo II., Benedict II., John V., Conon, Sergius I. Young ladies—Bridget Ryan, Laura Fitzgerald, Minnie Shay, Lizzie McLeod, Mary Dendaly, Mary Clements, Annie McLeod, Maggie Toy, May Gerlack, Mary Holden, Elizabeth Holden, Appie Holden, Annie Holden, Mary Wrench, Maggie McCarthy, Mary McDonald.

*Eighth Century.*—John VI., John VII., Sisinnius, Constantine, St. Gregory II., Gregory III., Zacharius, Stephen II., Stephen III., Paul I., Stephen IV., Adrien I., Leo III. Young ladies—Nellie Naulty, Laura Betters, Mary Flanagan, Mary Scott, Emma Mullen, Julia Driscoll, Mary McKeely, Louisa Sarvanat, Jennie Owens, Annie McLaughlin, Joseph O'Rourke, Lizzie Kelly, Rosie Conklin.

*Ninth Century.*—Stephen V., Paschal I., Eugene II., Valentine, Gregory IV., Sergius II., St. Leo IV., Benedict III., Nicholas I., Adrien II., John VIII., Marinus or Martin II., Adrien III., Stephen VI., Formosus, Boniface VI., Stephen VII., Romanus, Theodore II., John IX. Young ladies—Alice Sherman, Celia Knowland, Minnie Herring, Mary Strayer, Annie McQuillan, Jeanette T. Smith, Mary Sullivan, Mary Bogardus, Mary Murray, Annie and Kate McInerney, Josephine Catherine, Sarah Doherty, Nellie Clifford.

*Tenth Century.*—Benedict IV., Leo V., Christopher, Servius III., Anastatus, Landon, John X., Leo VI., Stephen VIII., John XI., Leo VII., Stephen IX., Martin III., Agapetus II., John XII., Leo VIII., Benedict V., John XIII., Benedict VI., Domnus II., Benedict VII., John XIV., John XV., Gregory V., Silverius II. Young ladies—Ellen Callahan, Katie Lane, Mary Ingalls, Mary and Annie McGrath, Julia Kelly, Clara and Annie Thomas, Mary McDonald, Alice Carr, Mary Jane Edgar, Mary Ann Harris.

*Eleventh Century.*—John XVII., John XVIII., Sergius IX., Benedict VIII., John XIX., Benedict IX., Gregory VI., Clement II., Damasus II., St. Leo IX., Victor II., Stephen X., Nicholas II., Alexander II., St. Gregory VII., Victor III., Urban II., Paschal II. Young ladies—Mary McQuillan, Annie Dwyer, Ellen Dore, Ellen Baer,

Mary Ann McLaughlin, Victoria H. Smith, Maggie Grimes, Katie Lynch, Maggie and Mary J. Brady, Mary Corcoran, Mary Cruise, Eliza O'Leary, Lottie L. O'Leary.  
*Twelfth Century.*—Gelasius II., Calixtus II., Honorius II., Innocent II., Celestine II., Lucius II., Eugene III., Anastatius IV., Adrien IV., Alexander III., Lucius III., Urban III., Gregory VIII., Clement III., Celestine III., Innocent III. Young ladies—Mary Conora, Kate Sullivan, Nettie Boland, Mary A. Rault, Maggie Dunn, Susan Rowley, Annie Ryan, Mary Gardner, Katie Dunn, Mary A. Knowlton, Katie Aiskins, Louise Brenham.

*Thirteenth Century.*—Honorius III., Gregory IX., Celestine IV., Innocent IV., Alexander IV., Urban IV., Clement IV., Gregory X., Innocent V., Adrien V., John XXI., Nicholas III., Martin IV., Honorius IV., Nicholas IV., St. Celestine V., Boniface VIII. Young ladies—Mary A. Dennison, Blossa Floris, Clara Knowland, Mary O'Brien, Mary Greenel, Louisa Bogardus, Lizzie Gilman, Annie Gillespie, Clara Mish, Mary McElroy.

*Fourteenth Century.*—St. Benedict XI., Clement V., John XXII., Benedict XII., Clement VI., Innocent VI., Urban V., Gregory XI., Urban VI., Boniface IX. Young ladies—Mary Gillespie, Katie Ford, Mary Gordon, Amelia Marina, Johanna Doherty, Josephine and Alice Canavan, Mary and Amanda Gaynor, Nellie McQuirk.

*Fifteenth Century.*—Innocent VII., Gregory XIII., Alexander V., John XXIII., Martin V., Eugene IV., Nicholas V., Calixtus III., Pius II., Sixtus IV., Innocent VIII., Alexander. Young ladies—Ellen and Mary Daley, Mary A. McLean, Mary E. Rafferty, Barbara Ware, Bridget Quirk, Rosey Gorman, Celia McCluskey, Mary Hayes, Rose Murphy, Mary Burns, Annie Gillespie, Annie M. Dunn, Carrie Ferreira.

*Sixteenth Century.*—Pius III., Julius II., Leo X., Adrien VI., Clement VII., Paul III., Julius III., Marcellus II., Paul IV., Pius IV., St. Pius V., Gregory XIII., Sixtus V., Urban VII., Gregory XVI., Innocent IX., Clement VIII. Young ladies—Mary J. Rush, Eliza Gallagher, Susan Breslin, Maggie Hamilton, Sarah A. Clare, Matilda Stuart, Mary Rudduck, Mary Grady, Maggie Quinlan, Phebe Smith, Annie Menzies, Ella Coffee, Mary Smith, Annie Mitchell, Mary Mahoney, Addie Wallace, Katie Murphy.

*Seventeenth Century.*—Leo II., Paul V., Gregory XV., Urban VIII., Innocent X., Alexander VII., Clement IX., Clement X., Alexander VIII., Innocent XI., Innocent XII. Young ladies—Mary T. Cleveland, Lizzie A. Jackson, Katie, Sarah, Hannah and Mary McGinley, Minnie McCondy, Katie Hickey, Mary and Dora Launders, Annie Sullivan, Mary, Agnes and Kate Maloney.

*Eighteenth Century.*—Clement XI., Innocent XIII., Benedict XIII., Clement XII., Benedict XV., Clement XIII., Clement XIV., Pius VI. Young ladies—Mary Fennell, Maggie Mason, Katie Fitzgerald, Cassia Ruthertford, Mary Divan, Margaret Matthews, Mary A. Curtiss, Mary and Alice Pease, Mary A. Riley, Katie Killinea, Catherine A. Malloy, Mary E. Jackson.

*Nineteenth Century.*—Pius VII., Leo XII., Pius VIII., Gregory XVI., Pius IX. Young ladies—Rosette Fallon, Aurora Mackel, Julia and Mary Duffy, Jennie Byron, Laura Mildred Doherty, Mary Riley, Mary Fogerty, Mary Specht, Mary A. Morris, Lizzie Holden, Mary Ainsley, Annie K. Parco.

The First Division was brought up by James Coughlan, Thomas H. Kelly, Wm. J. Brady, Wm. J. Sullivan and James Dolan. Thomas H. Kelly was attired in a full suit of mail, and represented the days of the Crusades. He was followed by the above-named gentlemen who were dressed as Knights Templar—in long white cloaks with a red cross on the shoulder; black velvet caps, etc.

SECOND DIVISION.

Band; Hibernia Rifles, Captain Stackpole; Sons of the Emerald Isle; Irish-American Benevolent Society; Laborers' Protective Association; Portugese Protective Association.

THIRD DIVISION.

Band. This division was composed exclusively of the Ancient Order of Hibernians of this city, and Division No. 1. of Oakland. It was escorted by the Sarsfield Guard, Captain Brown.

FOURTH DIVISION.

Societies and congregation of St. Mary's Cathedral; Band; Shield's Guard, Captain Meagher; barouche containing clergy, triumphal cars containing school children, St. Joseph's Benevolent Society, St. Joseph's Benevolent Society of San José, St. Mary's Temperance and Benevolent Society.

FIFTH DIVISION.

Band. Composed of the societies and congregation of Mission Dolores Church; military escort, Legion of St. Patrick, Captain Lynch; barouche containing clergy; boys of parochial and Sunday schools; triumphal car containing twenty-five young ladies from the Convent school of Notre Dame; congregation on foot; clergy, societies and congregation of St. Francis Church; barouche containing clergy and clergymen from Mexico; Sunday-school children; St. Francis Library Society; car representing the Catholic Church; triumphal car representing three virtues; congregation on foot.

SIXTH DIVISION.

Composed of the clergy, societies and congregation of St. Patrick's Church; Meagher Guard, Captain Eagan; barouche containing clergy; triumphal cars containing children from the various schools in the parish and the Roman Catholic Orphan Asylum; congregation on foot.

SEVENTH DIVISION.

Composed of societies and congregation of St. Ignatius Church; Band; McMahon

Guard; barouche containing clergy of the college; Gentlemen's Sodality of B. V. M.; Holy Angel's Sodality; Boy's Sodality B. V. M.; Society of Pius; congregation on foot.

*Church of Notre Dame des Victoires*—Barouche containing clergy; car containing twenty-five young ladies; congregation on foot.

#### EIGHTH DIVISION.

St. Boniface (German) Church; Band Wolf Tone Guard; barouche containing pastor; Society of St. Paul; car containing a statue of St. Boniface; car with eight young ladies, representing the eight arch-dioceses of Germany; car containing twenty-five young ladies, representing the dioceses of Germany; car containing representation of the rock of St. Peter, members of the congregation on foot; St. Joseph's Church; Emmet Life Guard, Captain Cary, barouche containing clergy; three cars containing young ladies; Temperance Society; Christian Doctrine Society; boys of St. Joseph's Sunday School; congregation on foot.

#### NINTH DIVISION.

Visiting delegations, Band, *Oakland Delegation*—Oakland Grenadier Guard and Zouaves; barouche with clergy; Temperance Societies and congregation.

*Vallejo Delegation*—Barouche containing clergy; four cars containing one hundred young ladies; congregation and boys of school.

*San Rafael Delegation*—Barouche with clergy; boys of the Roman Catholic Orphan Asylum; congregation.

*San Jose Delegation*—Temperance and Benevolent Societies; members of the congregation. Also, delegations from San Mateo, Redwood City, Mountain View and Benicia.

#### TENTH DIVISION.

Band, California Rifles, Captain M. J. Donovan; St. Peter's Church congregation and societies; barouche containing clergy; St. Vincent de Paul Society; car containing twenty-five young ladies; congregation; St. Bridget's church societies and congregation; barouche, containing clergy; St. Bridget's Christian Doctrine Society; Sunday School boys; car, containing twenty-five young ladies; congregation.

#### ELEVENTH DIVISION.

Church of the Holy Cross Societies and congregation; Montgomery Guard, Captain Quinn, assessor; barouche containing clergy; three triumphal cars containing young ladies; boys of Sunday School, congregation, congregation from Mount St. Joseph, Sodality Temperance Society, Sunday School triumphal car, St. Rose Church Sunday School and congregation.

#### TWELFTH DIVISION.

This Division consisted of 27 carriages, many of which were decorated with flags, wreaths and emblems or mottoes suitable to the day and the occasion.

#### GENERAL APPEARANCE OF THE PROCESSION.

The general appearance of the procession was grand and imposing. Never before perhaps did our city witness so gorgeous and brilliant a pageant as that in honor of Pope Pius IX. Whether viewed in point of numbers or in the elaborate character of the triumphal cars, or the taste with which the whole was arranged, it was in every respect creditable. The century cars were particularly attractive. That representing the Nineteenth century had a life-size painting of the present Pope, while that representing the First century carried a beautiful painting representing the Saviour handing the keys to St. Peter, which the latter received kneeling. The children in those cars were neatly dressed in white and wore long white veils and wreaths. The car containing the thirty-one children representing the different nationalities in the city was the object of much favorable comment. Each girl carried in her hand a flag with her nationality printed thereon. It is scarcely possible that so many persons, representing so many different nationalities, were ever before assembled in so small a space. The car representing the universality of the Church was also much admired. A round frame, enclosing a map of the world, stood in this car, and around the margin was written, "The Catholic Church; she claims all races as her children." The five men representing the Crusades were objects of much curiosity. The quaint dress and armor, and coat of mail worn by the leaders were closely scrutinized. A photograph of the five men was taken on the street. The Ancient Order of Hibernians made a splendid display. Their banners are, perhaps, the most gorgeous on the coast. Three new divisions of the Order have been organized, and two of those have beautiful banners. One represents Robert Emmett in the dock, and the other the battle of Clontarf. The beautiful triumphal car of St. Mary's Parish was very much admired, as well as the magnificently decorated cars containing the young ladies. The children of our Lady of Mercy School were very neatly dressed, each wore a sash across the shoulder and breast. The Church of St. Boniface (German) made a very beautiful display. The car representing the foundation of the Church contained a mossy rock upon which rested a round tower. There were six other cars very beautifully decorated. Then came some boys dressed in red suits, white surplices and red caps, lending variety to the already bewildering scene. There were many other features in the procession which were highly creditable, and the result of assiduity, care and taste, but they were too numerous to mention in detail. The triumphal cars were splendid in design and finish, while the numerous mottoes with which they were almost covered were tasteful and suitable. All the young ladies who participated were neatly and richly dressed, and seemed to understand the importance of the duty assigned them. Every car was covered with Papal and American flags,



and an abundance of hunting was not wanting. It can be said that the whole was tasteful and creditable and worthy of the people of the Church, while it was also a handsome tribute to the reigning Pontiff.

The procession was the longest, perhaps, ever seen in San Francisco. It is estimated that it contained nearly 12,000 people. The actual count places the number at 11,750, and the number of vehicles at 404. The time the procession took to pass a given point varied. The longest time is 2 hours and 32 minutes, and the shortest 2 hours and 10 minutes. The route was along Fifth to Howard, to Fourth, to Mission, to Third, to Market, to Montgomery, to Broadway, to Kearny, to Market, to Thirteenth. Countermarching on Market it returned to Kearny, to Post, to the Pavilion. An idea of its length may be obtained from the fact that when the right of the procession reached Kearny after having countermarched, the left had only just entered Montgomery street; or in other words, it extended from Market and Montgomery to Broadway, along Kearny to Market, to the San José dépôt and back again to Kearny. The procession was orderly and well marshaled, and reflects the highest credit on the Grand Marshal, James R. Kelly, and his Aids. It passed off without accident, so far as could be ascertained.

The cortege did not arrive at the Pavilion much before 4:30, and the proceedings opened about 5 o'clock by the playing of "The Star Spangled Banner." On the platform were Bishop Alemany, Fathers Gallagher, Prendergast, Grey, Bouchard and other prominent dignitaries of the Church, the Grand Marshal, the President and other officers of the day. Grand Marshal Kelly, after the meeting had been called to order by President Burnett, read the programme of the day, which was followed by an artistic rendition by the choir, of the Hymn of Pius IX, the words of which are as follows:

**"GOD BLESS OUR POPE."**

*[From the Cantica Sacra.]*

Full in the panting heart of Rome,	Then surging through each hallowed gate,
Beneath th' Apostle's crowning Dome,	Where martyrs' glory, in peace, await,
From Pilgrims lips that kiss the ground,	It sweeps beyond the solema plain,
Breathes in all tongues one only sound:	Peels over Alps, across the Main:
"God bless our Pope, the great, the good,"	"God bless our Pope, the great, the good."
The golden roof, the marble walls,	From torrid South to frozen North,
The Vatican's majestic halls	The wave harmonious stretches forth,
The note redouble, till it fills	Yet strikes no chord more true to Rome's
With echoes sweet the Seven Hills:	That rings within our hearts and homes:
"God bless our Pope, the great, the good."	"God bless our Pope, the great, the good."

For, like the sparks of unseen fire,  
That speaks along the magic wire,  
From home to home, from heart to heart,  
The words of countless children dart:  
"God bless our Pope, the great, the good."

THE ORATION.

The oration of the day, which followed, was given by the Hon. Zach Montgomery, and was a very lengthy production, reviewing the history of the Pontificate of Pius IX., the present condition of the Papal States, and the Romish Church in general throughout the world. Mr. Montgomery was only partially audible, this being in some degree due to the fact that many persons would keep tramping about the galleries. Before its conclusion, the salute given by a detachment under Captain Bluxome's command, was fired.

THE TE DEUM.

Next followed a splendid performance of the *Te Deum Laudamus* by Lambillotte, which received hearty and prolonged applause. The musical arrangements, under the direction of Mr. William Toepke, organist of St. Mary's Cathedral, were in all respects most satisfactory. The band of thirty performers included many of our leading professors: Messrs. Joseph Schmidt, Schlotte, Heckmans, Pipers, Yunker, Fisher, Stochr, Schmidt, Evans and others. The choir was very complete, including the following performers: Sopranis, Mrs. Uhrig, Mrs. Gleeson, Mrs. Anderson, Miss Grey, Miss Blanche, Miss Young, Miss Waterman and volunteers. Altos, Mrs. Evans, Mrs. Toepke, Mrs. Cameron, Mrs. Melville, Mrs. Scott, Mrs. Waterman, Mrs. Hopkins, Miss King, Miss Pennie and volunteers. Tenors, Dr. Belling, Messrs. Emile, Anderson, Swift, Mrs. Charles, Bacharach, Brown, Lewis and Willey. Bassi, Messrs. Uhrig, Schnabel, Newman, Kretzman, Loomis, Wunderlich, McCabe, Roncovieri, Stockmeyer, Nathanson and Egan. The proceedings terminated with the Benediction, offered by the Archbishop. The large assembly, probably numbering at least six or seven thousand, dispersed quietly. A collection was taken up at the doors.

THE ILLUMINATION, ETC.

In the evening a considerable portion of the city was illuminated, especially Third, Fourth, Mission, Market and Howard streets. In most portions of the city private residences were illuminated. A number of wickets and bombs were fired off. The chapel of St. Mary's Cathedral, where Bishop Alemany and his clergy reside, were resplendent with lights; while the front of the church was illuminated with a Bengal light. St. Ignatius College was illuminated with an electric light, shown by a Fresnel reflector, which made the whole block as light as day. The residence of the clergy of St. Patrick Church was also illuminated, while the side-



walks and streets were lit up with blue lights, etc. The rest of the Catholic Churches participated also in the general illumination.

#### ARCHBISHOP ALEMANY SERENADED.

About ten o'clock in the evening the Most Reverend Archbishop Alemany and the clergy of St. Mary's Cathedral were serenaded by the Grand Marshal and his Aids, and a large concourse of people. A band of music accompanied the party and discoursed sweet strains, while a liberal display of fireworks sent the air a lurid appearance. After playing several airs, the Marshals were invited into the house of the clergy of the Cathedral, where a very agreeable time was spent and the serenaders treated to wine. The health of the Pope was drank with enthusiasm, also the health of the Archbishop. The Bishop of Marysville, Right Rev. Dr. O'Connell, was present, and his health was also drank. He made a neat reply, and referring to the celebration, said it would be like gilding gold or painting a lily to attempt to add to what he had seen. The health of Rev. Dr. Croke, V. G., was also proposed and drank. The Very Rev. Father Prendergast made a handsome reply to the toast of his health, referring therein to the celebration, and according due praise to the gentlemen who managed it. Other toasts were proposed and drank, and after about half an hour had been pleasantly spent the party separated, and the celebration ended.

The following telegram was dispatched to the Pope:

SAN FRANCISCO, July 2, 1871.

*To His Holiness, Pius Ninth, Rome:*—Fifty thousand of your devoted children celebrate here to-day, with enthusiastic joy, the twenty-fifth anniversary of your Pontificate, and wishing your life prolonged to see the States of the Church and your freedom restored, kneeling, they ask your apostolic blessing.

ARCHBISHOP ALEMANY.

JAMES R. KELLY, Grand Marshal.

### Portland and Halsey, Oregon.

#### OREGON AND CALIFORNIA RAILROAD.

President.....BEN. HOLLADAY Vice-President.....WM. L. HALSEY  
Secretary.....A. G. CUNNINGHAM Cashier.....G. W. WEIDLER  
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General Freight and Ticket Agent.....E. P. ROGERS

Portland to Halsey.					STATIONS.	Halsey to Portland.				
No.	5	3	1			No.	2	4	6	
Fare	Pas'g'r A	Fr'ght B	Mls			Mls	Pas'g'r A	Fr'ght B	Fre	
	A. M.	P. M.			May 14, 1871. No. 12.		P. M.	P. M.		
	8.00	12.30			Dep. Portland... Arr		8.30	3.00		
	8.30	1.00			... East Portland...		8.00	2.35		
	8.40	1.15	2		... Machine Shop...		7.50	2.20		
\$ 25	8.55	2.00	4		... Milwaukie...		7.35	2.00		
50	9.10	2.20	10		... Marshfield...		7.20	1.43		
50	9.30	2.55	15		... Oregon City...		7.00	1.18		
1.00	9.45	3.25	19		... Rock Island...		6.43	12.55		
1.25	10.10	4.00	24		... Canby...		6.25	12.30		
1.50	10.27	4.25	28		... Aurora...		6.07	12.00		
1.75	10.37	4.50	32		... Hubbard...		5.55	11.28		
1.75	10.45	5.02	35		... Woodburn...		5.47	11.14		
2.00	10.57	5.35	39		... Gervais...		5.35	10.57		
2.25	11.10	5.55	44		... Brooks...		5.20	10.10		
2.50	11.45	6.40	52		... Salem...		5.00	9.35		
	P. M.						A. M.			
3.00	12.05	7.15	60		... Turner...		4.30	8.45		
3.25	12.20	7.40	66		... Marion...		4.13	8.10		
3.50	12.33	8.05	71		... Jefferson...		4.00	7.40		
4.00	1.00	8.45	80		... Albany...		3.30	7.00		
4.50	1.38		92		... Sheds...		2.52			
4.75	2.00		97		Arr. Halsey... Dep		2.30			

A, Daily. B, Daily, Sunday excepted.

CONNECTIONS.—At Portland, with steamers of the North Pacific Transportation Company, for San Francisco. At Halsey, with stages for points in Southern Oregon and California.

### San Francisco, Vallejo and Napa.

#### CALIFORNIA PACIFIC RAILROAD COMPANY.

Steamer Antelope leaves Broadway wharf, San Francisco, daily, Sundays excepted, at 3.30 p. m. Returning, leaves Vallejo at 8.30 a. m. Fare: To Vallejo \$1; Napa, \$1 25.

**Los Angeles and San Bernardino.**

**SAN BERNARDINO STAGE CO.**

Proprietors.....HOLLADAY & BRENHAM.....San Francisco  
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Stages leave Los Angeles daily, Sunday excepted, and on arrival and departure of steamers for and from San Francisco. Stages leave San Bernardino daily, Sunday excepted, at 7 o'clock A.M.

From Los Angeles to San Bernardino.			TOWNS.		F'm San Bernardino to Los Angeles.		
			April 20, 1871.				
Fare	Hours	Miles			Miles	Hours	Fare
\$1.00	2	14	<i>Depart..... Los Angeles..... Arrive</i>		65	8	\$5.00
	2.30	16	..... El Monte.....		51	6	5.00
3.00	4.30	30	..... San Gabriel.....		49	5.30	
			..... Rusbottom's*.....		35	3.30	3.00
5.00	6.30	45	..... Cocamungo.....		24	10	1.00
5.00	8	65	<i>Arrive..... San Bernardino..... Depart</i>				

\*Where meals are obtained

CONNECTIONS.—At Los Angeles, connects with stage for San José. At San Bernardino, connects with stage for San Diego. Leaves every Wednesday; through in two days.

**Marysville and Oroville.**

**CALIFORNIA PACIFIC RAILROAD COMPANY.**

President.....J. P. JACKSON.....San Francisco  
Superintendent.....G. T. HARTWELL.....Vallejo

From Marysville to Oroville.			TOWNS.	From Oroville to Marysville.			
Fare	Time.			Mls	Time.		Fare
	P. M.	P. M.			A. M.	P. M.	
	4.00	6.00					
			13	Dep..... Marysville.....	Arr	26	\$2.50
			21	.....Honcut Station.....		13	
			26	.....Rose's Station.....		5	
\$2.50				Arr.....Oroville.....	Dep	9.00	6.00

Connects at Marysville with cars of California and Oregon Railroad for Junction, thence via Central Pacific Railroad for Sacramento. At Oroville with stages for Chico, Red Bluff, Northern California, and Portland, Oregon, connecting with Cal. N. R. R. at Marysville.

**San Francisco and Santa Rosa.**

**CALIFORNIA PACIFIC RAILROAD COMPANY.**

Steamer New World leaves Broadway Wharf, San Francisco, daily.

San Francisco to Santa Rosa.			STATIONS.		Santa Rosa to San Francisco.		
			July 1st, 1871.				
Fare	Time	Miles			Miles	Time	Fare
	P. M.					A. M.	
	3.30		Depart.....	San Francisco.....	Arrive	10.30	
	5.45		.....	Donahue Landing.....		8.30	
\$1.00	6.00	41	.....	Petaluma.....		8.15	
1.00	6.45	48	.....	Santa Rosa.....		7.30	
	7.05		.....	Mark West.....		7.10	
	7.15		.....	Windsor.....		7.00	
2.00	7.30	64	.....	Grant Station.....		6.45	

**San Francisco, Vallejo, Benicia and Suisun.**

**CALIFORNIA PACIFIC RAILROAD COMPANY.**

Steamer Amelia leaves Broadway Wharf, San Francisco, Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, at 10 A.M. Leaves Suisun, Monday, Wednesday and Friday, at 7:30 P.M., calling at Benicia and Martinez. Distance to Suisun, 50 miles; fare, \$1. Connection at Benicia by ferry to Martinez; stages connect for Pacheco, Clayton, Somersville and Nortonville. Fare from Somersville to Martinez, \$1 50; from Clayton, \$1; from Pacheco, 50 cents.  
May 1, 1871.

**Sacramento and Red Bluff.****CALIFORNIA PACIFIC RAILROAD COMPANY'S STEAMERS.**

President.....J. P. JACKSON.....San Francisco  
 General Superintendent.....Wm. H. MOORE.....N. E. cor. Front and Broadway

Steamers Victor, Captain Pierce, and Red Bluff, Captain G. P. Page. Steamer leaves Knight's Landing and Red Bluff every Saturday.

F'm Sacra'to to Red Bluff.			STATIONS.			F'm Red Bluff to Sacramento.		
Fare	Hours	Miles	May 1st, 1871.			Hours	Fare	Miles
From, San Francisco.	0		Depart.....	Sacramento.....	Arrive			270
	12			Russian Crossing.....				258
	26			Fremont.....				244
	36			Charleston.....				234
	46			Knight's Landing.....				224
	54			Eagle Bend.....				216
	64			Three Rivers.....				206
	69			Poker Bend.....				201
	74			George Howell's.....				196
	79			Big Eddy.....				191
	87			Dry Slough.....				183
	95			Eddy's.....				175
	105			Twenty-mile Island.....				165
	112			Font's Ferry.....				158
	118			Butte Creek.....				152
\$5.00	125			Colusa.....				145
	132			Sherman's.....				138
	136			Snyder's.....				134
	141			Nine-mile House.....				129
	146			Boggs.....				124
6.00	151			Princeton.....				119
	158			Butte City.....				112
	165			Cut Off.....				105
	170			Pike's.....				100
	179			Plaza City.....				91
6.00	188			Jenning's.....				82
	191			Monroeville.....				79
	199			Chico.....				71
	205			Bidwell's.....				65
	212			Sam Soule's Landing.....				58
8.00	225			Gazelle Shoot.....				45
	232			Moon's.....				38
	240			Mahew's.....				30
	248			Tehama.....				22
	259			Doll's.....				11
	270		Arrive.....	Red Bluff.....	Depart			0

Tare fare includes meals and berths.

**San Francisco and Sacramento.****CALIFORNIA PACIFIC RAILROAD COMPANY'S STEAMERS.**

President.....J. P. JACKSON.....San Francisco  
 General Superintendent.....Wm. H. MOORE.....  
 Company's office, Northeast corner Front street and Broadway.

Steamers Yosemite and Chrysopolis leave Broadway Wharf, San Francisco, (alternately) daily, Sundays excepted, at 5 P. M.; leaves Sacramento from foot of K street (alternately) daily, Sundays excepted, at 12 M.

From San Francisco to Sacramento.			TOWNS.			From Sacramento to San Francisco.		
Fare	Hours	Miles	May 1st, 1871.			Miles	Hours	Fare
\$1.50	1.45	30	Depart.....	San Francisco.....	Arrive	125	8	\$1.50
	4	75		Benicia.....		95	6	
	5	90		Collinsville.....		50	4.30	
	8	125		Rio Vista.....		2	3.30	
			Arrive.....	Sacramento.....	Depart			

Fare from San Francisco to Sacramento: cabin, \$1 50; deck, \$1. Steamers touch at Collinsville going up and returning.

**Stockton and Watson's Ferry.**  
**CALIFORNIA PACIFIC RAILROAD COMPANY.**

California Pacific Railroad Company's steamers TULARE, Captain John Greer; EMPIRE CITY, Captain Milo Hinton; FRESNO, TUOLUMNE CITY and MUMFORD, leave Stockton for Watson's Ferry on Tuesdays and Saturdays, at 8 A.M.; distance, about 250 miles—touching at the following places:

TOWN, OR LANDING.	Miles	Fare
Sheppard's.....	21	\$1 50
Alison's.....	41	
Durham's Ferry.....	51	
San Joaquin.....	54	2 00
Stanislaus.....	57	
South Tuolumne.....	64	
Graysonville.....	74	2 50
Bell's.....	82	
Patterson's.....	91	
Ward's.....	93	
Crow's.....	100	3 00
Hill's Ferry.....	115	4 00
South Merced.....	111	
Dover.....	140	5 00
Johnson's Landing.....	180	
Coopertown.....	186	
Miller's Landing.....	196	
Temple's Landing.....	202	
Firebaugh's Ferry.....	217	
Aliso (Alabama Settlement at mouth of Fresno Slough).....	233	
Watson's Ferry (on Fresno Slough, 16 miles above Aliso).....	249	

From January to July, during high-water, boats run up San Joaquin River to Sycamore Point, 40 miles above Aliso.

**San Francisco and Stockton.**  
**CALIFORNIA PACIFIC RAILROAD COMPANY.**

Steamer Julia, Captain W. P. Bromley, leaves Broadway Wharf, San Francisco, Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, at 4 P.M.; leaves Stockton Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, at 4 P.M. Steamer Amador, Captain John Fouratt, leaves Broadway Wharf, San Francisco, Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, at 4 P.M.; leaves Stockton Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, at 4 P.M.

From San Francisco to Stockton.			TOWNS.		From Stockton to San Francisco.			
			May 1st, 1871.					
Fare	Hours	Miles			Miles	Hours	Fare*	
	2.30	30	Dep.....	San Francisco.....	Arr	120	8.30	\$1.50
	3.30	45		Benicia.....		80	6	
	4	50		New York Landing.....		65	4.20	
	8			Antioch.....		60	4	
\$1.50		120	Arr.....	Stockton.....	Dep			

\*Deck fare to Stockton, \$1.

CONNECTIONS.—At Benicia, ferry-boat leaves for Martinez daily. At Antioch, ferry leaves for Collinsville daily. At Stockton, steamer leaves for Tuolumne City and Upper San Joaquin at 8 A.M., every Tuesday and Saturday.

**Antioch and Collinsville.**  
**FERRY.**

Agent.....A. TURNER.....Antioch

Steamer Antioch leaves Antioch daily, at 10.30 A.M. Leaves Collinsville daily, at 2.30 P.M. Connects with stages to Moore's Landing and to Somerville.



# **San Francisco, Vallejo, Sacramento, Marysville, Napa and Calistoga.**

## **CALIFORNIA PACIFIC R. R. AND STEAMER "CAPITAL."**

President.....J. P. JACKSON.....San Francisco, Cal.  
 Secretary and Auditor.....GEO. W. ROBERTS.....Vallejo, Cal.  
 Gen. Pass. & Freight Agent.....L. C. FOWLER.....Vallejo, Cal.  
 Superintendent.....R. S. MATTHEWSON.....Vallejo, Cal.

San Francisco to Marysville and Calistoga.			STATIONS.		Calistoga and Marysville to San Francisco.		
Fare	Time.	M's	May 7th, 1871. No. 12.		M's	Time.	Fare
	Sunday .. Afternoon Express .. Morning Express ..					Morning Express .. Afternoon Express .. Sunday ..	
	A. M. P. M. A. M.					A. M. P. M. P. M.	
\$0.60	8.30 4.00 8.00	0	Dep....	San Francisco....	Arr	11.30	7.30 7.00
1.00	10.15 5.00 9.45	23		Vallejo.....		9.45	5.45 5.15
1.30	10.30 10.10.00	30		Napa Junction.....		5.25	4.55 4.35
	10.30 6.20 10.15	34		Summit.....	4	9.20	5.15 4.45
	10.50 6.30 10.25	38		Bridgeport.....	4	9.10	5.05 4.35
2.00	11.00 6.45 10.40	43		Fairfield.....	5	8.55	4.55 4.20
	11.25 7.05 11.05 53½			Vaca.....	10½	8.25	4.30 3.55
	11.35 7.17 11.17	58		Batavia.....	4½	8.23	4.20 3.45
	12.43 7.25 11.20 61½			Dixon.....	3½	8.15	4.12 3.35
	12.00 7.45 11.45 69½			Davis.....	8	8.00	3.55 3.15
\$3.00	12.30 8.15 12.15	83	Arr....	Sacramento*....	Dep.	13½	7.30 3.30 2.45
	7.00 11.00		Dep....	Sacramento.....	Arr.		8.40 4.20
	3.15 7.45 11.15 69½			Davis.....		8.00	3.55 12.00
	3.20 7.55 12.00 74½			Merritt.....	5	7.50	3.30 11.47
3.75	3.45 8.10 12.20	79		Woodland.....	12½	7.40	3.05 11.27
	4.00 8.30 12.55 88			Knights Landing.....	9	7.20	2.20 11.15
	4.30 9.00 1.40 100			Butter.....	12½	6.55	1.40 10.45
\$4.50	5.00 9.30 2.15 113		Arr....	Marysville.....	Dep.	12½	6.30 1.00 10.15
	At F					At F	
	10.20 5.45 9.50	33		Vallejo.....		9.45	5.40 5.10
	10.40 6.05 10.15	30		Napa Junction.....	7	9.25	5.15 4.50
	10.52 6.20 10.35 34			Soson.....	1½	9.10	4.55 4.35
2.00	11.05 6.35 1.30	39		Napa.....	1½	8.55	4.35 4.23
	11.25 7.00 11.40	48		Yountville.....	9	8.25	4.00 3.55
	11.45 7.15 11.45	51		Oakville.....	3	8.15	3.40 3.45
	12.05 7.35 12.10	57		St. Helena.....	6	7.35	3.15 3.25
\$9.50	12.30 8.00 12.45	66	Arr....	Calistoga.....	Dep.	9	7.30 2.45 3.00

\*Fare from Sacramento to Marysville, \$2.50. From Sacramento to Calistoga, \$5.

CONNECTIONS.—At Marysville, with stages for Grass Valley, Nevada, Colusa, Downieville, Camptonville, etc. At Dixon, with stages for Sliveyville. At Napa, with stages for Seward, Sonoma, Santa Rosa, etc. At Calistoga, with stages for Cloverdale, Healdsburg, Geyser Springs, etc. At Vaca, with cars for Vacaville. At Sacramento, with Central Pacific and Sacramento Valley Railroads. At Marysville, with cars for Oroville. At Colusa, for Princeton on arrival of Marysville stage, leaving Princeton at 4 a. m. Second-class passengers, in all cases, go through by same train as first-class passengers.

# REAL ESTATE TRANSACTIONS.

Wednesday, May 31st.

GRANTEE AND GRANTOR.	DESCRIPTION.	PRICE
A B McCreery to Eliza L Scott....	Francisco and Montgomery, se 412:5x275	\$ 5
B Stickney to L H Van Zandt....	Lot 12 blk 499 W A.....	700
Jas Lee to Susan Lee.....	Quinn e Guerrero, 25x75.....	Gift
R E Rowland et al to W C Talbot..	Pacific e Franklin, 68:9x137:6.....	4,000
Wm Schmolz to Marcelin Burnett..	2 acres Outside Lands.....	1,000
Thos Larkin to Jos S Alemany.....	Portion blk 780 Outside Lands.....	1
Same to same.....	Lot 978 Gift Map 4.....	1
Frank Livingston to Wm Monahan..	Portion blk 55 Potrero Nuevo.....	650
Noe Gar H U'n to A B Clark.....	Lot 2 blk 9.....	500
Same to Jas Brady.....	Lot 17 blk 19.....	500
Tide Land Com'rs to O C Pratt....	Townsend and 8th, ne corner, e 275x275	302
Chas Dullea to Cath Dullea.....	McAllister w Franklin, w 27:6x120.....	Gift
R J Kennedy to Kate Kennedy....	N half blk 12 University Mound Survey..	100
S A Woodbury to Wm Schmolz....	2 acres Outside Lands.....	1,000
Nathan Atkinson to Vic Boulogne..	Commencing 250 e from se cor Minna and 4th e 25x70.....	78
Tide Land Com'rs to J Marshall....	5th Ave w 387:6 se Harrison, se 25x80....	8
Wm Hollis to R H Stretch.....	Sacramento e Steiner, e 25x128.....	3,500

Thursday, May 18th.

John McHenry to D Farquharson	Pacific and Sansom, ne cor, n 137:6x 68:9 less the following used as an al- leyway; Pac n 66 e Sansom, e 2:9x137 }	27,500
E J Wilson to J W Crawford.....	York 240 s 25th, s 60x200.....	4,000
City and Co of S F to J G Holmes..	Portion Outside Lands.....	Prem
Same to W W Taylor.....	Same.....	Prem
Same to Wm Pfaff.....	Same.....	Prem
Sylvester Merrill to B P Moore....	Fell and Buchanan nw cor n 120x55.....	700
Jno L Ottignon to P H Sumner....	Howard n 22d, n 60x122:6, subject to mortgage for \$2,000.....	6,500
Ed Rondel et al to Fred Zech.....	Rondell Place s 16th, 22:2x61:3.....	1,940
R E Rowland to J W H Campbell..	Lombard N 187:6 e Jones, e 60x137:6.....	7,000
F L A Pioche to Wm M Hinton....	1 acre Outside Lands.....	1,500
Geo Barstow et al to Thos Magee..	O'Farrell e Mason, e 32:6x87:6.....	500
H P Livemore to T C Banks.....	California e Stockton, 137:6 e 68:9 s 77:6 w 20 s 60 w 48:9.....	1
Ann Riley to Mary Ann Burns....	Natoma sw 10, 75x25.....	1,200
Jno J Haley to B L Brandt.....	Lots 13 to 24 and lots 25 to 36 inclu- sive blk 179 O'Neil & Haley Tract.. }	4,000
Thos W McCue to H M Campbell..	Kate ne 105 se Bryant, se 50x50.....	500

Friday, May 19th.

Clement B Moore to F A Mann....	1-6th int Lake Honda n, runs w 5 chns to Laurel tree, n 40 chains, etc.....	\$ 500
Jos Williams to Jas K Prior.....	1 acre Outside Lands.....	1,000
A L Sherman to same.....	Blks 165 to 167 and 168 inclusive Out- side Lands.....	100
Alex Coney to A Rosenfeld.....	Lots 1479 to 1487 1489 1491 1493, Gift Map No 2.....	880
Lewis Schumacher to M Reese....	Haight w Webster, w 30 ne 275 e 4 se 137:6 w 6 s 137:6.....	800
Noe Gar H Union to Pat Mallon....	Portion Outside Lands.....	Prem
I Solomon to Cong Sher Israel....	Lot 17 blk 18.....	500
H M Campbell to Pol & Car Mfg Co	Stockton n Broadway n 40x69.....	10
Jas S McCue to same.....	Kate se Bryant, se 25x50.....	1,000
Joshua Hewitt to same.....	Lots 24 and 25 blk B McCue's subdiv'ns	500
R R Ave H Ass'n to G F Parker....	Lot 58 Cheeseman's Map 1.....	200
David Fennessy to T P Riordan....	Lot 22 blk 29.....	350
Thos W Hayward to H E Johnson..	Lots 15 and 16 blk 201 S S F Homestead	500
John Beatty to David Stewart....	Rondell Place s 16th, s 29x62:2.....	1,850
Edmund Eastman to Geo Poole....	Howard ne 11th, ne 75x90.....	9,750
W Burling to Marie E Thompson....	Lot 12 blk 2 Noe Garden Homestead....	600
Tobias Stoltz et al to P Crowley..	Half interest Kearny w 137:6 n Broad- way w 62:6x20.....	1,000
Conrad Berghofer to M Berghofer..	Sutter w Octavia, w 35x120.....	3,000

Theo E Baugh to M D Sweeney..	Stewart se Howard, 2211x510; also, 1	
	Folsom nw 10xsw 1st, sw 25x75; also, 1	Gift
City and Co S F to J K Prior....	3d s Perry 25x75; also Tehama 80x25 1	
	Portion Outside Lands.....	1

## Saturday, May 20th.

P J White to John Malloy.....	Leavenworth and Glover, se cor, 68-6x20	\$ 604
Same to same.....	25x24 3 blk 121 W A.....	36
H J Booth et al to Jas D Walker..	Francisco and Kearny, ne cor, 275x412-6	12,000
Isaac Friedlander et al to same..	Bk bounded w Salsome - Lombard n	
	by s line Chestnut e by w line Bat..	10,000
Alfred Godeffroy to same.....	Undivided of Francisco and Montgom-	
	ery, se corner, e 412-6x275.....	4,000
E L Scott to same.....	Undivided half of same.....	8,000
F L A Pioche et al to Univ H Ass'n	Portion fractional blocks 83 and 122 to	
	126 inclusive and 108, University H'd	1,000
	Association.....	
Same to Univer Exten H'd Ass'n..	Portions of lots and blks in University	107,600
	Mount Survey.....	
John Center to Andrew Valentine	20th w Harrison, w 25x95.....	1,100
Ellenor E Gilmore to F C Crosby..	Lots 6 and 7 blk 44 Excelsior Homestead	800
Tide L'd Com's to J A Drinkhouse	Block 818.....	315
Thos W McColliam to I G Prince..	Eddy e Jones, e 25x137-5.....	5
Chas E Gorham to Alex Bernard...	Franklin and Oak ne cor, n 120x27-6..	1
S J Hopkins to T M Cunningham	Sacramento w Van Ness, w 41x127-8..	3,400

## Monday, May 22d.

Willows L Ass'n to C F Lubbock	Stevenson e 135 n 19th, n 25x80.....	\$ 750
Geo R Spinney to Mrs R W Bessy..	Dolores e 147 s 22d s 36x117-6.....	1,000
A B Eaton to John Davidson....	Blks 3 9 18 27 Potrero Nuevo.....	3,000
Pat Murphy to Wm Denising.....	Lot 30 blk 504 Haley Purchase.....	5
Willows Land Ass'n to G J Borle	Mission n 19th, n 25x80.....	1,775
Geo Mel to John Morton.....	Same.....	15,000
John F Kaen to Thos L Kaen....	8th n Harrison, e 65x20.....	500
Thos H Holt to P H Canavan.....	Portion of L. H. C. T., Western Addition	
	(P. H. Canavan owner and Co-	36,000
	Trustee for S. F. Butterworth and	
	L. L. Robinson).....	
F L A Pioche et al to F M Gilmore	Lots 34 36 36 blk 47 City Land Ass'n..	270
Chas Smith to John R Spring....	Powell n Pacific, w 43-10x30.....	1,000
Great P H Ass'n to W McCullough	Lot 8 blk 304.....	250
Same to B Keegan.....	Lot 6 blk 304.....	250
Same to Thos Keegan.....	Lot 5 blk 304.....	250
Lowell J Hardy Jr to E J Hardy..	Clay w Stockton, e 19-3x69-4.....	2,000
Wm P Harrison et al L Forester..	Sutter nw corner Sutter and Leaven-	
	worth w 27-6x137-6.....	5,000
John B Montrose to P A Eskins...	Pine e Buchanan, 27-6x137-6.....	1,200
Cath Sheldon to Peter Schenklee..	Harrison sw 3d, 25x85.....	3,750

## Tuesday, May 23d.

L Hayden to Margaret K Hayden..	Bryant Avenue nw Bryant, nw 25x80...	Gift
Edwin F Child to J F C Ristow...	Lots 247 2494 Gift Map 4.....	\$ 300
Harvey S Brown to E F Child....	Same.....	20
Tide L Com's to Bridget E Welch	5th Avenue se Harrison, se 30x80.....	9
Great P H Ass'n to S Hermann	Lots 3 and 4 blk 294.....	500
Adolph Wiener to Paul Dato.....	Turk w Steiner, w 37-6x137-6.....	2,000
Cong Sher Israel to Cong Sh Zedek	Stockton n Broadway, 10x89.....	7,250
Jas P Goodwin to Geo W Britton...	Taylor s Jackson, 137-9x68-9.....	1
R Jones to R Wrimenmacher et al	McAlister and Franklin, ne cor, 120x87-6	9,000

## Wednesday, May 24th.

A Borel to Ed R Harris.....	Lot 4 blk T of Pacific Sav Homestead..	\$ 1
F L A Pioche et al to Peter Ryan..	Lots 29 to 32 inclusive blk 56 City L Ass'n	360
Jas Woods to Andrew H Schou...	Lots 208 209 and n half 207 Gift Map 3	500
John Harrold to John Mason.....	Chestnut s 137-6 from sw cor Chestnut	
	and Mason, w 45x137-6.....	5
Earl Bartlett to John E Mason...	Lots 1 and 2 blk 256, 6 blk 289, 8 block	
	364, 2 blk 438, 7 blk 439.....	5
G W Brittan to Lydia W Goodwin	Taylor w 68-9 s Jackson, w 137-6x68-9;	
	also, Taylor w 98-9 n Washington n	Gift
	38-6x137-6.....	
Peter Ryan to Timothy Lynch....	Lots 29 to 32 inclusive blk 56 City L'd	1
	Association.....	
Nicholas Campbell to A O'Connor	17th n, 60 e Dolores, n 37-6 w 60 n 20 e	
	80 e 57-6 w 20; also, Dolores and 17th	550
	ne corner, n 37-9x60.....	
Herman Wohler to S P Christy...	Undivided 5 acres Rancho La Laguna	
	de la Merced.....	900

Custave Reis to Andrew Bosquet.	King nw 137:11 sw 4th, sw 137:6x60.....	\$ 100
Max Burkhardt to Jas Neill.....	Powell and Bush, se cor, 45x67:6.....	100
J D Fry to David Conners.....	Geneva sw, 81 fm sw cor Brannan and Geneva, s 24:9x64.....	900
Antoine Borel to James Irvine....	Front n Pine, 24x137:6.....	27,500
Willows Land Ass'n to J Carroll....	18th e Stevenson, 25x85.....	1,050
Marcelin Burnett to D Goldberg....	4 acres Outside Lands.....	2,000
John Apel to James Irvine.....	Front n Pine, 24x137:6.....	5
Samuel Grubb to Thos H Holt.....	Chestnut and Buchanan, 137:6x137:6.....	1,300
D F McDonald to E Herteman.....	1/4 acre McDonald Tract.....	250
T A Mitchell to same.....	Lot 11 blk 254 and lot 4 blk 438 Golden City Homestead.....	700
Chas Mayne to same.....	Ports 210 231 363 439 Potrero Nuevo.....	800

Thursday, May 25th.

P J White, Sheriff, to C Flathman	Louisa s, 242:6 from ne cor 4th and Louisa, e 20x50.....	78
Noe Gar H'd Ass'n to M A Hand.	Lots 5 and 6 blk 8 and lots 18 and 19 blk 7	2,000
Willows Land Ass'n to Jno Crane	Stevenson E 160 n 19th, n 25x80.....	755
Jos Kelly to J S Hand.....	Webster and Fell se corner, e 27:6x120.....	1,700
Heirs of T R Hope to J Harrington	Post e Buchanan, 50x137:6.....	1
Same to Wallace T James.....	Post w Laguna, 68:9x137:6.....	1
John Parnell to Thos Noonan....	Howard se 202:6 ne 9th, ne 72:6x160; al- so, Tehama se 202:6 ne of 9th, ne 72:6x80.....	1,400
Wm W Bass to Jas K Kennedy....	Lots 12 and 13 blk 11, City Land Ass'n..	100
Jas B Morse to Wm W Bass.....	Same.....	500

Friday, May 26th.

Levi Keller to Marcus Reinstein..	Franklin and Ellis, ne corner, n 120x110	16,250
City and Co of S F to S Merritt...	Blks 33 and 34 Outside Lands.....	Prem
Marcus Reinstein to J McFaddin...	Ellis n, 70 e Franklin, e 40x120.....	11 000
Tide Land Com'rs to Aaron Reiser	8th n Clementina, n 25x75.....	7
B F Myres to Wm H Ladd.....	Lot 5 blk 217 Golden City Survey.....	100
Stephen H Hand to Jas M Taylor	Lot 4 blk 90 Excelsior Homestead.....	300
Patrick Lahey to Eugene Dalton...	Pacific e Devisadero, e 62:7x137:6.....	1
Mary A McCurrie to F Kavanagh..	Jackson e Laguna, 7:6x127:8.....	450
T H Green to Wm H Birch.....	Jones n Sutter, 30x68:9.....	5
Wm H Birch to M Morgenstern....	Same.....	8,500
Spring Val H Ass'n to M E Tittel.	Lots 246, 247, 250, 13, 14, 34.....	1,025
M Burkhardt to J H Blumenberg...	Lot 88 Gift Map 1.....	100
Gustave Mahe to L A Pavillier...	Portion Outside Lands.....	1,500
Geo Treat to Fred Schwab.....	Lots 2 3 blk B Treat Tract.....	1,100
Jos Murray to Geo A Wetherby....	Und 1/2 interest Linden e Laguna, 27:6x60	400
Wm Hollis to Jas Talbot.....	Webster n Sacramento, 50x90.....	1,600
Wm Campe to John Wieland.....	Jackson e Dupont, 40x48.....	3,000
P H McCormick to C O'Connor....	Lots 2146 2148 Gift Map 4.....	140
L M Burson to Rowland Chatham	Portion blk 233 Potrero Nuevo.....	500

Saturday, May 27th.

Tide Land Com'rs to F Ehrenpfort	Russ e, 85 n Folsom, n 25x100.....	\$ 10
Same to same.....	Folsom nw 275 sw 6th, sw 25 nw 80 sw 75 nw 5 ne 100 se 85.....	10
H L Clanci to Thos Noonan.....	Howard se, 202:6 ne 9th, ne 7:6x160; al- so, Tehama se, 202:6 ne 9th, 7:6x80.....	20
J Buckley to Mrs C M A Buckley.	Portion Outside Lands.....	3,200
F P Dunn to Geo B Tolman.....	Lots 33 and 34 blk 49 City Land Ass'n ..	69
G B Tolman to Mrs. E M R Tolman	Same.....	Gift
L D Frachette to J E Daigneau...	Portion lot 41 blk 305, O'Neil & Haley..	400
G Barstow et al to Mary A Moore.	50-vara 350.....	1
Chas Cook to Denis Feely.....	Buchanan w, 60 s Lombard, s 30x110.....	775
John T Neuman to Jos D Case....	Subdivision of lot 13 blk "S," Pacific S and H'd Ass'n.....	1,400
City and Co S F to F E Bellisle...	Portion Outside Lands.....	Prem
Tide Land Com'rs to Dav Stewart	7th nw Howard, nw 50x75.....	15
Chas S Capp to A Himmelmann...	Lot 36 blk 253 Lafayette Park Homestead	1,000
Noe Garden H Union to H Austin	Lot 4 blk 21.....	500
Noe Gar H Union to Ed Murphy...	Lots 15 and 16 blk 10.....	1,000
C S Morton to T B Howard.....	King nw 68:9 ne 5th, ne 45:10x137:6; al- so, King nw, 206:3 ne of 5th, ne 45:10 x137:6.....	3,000

Monday, May 29th.

P J White to James Johnston....	Commencing w line of Clay at intersec- tion with East, w 53x59:9.....	\$ 141
Willows L'd Ass'n to W Thackeray	Stevenson e, 85 n 19th, n 50x80.....	1,520
John Rodgers to Richard Cass....	Stevenson e 85 s 19th, s 25x80.....	750
Isaac Lipman to John W Roberts	Utah e 300 n of Yolo n 100x55, Potrero Nuevo.....	1,000



S L Johnson to Chas Josselyn...	Kearny s Commercial, s 21x28:11	\$ 5
Tide Land Com'rs to Thos Rhodes	Folsom w 5th, w 25x85	8
Great Park H Ass'n to G Barstow	Lots 1 and 20 block 395, lot 26 block 398, and sundry other lots	130
Same to Adolph Unger	Lots 10 to 50 inclusive block 396, lot 34 blk 397, lot 1 blk 401	53
Maria Vioget et al to C Josselyn	Undivided 1/2, Kearny W 25:10 s Commercial, 31x28:11	12,800
Chas D Wheat to Chas Alper et al	Portion of blk 82 Potrero Viejo	2,800
Samuel S Murley to Revilo Wells	Portion blk 1019 Outside Lands	750
R R H Ass'n No 2 to G Wallenrod	Lots 22 and 23 blk N	270
W C R Smith to Chas Josselyn	Kearny s Commercial, s 21x28:11	5
Great Park H Ass'n to G Deppen	Lot 13 blk 396	250
J B Houghton to C B Heald	1 acre Outside Lands	500
D F McDonald to J O Hickey	1 acre McDonald Tract	500
Hervey Sparks to John J Hickey	Polk s Bay, 34:4x100	500
P J White to Gustave Mahe	Gough and Hayes, 196:6x120; also, Octavia and Hayes, 130x86:6; also, Octavia and Grove, se corner, s 120, etc	48,262
Chas D Carter to J Buckley	Portion Outside Lands	1
F G Cummings to J L Blalock	Lot 104 Visitacion Valley Homestead	833
W R T Pocock to C Adolphe Low	Lots 2 and 3 blk s Noe Garden H Union	1,000
Noe Garden H'd Union to same	Lot 4 blk 8	500
Tide Land Com'rs to Ed Lyons	Bryant no 4th, ne 20x80	6
Adolph Unger et al to P Rousset	Blk 401 Outside Lands	1,000

## Tuesday, May 30th.

A Sbarboro to M St R R H Ass'n	Lots 1 to 8 inclusive blk 11 and lots 12 9 and 10 blk 8 West End Map 1; consideration paid as per Lib 10 cov 268	13,200
W A Cory to Parkis Cory	Park n 50 w Bryant, w 50x104	1,500
A Holmes to Jiergen Christenson	Liberty and Guerrero, 27:6x100	1
J Christenson to M Kershaw	Same	1,000
Jas Eustace to Jas Moffitt	Portion sub lot 8 blk M Eureka H Ass'n	850
Dennis J Driscoll to M Conroy	Tehama n Prospect Place, n 25x80	500
Jno D Crowley to Jas F Crowley	Portion blk 182 Central Park Homestead	500
J A Blackburn to W Foutz	Taylor and Chesnut, 72x145	7,000
Leonce Girard to Philo Jacoby	Lot 2 blk 14 Map of Fairmount	530
Myles D Sweney to T E Baugh	Portion Outside Lands	1
W B Cummings to same	Beach and Water Lots 70 71 and 72	1
Thos De Vries to J B Chase	Mason e, 57:6 s Vallejo, s 11x68:6	1
J B Chase to Thos De Vries	Mason e, 98:6 s Vallejo, s 59x68:9	1

## Thursday, June 1st.

T S Hayden & wf Mary A Mulrein	Grove s 137:6 w Webster, e 40x100	\$ 70
D Mulrein and wf to J Wallmann	Same	3,050
Julius Wallmann to Eliz Mitchell	Same	6:11
City and Co S F to Henry Clifton	Portion Outside Lands	Prem
F L A Pioche et al to M Denhy	Lots 30 31 blk 38, City Land Ass'n	180
Wm Hollis to Geo Harris	Sacramento n 93:9 e Steiner, e 25x103	3,400
Pat k Wallace to Mary Wallace	Kitch w 100 s Folsom, s 25x75	6:11
Great P k H'd Ass'n to J O Kane	Lots 3 4 and 5 blk 395	750
Noe Garden H'd U'n to T Pollard	Lot 15 blk 18	500
B S Brooks to Wm Craig	Mission e 95 s 20th, s 60x122:6	1
Wm Cline to Ira G Holt	Blk 4, Mission block survey	10,000
Wm Monahan to Ed Tracy	Hampshire w 350 s 22d, s 25x100	450
Dennis Magner to J Mahoney	Market se 300 sw 6th, sw 25x90	500
A Holmes to Malinda Rogerson	Gunnison Av e 125 s Precita Pl, s 25x100	600
August Salari to Sam's S Fellows	Lot 86 blk 573, Central Park H'd	150
Wm Hollis to G G Burnett	Sacramento n 60:6 w Fillmore, w 28:3x103	4,100
P Stinson and wife to E W Burr	Stockton w 80 s Chestnut, s 60:6 w 85 e s 25 n 57:6 e 60, subj to deed of trust	7,000
Chas Mayne to Eugene L Sullivan	20 acres Barstow Ranch	5

## Friday, June 2d.

Thos Hilcheth to Wm Dunphy	Portion lot 2 blk 22 Tide Lands	\$1,500
City and Co S F to E Sutherland	Portion Outside Lands	Prem
Noe G'den H'd U'n to K Du Brutz	Lots 7 and 8 blk 20	1,000
G't P k H'd Ass'n to L Mandlebaum	Lots 7 s 9 blk 396	750
Same to John Schafer	Lots 7 and 8 blk 395	500
Same to M H Lichtenstein	Lots 9 and 10 blk 395	500
Same to Fred k Buerman	Lot 6 blk 395	250
Same to Fred k Buerman	Downey sw 121 se Bryant, se 25x75	2,000
Ed Kerr to Maria J V De Smith	Montgomery e 115:4 1/2 n California, e 69 s 10 1/2 e 43:6 n 23:10 w 48:6 s 1 w 64 s 22:3 1/2	10
J Kellogg to S F As'y g & R'g W'ks	Post n 62:6 w Laguna, w 62:6x125	1
Heirs of T R Hope to O H Gertzen	Gough and Grove sw cor, s 40x83:6	3,800
Gustave Maho et al to M Mangels		

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F L A Pioche et al to J Scheerer..	Lot 25 blk 20, City Land Ass'n.....	\$ 90
J Scheerer to Jason Springer.....	Same.....	90
David Abramst to Martin Waterman....	Tyler s 108 e Van Ness, w 71:9x120.....	7,715
Geo B Bianchi to J P Campers....	Com'g 80 n from n l Post, e 20x57½.....	1
J P Campers & wf to J Strothunier....	Lewis n 115 e Jones, e 20x57:6.....	2,200
John Kiernan to M McNerney.....	Fell n 165 w Gough, w 27:6x120.....	2,000
Noe Garden H'd Union to S A Barr.....	Lot 13 blk 10.....	500
J A Maison to Rob't J Harrison.....	50.92 Visitation Rancho.....	90,000
D F McDonald to G A Pahn.....	1 acre McDonald Tract.....	300

## Saturday, June 3d.

H C Hyde to Sidney L. Johnson..	Clay s 101:6 w Jones, w 36x137:6.....	\$ 66
Nathan Atkinson to R Y Snowball.....	McAllister n 100 e Octavia, n 137:6x50.....	5,500
Ed R Harris to Mich'l McDonald.....	Lot 4 blk T, Pacific S and H'd Ass n.....	800
J P Marrow to N S F H'd & R R A.....	Chestnut and Laguna ne cor, e 137:6x137:6.....	5
Sam'l Hancock to R Y Snowball.....	McAllister n 150 e Octavia, n 137:6x50.....	5,000
A H Crew to J I Heath.....	O'Farrell s 137:6 w Jones, w 45:10x137:6.....	1,000
F L A Pioche to Ellen Maloney.....	Lots 43 to 46 inc blk 33, City Land Ass'n.....	300
Richard Copithorne to Jas Rogers.....	Natoma se 100 ne 9th, ne 25x75.....	1,800
L W Kennedy & wf to C C Nahl.....	Bush n 114:7 e Taylor, e 31 n 137:6 w } 53:11 s 37:6 e 22:11 s 100.....	11,000
T J Kimball & wf to P Haggerty.....	24th n 25 e Columbia, e 25x104.....	1,350
J D Upson et al to J C A Nolting.....	Gough and Union ne cor, e 147:1 n 5 } deg w 275:7½ w 166½ s 275; also, Gough and Filbert ne cor, e 170:9½ n } 5 deg w 615½ n 60 deg 19 min, etc.....	275
F S Spring et al to E O Brown.....	Sub 31 blk 20, H'd on University Mound.....	400
Railroad Av H'd Ass'n to Same.....	Lot 22 blk 18.....	500
P J White to J B Thomas.....	Clay s 53:9 w Jones, w 47:9 s 137:6 e } 30:9 n 64 e 15 n to beginning.....	1,744

## Monday, June 5th.

Ed A Connelly to Dan'l Burns.....	Eddy s 76:8 w Buchanan, w 25:11x120.....	\$1,050
H Robson and wife to J F Cox.....	Alabama e 170 n 26th, n 50x100.....	
Tyler Curtis to Jesse Holladay.....	Sutter s 109:9 w Van Ness, w 60x120.....	7,500
Willows Land Ass'n to P Lynch.....	Lots 36 and 37 blk 69 Map A.....	1,350
J H Applegate to Gustave Mahe.....	Gough and Hayes nw cor, w 137:6x120.....	1
A M Scales to F G Borneman.....	Portion Mission blk 19, given to cor- } rect former deed.....	1
Great Park H'd Ass'n to C Miller.....	Lot 8 block 368.....	250
R Good to A Cook.....	Post n 222:6 w Jones, w 52:6x137:6.....	19,000
Great Park H'd Ass'n to R F Knox.....	Lots 1 to 24 inc blk 393, 11 to 12 inc and } 41 to 46 inc blk 394, 12 to 15 inc blk } 395, 2 to 8 inc blk 364 and 10 blk 365.....	203
Same to James Spencer.....	Lot 40 block 399.....	250
Gustave Mahe et al to R Feder.....	Hayes n 99:6 w Gough, w 24:6x120.....	1,890
Same to Mary wife of S Selig.....	Hayes n 148:9 w Gough, w 24:6x120.....	1,850
Same to John H J Seyden.....	Hayes n 26 w Gough, w 24:6x100.....	1,775
Same to A Rotenberg.....	Hayes n 50:6 w Gough, w 49 n 120 e 24:6 } s 30 e 24:6 s 90.....	3,490
Same to John Shannon.....	Grove and Octavia se cor, e 25x80.....	2,000
Same to Marcus Abrams.....	Hayes n 175 w Gough, w 24:6x120.....	1,700

## Tuesday, June 6th.

Ellenor E Gilmor to H S Ledyard.....	Lot 3 blk 44, Excelsior H'd Ass'n.....	\$ 400
Wm Guttridge to Chas McLane.....	California n s 1:3 e Steiner, e 75 n 132:85½ } w 50 s 26:6 w 25 s 106:2½.....	3,500
Central P'k H'd Ass'n to M Lynch.....	Lot 25 blk 575.....	250
Same to S B Leavitt.....	Pacific n 317:10 w Baker, w 132:4x31:3.....	465
City and Co S F to L Altschul.....	Portion Outside Lands.....	Prem
F L A Pioche et al to B Herr.....	Lot 1 blk 13, City Land Ass'n.....	90
W P Humphreys to Joshua Lyle.....	Howard and Wash'n Ave nw cor, nw } 137:6x53.....	1
Same to Martin Weber.....	Washington Ave sw 125 se Mission, se } 25x113:4.....	1
Martin Weber to J H N Wohlen.....	Same.....	1,750
John Sullivan to Cath. Turney.....	Fell s 109 e Van Ness Ave, e 55 s to n l } Market, etc; also, Polk and Hayes } nw cor, w 110x137:6; also, Fell n 55 e } Polk, n 137:6 e 55 s to n l Market, w } to beginning.....	1
Timothy Callahan to Cath Callahan.....	6th ne 100 nw Bryant, nw 20 ne 110 nw } 30 ne 50 se 50 sw 160.....	Gift
Eliz'th Paul to John K Law.....	Lot 36 blk 4, Garden Tr'ct H'd Addition.....	230
R R H'd Assn No 2 to J McIntosh.....	Lot 24 blk N.....	135
J B Felton et al to John Morgan.....	Lot 18 31 blk 521, Haley Purnase.....	610
J Hall & wf to Herman Meinert.....	Lot 23 blk 86, Mission V'w H'd.....	425
City and Co S F to J C Horan.....	Blk 365 W A.....	Prem

## Wednesday, June 7th.

GRANTOR AND GRANTEE.	DESCRIPTION.	PRICE
Resteome Perry to W G Crandall.	6th sw 50 se Bryant, se 50x85.	12,500
G Mahe et al to A Rosenthal.	Haves n 124 w Gough, w 24x131.	1,550
University H'd Ass'n to M Woolson.	Lot 3 blk 108 2 blk 116 and 3 blk 111.	745
E R Harris to John McIntosh.	Lots 5 and 6 Harris Map 2.	900
Savings & L'n Soc to A Coney.	Lot 1 and subdivision 3 of lot 3 blk 323.	600
H M Newhall to G Palache.	Hunter's Tract.	
F L A Pioche et al to J McIntosh.	From ne 236 se Folsom, se 17 1/2 x 137 1/2.	2,000
Mary H Woolson to Q R Brown.	Lot 32 blk 13, City Land Ass'n.	95
	Lot 3 blk 108 2 blk 116 and 3 blk 111.	
	University Homestead.	1
Pat'k Durkin to Ed Durkin.	2d and Howard e cor, se 57:6x85; also, Howard n 125 sw 8th, sw 25x100; also, Tehama n 252 sw 5th, sw 21 1/2 x 75; also, lot 91 Visitation Valley H'd.	5,000
Same to same.	50 x 3 and 4 blk 302 W A.	Prem
Real Estate Associates to Ed Barry.	Brannan n 25 e Zoe, e 59x75; also, Zoe e 125 n Brannan, n 100x75; also, Main e 206:3 n Howard, n 68:9x137:6; also, 15th and Guerrero nw cor, w 100 n 100 w 31:9 n 420 e 131:9 s 530.	1
City and Co S F to Ed Denny.	Portion Outside Lands.	Prem
M Ryan and wife to M Ryan, Jr.	Green n 60 w Hyde, w 20x60.	
Ed Rondel et al to T S Carlisle.	Rondel Pl w 377 1/2 s 16th, s 32 5/8 x 16 1/2.	1,000
John Kerrigan to Pat'k Hines.	Langtown sw 125 se Howard, se 25x75.	3,000
H Wetherbee to F Mason et al.	Portion Outside Lands.	5
J C Nolting to Oswald Krenz.	Gough and Union ne cor, e 107:1 n 5 deg w 275:7 1/2 w 136:7 1/2 and th along l Gough to beg; also, Filbert and Gough ne cor, e 130:9 1/2 n 5 deg w 100:7 1/2 w 135 s 105:11.	5
Henry Kraft to Elizabeth White.	Lot 228 Gift Map 4.	250
M Hodge & wf to Hugh S May.	Union s 160:5 w Sansome, w 22:11x68:9.	1,400
Montg'y St R'l Est'e Co to M Dore.	Market s 175 w 2d, w 100x113.	1

## Thursday, June 8th.

Thomas O'Neil to Mathew Conlon.	Harrison se, 255 sw of 7th, sw 40x60.	\$2,500
Ed Rondel et al to Geo Wallenrod.	Rondel Place w 225:10 s 16th, s 23:2x64.	1,900
Daniel Hogan to Mary Hogan.	Dora nw Bryant, nw 45x80.	Gift
City Ex H Ass'n to P Wheelan.	Lot 4 blk 22.	30
H C Hyde to Henry Casebolt.	Liberty n 280 w Dolores w 25x114; also, lot 637 Gift Map 3; also, Pine n 83 e Octavia e 29x137:6.	5
M S Bucklew to same.	Same.	1,900
R R Av H Ass'n to Mary Gillespie.	Lot 6 blk 29.	Gift
Wm H Evener to Fred L Castile.	Ellis and Polk ne corner e 112:6x120.	30
L A Mason to Frank O'Connor.	18th n 202:10 1/2 e Guerrero e 37:1 n 171 w 30 1/2 s 171.	5

## Friday, June 9th.

S S F H'd & R R Ass'n to A Patten.	Lots 5 and 12 block 268.	\$ 230
Same to Mrs E Patten.	Lot 12 blk 423.	1
Fred Zeile to Margaret L Morrison.	Larkin and Washington se cor 137:6x68:9.	1
Chas Meyer et al to C L Taylor.	Geary n 231:3 w Webster n 137:6 e 30 n 137:6 e 191:3 s 275 w 221:3.	1
Fred Dittmar to Robt Schmidt.	Undivided 1/2 Folsom e 45 s 240, s 20x90.	500
A Hamel to Ellen Johnson.	O'Farrell n 214:6 w Jones, w 29x137:6.	8,000
A E Head to Robt F Morrow.	Spear se Folsom, ne 137:6x137:9.	100
Title Land Com'rs to Thos Graham.	Garden se Harrison, 25x75.	7
R R Av H'd Ass'n to M Cummings.	Lots 18 and 19 blk 29.	700
M L Morrison to Fred M Eckert.	Washington and Larkin, se cor, 100x68:9.	1
Same to same.	Same.	5,000
Bridget Cullum to Nicholas O'Brien.	Lots 242 and 260 Precita Valley and 1 Bernal Heights survey.	425
Sav and Loan Soc to S S F D Co.	Lot C blk 325 and D blk 282 Hunter Tr't.	230
G O'Neil to Thos Delany.	Lot 1 block 16 West End Map 1.	600

## Saturday, June 10th.

Gabriel Berger to D Callaghan.	Octavia e, 92:6 s McAllister, s 45x75.	\$3,000
Wm C Little to Aaron Meyer.	Jones and Washington, 34:4x137:6.	20
T E Baugh to M A Campbell.	Seymour Ave, 100 s Turk, s 25x90.	250
Wm Rollins to Catherine M Lord.	Lots 319 to 343 Precita Valley Lands.	50
Jemima I Heath to Susan H Crew.	O'Farrell s Jones, 45:10x137:6.	Gift
Noe Garden H Union to M Cohn.	Lot 13 blk 1.	500
Same to Emanuel Cohn.	Lot 12 blk 1.	500

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Benj H Freeman to Samuel Irving	Washington and Hyde, 137-6x137-6....	\$8,500
Central Pk H'd Ass'n to C M Peck.	Lots 61 and 62 blk 574.....	500
Sam'l Ripley to Thos Brown.....	50-vara 1274 and 1280; also, Polk and Ellis, se corner, s 120x110.....	26,000
Michael Lane to Jno J Brady.....	Lot 37 blk 434, prop of the Associates....	200
Felix Byrne to Ann Byrne.....	Park Ave s Harrison, 25x80; also Fell n 110 e Laguna, 27-6x130; also all other realty owned by 1st party in S F.	Gift

## Monday, June 12th.

Jno E Margary to Mrs Louisa Leith	Dolores and 26th, ne cor, n 50x125.....	\$ 5
Central Pk H'd Ass'n to E Brooks	Broadway w Baker, w 51-6x137-6.....	600
City and Co of S F to same.....	Same.....	Prem
Great Park H Ass'n to M J Little.	Lot 2 blk 394.....	250
Mathew McKernan to R Higgins..	Mission n 19th, n 30x122-6.....	1,250
Central Pk H'd Ass'n to C M Peck	Lots 34 35 blk 575.....	520
Parker Merrill to Fred Rummel...	Portion lot 59 blk 184 Central Pk H'd..	2,300
Elijah Case to Mem'l Presbt Ch'ch	18th Ave s, 25 e M e 50x100.....	1

## Tuesday, June 13th.

Great Park H Ass'n to J S Bacon...	Lots 6 to 9 inclusive blk 365.....	\$1,000
Wm Blackwood to L M Felker....	Greenwich and Mason, se cor, e 57-6 s 37-6 w 28-9 s 25 w 28-9 n 62-6.....	2,000
W H Hogan to Jos W Williams...	Tehama Place se, 83 from e cor 1st and Tehama Place ne 18x60, with use of alley-way.....	2,000
Charles D Carter to Arthur Quinn	Valencia w, 140 n 14th, n 10x420.....	5
Josephine P Finnall to R Murdock	Larkin and Vallejo, ne cor, 137-6x137-6..	3,800
Henry Adolphus to D Farquharson	Pacific and Sansome, 68-9x137-6.....	5
Henry Casebolt to Chas W Elliot.	Lots 657 and 659 Gift Map 3.....	1,100
City Grading Co to G P Rummelin	Tyler e Van Ness, e 25x120.....	5
G P Rummelin to W W Walmsley	Same.....	2,600
Anton Phillipi to Thos C Pedler..	12th ne, 172-6 se Howard, ne 137-6x25..	4,700

## Wednesday, June 14th.

H H Lawrence et al to C M Peck.	Portion Outside Lands.....	\$ 1
Jno E Mason to Jas McM Shafter	Lot 6 blk 239 and lot 7 blk 539 Golden City Homestead.....	1,000
John McHenry to Wm F Cashman	Pacific n 66-6 e Sansome, e 2-9x137-6 grants right of way.....	5
Same to same.....	Commencing 68-9 e from e line Sansome and 70 n from n line Pac, e 68-9x67-6 }	5
C W Brooks to same.....	Same, 22-11x20.....	1
D Gonzalez to L W Downs.....	Howard sw 5th, sw 46-8x80.....	5,000
T P Riordan to Lydia Flanagan...	York n 23d, n 25x100, P N.....	700
City and Co of S F to H Dupont..	Portion Outside Lands.....	Prem
Gustave Mahe et al to O Maguire.	Hayes and Gough, nw cor, w 26x90.....	3,300
F S Spring et al to Noble Miller...	Subs 12 15 16 blk 20 University Mound Survey.....	1,200
Same to Eben B Cooper.....	Subs 23 and 24 of same.....	800
W M Cheek to B B McAllister et al	320 acres Outside Lands.....	400
Wm Monahan to Henry J Young...	Vermont n Nevada, 33-4x100 P N.....	1,000
Thos Jones to Thos F Lane.....	Lot 18 blk 10 Peoples Homestead.....	475
John Dana to Thomas O'Connor.	Jessie sw 4th, sw 5 x se 70.....	4,250
City and Co of S F to Wm Welch.	Capp n of 24th, s 59-6x122-6.....	Prem
Wm F Cashman to John McHenry	Right of way through Jones's alley being int in w 1/2 B and W lot 38.....	350
Market St H Ass'n to Sarah E Holt	Lots 4 and 6 blk 17.....	1,000

## Thursday, June 15th.

Thos Hill to Richard H Monck....	Folsom se, 300 sw of 7th street, sw 50x75 }	\$ 1
R R Ave H'd Ass'n to N Kovrigin	Lots 7 8 and 9 blk 35 and lot 36 blk 52..	1,400
J C Maynard to D Ottinger et al..	100-vara 329.....	5
F Billings to Jno C Maynard.....	Same.....	5
City and Co of S F to L A Mowry	Portion Outside Lands.....	Prem
G M Condee et al to H C George..	Chattanooga s 22d, 25x125.....	1,800
Geo L Smith to Wm J Gunn.....	Lots 1 to 8 incln blk 43 Excel'r H Ass'n	1,600
Andrew Fraser to D A Fraser....	Portion blk 398 Golden City Homestead..	430

## Friday, June 16th.

Com'r's Fund Debt to L McLane.	Channel nw, 91-8 sw 5th sw 45:10, etc..	\$ 77
Mary Barto to Thomas Neil.....	Powell s Pacific, s 50x87-6.....	500
Geo Treat to Constantine F Smith	Yuba w Nebraska, 25x100, P N.....	1
C F Smith to Thos McInerney....	Same.....	400
City and County S F to C F Smith	Same.....	Prem
Great Park H Ass'n to M Hanley..	Lot 7 blk 394.....	250
Mission V H Ass'n to D O'Leary..	Lot 12 blk 86.....	1



John Bensley to Fred Mason....	Undivided half s por blks 226 251 P N...	\$1,000
Peter McArdle to Jno M Ahern....	Franklin and Tyler, sw cor, 137-6x120...	10,200
Fred Mason to Eugene E Dewey....	Survey lots and blks in southern por city	10,000
B L Brantley to Robt B Gerv....	Lot 25 to 34 incld blk 124 O N A H T T	2,000
Jno F Schudness to P C Partridge....	Lot 697 Beach and Water Lot Survey...	10
Camilo Martin to Eden Peterson....	Lot 7 blk K, R R H'd Ass'n No 2	135

## Saturday, June 17th.

Thomas Jennings to J S Jennings....	50-varas 15 and 6 blk 514 W A	\$ 5
D S Devines to Rosina Divines....	Lots 15 and 16 blk 17 City Land Ass'n...	Gift
P J Thibault to Henry Barrohel....	Folsom and 10th, e cor, 205x220	750
Buena Vis H'd Ass'n to H M Eddy....	Lot 20 blk 107	500
Edwin Goodall to J W Gates....	Lots 1 and 2 blk 76 Excelsior Homestead	900

## Monday, June 19th.

Giles H Gray to Gotlieb Mitchler....	Sacramento and Jones, nw cor, 125-6x68-9	\$4,500
Hib Say and L'n Soc to J McCabe....	Powered n City, n 22-11x60	2,500
W B Latham to Pt Lob Av H Ass'n....	Portion Outside Lands	90
John P Thiel to Wm Murphy....	Lot 32 blk 68 Map A, Willows Land Ass'n	700
City and Co S F to S V W Works....	Portion Outside Lands	Prem
Chas K Zimmer to Chris Zimmer....	Mission ne, 75 sw 6th, sw 50x85	ft
Laurel Hill Cem to Maurice Dore....	Lot 1922	2,920
Meyer Berkowitz to M & P W Mills....	19th and Shotwell, ne cor, e 25x100	2,500

## Tuesday, June 20th.

Edwin R Harris to C Noonan....	Lots 11 and 12 Harris Map 2, P V Lands	\$ 750
Superior H'd Ass'n to M Doherty....	Sub 13 and 14 blk 129	1,000
Geo Turner to Wm Norris....	Portion Outside Lands	5,000
A B Necher to S L Magee....	Lot 10 blk 26 West End Map 1	250
Martin Kelly to Peter Rooney....	Lots 103 and 104 Gift Map 4	450

## Wednesday, June 21st.

Railroad H Ass'n No 2 to S McKee....	Lot 4 blk C	\$ 135
Ed Rondel et al to M McLaughlin....	Rondel Place e, 358-10 s 16th, s 22-2x60-1	
Michael Lawton to Ellen Lee....	Gravel w Franklin, w 27-6x120	1,935
Jas M Taylor to Eliza F Rogers....	Lot 4 blk 90 Excelsior H'd Ass'n	3,000
Wm Hollis to O J Preston....	Fillmore n Sacramento, 255x90-6	Gift
Wm Hodgkins to C Bazzo....	Lots 4 to 9 incld blk 29 West End Map 1	2,300
Wm Rabe to Moses Heller....	Folsom and 10th, se cor, ne 206x220	2,300
John Buck to Samuel Crim et al....	Blks 160 162 176 New Potrero	33,110

## Thursday, June 22d.

Wm Murphy to R S McCabe....	Lot 32 blk 68 Map A, Willows Land Ass'n	\$728
Sarah Richardson to J Richardson....	17th n 150 w Dolores, w 50x100	500
J Satterlee to J Knedler et al....	Broadway n 397-4 w Polk, w 51x137-6	300
L Stevens et al to Geo H Moore....	Water lots 499 and 500	5
S B Land Ass'n to M H Benjamin....	Block 271, Potrero Nuevo	2,000
M H Benjamin to H H Schafer....	Same	4,000
Geo Reuben to Robt Murdoch....	21st and Church nw cor, w 105x57	600
A P Loveland to A C Nichols....	Battery and Clay ne cor, e 47-6x47-6	5
Wm Hollis to E W Taggard....	Fillmore w 128 n Sac'to, n 33-4, w 25, etc	4,000
Nath E Elford to Mary J Elford....	Dupont e 72 s Chestnut, s 16x70	Gift
Same to Emily A Elford....	Dupont e 104 s Chestnut, s 16x70	Gift
Same to Robert J Elford....	Dupont e 88 s Chestnut, s 16x70	Gift
Charles O'Connor to James Drury....	Sacramento n 168-9 e Fillmore, e 25x128	935
James Drury to James Curtis....	Sacramento n 216-3 e Fillmore, e 12-6x128	465
Maria L Dehon et al to M Lynch....	Blk 95 Mission Dolores	500
Louis A Drews to S L Johnson....	Mason w 60 s Greenwich, s 206x83	2,650
J Morrison to T J Dehon....	Sundry lots in southern portion of city	500
E W Burr et al to S and L Society....	Cal'a and Buchanan sw cor, s 55x81-3	1,000

## Friday, June 23d.

Oliver Elaridge to H W Massey....	Lots 7 8 17 and 18 block 17 Noc Garden Homestead and lot 2 block 22 Market Street Homestead	\$2,000
Benjamin R Norton to R B Gray....	Van Ness and Pacific, ne corner, n 91-8x82-6, subject to mortgage for the sum of \$3,500	8,000
Wm W Fowler to John Anderson....	Undivided half of six acres Potrero Nuevo	6,500
Moses Meyerfeld to Wm Wagner....	Tyler w Van Ness, w 23x120	2,500
Wm Wagner to Mary Wagner....	Locust Avenue w Van Ness, w 23x50	800
H J M Trout to Adam Grant....	Tyler and Steiner, 137-6x137-6	5
J C Woods to J F Severance....	70 acres Outside Lands	500
R M Sherman to A P Hotelling....	Lot 3 blk 381 W A	1
City and Coun S F to P McGinnis....	Portion Outside Lands	Prem
H C Hyde to Adam Grant....	50-vara 4 blk 344 W A	30
Wm Hollis to Nathan T Root....	Clay s 118-9 w Fillmore, w 30-1x27-4	3,620

Friday, June 23d.

Oliver Eldridge to H W Massey...	Lots 7 & 17 and 18 block 17 Noe Garden Homestead and lot 2 block 22 Market Street Homestead.	\$2,000
Benjamin R Norton to R B Gray..	Van Ness and Pacific, ne corner, n 91: 8x82.6, subject to mortgage for the sum of \$2,500	8,000
Wm W Fowler to John Anderson.	Undivided half of six acres Potrero Nuevo	6,500
Moses Meyerfield to Wm Wagner.	Tyler w Van Ness, w 23x120.	2,500
Wm Wagner to Mary Wagner....	Locust Avenue w Van Ness, w 23x50.	800
H J M Trout to Adam Grant ....	Tyler and Steiner, 137.6x137.6.	5
J C Woods to J G Severance.....	70 acres Outside Lands.	500
R M Sherman to A P Hotelling....	Lot 3 blk 381 W A.	1
City and Coun S F to P McGinnis	Portion Outside Lands.	Prem
H C Hyde to Adam Grant .....	50-vara 4 blk 364 W A.	50
Wm Hollis to Nathan T Root.....	Clay s 118:9 w Fillmore, w 30x127:4 N.	3,620

Saturday, June 24th.

Jas Grindrod to Samuel F Sinclair.	Lots 53 55 57 and 1405 to 1409 Gift Map 3,	\$
John McCombe to Jonas Lincoln.	Lot 39 to 42 inclusive blk 54 City L Ass'n	140
Frances Dornheimer to J Walker.	Hayes s 67:6 e Fillmore, e 22:6x70.	100
Adolph Schwob to Thos B Bishop	Rondel Place s 16th, s 22x60:6.	125
Jno H McGinniss to Charles Otto.	Larkin e, 137:6 s Post, s 34:6x60.	6,000

Monday, June 26th.

Ge Pk II Ass'n to M V Lawrence.	Lot 1 blk 394.	\$ 250
City and County S F to H Owens.	Portion Outside Lands.	Prem
F S Spring et al to Jas Cameron..	Sub 12 blk 10 Hds on Univer M Survey.	400
Univ Ex H'd Ass'n to C Petter....	Lot 7 blk 16.	400
Jno N Risdon to Wm Ware.....	Herman and Valencia, sw corner.	5
W G Weir to Leah McKenzie....	Fell e Van Ness, e 27x120.	3,300
San Fran Sav Un to J Macombe...	O Farrell w Mason, 40x60.	7,000

Tuesday, June 27th.

Un Ex II Ass'n to W J Richardson.	Lot 5 block 16	\$ 400
Same to D S Shute .....	Lots 3 6 and 7 blk 144.	1,200
Wm J Richardson to Chris Leek..	Lot 5 blk 6 University Ex H Association	265
Gustave Reis et al to C Martin...	King ne 5th, 45:10x137:6.	3,500
City and Co S F to L H Cemetery.	Portion Outside Lands.	Prem
Tide Land Com'rs to M Welch....	Brannan sw 6th, 25x75.	7
Same to same.....	Same	7
Hugh Magorty to Marg Magorty..	Lots 28 and 29 blk 501, Occid 1 Hd Ass'n	Gift
Ed Rondel et al to Jacob Lindell..	Rondel Place s 16th, 22:2x61:7.	1,940
Fred Mason to Mollie Creed Low.	Lot 6 blk 157 W A.	Gift
R P Gerrish to Wm H Dalrymple.	Lots 264 to 267 inclusive Gift Map 1.	40
City and Co of S F to J R Merrill.	Portion Outside Lands.	Prem
Univ Ex H Ass'n to F L A Pioche	Lots 1 to 8 inclu blk 143 and frac blk 138	4,800
Same to H Pichoir.....	Lots 1 2 3 7 8 blk 67; lot 1 blk 181, etc.	4,000

Wednesday, June 28th.

H Mahan to Pt Lob Av II Ass'n..	Portion of blk 649 and 640 Outside Lands	\$ 100
Ed Rondel et al to Chris Hesse...	Rondel Place s 16th, s 22:2x61:10.	1,940
City Exten H Ass'n to B E Martin	Lot 10 blk 33.	15
Jno F Larrabee to S F Larrabee..	Portion Outside Lands	
Gus Mahe et al to Martin Kelly...	Grove w Gough, 50x120.	3,000
Daniel B Horton to Ellen Hargitt.	Com'g nw cor Green and Kearny, 20x80.	2,000
G S Hall to Jas A Windsor.....	Howard w 5th, 25x80; also 3 lots S F H U	8,
W C Ralston to E W Moss.....	Fremont se Folsom, 1:9x100.	1
City and Co S F to A Himmelmann	Portion Outside Lands.	Prem
Wm M Pierson to J R B McKee...	Fell e Van Ness, e 45 s 135:2 sw 67:9, etc	1
E G Bibleman to Aaron Meyer....	Lot 5 blk 333 W A.	10
Wm Pickett to S W Shaw.....	Broadway s 68:9 e Mason, e 68:9x137:6.	15,000

Thursday, June 29th.

Henry Lahnson to Jos Roth et al.	Kate n 81:3 e Steiner, e 25x120; also, Laguna w 90 n Ellis, n 30x100; also, lot 1 blk 93, Excelsior H'd Ass'n.	\$2,200
University Ex H'd Ass'n to W Law	Lots 1 to 8 inc blk 153.	3,200
Same to Henry Prigge.....	Frac'l lots 3 and 6 and frac'l blk 130.	400
B F Ellis & wf to John Puckhaber	Por lots 23 24 blk 305, O'Neil & Haley.	1,050
E Herten to Albert Miller.....	Lot 4 blk 363 and 6 blk 469, G'den C'y H'd	500
Wm Hollis to D C Littlefield.....	Sac'to n 143:9 e Steiner, e 26x123.	3,500
Same to A K Hollis.....	Sac'to n 118:9 w Fillmore, w 31:8x128.	3,500
Same to D A McDonald.....	Sac'to n 150:5 w Fillmore, w 31:8x128.	3,820
Same to Wm Sutton.....	Sac'to n 168:9 e Steiner, e 30x128.	3,740
Same to George E Reid.....	Fillmore w 103 n Sac'to, n 25x118:9.	3,300
Same to B F Freeman.....	Sac'to n 182:1 w Fillmore, w 31:0x128.	4,235

## Friday, June 30th.

Bernhard Haas to Jno Breen....	Lot 11 block 35 City Land Association..	\$ 90
F L A Pioche to Bernhard Haas..	Same.....	90
Wm Hollis to James Kennedy....	Lots 8 and 9 Hillside Homestead Ass'n..	1,475
Same to A K Hooks.....	Lot 200 blk 186 Central Park H Ass'n....	500
E G Partridge to James E Leage..	Visitation Ave n 952 e Millikin, e 265, etc	650
E J Phipps et al to N Lundry....	St Gertrude Kearney, 200x100.....	5
B Hancock et al to Solomon Liptman	Van Ness Ave n Geary, n 80x100.....	12,000
John P H Casey to Park J H Casey	Jackson and Dupont sw cor w 100x23....	5
L Peterson to Henry Ray.....	Portion of 101 Precita Valley Lands....	625
Nelson M Hine to Eben Hine.....	Tehama sw 4th, 35x80.....	644
Real Est Associates to Ed Barry....	Sundry lots in Western Addition.....	1
Jno D Upson et al to Arthur Froil..	Larkin n Filbert, 37:6x100.....	150
T Johnston to J Herron.....	Geary w Parker Avenue, 40x137.6.....	2,500
J Ross to Miss and Pac Wool Mills	Shotwell s 15th, 25x122.6.....	1,700
Jae Brooks to Henry Barrollhet..	Eddy and Polk, sw corner, 122:6x137:6..	6,000
R R H Ass'n No 2 to A C Tibcomb..	Lots 1 to 6 incld blk W.....	810
Henry Hutaf to Wm O'Shea.....	Leavenworth Eddy, s 21:1 x 40.....	185
Wm O'Shea to Bertha Levy.....	Same, 24:1 x 40.....	2,800
C S Swenson to Wm Fletcher.....	Tyler e Devisadero, 70x100.....	2,300
Chas A Gross et al to H H Schafer..	Sw cor Spear and Mission, 40x45:10....	3,000
Lucas P de Arce to Aug Durand....	15th w Guerrero, n 100 w 61:9 s to M line	3,000

## Saturday, July 1st.

Eliza Horn to Laura J Horn....	Tehama n, 27:6 ne 21, ne 22 6x85.....	Gift
Frank R Larkin to Frank Kennedy..	Undivided 26th St Sansome and Mer-	
	chant, nw corner, w 82:6 x 76:9 sub-	\$ 100
	ject to mortgage of \$9,500.....	
F J Thibault to Chas P Duane....	Lots 2 and 3 and w half lot 5 blk 529... and lot 6 blk 512 W A.....	500
J Ellis Hill to Chas H Barth.....	Lot 6 blk 20 Noe Garden Homestead....	375
City and Co of S F to W H Norton	Portion Outside Lands.....	Prem
Same to John Morgan.....	Same.....	Prem
Wm R Smedberg to F Smedberg....	Larkin w 127:6 n Clay, w 114:6x30.....	Gift
F S Spring to Mary C G Mills....	Sub 40 blk 20 Homestead on Universi-	400
	ty Mount Sarvey.....	
Felice Ghio to Bernard Cook.....	Columbia n 291, n 26x100.....	800
Max Toxlas et al to A M Gray....	Laguna and O'Farrell, 95x62:6.....	4,000
J H Cutler to Pt Lobos Av Ass'n..	Portion Outside Lands.....	15,000
Laurel Hill Cem to Jonathan Peel..	Lot 1923.....	182
J K B McKee to Joanna M Driscoll	Fell e Van Ness, e 55 s 125:2 sw 67:9, etc	15,500
Same to Angus Cameron.....	Steiner e 128 n Sac'to, n 37:6 e 90:6 s e 12:6 e 28 s 25 w 118:9.....	3,900

## Monday, July 3d.

T Ex H'd Ass'n to H J Huttner....	Lot 5 blk 157.....	\$ 400
Ed Rondel et al to Phillip Boam..	Rondell Place e 270:2 s 16th, 22:2x61:6..	1,940
Mis V H Ass'n to L W Balthrope..	Lots 30 and 31 blk 86.....	1
Wm Hollis to Benjamin C Weight..	Fillmore n Sacramento, n 25x60:6.....	3,000
Gabriel Berger to Ursin Chirade..	Stockton s Pacific, 25x100.....	15,000
Edwin R Harris to Maria Schiller	Sub 4 of lot 97 Precita Valley Lands....	400
F L A Pioche et al to Sam Jacobs..	Lot 10 blk 31 City Land Ass'n.....	95
Terance Devany to Rose Devany....	Minna se 325 sw 3d, sw 25x70.....	Gift
Pleas Val H Ass'n to H C Brainard	Lot 10 blk 325.....	1
W W Young by Jno F Kennedy.....	Lots 1903 and 1974 Gift Map 1.....	300
Roman Bayerque to E Leconte....	Mission blk 93.....	40,000
E Leconte to R Bayerque et al....	Same subject to mortgage for \$22,500..	40,000
Univ Ex H'd Ass'n to Wm Hubbert	Lots 1 2 and 8 blk 167.....	1,200
G W Haskell to Jas L Nutting....	Valencia s 19th, s 25x100.....	500
F M Hathaway to M S Poland.....	Shotwell e 187:6 s 22d, 49:6x122:6.....	2,500
Alex Weil to L Sachs et al.....	Bush e Sansome, e 40:6x137:6, subject /	60,500
	to mortgages for \$46,158.....	
A H Rose to Wm Hollis.....	Portion Portrero Nuevo.....	50,000

## Wednesday, July 5th.

Univ H'd Ass'n to W A Lennard....	Agents lots 6 and 7 blk 9 Map 2.....	\$ 500
C Leighton to Almira M Leighton..	Sutter e Stockton, w 57:6 e 137:6 n, etc	500
Mich Lynch to Robert Higgins....	Mission n 19th, n 30x122:6.....	1
Thos Ansbro to Catharine Ansbro..	Und 1/4 lots 179 180 181 Precita Val Lands	Gift
G H Sharp to Patrick McDonnell..	Lots 43 44 blk 9 City Land Association..	110
R R Ave H Ass'n to G F Walters....	Lots 30 and 31 blk 29.....	700
Pleas View H Ass'n to W H Davis..	Lot 5 blk 308.....	150
Hiram Tubbs to Enoch Lott.....	Cor Sierra and Iowa, 100x100.....	3,200
City and Co S F to Henry Chester	Portion Outside Lands.....	Prem
Univ Ex H Ass'n to R Mabury....	Lot 8 blk 40.....	400
Wm J Gunn to Michael Burke.....	Ellis and Scott, nw corner, w 30x75....	1,200
J P Raymond to Eleazar Thomas..	Lots 274 to 298 Holiday Map A.....	3,750
L Buacken to Wm L Farrell.....	Ritter se Harrison, 21x75.....	1,350

City and Co S F to John McBride	Portion Outside Lands	Prem
Same to M A Leonard	Same	Prem
Edward H Morton to I F Heston	Broadway w Taylor, w 70:6 s 120 e 94, etc	6
M S Latham et al to Nelson Gould	Lot 77 City Center Homestead	500
J B Morton to Geo A Raymond	Washington e Polk, 127:8x10	3,000
F S Spring et al to Jno W Higgins	Lot 14 blk 10 Hds on Univ Md Survey	400

## Thursday, July 6th.

S S F Hld & R R Ass to W Moody	Lots 6 7 blk 195	\$ 2
F S Spring et al to L Pawlicki	Sub 32 blk 20, Hds on Univ Md S'y	400
Wm Hollis to C M Johnson	Ellis n 137:6 w Steiner, w 34x137:6	5
Same to Real Estate Associates	Sundry lots in Western Addition	1
Same to same	Sundry lots in Western Addition	1
Same to same	For numerous blks in Potrero Nuevo	1
Same to Wm Hollis	Sac to n 118:9 w Fillmore, w 31:8x128	1
G T P K H'd Ass n to Ira G Holt	Lot 15 blk 367, 15 18 blk 364, 11 blk 365, etc	500
I T Milliken to H L Davis	Numerous lots in southern por of city	8,000
John Satterlee to Henry Baker	Blk 74 to 79 inc, O M of S F Jan 15, '54	500
Wm T Coleman to J Nightingale	Blk 697 Outside Lands	5
Market St H'd Ass n to G S Dickey	Lots 1 and 2 blk 14	2,000
J B Thomas to Dan I Dodge	Clay s 53:9 w Jones, w 47:9 s 137:6, etc	2,000
Geo W Ellis to J C Beckman	Folsom and 14th s cor, s 50x75	500
Henry Cusebolt to H P Livermore	Nw cor Liberty and Dolores, w 25x114	760
Levi Keller to Marcus Reinstein	Franklin and Ellis, ne corner, n 120x110	16,250
City and Co of S F to S Merritt	Blks 33 and 34 Outside Lands	Prem
Marcus Reinstein to J McFaddin	Ellis n, 70 e Franklin, e 40x120	11 000
Tide Land Com'r's to Aaron Reiser	8th n Clementina, n 25x75	7
B F Myres to Wm H Ladd	Lot 5 blk 217 Golden City Survey	100
Stephen H Hand to Jas M Taylor	Lot 4 blk 90 Excelsior Homestead	300

## Friday, July 7th.

John Amos to Herman Levison	Bush s 137:3 w Van Ness, w 27:6x120	\$3,500
J Satterlee to Front St M & O R R	Broadway and Polk se corner	500
C L Newman to W A Etting	Mission s 75 w 3d, s 170, w 20, n 70, etc	5
W H Rulofson to J B L Patten	Hyde w 87:6 n Geary, n 25x37:6	7,000
E W Moss & w to Albert Foster	Fremont sw 181 se Folsom, se 23:9x100	6,300
W Everson to R R Av H'd Ex Assn	Blks 19 39 71, University M d Survey	38,790
John Hubbard et al to A H Jayne	Nw 1/4 Har son in s'ct ne 1 Main, ne 50x50 v	10
A H Jayne to W J Bryan	Und 1/2 of same	1,500
Cath O'Brien to H Rothschild	Clementina nw 80 ne 6th, ne 47, etc	1
Lone Mount n Cem'y to J Gordon	Lot 179 sec 2	65
E Burrell to Louisa Swain	Geary s 68:6 e Hyde, e 45x137:6; also, { Post s 55 w Polk, s 120x30	1
J W Pearson to J E Magary	Sundry lots in southern portion of city	10,000
Tide Land Com'r's to S Grosh	7th sw 225 se Howard, se 60x85	17
Willows L'd Ass'n to P J Truman	Jessie e 185 n 19th, n 50x80	1,520
Phillip Sieben to M Sieben	Sac to s 118:9 e Stockton, e 18:9x57:6	Gift

## Saturday, July 8th.

Julius C Reis to W C Ralston	8th and Townsend e corner, ne 275 se, etc	\$ 10
Wm T Wallace to A W Hanna	Pacific s, 113:2 Van Ness, w 137:6x137:6	3,653
U Exten H Ass'n to M O'Connor	Lot 1 blk 77	400
Same to Wesley M Peck	Lots 4 and 8 in blk 162	800
Same to B B Murray	Lot 7 blk 168	400
Carmelita Dias to Thos R Eldridge	Und 1/2 Union n, 112 w Montg n 68:9x25:6	1,100
John Satterlee to Jane Chielovich	Pacific s, 113:2 w Van Ness, w 137:6x137:6	5
A N Down to E Chielovich	Same	5
J B Lewis to Lorenzo Sitzgreaves	Bush e Battery, n 10 inches, e etc	1,000
J B Norton to Alfred Jeffrey	Portion lot 5 blk 18 of Western Addition	375
John C Daggett to W B Ewer	Lots 80 82 84 86 88 98 100 102, etc, G Map 3	1,625
J B Iredell to B G Lathrop	Francisco n, 68:9 e Powell, e 22:11x68:9	2,000
Maurice Ullman to Henrietta Haass	Post n, 137:6 w Hyde, w 22:11x137:6	6,500
Horace Kilham to R C Woolworth	Sub lots 1 2 3, 31 to 38 inc, Horner's Add	1,900
M S Latham to Mary M Latham	Folsom ne 3d; also Market ne 2d, 50x155	Gift
S A Woodbury to W A Hughes	Com'g n 7 deg w Maple and Broadway	1
Chas Meyer to Cong Emanuel et al	Mission blk 86	5
City and County S F to Geo Nelle	Portion Outside Lands	Prem
F S Spring et al to Pat J Malone	Sub 17 blk 10 Hds on Univer Mound Surv	400
M L Meeter to Maria Ward	Castro w, 75:7 n 17th, n 125 e 425:9 se 444	1,100
City and Co of S F to S S Fellows	Portion Outside Lands	Prem
Great Pk H Ass'n to E H Rixford	Lot 9 blk 368	250

## Monday, July 10th.

Thos D Johns to J J Southworth	160 acres of Outside Lands	\$ 500
H J Anson to Mary Dunnigan	Filbert n, 162:6 w Larkin, w 25x137:6	950
Rachel J Shepperd to H J Anson	Same	50
John Maloney to G Vellinger	Minna se, 470-sw 8d, 20x70	3,550
Hillside H Ass'n to Marg Terrell	Lot 87 blk 117	500
Noe Gard H U'n to G Dankroeger	Lot 11 blk 1	500



R R H'd Ass'n No 2 to Annie Foley	Lot 3 blk C	\$ 185
Wm Green to Vestry of St John	10th and Valencia ne corner, 400x120	5
Univ Ex Ass'n to Maggie E. Barnes	Lots 1 and 2 blk 145	800
Henry A. Fox to Wm B Fox	Gay and Front 76x120; also 1 day e of	5,000
	Kearns, 24 1/2 x 119 6	
Wm B Fox et al to Henry A Fox	Same	37,500
Antoine Borel to John Apel	Folsom nw 378 1/2, sw of 10th, new box	
	34 1/2; also, Stockton w, 6 n of se	55,000
	corner 50-ava 236, n 61 10x78 6	
Chas C Hamblin to Charles Luth	Portion of 14 blk 309 S S F Homestead	950
Jon Murray to Geo A Wetherby	Und 1/2 interest Linden e Laguna, 27-6x60	400
Wm Hollis to Jas Tabor	Webster n Sacramento, 50x90	1,000
Wm Camp to John Wieland	Jackson e Duport, 10x18	3,000
P H McCormick to C O'Connor	Lots 2146 2148 649 Map 4	100
L M Benson to Rowland Chatham	Port of blk 221 Paterno Nuevo	500
Patrick Lahey to Eugene Dalton	Pacific e Duport, e 62 7-137 6	50
Mary A McCurrie to E Kavanagh	Jackson e Laguna, 7-6x27 8	41

## Tuesday, July 11th.

Ed Barry to Wm Barry	24th n 55 e Bryant, e 25x104	\$ 1
W C Ralston to J E Margary et al	Lots 1 to 17 inc blk 6, Mass n Tide L'ds	5
Tide Land Comm's to J P Watson	Columbia st 100-av 24th, sw 25x75	1
John E Margary to J J Hughes	Und 1/2 lots 4 to 15 inc blk 6, Mass n Tide L'ds	2
F L A Ploche to G W Gildersleeve	Blk 6 H A	100
Mich'l J Kelly to Martin Kelly	Clanahan Ranch	150
Same to same	Lot 9 blk 2 1/2 Pleasant View H'd	100
R R H'd Ass'n No 2 to B Herington	Lots 1 to 9 inc and 14 blk 17	1,550
Wm Rollins to W R Swain	Church and 17th ne cor, e 139x10, etc	500
M Gately to Gustav Harsh	Gough w 102 1/2 n Grove, n 55 1-137 6	9,500
Tide Land Comm's to H Axvill	Columbia st 57 6 e 6th, e 20x80	6
Wm Hayes to Chas F Brown	Por Harper - Ranch	1
Gustav Harsh to Mich'l Gately	Howard and 11th n cor, nw 90x75	16,500
Wm Caldwell to H L Davis	Shotwell e 321 n 24th, s 10x124 6	1,000
Univ Ex H'd Ass'n to S Thier	Lots 1 to 8 inc blk 134, 1 to 7 inc blk	7,200
	133, 1 8 blk 165 and frac' blk 137	1
R R A H'd Ass'n to E Bishop	Lot 7 blk 52	350
11 S Morse to J F Cranner	Geary n 138-9 w Octavia, w 25-10x120	1,000
Isaac Levy to E Lassar and wife	Green s 137-66 Powell, w 22 11x68 9	1,000
H H Byrne et al to S and L H Soc	Por blk 285 and 314, S S F H'd	

## Wednesday, July 12th.

City and County S F to W Schmitz	Portion Outside Lands	Prem
Tide Land Comm's to W B Hicks	Bryant nw, 215 ne 4th, ne 33 9x80	10
Thos J Hayden to Antoine Borel	50-ava 4 blk 231 W A	150
Univ Ex Ass'n to T R Bertrams	Lot 8 blk 45	315
Peter Barker to George S Dickey	Bryant a 23d, s 6x100	750
Wm Smithers to Eliza Smithers	Bryant a, e ne 225 nw Bryant, nw 25x75	600
Henry Hutton to H P Wakelee	50-ava 4 blk 231 W A	500
Cornelius Collins to R M Williams	Lots 5 and 9 Pacific Values Lands	20,000
Univ Ex H'd Ass'n to W H Stelger	Lot 8 blk 55, 6 blk 152 and 3 blk 155	1,200
Same to Wm J McConnell	Lot 5 blk 130 lot 7 blk 155 and lot 5 blk 165	1,200
Adolph Unger to George Barstow	Lots 49 and 50 blk 396 Great P k H Ass'n	175
Robt Muhlenhoff to C Seemann	Tyler w Taylor, w 55x137 6	800
F S Spring et al to Patrick Toner	Shadys 28 and 29 blk 20 Univ M'd Survey	10
V S Kingwell to P F Butler	6th nw of Folsom, 50x80	611 1/2
Build & L Soc to P Dohelmann	Jessie and 2d, 22-11x75	
Jno W Tucker to Anna Du Bois	Buchanan s Jackson, 26-6x80	
Vulc I Wks Co to R B Swain et al	conveys all effects of & for benefit of creditors	25,610

## Thursday, July 13th.

Wm B Allen to Robt Brotherton	Florida e, 100 n Solano, e 150x100	\$2,000
R H Lloyd to Ludwig Atschelt	Undivided half of 5 lots in Gift Map 2	500
Conrad Stoltze to C Landis	Minna e 225 from se corner Minna and	
	2d, e 50x80; also, Mason and Broad-	1
	way, nw corner, n 80x40	
Great Park H'd Ass'n to Jas Duffy	Lots 11 and 12 blk 366	500
Vitus Wackenreuder to W G Gray	San Bruno road e, 30-4 n from nw cor-	450
	ner 50-ava 350, n 25x75	
City and County S F to J Hayden	Portion Outside Lands	Prem
R G Perkins et al to Felice Ghio	Columbia n 24d, n 26x100	250
Peter S McNeil to Geo Thistleton	Und 1/2 10th Cal and Duport, 68-9x100	500
L F Loveland to Jane E Chase	Q1 Portion Western Addition	1
John D'Arcy to Thos A O'Brien	Lot 1 blk 149 S S F H'd and lot 2 blk	
	59 and fractional lot 3 blk 42 Excel-	500
	sior Homestead	
John Bergstrom to J W Burnham	5 lots in Gift Map 3	300
E W Burr to Sav and Loan Society	Elbert w of Mason, 43-11x137 6	2,250
M Jenkins to Delina V de Schimp	Lot 20 and 21 blk 10 City Land Ass'n	200

## Real Estate Transactions.--Alameda County.

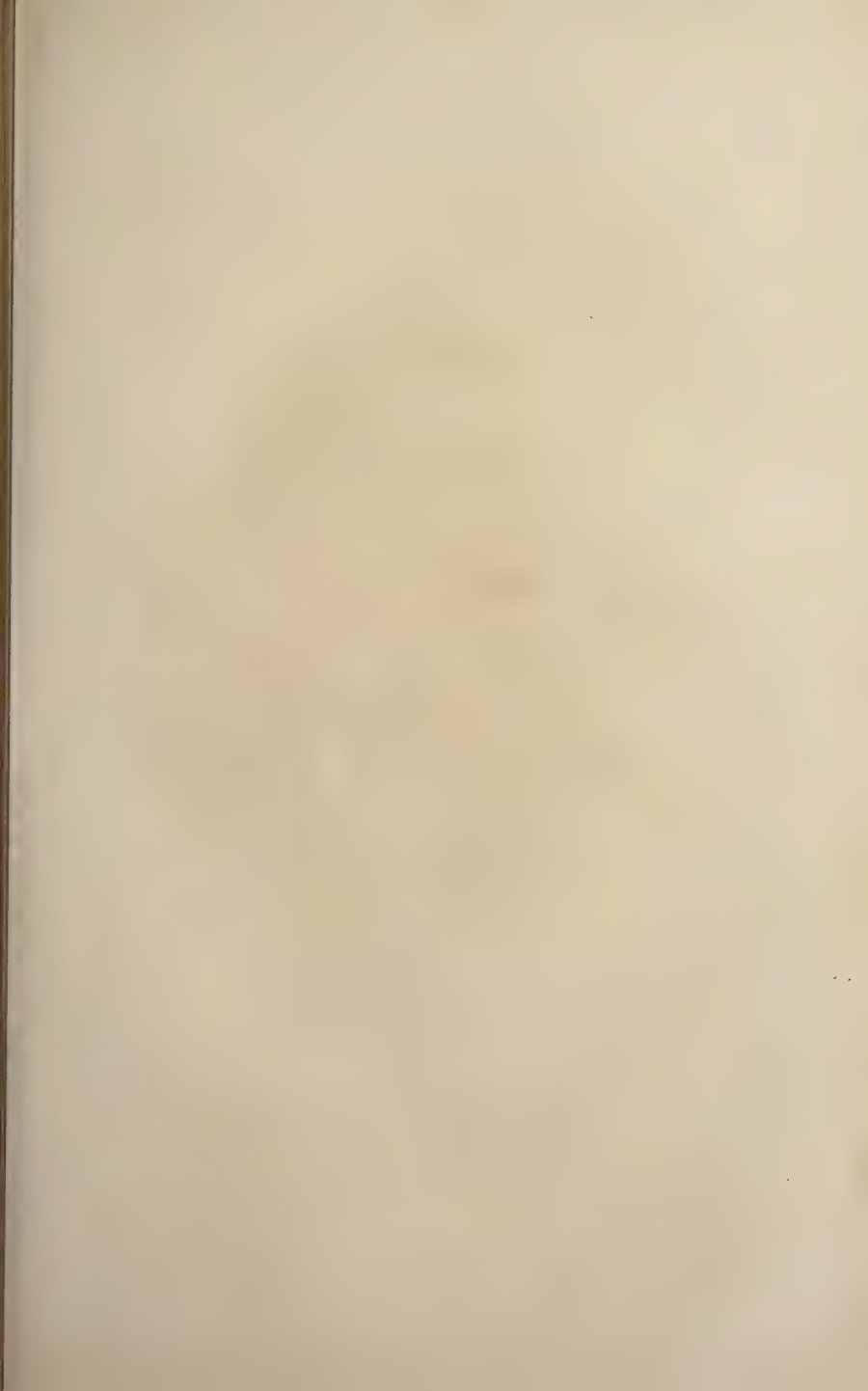
GRANTOR AND GRANTEE.	DESCRIPTION.	PRICE
A P Harbutt to Armes & Dallan.	Oakland—200x200, bounded by 13th and 14th, Washington and Broadway.	72,500
E B Walsworth to A C Henry.	Same—75x100 ne cor 8th and Broadway.	6,500
A O Strong to E T Flint.	Same—S line 16th, 211 e from Brush thence e 53x103.9.	1,000
W W Crane Jr to J T Boyd.	Same—W line Market 200 s from 10th thence s 100x125.	5
J T Boyd to W W Crane Jr.	Same—W line Market 100 s from 10th thence s 100x250 to Myrtle.	5
Wilcox to E E Presto.	Same—W line Myrtle 146.3 n from 5th thence n 51.1x125.	1,250
S Anderson to J Smith.	Same—95x125 se cor 2d and Broadway.	1
H W Carpentier to Hays & Carpr	Same—300x100, bounded n by 4th w by Harrison and e by Alice, less 50x75.	5
S Porter to H Durant.	Oakland Pt—S line 3d 25 w from Henry thence w 25x100.	450
H C Dohrs to F M Weyhe.	1 mile n from City Limits—164.6 by 188 near San Pablo Road.	1,050
Z Montgomery to P D Campbell.	Same—140x141, near Telegraph Avenue.	2,500
Regent St H Ass'n to F W Gill.	Two miles from same. 301x120.	1,480
F W Gill to Pac Linseed Oil Co.	Same—same.	1,600
Regent St H Ass'n to J W H Tobey.	Same—75.3x120.	370
Same to T J Foster.	Same.	370
Same to E Mitchell.	Same.	370
G W Frasher to J Henley.	Same—Two acres e line San Pablo Ave.	1,500
B F Ferris to M Leonard.	Four miles from same—80 acres.	10
J B & H M W to E G Chamberlin.	E line Telegraph Avenue—90 feet.	450
J E Whitcher to H K Gardner.	Near Temescal Creek and Telegraph Ave, 140x100.	1,250
Same to A Elholm.	Same—100x100 and 50x100.	1,350
Same to E Benning.	Same—100x90.	850
Same to J L Parke.	Same—100x50.	750
J Smith to S Anderson.	Brooklyn—100x150, s corner Monroe and Patten.	1
E C Sessions to H T Edwards.	Same—N line Abel 325 e from Alameda thence e 75x140.	300
H Tubbs to H Edwards.	Same—300x150, bounded nw by Jones ne by Washington sw by Jackson.	1
H Tubbs to C Paccard.	Same—Sw line Washington 120 se from Jones thence se 30x140.	1
H Tubbs to G Chase.	Same—Sw line Monroe 180 se from Fremont thence se 45x300.	1
E Taylor to G Chase.	Same 330x150, s corner Abel and Benton.	1,600
Same to S B Pope.	Same—150x336 e cor Sullivan & Benton.	1,600
J W Hale to J D Farwell.	Alameda Town—10 acres on High street.	3,073
J E Valencia to A F Valencia.	On San Leandro Creek—Half interest in 11½ acres.	1,000
Meinecke & Dapman to J Martin.	San Lorenzo—150x150.	400
H Dapman et al to D Meinecke.	Same—Same.	250
J Martin to G Meinecke.	Near same—4 acres Robert & Lg Road.	400
C P R R Co to M Devany.	Near Dublin—79 acres.	200
C S Stevens to G H Tay.	Union City—Blocks 46, 47 and 60.	2,000
Same to same.	Same—A lot.	500
R Barron to H P Jansen.	Near Eden Landing—½ int in 37½ acres.	1
J Sposito to P Marsicant.	Same—½ int in 311½ acs and 120 acs (the Trapan Salt Works).	1,000
W M Mendenhall to — Stokes.	Livermore—Lot 1 in Blk 19.	100
R Barron to the Chisholm Canal Co.	Eden Tp—A Strip 66 feet wide of 2½ acs.	5
M Morn to D Wry.	San Leandro—Lot F in blk 17.	200
E Dewitt to W A Field.	Oakland—N 1 14th 100 w from Clay, th w 50x103.9.	\$1,500
M Ryan to J McNair.	Same—W 1 Jackson 50 s fr 12th, th s 50x75.	3,300
J Chart to T Powers.	Same—N 1 4th 75 w from Castro, th w 50x100.	1
E Hunt to J W Crawford.	Same—S 1 2d 100 e fr Castro, th e 75x100.	1,500
W A Freeman to J H Dall.	Same—E 1 Adeline 136 s fr 18th, th s 136x284 to Chestnut.	6,300
J J Cadogan & wfto Z Montgomery.	Same—E 1 Chestnut 187 n fr 3d, th n 50x132.	5
J S Townsend to H Hampton.	Same—E 1 Linden 199.6 s fr 12th, th s 100x125.	2,400
E P Flint to J P Flint.	Same—99.6x125 nw cor 12th and Filbert.	1

J L Barker to E Tompkins .....	Near Oakland N city limits—Bounded n by Locust, e by Broadway, s by Walnut and w by Valley .....	30,000
F G Low, Jr. and wf to T G Low .....	Same—Center l Sycamore 950 w fr Telegraph Ave, th w 128x316:4 .....	2,310
B Cullen to J E Whiteher .....	Same—25 e l Grove st by S .....	1
J L Beard to T B Simpson .....	Same—W l Telegraph Av 64:8 n from Charter Av, th n 64:8x97:1 .....	2,700
O View H'd Ass'n to S T King .....	1/4 mile fr same—60x100 near Lake Merritt .....	391
O P Warren to H M Bryant .....	Same—100 w l Webster by 198 .....	2
R M Bryant G wife to W K Rowell .....	Same—25 w l Webster by 198 .....	500
C F Brown to A C Brown .....	Same—60 acres Telegraph and San Pablo Aves .....	.....
Regent St Hd Ass'n to C Zachrisson .....	2 miles fr same—75:8x120 .....	370
Same to E Denehy .....	Same—120x160:6 .....	740
Same to A Rich .....	Same—75:3x120 .....	370
Same to T T Yeager .....	Same—75:8x120 .....	370
Same to W Rutledge .....	Same—75:3x120 .....	370
Same to M Fragley .....	Same—75:3x120 .....	370
Same to N Schuline .....	Same—75:3x120 .....	370
Same to M Newhouse .....	Same—75:3x120 .....	370
H Williamson to W H Hoburg .....	6 miles fr same—202 acres on S F Bay .....	5
W H Hoburg to J T Boyd .....	Same .....	5,000
A C Johnson to S Osborn .....	Oakland Pt.—27.6 on Seward st by 100 .....	700
L Wilson to C Wilson .....	Brooklyn—150x140 n cor Larne & Adams .....	1
G Dephen to S Bacurele .....	Alameda—N l Central Av 200 e fr Walnut, thence e 100x217:8 .....	1,300
F King and wf to C E Furlong .....	4 miles n fr Mission San Jose—91 acres .....	2,620
F D Atherton to May & Ludwig .....	Near Haywood—2 acres .....	400
W Campbell to Cnt et al Finnee Co .....	Near San Lorenzo—110 acres .....	16,500
F S Spring to T Henderson .....	Decoto near Alvarado—Block T .....	650
A S Busk to A B Rosalie .....	Washington T p .. 2 acres .....	400
Dam & Gladding to J H Freeman .....	SE cor Fruit Vale Assn and San Leandro Railroad—371:10x425 .....	3,400
J W Smith and wf to J Neylan .....	Oakland—50 feet on 8th street x 125 .....	2,500
E C Sessions to J S Drum .....	Same—W line Market 250 n from 8th, thence n 59x125 .....	1,327
W E Norwood to J L Barker .....	Same—112x127 nw cor 3d and Chestnut .....	2,500
E P Sanford to A Kohler .....	Same—E line Chestnut 50 n from 10th, thence n 50x75 .....	10
J S Anderson and wife to same .....	Same—Same premises .....	1,350
H Durant et al to A Canning .....	Oakland Point—W line Chester 100 n from 8d, thence n 25x125 .....	450
C A Tuttle to D Stuart .....	Near Oakland n city limits—N l Charter Av n 99:2 w from Telegraph Av, thence e 100x125 .....	400
M Curtis to H Coulter and wife .....	Same—100 e fr Curtis, thence 25x90:4 .....	230
J Warner to G H Naegle .....	1/2 mile fr same—100x125 near San Pablo .....	1,500
Z Montgomery & wf to P Campbell .....	1 mi. S. of same—Various lots near Telegraph Ave .....	6,000
Regent St H'd Ass'n to J Wilson .....	2 miles fr same—50:6x120 .....	740
Same to J Larkins .....	Same—Same .....	370
E C Sessions to M Wharton .....	Brooklyn—150x140 n cor Larne & Adams .....	300
C E McLane to W Atkinson .....	Alameda—N l Central Av 200 w from Walnut, thence e 100x140 .....	2,400
W Atkinson to F B Haswell .....	Same—W l Central Av 20 w from Harrison, thence 100x140; also, see l Taylor 120 n cor Harrison, thence 30x119 .....	2,400
J Becht to C Jingen .....	Same—100 e fr Washington and Pierce .....	5
A Borel to J Lancaster .....	Alameda—N l Central Av 200 w from Walnut, thence e 100x140 .....	350
S Signore to F Arff .....	Near Edenburg—24 acres Marsh land .....	50
G W Root to N Rasmussen .....	3 miles n from Alameda—152 acres .....	2,000
J Foscamina to J Ryan .....	24 miles e from Hayward—160 acres .....	610
C J McDougall to C A Low .....	Oakland—100 e cor 6th and Jackson .....	1,000
E Hall to E M Root .....	Same—E line Alameda 60 n from 10th, thence n 50x75 .....	2,200
A De La Guna to J W Crawford .....	Oakland Pt.—N line 3d, 75 e from Chester thence e 100x125 .....	500
W Allen to Lamarcho & Co. ....	Same—S line 1st, 31 e from Center thence 26x110 .....	450
W F Kelsey to W Dakin .....	Near Oakland, Cal. Limits—55:6x160 s e cor Sycamore & San Pablo Aves .....	1,000
W Stanley to H Barroilhet .....	Same—262x250 s e cor 1st and Filbert .....	1,500
J A Arnerman to S Huff .....	Same—180x100 e cor 180 less 50x90 .....	2,695
A J Ralston to W Alvord .....	Same—200x500 e cor Charter Ave by 130 .....	500
J B Van Anken to P Kearny .....	Same—30 e on 1st street by 113 .....	500
Gustave Mahe to L A Pavillier .....	Portion Outside Limits .....	500

W K Rowell to D W Card.....	Oakland—50x100 n w cor 8th and Jackson	\$2,000
Oakland R R Co to G H Fogg.....	Same—25x75 ne cor Broadway and Water	300
M T Dusenbury to H & A Meader.....	Same—100x100 se cor 20th and West.....	1,500
Hays & Caperton to J M Valdez.....	Same—Marsh Tract on shore n arm of Lake Merritt.....	100
J Chart to J T Fitzgerald.....	Near Oakland N city limits—W line Union 133 s fr 24th, th s 78x115.....	57
G Bonney to G C Shreve.....	½ mile fr same—3 lots near Lake Merritt	5
O V H'd Ass'n to L Verasia.....	Same—150x120 and lot 1 in block C, same locality.....	1,417
Same to M Wagram.....	Same—50x120 same locality.....	430
J Nelson to J H Smith.....	1 mile from same—116 e l San Pablo Road x 267.....	1,800
Regent St H'd Ass'n to D Perkins.....	2 miles from same—75:3x120.....	370
Same to L A Robinson.....	Same—75:3x120.....	370
Same to A Anthony.....	Same—150:6x120.....	740
G S Danforth to B W Caryl.....	3 miles from same—1 acre.....	400
Caryl & Clark to H P Livermore.....	Same—54 acres.....	15,000
J E Whitcher to A V Comstock.....	Near Telegraph Av and Temescal Ck—90x100.....	850
Same to C Cousins.....	Near Temescal Ck—50 w l Telegraph Av	1,000
W H Harnden to C H Haile.....	Brooklyn—102:6x280, b'd ed n by Sann- ders, s by Hepburn, and e by Antonio	10
J B Larne et al to G L Lynde.....	Same—31 on Washington by 100.....	1,210
A C Messerve et al to N H Olds.....	Alameda—½ int in 248x169 near High st.	1,500
J A Hoffmann to H Philip.....	Same—1-6 int in 6 acres, e by Parn st.	1,500
T Meetz to D Witzgen.....	Same—N line Railroad Av 238:10 e fr Concordia st, thence e 95x300 to Pacific Avenue.....	2,000
D Witzgen to J Schurhold.....	Same—W ½ of same premises.....	1,450
Same to A Schumacker.....	Same—E ½ of same premises.....	1,450
E A Aghinbaugh to M A Cohen.....	Same—50x110 near High street.....	50
J Leroy to G Barnwell.....	San Leandro—100x143:3.....	310
E A Manning to J T Perham.....	Lynn—Lots 43 to 56 in blk D.....	250
A Waif to A Unger.....	Near Lynn—½ int in 250x137:6.....	1
R Manjo to J Schneider.....	Haywood—30x150.....	350
P Teney to M Logan.....	Alvarado—Lot 3 in blk 79.....	500
W H Ludd to J G Fox.....	Brooklyn T'p—5 acres sw corner San Leandro and Damon's Landing R'ds	3,500
H S Fitch to J McTigue.....	Same—150x100 and 50x100, Fitchburg..	800
J McTigue to Daly & Ward.....	Same.....	750
A Borel to C Bernard.....	Near San Leandro old road and Sausal Creek—200x150.....	1,200
P Thompson to W D Forrest.....	Oakland: N line Durant 75 e fm Franklin thence e 50x100.....	1,400
J D Deming to M M Dunn.....	Same: 150x100 se cor 13th and Wash ton	8,000
T J Murphy to O & C Fairchild.....	Same: N line 13th 100 e fm West, 50x100	4,500
D D Holland to O S Holland.....	Same: Interest in e line Broadway 50 s from 8th th 50x75; also n line 17th e fm Broadway th e 37:6x100, etc.....	4,750
First Con'l R Soc to L & Loan Co.....	Same: 150x200 bounded e by Broadway n by 11th and s by 10th.....	65,000
T Johnson to A Canepa.....	Oakland Pt: E line Wood 156:5 n from Taylor thence n 29:7x100.....	700
H McCaskell to R S Farrelly.....	Brooklyn: 150x300 Jackson nw Taylor..	3,754
A D McDonald to D Harrington.....	Alameda: 50x146:4 se cor Park & Clem't	700
M A & T S Fitch to A F Everett.....	Same: 75 on St John street.....	500
O P Homestead Ass'n to M Levy.....	1 mile n fm Oakland city limits: 50x100..	57
W H Irwin to P S Wilcox.....	Same: 100x106.....	300
Pacific Insur Co to J Kimball.....	Same: 50x125 near Telegraph Ave.....	700
O P H'd Ass'n to J Von Glahn.....	Same: 50x100.....	100
G S Johnson to C A Spaulding.....	Same: 50x150.....	500
O V H'd Ass'n to N F Distarnell.....	Same: 128x170 near Lake Merritt.....	800
Regent St H Ass'n to F Cerein.....	2 miles from same: 75:3x120.....	370
Whitcher & Alden to B Decum.....	Near Temescal Creek: 100 ft on Shattuck	500
M M Dunn to P Thompson.....	Oakland Tp: 7 acres.....	5
J Kerington to T Neil.....	Near Sausal Creek: 2 acres half mile e from San Leandro Road.....	900
M J Cardoza to M Sylva.....	Road bt San Leandro & Haywood: 6½ acs	1,950
H H Ellis to H Carlton, Jr.....	Near High st and S. Leandro R'd: 50x150	175
G H Kellogg et al to F Scott.....	Fruit Vale Ave and Sausal Creek: 3½ ac	8,000
N Torre to P Marsicano.....	Near Eden Landing: ½ int in 582 acs marsh.....	7,000
H Madnen to C A Werner.....	At Haywood—2 acres.....	3,500
M Ragau to T Collins.....	Nine miles e from Mission San Jose: 149 acres.....	2,700
E F Palmer to E Fields.....	Three miles se from same—596 acres.....	10,000
E Field to V A Torras.....	Near Mission San Jose—198 and 303 acs	7,000
V A Torras to E Field.....	Same.....	7,200
B Williams to W F Nelson.....	Union City—1 acre.....	125



J Exoy to J W & M A Harbourne.	One mile from same—50 feet on Telegraph Ave by 100	600
J Beebe to Linden H'd Ass'n.	Same—5 acres near Telegraph Avenue.	16,500
Reg St H'd Ass'n to M M Simmons	Two miles from same—75 x 120	370
Same to E Cough	Same—75.3x120	370
Same to M T K Webb	Same	370
Same to N S Stupp	Same	370
Same to E M McGrade	Same	370
Same to L E Smith	Same	370
Same to W J Harney	Same	370
Same to J Connors	Same (two lots)	740
Oakland Pr H'd Ass'n to J Milner.	1 mile from same—50x100	600
E C Sessions to J A Lufkin.	Brooklyn—N line Hepburn 100 e from Alameda thence e 100x100	800
Same to J K Wharton.	Same—S line Charter 150 e from Alameda thence e 200x140	800
J K Wharton to M Wharton	Same	
G & S Schiefer to H Schussler.	Same—150x140, n cor Adams and Contra Costa	2,000
Tyler & Briggs to B Lifore.	Alameda—217.5x150, s w cor Walnut and Santa Clara Avenue	2,000
E T Peck et al to G Bird.	Alameda Point—Int in tract marsh land	2,500
F Bird to B B Newman	Same	1,000
H Myers to A Anspacher.	Livermore—Lot 1 in blk 17	1,500
Myers & McLeod to A Anspacher.	Same—1 lot	2,200
J Braumen to M Braumen	High street—1 mile e from San Leandro—Road—5 acres	2,350
G M Walters to J Joyce	Washington Tp—A tract	280
L C Smith to J Ralph	Alameda—W 2 lots 5 and 6 in blk 77 78	500
F D Atherton to F Vincent	Three miles s from Hayward—160 acres	1,200
T Rea and wife to W Higby	Oakland—127x80 nw cor 16th and Ch'tnut	\$4,000
J Beatty to W Martin	Same—E 1 Kirkham 29.6 s fr 26th, th s 234	1,400
J E and E Coleman to W H Norton	Near Oakland N city limits—100x115 se 1 cor 30th and Louisa	650
O V H'd Ass'n to E Hannon.	1/2 mile fr same—taxes near Lake Merritt	382
Same to E Smithurst	Same—50x120 same locality	425
J D Mullikin & wf to H P Watkins	2 miles from same—50x100 nw cor 39th and Telegraph Av	500
Regent St H'd Ass'n to G Tourmain	Same—2 lots each 75.3x120	740
Whitcher & Aiden to M P Benedict	Near Telegraph Avenue and Temescal Creek—50x100	400
Same to M A Mullikin.	Same—3/4 acre	1
J W Brumagim to J A Trask	Same—1 1/2 acres	1,500
J Davis to W Finn	Brooklyn—Se 1 Strobe 50 ne from Madison, thence ne 50x150	1,050
W Maxwell to C Maxwell	Same—75x150 n cor Madison and Pierce	...
E Tripler to H L & H Tabbs	Same—300x150 b'd ne by Adams, se by 1/2 city and sw by Washington	3,500
J F Stein to C H Schnoor	Same—150x75 w cor Polk and Lacey	600
H Tabbs to B Nedderman	Same—140x50 w cor Clay and Washington	1
C Linder to Mrs W Taylor.	Alameda—Lots 14 & 15 in blk 21, 40	325
G H Parker to J Lippman	Alameda—5 lots 50x150, in Fitch Tract.	2,500
J Lippman to A Dirking.	Same—same	2,500
W G Badger to C J Deering	Bound by Fruit Vale Av, Sousa Ct, K and San Leandro Old Road	10,000
W Mendenhall to E C & I Hays	Livermore—Lots 3 and 4 in blk 30	5
F Pacheco to G W Bond	Alameda Creek—Inter-st in a Tract	410
F Garcia to S Lemos	Near Hayward—14 acres	1,000
H Hoos to G F Schultz	Near Mount Eden—11 acres	380
W P Schmidt to A Allen	Near San Leandro—56 1/2 acres	4,200
A Higuera to E F Palmer	An interest in Rancho Agua Caliente	1,500
G H Vaughan to J Winslow	Lynn—Lots 27 to 30 in blk 3	500
G W Ames to W S Bartlett	Near Berkeley—10 acres	7,000
C A Emerson to M C Lathrop	San Leandro—50x100 near Ward Av	1,750





*J. D. Smith*







J. D. [unclear]

## PETER DONAHUE.

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In this number of the *Mail Bag* we present to our readers the likeness of one of our most esteemed and honored citizens, PETER DONAHUE, Esq., President of the San Francisco Gas Company.

Mr. DONAHUE was born in Glasgow, Scotland, January 22, 1822, of Irish parents, with whom he came to the United States in 1835. The family located in Dutchess County, New York, on their arrival in this country, where the subject of this sketch remained until he arrived at the age of sixteen, when he was apprenticed to learn the mill-wright and engineering business in Patterson, New Jersey. After becoming master of his trade he found employment in the Cold Springs Iron Works, New York, and afterward in the Novelty Works, New York City. After leaving the latter establishment, he went to Peru under a contract with the Government of that country, and was the engineer in 1847 of the first steamship owned by the Peruvian Government, and the first steamship that ever came through the Straits of Magellan.

Hearing of the discovery of gold in California, like thousands of others, he rushed to the new Eldorado, and arrived in San Francisco on the steamship *Oregon* in 1849. Immediately after his arrival in this city he went to the gold fields, where he remained some months, but meeting with but little success he left the mines to join his brothers, Michael and James, in San Francisco, who had just arrived from Mexico across the plains. The three brothers engaged in the blacksmith and boiler-making business, first in Montgomery street, near Jackson, and afterward in the then called Happy Valley, where the Union Foundry now stands, and shortly afterward added to their establishment an extensive foundry and machine shop. To them belong the credit of melting the first cast-iron in the State, and that with the old-fashioned mode of blacksmith bellows, and for which the enormous sum of one dollar per pound was paid for the casting, and very little margin of profit at that, owing to the high price of wages and material at that time. The job was done for the steamer *McKim*. The merchants in San Francisco interested in castings, finding that they could be obtained here, soon patronized the foundry for wagon-boxes, plow-shares, house-fronts and such other castings as the country required at that time. Among the early manufactures of this foundry was a printing press, on which was printed the newspaper which

announced the first tidings of the admission of California into the Union in 1850, and the first quartz mill ever erected in this State.

In 1852 Mr. Donahue conceived the idea of lighting the city with gas, and with the co-operation of his brother James a franchise was obtained from the city for laying down the pipes and a contract made for lighting the city with gas. Mr. Donahue's efforts in this direction were crowned with complete success, and in two years from the time the franchise was granted the illuminating fluid was coursing through the streets in its iron cells, lighting up the city with a brilliant, useful light, to the great joy of its inhabitants. Under the Presidency of James Donahue (who also founded the Occidental Hotel), the able financier, J. Mora Moss, and the subject of this sketch, Peter Donahue, Presidencies, the corporation has prospered year by year until it has become one of the richest in the city, and as a consequence, under such able management, a profitable investment to the stockholders.

Mr. Donahue's energies were not confined to these enterprises, for we find him, in 1857 and '58, running a formidable opposition line of steamers between San Francisco and Sacramento, which eventually proved a financial success, like nearly all those which he has ever undertaken.

In 1860 the Federal Government concluded to build a steamer (the *Saginaw*) on this coast, and the contract for all the iron work, engines, boilers, etc., was awarded to Mr. Donahue, who executed the same to the entire satisfaction of the Navy Department. The steamer proved to be staunch and seaworthy, and a model of naval architecture.

Shortly after the unhappy civil war had broken out between the North and the South, Mr. Donahue was awarded the contract for building the ironclad monitor *Camanche*. The material came around Cape Horn in the ship *Aquilla*, and arrived here in the fall of 1863, and sank in the harbor the night the *Aquilla* was brought to the wharf, in consequence of a severe southwest gale that sprang up. Did the wreck remain under water? No; through the indomitable energy and perseverance of Mr. Donahue and the assistance of Mr. Fletcher, Agent of the New York Insurance Company, the Insurance Companies sent out wreckers from New York, and the materials for the *Camanche* were rescued from the water, and in the short space of three months from the laying of the keel the *Camanche* was floating on her element, ready to repel the incursions of rebel cruisers, and is now lying in good order ready for service at Mare Island.

In 1862 Mr. Donahue became interested in the San Francisco and San Jose Railroad Company, and in 1863 increased his interest by purchase so that he owned one-third of the stock of the Company. Mr. Newhall also became the owner of one-third of the stock at the same time. The numerous perplexing questions and financial difficulties connected with this Company soon vanished before the iron will of Mr. Donahue, and with

the aid of his associate, Mr. H. M. Newhall, the enterprise was conducted to a most successful conclusion, at the same time without the aid of subsidy from the General Government.

In 1861, Mr. Donahue, with others, obtained a franchise for a street railroad in San Francisco, known as the Omnibus Railroad Company's route, being the first street railroad constructed in California. On the organization of the Company, in 1861, Mr. Donahue became the President, and with the exception of a few years, has been President of the road from that time to the present.

Soon after the sale of the San Francisco and San Jose Railroad to Mr. Stanford and his associates—the great railroad kings of the Pacific Coast—we find Mr. Donahue in Sonoma County, reviving a railroad project (that had slept for years) from the town of Donahue to Healdsburg. The road was commenced in September, 1870, and on the 15th of April, 1871, the cars were running to Healdsburg, a distance of eighty miles from San Francisco—forty miles by water and forty miles by rail—including workshops. What may most astonish capitalists in this connection is the fact that the whole road was built with white labor exclusively, and the rolling stock and engines built in San Francisco—on the principle that he wished to spend his money where he had accumulated it. Of course Mr. Donahue had no one's opinion to please in all this matter but his own—he being the sole owner.

We know of Mr. Donahue to be interested in many corporations, among which we will mention the Hibernia Bank and the First National Gold Bank of San Francisco, in both of which he is a director and a large stockholder.

The brief sketch we have thus given of the leading incidents in the life of Mr. Donahue serve to show, better than any labored eulogium, the manner of man he is. These facts tell their own story; each of them is eloquent of his characteristics—of duties fulfilled and difficulties overcome. Like many other successful men of our eminently practical age, Mr. Donahue had to forego, in a degree, the advantages of a thorough education in early life, and trust to a clear, sound brain, seconded by a vigorous physical constitution, to his advancement in life. His present position shows that these have not failed him. Commencing humbly enough, he rose with every occasion, until, from being the instrument in carrying out other men's ideas, he became himself a projector of great enterprises, and the controller of enormous wealth. He stands to-day one of the representative men of the country of his adoption.

Firm and self-reliant, with the will to dare, and the judgment and business experience, joined to the command of capital, he is able to carry out to a successful termination any project upon which he may enter. To such men the progress of our country is due. Mr. Donahue can with commendable pride point to San Francisco for the evidence of his busi-



## REVIEW OF THE PAST MONTH.

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Commercially speaking, we have had stirring times for the past month. Business has been active, and for the most part quite satisfactory. Imports from afar have been considerable, embracing large and well assorted cargoes of British, French and German goods; several full cargoes from New York and Boston; teas, silks, spices, etc., from Japan and China; sugars and Coffees from Manila and Java; sugar, rice, etc., from the Hawaiian Islands; oranges and other fruits from Tahiti. Our steamship lines from Australia are giving us a foretaste of a large prospective trade in Colonial wools, tallow, etc. The Pacific Mail Steamship Company, *via* Aspinwall and Panama, continue its semi-monthly steamers, making connections with various other steam lines on the Atlantic, besides those of the Central and South American service. Then we have the North Pacific Transportation Co., with its fleet of coasting steamers making weekly trips up and down the coast, thereby contributing largely to the carrying trade of the port. Our lumber coasting fleet is of vast importance to the commerce of this city. Add to all this traffic the carrying of coast products and general merchandise form no inconsiderable part. The coal imports from the United Kingdom and her Colonies have been unusually large and numerous during the month, giving much life and animation along the city front; and although our influx of shipping has been large, it is to be regretted that our exports of grain and flour are not up to past averages, consequently freights are scarce, and likely so to be for many months to come. Tonnage is therefore plentiful and freights low and nominal, compelling many vessels to go elsewhere seeking business.

The overland traffic is steadily augmenting, and the Pacific Railroad doing an immense business. The tea trade is of itself an important item, and promises a large increase in the future. Progress is being developed likewise in coffee, sugar, and other staple goods required by the interior, whose population is rapidly augmenting wherever the railroads penetrate the wilderness, thereby increasing constantly its demands upon us. And in addition to this, we have been quietly shipping East considerable quantities of wool, wine, hops, and other products of the soil.

There is, however, another side to this picture. For months past we have been drawing from Ohio, Illinois, and other Eastern cities, considerable supplies of provisions, consisting of bacon, hams, lard, butter, cheese, etc. Now, these articles we ought really to produce here in quantities sufficient for the supply of our own home wants; but we have this year largely failed to do, owing, it is said, to the increased consumptive wants of the coast—our products not, this year, keeping pace therewith. Oregon has heretofore helped us out considerably on the meat question, but her extended lines of railroad, and our large irrigating schemes, canals, and other internal works have consumed largely of salted meats, and thus impoverished us to an unexpected extent.

On the evening of the 23d inst. our city was visited with a destructive

fire, destroying a fine block of eight brick stores upon Market street, commonly called Redington, Hostetter & Co.'s Block. The buildings were owned by Mr. Harpending, and, like the merchandise destroyed, insured for about half its value. About a million dollars of property were destroyed, including the large stock of drugs, chemicals, etc., owned by the firm named. It is surprising that at the ruinously low rates ruling for insurance, say forty to fifty cents on \$100 per annum, that the parties were not more fully covered by insurance. The rate is altogether too low for profit to the underwriters, and this lesson may perhaps bring about a new tariff in rates. The remark has been made that the losses incurred by our local fire insurance companies are less by considerable than that covered by foreign underwriters. If so, this is the natural result of a too active competition for business.

Our receipts of grain are considerably below those of a corresponding period of the past two years, and our exports of breadstuff correspondingly light. There is, however, quite an active business daily done upon the Produce Exchange. The membership has largely increased, and although there is less grain arriving, and to be handled, yet there is a marked increase in the volume of business daily transacted at its morning sessions.

Our warehouses upon the water front are being rapidly filled with flour and grain, partly the result of speculation. The price of wheat and other grain is now, and has for some time past, been above a safe shipping point, yet there are many persons here who believe that, owing to short crops here and in Europe, prices must advance yet more, and money being plenty and easily obtainable at low rates of interest, the inducements to speculate are somewhat weighty among dealers who heretofore received wheat, etc., largely on commission, but by reason of short crops have no business without becoming operators.

Upon the receipt of London advices that the price of Quicksilver had been advanced to £11, "the powers that be" on this coast at once advanced their price to 85 cents per pound. This gives a large profit to those having control of this market.

The market for wool is exceedingly dull and depressed, and the article quite unsalable, except for selected clips of standard value. Burry and inferior clips are neglected, at nominal rates. In the present condition of the market it is difficult to give quotations, particularly now that Eastern buyers have withdrawn from the coast.

Of the new crop of hops, about 500 bales have changed hands, chiefly for shipment to New York, though including a parcel of ten tons prime quality for English account, to go forward by rail. Present price 35 to 40 cents for good to choice.

Hides command good prices, same as ruling for months past. Tallow is scarce and high.

The coal market is well supplied with bituminous—Scotch and English selling at \$11.50 by the cargo; West Hartley held higher; Australian commanding \$11.50; Anthracite is scarce and high; Cumberland, in bulk, \$20; same in casks, \$24. Pacific Coast supplies plentiful—Seattle, \$10; Coos Bay and Nanaimo, \$10 and \$11; Bellingham Bay, \$9; Mount Diablo, \$8.25. No Chili in market.

Coffee is held with considerable firmness, being in few hands—Rio, 16c.; Guatemala, 16½ and 16¾ cents; Java, 24 and 25 cents. The stock here is not large.

SUGAR.—The stock of raws on sale is unusually light. What remains

of late imports, other than Hawaiian, is in the hands of refiners. We quote good to choice grocery grades at 9 and 11½ cents; refining, 7 to 8c.; refined white, 14 and 15 cents; yellow coffee and golden C, 12½ and 13c.

**SALT.**—The market is overstocked with Liverpool. We quote coarse, \$16 and \$17; fine, \$18 and \$20; Pacific Coast, \$8 and \$14 per ton.

**SPICES.**—There is a fair stock in hand, with a moderate demand. We quote allspice at 14 and 15 cents; cassia, 35 cents; cloves, 36 cents; nutmegs, \$1.10; sago and tapioca, 6½ and 7 cents; citron, 40 and 42½ cents.

**RICE.**—Stocks are liberal. We quote No. 1 China and Siam, 7¼ and 7½ cents; No. 2 do., 6¾ and 7 cents; Carolina and Hawaiian table, 10 and 10½ cents.

**WINES.**—There is an improved demand for French clarets, champagnes, etc., with sales at full rates.

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## ON THE PRESERVATION OF WOOD.

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The attention of the writer was first called to the subject of the preservation of wood, in India, during 1836 (when only eighteen years old), from the circumstance of the clipper bark *Water Witch*, of Calcutta, having her transoms repeatedly destroyed by white ants. The most singular feature of the case was, that they attacked that part of the ship only, no other place being touched by them. This part was designed for a store-room, but canvas placed there was immediately destroyed by the pests. Three times in four years new transoms were put in, and on two occasions the timber was kyanized, that is, imbued with a solution of bi-chloride of mercury (corrosive sublimate), but this only slightly delayed the destruction of the wood. Dr. O'Shaughnessy, a gentleman of high scientific attainments, expressed the belief that the albumen of the wood neutralized the poisonous properties of the sublimate, rendering it innocuous to the insects. In the early part of 1839 timber was received from England, which had been creosoted by the process of Mr. Bethel, which had been patented, and which will be described hereafter. The transoms of this Bethelized timber resisted the attack of the white ants, and were perfectly sound in 1848. The ships engaged trading in the Indian Seas swarm with cockroaches, which are very destructive to many things. It is worthy of note that they would not approach within six feet of the creosoted timbers, so that anything stowed on or near to the transoms was safe from their attacks.

On the writer's return to England, in 1841, and during the succeeding year, he was present at a great number of experiments with various chemicals, made by Sir John Scott Lilley, Mr. Brunel, Mr. Stead, Mr. Mingham, the chemist, and others. Through the introduction of his

brother, a civil engineer, he was allowed to make himself acquainted with all details. The antiseptic qualities of creosote, or oil of tar, as used by Bethel, was fully acknowledged; but objections as to the offensive odor being great, it was a *desideratum* to get some preservative which would do for *inside* work. Kyan's was considered useful in some cases, but not reliable, and it did not appear to sufficiently protect the fibre of the wood, and failed also to protect it from the ravages of insects, either land or marine. One advantage it did possess, and that was, rendering the timber very much less combustible. The sulphate of copper solution introduced some three or four years previously, from France, was found in many cases to be a failure, most probably from careless and *ill-timed* impregnation with the sulphate. With some kinds of wood it was useless to try it at all. In *all* experiments made with the metallic salts the tension strength of timber was very materially lessened. In fact it may be safely asserted that only two, or at most three of them, can be considered successful. The Burnett process is of these *notably the best when applied to yellow pine*, for other woods it is only reliable when protected from wet. *Burnettized yellow pine* blocks for street-paving were found to be perfectly sound after seven years' service, being laid where the traffic was light. For *inside* work it is well adapted, because it is less combustible, and being protected from wet, may be considered as *imperishable*. So far as the writer has seen, insects *avoid* it even when placed in contiguity with other wood suffering from their ravages.

Next in order may be named the semi-petrifying process, which for wooden pavements was very excellent when *faithfully operated upon*. The durability of the wood is greatly increased with a very trifling loss of elasticity. For any other work except street-paving or planking it is unsuitable from the great loss of tension strength and its consequent brittleness, similar results, as has been said, although in a less degree, characterized all woods treated with metallic salts. No method has equaled that of Bethel for preserving wood, retaining its elasticity, and protecting it from insect ravages, up to the date of Robbins' process, which is in principle essentially the same; the former using the *condensed* vapor wherewith to saturate the material, and the latter applying the vapor direct from the retorts.

Of the value of creosote as a preservative there is no question; facts upon facts have multiplied for the last thirty years, showing it far superior for protecting timber from dry-rot, from wet-rot, from the *torredo navalis*, or from any land worm. The experiments and results of them which I am personally acquainted with, prove this *beyond a doubt*, and the other evidence from all quarters is overwhelming. There only remains, to retard its general use, the unpleasant odor which it emits; this removed, we need seek no more for an antiseptic. Till it be removed, however, some of the other methods can, when required, be resorted to. It would be only taking up the time of the reader to enumerate the vain attempts made to ensure success in the preservation of wood the last fifty years. Passing by the carbonizing, or partial carbonizing of the surface, or of the ends, pursued much in France, and formerly in England and the United States, and the application of pyroligneous oil, or boiled linseed oil, which at best only protect the surface from atmospheric influences, the writer will briefly state some of the experiments and results, with the processes adopted in the several cases which he was present at:

1st. Sulphate of copper, in solution, is filtered through the longitudinal grain of the wood from end to end. This must be done between May



and November, and is more reliable if applied as is the Bethel or the Burnett process. They employ for their purpose an air-pump, and create a vacuum in the chamber, in which the wood is placed, before admitting the liquid. It is cheap, as the solution is weak, but the value of this method is greatly over-estimated.

2d. Place the wood in an air-tight chamber; exhaust the air, and then admit, first sulphate of iron, and after drawing it off, admit a solution of chloride of lime; sulphate of lime is formed and deposited, and also chloride of iron, the former insoluble. For the chloride of lime, carbonate of soda is said to have been substituted with success, but the writer has never seen it tried; the result would be carbonate of iron and sulphate of soda. In the first of these cases the wood was much weakened, breaking with but little more than half the strain it bore in its normal condition; but it was not so *hardened* as to prevent its being easily worked.

3d. Similarly inject lime water, and either let the wood afterwards remain in an atmosphere of carbonic acid, or force the carbonic acid in under pressure, and the result is, the pores are filled with carbonate of lime, a semi-petrified wood, hard to work, but durable for street pavements or planks. It is a tedious operation to prepare it; it renders the wood almost imperishable, but very brittle.

4th. The Burnett process, which is the *best* of those employing metallic salts: The timber being prepared before, is placed in air-tight vessels, the air is exhausted, and a solution of chloride of zinc, about two parts zinc-chloride to one-hundred parts of water admitted; apply a pressure for three or four hours of eight atmospheres (120 lbs. per square inch); afterwards the liquor that drains can be preserved for future use.

5th. The Bethel process: The timber is placed in air-tight chambers; the creosote is admitted and forced into the pores of the wood by a pressure of 120 lbs. to the inch. It has been asserted, however, that even this pressure, continued for ten hours, fails to make the creosote penetrate into the heart of heavier timber than say 16-inch square, so that such material has, when the cost was immaterial, been Burnettized as described in the previous case to this, and subsequently creosoted.

It is to be remarked, that of all woods, the *yellow pine* is the most successfully treated. One piece, ten feet long and twenty inches square, Burnettized and then Bethelized, was placed between two piles twenty-five feet below water, and left there for seven years and a half. It was found perfectly sound and uninjured; smaller pieces placed in different positions, and examined from four to eight years afterward, were in every case *but one* found sound to the very core when examined under a powerful microscope. These smaller pieces had *simply been creosoted*; one piece did show decay in the heart, and it was evident this *had existed* when the wood was operated on, and that the creosote had *arrested* the decay. Creosoted piles alternating with others *were sound* when the others had been reduced from fourteen inches square to six inches, and honeycombed through the remaining part. Those piles driven in Southampton, England, in 1848, were found in 1854 as sound as when driven. Pieces were placed at half-tide marks on piers and wharfs, both in salt and fresh water. Some were buried, but all, with the one exception above noted, were as good and sound as when first placed in their several positions seven years before, and in one case nearly eight years. Railroad sleepers in England, at Crewe, were as sound after sixteen years as they were when laid. Next to creosoting is Burnett's process; it is cheap, and in-

tures the wood less than other metallic salt impregnatives do. For wharves, piles, streets, ship-timbers, creosoting is far superior to any other process of wood preservation.

Among the experiments made, some of which have been described, were two others, viz.: Impregnating the wood with phosphate of soda in vacuo first, and again impregnating it in partial vacuo with acetate of lead, phosphate of lead being in this case deposited in the wood. Also, impregnating similarly, first with acetate of lead and afterwards with carbonate of soda. In this case carbonate of lead (white lead) was deposited. The effect of this last was found nearly as good as Burnettizing, but was much more expensive, besides requiring great care. In view of the great quantity of wood used in paving and planking the suburban streets of this city, and which so often shows rapid signs of decay, the preservation of the timber for these purposes has been singularly neglected. The cost at which it can be done at the establishment which is in operation here is very trifling, and more than doubles the value of the wood, by increasing its durability.

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### WOOD PULP FOR PAPER.

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This production is known to offer considerable advantages over the pulp of esparto grass, or other materials of the same nature used for papermaking. It is capable of producing any description of paper, from the coarsest kinds to the most finished writing-paper, and may now be made a very simple and comparatively inexpensive process. By Sinclair's patent wood pulp machinery, the cost of production to the unbleached stage is £8 per ton. About 42 cwt. of wood makes 1 ton of paper or dry pulp. Although the best white pine wood, at a cost of £2 10s. to £3 per ton, is selected for the most perfect samples, coarser and even damaged wood, which can be obtained in almost any quantity at about £1 per ton, is largely used for the inferior qualities of paper. The wood is first chipped up into thin pieces of about 1 inch broad, 2 inches to 3 inches long, and  $\frac{1}{8}$  inch thick. It is then put into the boiler, and a solution of caustic soda poured over it, in the proportion of 600 gallons to 10 cwt. of dry wood. The boiler is then screwed down and fired, until it attains a pressure of 180 pounds to 200 pounds to the square inch, when the fire is drawn, and the boiler allowed to cool down. In about half an hour the lye is blown off, the top door is removed, and the contents scalded. The discharge-door is then screwed off, and the pulp drawn and washed with pure water in a poaching engine. The fibre having been completely separated from the resin and other matters, become easily pulped, whilst the latter are washed away. The boiler, which is tested by hydraulic power to 400 pounds pressure to the square inch, is made of the strongest material and shape; the plates are of the very best quality, and the seams are all double riveted. The furnace is in front at the bottom of the boiler, which is built upright on its seat, and there is a discharge branch in the rear. The flue goes round the boiler spirally to the top, and thus produces an equal heat at every part. A simple internal arrangement secures a rapid circulation of the lyes through the

material and effectually prevents the wood from being charred. The pulp produced is stated to be far superior in length and firmness of fibre to any wood pulp yet known, and the first cost and the expense of working are considerably less than those of any other apparatus in use. When the washing process is concluded, the wood is left in the condition of washed or unbleached pulp, of the value of £15 per ton, as per table given below. The whole plant required for producing about 10 tons of this pulp per week can be erected at a cost of £1,200, and worked by four men of very ordinary skill.

It is said that at some paper-mills in Scotland, where they purchase pulp in a state of complete preparation for the mill, they have been paying £16 10s. per ton for the pulp of esparto grass, containing 59 per cent. of moisture, so that it must take two tons of this pulp to make one ton of paper, at a total cost of £33, and this therefore shows a profit of 100 per cent. to the manufacturers of wood pulp. It is further suggested that the erection of a recovery of waste furnace, to evaporate the soda from the lye, after the pulp has been boiled in it, will insure a saving of 50 per cent. the cost of the caustic soda. A considerable number of the Scotch paper-makers are setting up the necessary apparatus for substituting wood for esparto grass, in view of the greater advantages the former is found to secure. Mr. John M'Nicol, of Glasgow, is the agent.

Materials and cost in the production of wood pulp, equal to one ton of paper ready for passing through the papermill :	£	s	d
Forty-three cwt. of wood, at 30s. per ton.....	3	4	0
Caustic soda, for boiling the above, at 14s. per cwt. and 28 lbs. per cwt. of wood.....	7	10	6
Bleaching liquor.....	3	0	0
Labor of cutting wood.....	0	4	0
Fuel, fifteen cwt. coal at 8s. per ton.....	0	6	0
Labor of boiling, washing, and bleaching.....	0	0	
Total.....	15	5	0

or, about \$80. In view of the abundance of timber procurable on the Pacific Coast, it would appear that the making of paper from wood pulp offers another opportunity for the investment of capital, and for developing another industrial resource of the country.

## THE STATE FAIR.

We went to Sacramento—not to see the races, but to carefully examine the manufactures of the State exhibited in the Pavilion, and to note what improvements had been made in the various branches of home industries since the last State Fair. The result was very gratifying, and more than fulfilled our expectations. The building, although comparatively small, after being accustomed to the Mechanics' Pavilion in San Francisco, is admirably adapted to the purpose for which it is used. It is laid off with great taste, and with due regard to the classification of the exhibits. Although the weather was intensely hot, the building was cool and well ventilated, and both exhibitors and visitors seem perfectly satisfied with all the arrangements. We only heard one complaint, and that seemed universal: it was of a certain pompous secretary, who, "clothed in a little brief authority," did his

best to make himself odious and everybody else uncomfortable, but even this circumstance failed to disturb our equanimity, and putting on our criticizing spectacles, we proceeded to view the goods on exhibition. On entering the Pavilion we first noticed the

#### SINGER SEWING MACHINES,

to which every visitor at once wends his way to examine the very beautiful display of these favorite machines. Mr. Yates, the San Francisco agent, obligingly described to us the particular features of these machines, which render them so superior to others, being suitable not only for light, but also for the heaviest kinds of work. The sworn returns of each company places the Singer at the head of the lot of all competitors, their returns showing a sale of 45,000 machines above the others. The machines are strongly made, handsome and durable, and are an ornament to any parlor. We next pass on to some very handsome cases of

#### FIREARMS,

exhibited by Messrs. Liddle & Kaeding, of Washington street, San Francisco, which far surpass anything of the sort ever exhibited at a State Fair. Breech-loading rifles and shot-guns of the most admirable manufacture and finish. The Ballard deringer, and the celebrated XL pistol, which is now attracting so much attention, being servicable both for army officers and civilians. Small, light, and of immense power, carrying a 0.38 inch ball. A very interesting feature of this display is a collection of shells, fired by the Prussians into Paris during the late war, and brought by Mr. Kaeding to this country, and also a case containing a quantity of the siege-bread used by the beleagured Parisians during that memorable investment. This exhibition is under the supervision of Mr. Child, Messrs. Liddle & Kaeding's well known and popular manager. Messrs. W. J. T. Palmer & Co. have a very fine display of

#### FURNITURE,

both for school and office purposes. The school furniture is remarkably light, strong and durable, besides having a very neat appearance. It is made of several handsome varieties of wood—one of which, the Eastern Cherry, is expressly imported for this firm. It bears a high polish, is hard and able to stand the rough usage to which school furniture is subjected. They also exhibit a magnificent secretaire, made of black walnut. This desk was not (Mr. Palmer informs us) made expressly for the State Fair, but is a sample of the general style of work which this firm is in the habit of turning out. A more splendidly-finished piece of furniture we never saw, with the exception of the Lick House bar, which was also manufactured by Mr. Palmer, who is now, we understand, under contract to build a similar one for a New York hotel.

#### WHEELER & WILSON SEWING MACHINES.

A very handsome stand has been fitted up by Mr. Stoddard, the agent for these justly celebrated machines. The name of Wheeler & Wilson is "familiar in our mouths as household words." We have read about their machines in the newspapers, used them in our homes, and seen them at work all over the world; and they are everywhere pronounced to be what is claimed for them—the perfection of sewing machines. Noiseless in action, they perform all the most delicate maneuvers of which a sewing machine is capable. Every year has seen some valuable addition made to the already almost perfect machine. Tuckers, embroiderers, fellers, braiders, hemmers, together with the silent adjustable draw-feed, have in quick succession been adapted to them, until now, it would seem to be impossible that anything more could be invented that could make such an admirable piece of mechanism more perfect.

#### BILLIARD TABLES AND FURNITURE.

Our old friend Jacob Strahle (of the firm of Strahle & Co.), is here as he ought to be, with one of the finest billiard tables that we have ever seen. It is fitted with one of Delaney's Patent Wire Billiard Cushions, which, for durability, economy, elasticity and hight, is undoubtedly the best in use. This cushion is made of rubber, to which is added near the edge inside rubber a steel wire lengthwise and communicating to a pin at each end. This pin is operated on by means of a key, as in tuning pianos; consequently the cushion edge is always straight and sharp. On



these cushions a player can make nine cushions, whereas on other tables seven cushions are possible, if the ball is struck with great force. The table on exhibition is composed of several thousand pieces of different varieties of wood, and is finished in such a style that it is impossible for the most critical observer to detect any flaw in the manufacture. Mr. Strahle does not confine his exhibition to billiard tables; he has also some of the most superb furniture in laurel and redwood root that it was ever our lot to examine. Mr. Strahle has also on exhibition California woods and tables composed entirely of California woods, and he informs us has just received orders for four of these very elegant pieces of furniture—one for London, one for Paris, one for Chicago, and one for Albany, N. Y.

#### LOCKS.

The Yale Lock Manufacturing Co., Oscar V. Gerzabek, agents, exhibit a collection of their well-known locks, a glance at which is sufficient to observe and appreciate their worth.

#### THE WILCOX & GIBBS SEWING MACHINES.

These popular machines are here, and so are the well-known faces of the lovely and intelligent operators, whose courtesy and untiring zeal in describing the capabilities of their machines won for them such golden opinions at the late Mechanics' Fair. The Wilcox & Gibbs was one of the pioneer sewing machines, and has been steadily improving on its first patent up to the present time. In action it is perfectly noiseless, and one of its great features is that it sews from one spool, makes the tripple thread seam and twisted loop stitch. As a family machine and as a parlor ornament, the Wilcox & Gibbs has been long held in the greatest favor. In the elegance of manufacture, compactness and superiority of its fittings, it cannot be surpassed. Messrs. Felton & Cutler, the agents for the Pacific Coast, inform us that they will guarantee their machines for five years, which goes far to prove their assertion that they never get out of order.

#### KNOWLES' PATENT STEAM PUMP.

This pump is in the machinery department of the Pavilion, and is of the capacity of about 30,000 gallons an hour, receiving the first premium at the late Mechanics' Fair, thus proving its superiority over all others, there being five pumps and two water lifters in that exhibition. This pump, however, is by no means the largest size that can be manufactured. Mr. Froher having recently received an order for a pump of 4,000 gallons a minute capacity.

#### MODEL STEAM HARVESTER.

exhibited by B. F. Cook, of Napa, inventor. This machine is claimed to be the most necessary invention of the age, being a combination of Haynes' header, Pitt's or Russell's separator, and an ordinary steam engine—to run the machinery while it is hauled over the ground by animal power.

#### CARRIAGE SPRINGS.

Messrs. Wm. M. Betts & Bro., of Market street, who received the gold medal at the Mechanics' Fair, exhibit a splendid display of California-made springs for locomotives, cars and all kind of carriages and wagons. Everybody who passes this stand were compelled to stop and examine these specimens of our home manufacture. Their strength, elasticity, beauty of finish, high polish and general excellence render them what they are claimed to be—the finest springs in use on the Pacific coast. Messrs. Betts have a powerful lever in the Fair with which visitors can test the elasticity and strength of the springs. Some of the express wagon springs require a pressure of 2,500 pounds per set to compress them. These gentlemen have received certificates from every carriage manufacturer in the State, who express their conviction that after three years service these springs will still be without an equal in California.

#### FIRST PREMIUM SHIRTS.

exhibited by Mrs. Evelyn Morris. Their elegant workmanship, delicate material and perfect finish deserve especial notice. Mrs. Morris has introduced, in a novel and very pretty manner, monograms in the front pleats, instead of studs. The cuffs, also, are perfect little gems of workmanship. Her flannel shirts are marvels, and it was several minutes before we could decide whether we preferred the red, white or blue. We could hardly believe they were flannel till Mrs. Morris as-

sured us that they were French goods), they resembled merino so closely in their appearance and texture. Mrs. Morris is an old pioneer, and her industry, taste and perseverance deserve a fitting reward.

#### AVERRILL CHEMICAL PAINT COMPANY.

This Company, whose exhibition attracted so much notice in the Mechanics' Fair, exhibit a very fine collection of the various oxides of zinc from which the paints are manufactured, the paints themselves, and specimens of wood and metal painted in various colors. The specialties of this paint are: First—Durability and indestructibility, being composed of a chemical combination which defies alike time and weather. Second—Its readiness of application, effecting a great saving of time and labor. Third—Its universal adaptability, being alike useful for exterior house work, decorating, etc., etc. We are assured that no one using this paint is ever affected by that painful malady the painters' cholera. Fourth—Its resistance to water, as it remains for years impervious to its influence. Fifth—Its special value when applied to iron work. Rust *will* insinuate itself beneath other paints, but the Averill Chemical Paint *prevents* corrosion. Many other instances of its advantages might be stated. Suffice it that a saving of 50 per cent. is effected by its use. These paints are exhibited by Yount & Fletcher, 18 Seventh street, Sacramento City.

#### FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH HAIR RESTORER.

Mr. Fugazi, of K street, Sacramento, exhibits the Fountain of Youth Hair Restorer, and if all he claims for his invention is true, Mr. Fugazi's fortune may be considered made. The dye itself is almost colorless, and has a very fragrant perfume. One or two applications restores gray hair to its *natural* color. It neither makes the hair lighter or darker than nature intended it, but simply restores such hairs as are prematurely gray to their pristine color and beauty. He also exhibits choice perfumery, and the celebrated Oriental Hair Dye, which, while it is free from all deleterious minerals, is the quickest and most perfect dye ever invented.

#### BROWN'S PATENT SELF GENERATING GAS-BURNER.

This new gas lamp is intended to supersede the common candle and coal oil, and to make quite a revolution in the gas burners, as it can be supplied at one-fourth the price of ordinary gas. The flame is white, clear and very brilliant, and produces neither smoke nor smell. The lamps, themselves are of metal, and consequently it is almost impossible to break them. The gas is consumed as soon as generated, consequently the lamp is non-explosive. We saw this lamp in operation in the Mechanics' Fair of San Francisco, and were much struck by the superiority and brightness of this light over others which were exhibited there at the same time. It took a premium at the Mechanics' Fair, and we have ascertained the city of Sacramento are using one hundred and twenty-five of these lamps as street lights round the Capitol and in the Governor's mansion.

#### THE CRANDALL PATENT SPRING BED.

exhibited by Messrs. Cooley & Green, the Proprietors, of 123 Front street, Sacramento. This bed is without doubt one of the most comfortable pieces of furniture on exhibition; it took the first premium in the Mechanics' Fair, and it deserved it. In principle it is simple, and not at all liable to get out of order; the springs are made of steel, galvanized with tin. The coils are made in couplets, and are consequently self-supporting, thus dispensing with twine and cords. No amount of dampness can corrode the steel or rust the springs. We have seen many beds, and reposed our weary limbs upon all sorts of extraordinary places, but while we contemplate the "Crandall," we pronounce it the most inviting of all.

#### THE NEW WILSON SEWING MACHINES.

Adjoining the display of Mr. Strahle is the stand of the above famous, although recently invented machines. Whatever good qualities and new inventions other machines possess have been adapted to the Wilson. The proprietors have endeavored to make this a *family* sewing machine, one the purchase of which is within the reach of all classes, and they have undoubtedly succeeded. Lightness, elegance and durability are combined, and the result is a neat and indestructible machine. Several improvements, which have not as yet been introduced into other sewing machines, are fitted to the Wilson, and no one who understands the

art of sewing with the foot can fail to appreciate them. In the first place, the wheel is placed at the back of the machine *lengthwise*, doing away with the necessity of a guard, and leaving more room for the operator. The machine we saw in use at the Fair had one of the new gathering attachments at work, and is a perfect piece of mechanism. The ladies at all events (and they should be the best judges) seem to give the preference to this machine. Mr. Norton, the agent for the Pacific Coast, informed us that this company is not connected with any other.

#### HOLT'S MARKING WHEEL

is represented by Mr. and Mrs. Sheplar, and this very ingenious contrivance attracts considerable attention.

#### MACHINE FOR MAKING SCREWED BOOTS,

exhibited by the inventor, Mr. N. Lumsden. This is an exceedingly ingenious machine, and is intended to be used with either an iron-plated last or a simple wooden one. It is claimed by the inventor that this machine is much cheaper than the French invention, costing only \$50, while the latter costs \$200. Four dozen pairs of boots can be screwed together in a day by one man.

#### CALIFORNIA MADE FURNITURE.

Mr. John Brenner, of Sacramento, exhibits a magnificent display of chamber, cabinet, and office furniture, made of California woods—laurel and black walnut. These Fairs are useful institutions; they are valuable, if only for one reason, viz.: informing an inquiring public where they can procure the best goods. Few have any idea that Sacramento can turn out such splendid productions as these. Still, here they are. While we are astonished at finding these branches of our commerce so rapidly increasing in importance, we can but admire the energy and perseverance of the men who are building up such manufactures on our coast. Mr. Brenner has not only equaled our San Francisco firms, but has shown his ability to excel most of them. His *chef-d'œuvre* in the present instance is a complete bedroom set of laurel and rosewood, valued at \$1,000. He also exhibits two gilded arm-chairs of black walnut, the backs and seats of which are covered with the most exquisite Indian needlework.

#### PIANOS.

Messrs. Hallet, Davis & Co., through their agent, Mr. Wm. G. Badger, exhibit six of these magnificent pianos, consisting of orchestral-grand, (which is of a novel shape, but elegant construction,) and various square pianos. Mr. Badger informs us that these instruments have already taken 39 premiums, without including those lately awarded at the Mechanics' Fair. For richness of tone, durability and general excellence, these pianos are unequalled. Their melodious tones filled the Pavilion "from early morn to dewy eve," with floods of melody. We are pleased with these pianos, and if any young lady wishes to express her gratitude for past favors, she can send us one of the Hallet & Davis pianos.

#### YOLO BACON,

exhibited by James Asberry of Woodland. This bacon is simply enormous; the hog, before killing, weighed 1,200 pounds. Mr. Asberry tells us that next year he will bring the *hog* along—this being only a pig.

#### MISSION CANDLE WORKS.

Messrs. Winter, Maurer & Co., of 108 Bush street, San Francisco—the recipients of the Gold Medal in the Mechanics' Fair—exhibit their very fine display of all kinds of steric acid candles. The most noticeable feature of these candles is their hardness, durability in all climates and brilliancy of light. They burn with great regularity, being almost equal to gas, and are inexpensive, being sold at the same rates as the Eastern candles, with which they are in direct opposition. They are manufactured in all sizes and all colors and for all purposes, such as used in chambers, railroads, coaches, hotels, etc. Mr. Maurer particularly drew our attention to the hotel candles, which are made of a convenient length and are a great saving to hotel proprietors. The durability, purity and firmness of the material used is evidenced by the fine busts made of steric, and exhibited in the Fair.

#### WAX FLOWERS.

These imitations of Nature's gayest garments are well represented by the Misses

Cook and Skaggs. The first-named lady exhibited in the Mechanics' Fair, and received a diploma; the latter will undoubtedly receive a similar tribute on this occasion.

GOPHER TRAP.

G. A. Lloyd is here with his original gopher catcher. We predict a gold medal for this California invention.

PAINTINGS.

Mr. Oscar Kalschmidt makes a very creditable display of portraits and historical paintings. There is one thing in this painter which astonishes us: and that is, that a man who has such talent as is displayed in some of his works—such as "Columbus in Chains," etc.—can paint such atrocities as the "Mediatrix." Still, the paintings are well worth the attention of a criticizing public, and we hope they will get it.

PHOTOGRAPHS.

Mr. Taber, as usual, carries off the palm for photographing, although the pictures exhibited by Mr. Todd, of Sacramento, are very good; but then Taber is an exceptional artist, and competition with him is simply absurd.

THE POMOLOGICAL DISPLAY

is very good. Indeed, as might be expected, it far exceeds the collection of fruit in the Mechanics' Fair. The grapes in particular excited universal admiration, and it was almost painful to watch the visitors as they gazed long and wistfully, with watery mouths, through the wire guards which surrounded the tables on which the fruit rested. Bunches of grapes weighing at least fifteen pounds, mammoth pears, enormous citrons, dropsical apples, etc., etc., bewilder the eye of the visitor as he paces up and down the pavilion, while the aroma of the whole delightful chaos fills his system with a very defined longing for some of those peaches. We never steal; peculation, although perhaps no crime, is naughty, but it is very nice, and so were those grapes. The most splendid assortment of this delicious fruit is exhibited by Mr. J. H. Carrington, of Florin, who exhibited among other varieties one bunch of Black Hamburgs which weighs twenty-three pounds. The Horticultural department, although not large, is very tastefully arranged by Mr. George M. Miller—the gentleman who was in charge of the Horticultural exhibition in the Mechanics' Fair. In the center is a very pretty moss-covered arbor, where the tired and overheated visitors can rest their weary limbs and view the lovely flowers by which they are surrounded, and which consist of carefully selected specimens of roses, geraniums, colcus, caladumus, cissus, dahlias, etc., etc., and cut flowers of rare and choice varieties. Mr. F. A. Miller, landscape gardener of San Francisco, who took the first premiums for flowers at the Mechanics' Fair, is the exhibitor of this charming floral display; of his brother George, we have a few remarks to make, as he has reason to believe that his "Great Expectations" will be realized. These expectations can be more easily imagined than described, when we relate the following incident that occurred the other evening: It must be understood, firstly, that in this department are two castiron figures, representing a gardner and his wife. George sleeps in the evening amid the roses, and on Wednesday night reposed his weary limbs in the usual place. Pleasant dreams flitted through his slumbering senses; he fancied he was at home once more embracing his faithful spouse; he clasped her to his manly breast firmly—alas! so firmly that he awoke, and found that his arms encircled the palodus form of the castiron gardner's wife!

ELLIPTIC SEWING MACHINES.

One of the most prominct features in the State Fair is the display of the above well-known and justly celebrated machines, which contain all the latest improvements over the old styles. Mr. A. H. Suplee, the General Agent for the Pacific Coast, kindly explained to us the mechanism of these machines, and demonstrated to our entire satisfaction the advantages possessed by the Elliptic over the other kinds of sewing machines.

BITTERS.

The Demon Pipifax is here and presides condescendingly over the other Bitters. Everybody tastes them, and all who taste them return to take another sip.

MINERALS.

Mr. Hanks, the Assayist of Clay street, San Francisco, exhibits a magnificent collection of fossil and mineral specimens.



## THE MUSIC.

The Mechanics' Fair had a band of *music*. Perhaps it cost money—most likely it did; but the band at the State Fair was about the meanest conglomeration of talent and ignorance we ever felt disgusted with. Still, poor devils of musicians, it probably was not their fault! They did the best they could, if it was execrable. The contract was farmed out and sold to the lowest bidder, so everything connected with the band was cheap and nasty—not even a drum! Think of it, readers!—not a solitary drum. We would respectfully suggest that the band was a failure.

In closing our remarks on the State Fair we tender our cordial thanks to the officers in connection therewith, who rendered us so many favors, but more particularly are we indebted to Mr. Hoag, the Corresponding Secretary, and Mr. Preece, the obliging Entry Clerk, for their courtesy and attention.

## THE HOTELS.

These of course were crowded to their utmost capacity. Sleeping accommodation was out of the question. Still, some of the proprietors strained every nerve to meet the exigencies of the case, and in most instances succeeded. The hotel which was most patronized, (and deservedly, was the Golden Eagle, of which mine host Callahan is the urbane proprietor. Forseeing the influx of visitors to the city, he had everything prepared for the emergency, and the result was perfect routine, order, and general satisfaction. Many of the other hotels raised their prices in consequence of the demand for accommodations; but Mr. Callahan, with his usual integrity, would make no diversion from his ordinary rates; thus visitors to the Fair, and family residents at the hotel were alike charmed and satisfied with the result of his management.

## STATISTICAL REPORTS.

Following are the monthly reports of the various public institutions in the city:

## THE MINT.

During the month there were received in the United States Branch Mint 115,497 ounces of gold and 118,902 ounces of silver. The coinage amounted to \$2,110,000 gold and \$100,000 silver, of which \$100,000 was in half dollars, \$50,000 in eagles, \$20,000 in half eagles, \$20,000 in quarter eagles, and \$2,020,000 in double eagles; total, \$2,210,000.

## THE CITY TREASURY.

At the close of business hours on the last day of the month the contents of the city and county cash-box was as follows: 36 bags of silver, \$54,000; 12 boxes of gold, \$240,000; loose coin on trays, \$24,147.45; currency, \$40.40; warrant on State Treasurer, \$50,301.60; coupons paid but not charged to account, \$24,545; on special deposit, \$3,699.40; total, \$376,733.85.

## THE POST OFFICE.

During the month, 84,787 mail and 18,774 city or drop letters, and 25,774 newspapers, were delivered; 1,487 letters were returned to the office, 114,108 letters were collected by the carriers and forwarded to their proper destinations.

## THE MARINE BOARD.

There were received during the month in the thirty licensed sailor boarding-houses 457 seamen. During that period of time 359 were shipped, and at the close of the

month there were 190 sailors ready to be shipped, 104 for coasters, and 86 for deep-water vessels.

LUNATICS.

The Commissioners of Lunacy during the month examined and pronounced insane 16 persons; 8 of these were males and 8 females.

MARRIAGES.

The County Clerk during the month issued 162 marriage licenses, which produced a revenue of \$324.

THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE.

The amount of fees received in this office during the month was \$1,246.75.

THE POLICE COURT.

In this Court, the amount of fines collected was \$1,523.25, and the fees \$66, making a total of \$1,589. Twenty-nine cases were sent to the Grand Jury during the month.

COURT FINANCES.

Following is the financial report of the County Clerk: Fees in the Fourth District Court, \$28.50; Twelfth District Court, \$443; Fifteenth District Court, \$578; Probate Court, \$502.50; County Court, \$261.75; Court tax and appeals collected in Courts, \$693; collected for Library Fund, \$651.

THE DEPUTY SUPERINTENDENT

of Public Streets and Highways, C. A. Uhrig, makes the following report: Number of verbal notices on persons to remove obstructions on the public streets, 1,356; number of notices obeyed, 1,119; number warned of arrest, 163; number of warrants issued, 84; number of arrests and convictions, 62. During the month about 100 persons were notified to erect fences or bulkhead, in front of their respective premises, in order to prevent sand or dirt from blowing or drifting upon any macadamized, planked or paved street or sidewalk. In obedience to the notices, 25 have built bulkheads, 30 are engaged in building, and warrants will be issued for the arrest of the others for non-compliance with the notices served upon them.

THE ALMS HOUSE.

The Superintendent of this institution report that during the month 31 persons were admitted, 18 were discharged, 5 ran away, 7 died, and 299 remained at the time of making out the report.

THE COUNTY HOSPITAL.

On the last day of the previous month, there were 309 patients in the Hospital. During the month, 216 were admitted, 110 discharged cured, 70 discharged by request; 14 died; 1 was sent to the Alms House, and 1 to the Insane Asylum. Number of outside treatments, 1,961; of births, 2.

THE COUNTY JAIL.

There were 241 inmates in the jail on the last day of August. During the month, 82 were received, and 106 discharged, as follows: Discharged at the expiration of term of sentence, 74; taken to the State Prison, 15; to the Insane Asylum, 1; to County Hospital, 2; to City Prison, 1; released by Grand Jury, 7; on bail, 4; paid fine, 1. Number of inmates September 30, 221; males, 124; females, 17; white males, 56; white females, 16; Chinese males, 48; Indian female, 1.

THE POLICE FORCE.

The City Prison register shows that during the month 1,051 persons were received in the City Prison for safe keeping. Of this number were charged with crime as follows: Assault and battery, 97; assault with a deadly weapon, 6; assault to murder, 5; assault to rob, 2; attempt to rape, 2; attempt to commit larceny, 1; attempt to commit burglary, 1; burglary, 8; begging, 1; common drunkard, 2; cheating, 1; crime against nature, 2; drunk, 443; exhibiting deadly weapons, 2; embezzlement, 1; fighting, 24; felony, 2; fast driving, 1; grand larceny, 18; garroting, 3; house breaking, 11; interfering with an officer, 2; indecent exposure, 1; libel, 3; misdemeanor, 19; soliciting for prostitution, 33; violating city ordinance, 24; malicious mischief, 18; disturbing the peace, 6; murder, 3; obstructing streets, 62; petit larceny, 37; peddling without license, 6; perjury, 1; robbery, 1; resisting officer, 2; threats, 9; vulgar language, 49; vagrancy, 8. The balance were: 82 lodgers, 11 insane, 2 *en route* to Insane Asylum, 5 *en route* to State Prison, 9 *en route*

to Industrial School, 7 arrested on bench warrants, 3 detained as witnesses. During the month the officers served 207 warrants, subpoenaed 508 witnesses, and restored 64 lost children to parents. Of the above number of arrests

#### THE HARBOR POLICE

arrested 124 persons, namely: Drunk, 88; grand larceny, 5; misdemeanors, 8; vulgar language, 7; resisting an officer, 2; petit larceny, 6; assault and battery, 5; assault with a deadly weapon, 1; burglary, 8. In addition the officers boarded 30 vessels, subpoenaed 42 witnesses, discovered one fire, and found one dead body.

#### THE STATE PRISON.

The following is a report of the condition of affairs at the State penitentiary: On the 31st of August there were 885 prisoners on hand, and during the month 96 were received, swelling the aggregate to 921. The number of prisoners discharged under the provisions of the Act, during the month, was 17; sentence commuted, 1; pardoned by Governor Haight, 2; died in the hospital, 2; on hand September 30th, 899.

### SUMMARY OF JUDGMENTS

For the Month ending September, 30th, 1871.

#### United States Circuit Court.

Craig v. Hoskins—Judgment for plaintiff for \$1,000 damages. Stay thirty days.  
Luca v. Howard et al—Ordered finding and judgment for defendants.  
Montgomery v. Bevans et al—Judgment for defendants ordered.  
Hyde v. Sime—Judgment of District Court affirmed.  
Ship Star of Hope v. Church & Clark—Decree of District Court affirmed.  
Montgomery v. Merrill et al—Judgment for defendants with costs.  
Same v. McCormick et al—Same.  
Plimpton v. Kimball—Ord. decree for complainant, and for an injunction in pursuance of the prayer of the bill.  
United States v. J. D. Stevenson—Ord. decree entered affirming decree of United States District Court.  
Brennan v. Story—Judgment for defendants.  
Sieberst v. Garratt et al—Verdict for plaintiff. \$1 damages.

#### United States District Court.

E. R. O'Neill v. Schooner Joshua P. Haven—Decree for libellants.  
United States v. Steamship Fideliter—Decree of condemnation and sale plead and entered.  
Low et al v. Ship Warhawk—Order decree of sale.  
United States v. The Mary Taylor, her cargo, etc—Order decree of condemnation and forfeiture.  
Paulsen et al v. Schooner Margaret Crockard—Decree for \$252 in favor of the following libellants: Charles Paulsen, Charles Smith and Thos. F. Griffith.

#### Fourth District Court.

Carpenter v. A. R. Biggs et al—Judgment for plaintiff and against defendant, A. R. Biggs, for \$440, and against defendant, John A. Cook, for \$726, and against defendants P. B. Smithson for \$110.

- Huntington and Boyd et al—Judgment for plaintiff and against defendant, John Boyd, for \$1,070 88 G. C. and \$20 cost, and judgment for defendant, W. H. Blossom, and against plaintiffs for costs.
- Falk v. Waterman et al—Verdict for plaintiff for \$4,382 20.
- Penny v. Wieland et al—Judgment for defendants.
- Dimick v. Healy et al—Judgment for defendant.
- Barry v. Bennet et al—Judgment for plaintiff.
- Himmelman v. Brodie (three suits)—Judgment for plaintiff as prayed for.
- Same v. Babcock et al (two suits)—Same.
- Same v. Brodie (14788)—Same.
- Same v. Babcock et al—Same. Same—v. Knight et al—Same.
- Same v. Brodie et al (14836)—Same.
- Same v. Byrne et al—Same.
- Conlin v. Blair et al (two suits)—Same.
- Donnelly v. Marks et al—Same. Himmelman v. Cohn et al—Same.
- Donnelly v. Tullman—Same.
- Nightingale v. Lewth et al—Same.
- Wendle v. Printz, executor—Verdict for plaintiff, damages \$751.
- Livingston v. South Beach Land Association—Verdict for plaintiff for possession of premises described in complaint and one cent damages.
- Mandeville v. Solomon—Judgment for defendant.
- Bowen et al v. Hardenburgh—Judgment entered September 16th vacated.
- Colton v. Morgan et al—Judgment for plaintiff for \$500 G. C. with interest from May 13th, 1870, at 1 per cent. per month.
- Morrison v. Merritt—Judgment of nonsuit.

#### Twelfth District Court.

- Reese v. Brannan et al—Judgment for plaintiff for \$2,644 50 gold coin.
- Wangenheim v. Blumenberg—Judgment for plaintiff for \$750 gold coin, with interest from April 15th, 1868.
- Mendheim v. Blumenberg—Judgment for plaintiff for \$750 gold coin, interest and costs.
- Knach v. Blumenberg—Same.
- Ormart v. Sainsevaine et al—Judgment against defendants as administrators of Jean Lacoshe, deceased, for \$19,592, with interest.
- Roeding v. Christy et al—Judgment for plaintiff for recovery of possession of property or the value thereof.
- Coleman et al v. Frank et al—Judgment for plaintiff for \$10,000 with interest at 1 per cent per month from August 25th, 1870.
- Dougherty v. Buckley et al—Judgment for defendants.
- Sime et al v. McDonald et al—Judgment for defendants.

#### Fifteenth District Court.

- Sturgis v. Mitchell—Judgment for plaintiff \$3,133 32 gold coin.
- O'Brien v. Farrell et al—Judgment for plaintiff \$581 70.
- Norwood v. The San Francisco Package Express Company—Judgment for plaintiff for \$3,055 21 gold coin.
- Wells et al v. Williams et al—Judgment for plaintiff \$14 13 and \$35 counsel fees; \$3 75 for filing lien and foreclosure of mechanics' lien.
- Fraser v. Hildreth et al—Judgment for plaintiff \$3,000 and \$506 53 interest and ten per cent. counsel fees, gold coin, and foreclosure.
- Livingston et al v. Arnold et al—Judgment for defendants and decree to quiet title for defendants to property described in their several answers.
- Mulford v. City and County San Francisco—Judgment for plaintiff as prayed for.
- Rugg v. Rugg—Judgment for plaintiff \$660 gold coin.



**County Court.**

- Cole v. Doland et al.—Judgment for defendant, Doland, for costs; judgment for the plaintiff against defendant, O'Reilly, for \$40.  
 Pierce v. O'Connor—Judgment for plaintiff for \$70.  
 Rosenblatt v. Bennett—Judgment for plaintiff for \$136 gold coin.  
 Dennis v. Wood—Judgment for plaintiff for \$179.  
 Stevens v. Owen—Judgment for plaintiff for \$132 50.  
 Mitchell v. Roller Skating Co.—Judgment for plaintiff for \$64 30.  
 Connolly v. Finnegan—Judgment of nonsuit.  
 Ratto et al v. Nicholls et al—Judgment for plaintiff for 40 cents and costs.  
 Sharkey v. Stoetzger—Judgment for defendant.  
 Same v. Lakeman—Judgment for plaintiff for \$75.  
 McGilley v. Brown—Judgment for plaintiff for \$3 25.  
 Collins v. Murray—Judgment for defendant.  
 Bush et al v. Grisberg—Judgment for plaintiff for \$40.  
 Bolinger v. Bastian—Judgment for plaintiff for \$224 36.  
 Weyll v. Rametery—Judgment for plaintiff for \$220.  
 Whitney et al v. Hare—Judgment for plaintiff for \$250. Same v. Same—Judgment for plaintiff for \$150.  
 Keidell v. Hill—Judgment for plaintiff for \$151 25.  
 Gregory v. Mullen—Judgment for plaintiff for \$5 and costs \$3 60.  
 Hansen v. Karren—Judgment for plaintiff for \$24 25.  
 Eartal v. Golding et al—Judgment for plaintiff for \$25.  
 Mahon v. Golding—Judgment for plaintiff \$20. Peak v. Berkheim—Judgment for plaintiff \$60 gold coin.  
 Nichols v. City and County of San Francisco—Judgment for plaintiff for \$35.  
 Shearer v. Wynants—Judgment for plaintiff for \$130.  
 Miller v. Ryan—Judgment for plaintiff for \$25.  
 Strauss v. McCue—Judgment for plaintiff for \$150 81.  
 Daley v. Doyle—Judgment for defendant. Sexton v. Morgan—Judgment for plaintiff for \$45.  
 Kelly v. Keely—Judgment for plaintiff for \$169.  
 McCormick v. McDermott—Judgment for plaintiff for \$100.  
 McDonald v. Galvin—Judgment for plaintiff for \$79 75.  
 Coleman Brothers v. Page—Judgment for plaintiff for \$71.  
 Brooks v. Hendry—Judgment for plaintiff for \$90.  
 Marchant v. Behrens—Judgment for plaintiff for \$25. Hayes & Co. v. Dexter—Judgment for plaintiff for \$119 50.  
 Holmes & Smith v. White—Judgment for defendant.  
 Mason v. Wolf et al—Judgment for plaintiff restitution of premises, and against defendants, Wolf & Whitman, for \$900.  
 Borkheim v. Company A 1st Light Dragoons—Judgment for plaintiff for \$16.  
 Sharkey v. Baum—Judgment for plaintiff for \$120.  
 Dodge v. Taylor et al—Judgment of nonsuit. Gamba v. Wentzel—Same.  
 Marks v. Fitzhenry—Judgment for plaintiff—\$163 75.  
 Karminski v. Reiter—Judgment for plaintiff for \$119 25.

**Photography**

is a science which is daily becoming more perfectly understood. The master of this, the finest of the fine arts in San Francisco, is undoubtedly Morse, whose life-like representations of the familiar faces of our loved ones recalls in absence their living selves.

## OUR SWAMP LANDS AND FUTURE GARDENS.

On last Friday, at eight o'clock A. M., the steamer *Victor* left the wharf at Sacramento for an excursion through the "tule land" bordering the Sacramento and San Joaquin Rivers. The steamer had been chartered for this trip by Mr. George D. Roberts, who left nothing undone to promote the pleasure and comfort of his guests, among whom were the following, viz: Gov. H. H. Haight, H. P. Coon, S. S. Wright, H. D. Bacon, Wm. B. Hyde, John Tevilo, G. W. Middleton, R. F. Fletcher, P. A. Garrin, M. Wittergern, A. M. Thompson, Solomon Heydenfeldt, M. Garnier, M. Atwood, B. B. Miner, L. A. Booth, Dr. F. Leslie, Dr. C. D. Cleveland, J. W. Glasson, H. T. Holmes, J. G. Ills, A. J. Coffee, J. B. Richmond, W. H. Raymond, Colonel B. S. Alexander, U. S. Engineer, and son, P. J. Robert, G. L. Middleton, W. M. Ryer, N. Hubert, R. C. Rogers, H. G. Walton, Colonel M. Doolan, N. R. Harris, Theodore Bagley, John H. Baird, Wm. Pettigrew, W. M. Ayer, John P. Gaynor, A. G. Kimball, Fred. Rye, R. F. Fletcher, J. W. Dwinelle, Chas. H. Dwinelle, W. H. Parks, C. Dandero, Jas. R. Bolton, P. S. Van Renssaler, J. W. Roberts, Sherman Day, Colonel Jack Hayes, W. C. Walker, W. G. Wyman, E. B. Dorsey, George D. Roberts, I. E. Nicholson, R. T. Parks, S. D. Bosworth, W. S. McMurtrey, J. C. Tuck, E. W. Maslin, M. Walton, W. B. Ewer, of the *Scientific Press*, Robert Ferral, J. J. Owens, of the San José *Mercury*, Rufus Shoemaker, of the Grass Valley *Union*, and D. F. Verdenal, of the *Chronicle*. From Sacramento—Wm. Gwynn, Henry Miller, Robert Watt, Robert Hamilton, L. H. Foote, Drury Melone, Dr. Harkness, G. W. Gilbert, B. F. Mauldin, J. W. Bost, I. N. Hoag, W. S. Johnston, of the *Record*, and W. W. Wadsworth, of the *Union*.

We returned to San Francisco at 9 P. M. on Saturday, after a most delightful and instructive trip. Every luxury, both edible and drinkable, had been provided of the best quality and in the greatest profusion. We here tender our sincere thanks to Mr. Roberts for his princely hospitality.

We will leave the details of the trip to other correspondents, and will confine ourselves to a few facts that were self-evident to all who practically investigated the tule lands bordering on the San Joaquin River between Antioch and Stockton.

These lands can be thoroughly reclaimed for less than the cost of fencing ordinary uplands.

They can be irrigated at every high tide, if necessary, without any other labor than leaving the flood gates open to allow the water to flow in from the river.

Low tide falls from four to six feet below the surface of the land, thus giving a high which is more than ample for drainage.

The tide water in the river is perfectly fresh.

This facility of irrigation enables the farmers to raise *several crops yearly*, in some instances as many as four. We saw the third crop of Alfalfa hay that had been cut on the same land this year, the average yield being over two tons per acre for each cutting or crop, or over six tons in all. In other places we saw heavy crops of volunteer hay growing since the grain was cut. In other places we saw fine fields of potatoes that had been planted after the grain was harvested. We heard of two heavy crops of hay and one of grain that had been produced the same season on the same land.

The soil is very light and ashy, and does not bake when irrigated; this character enables it to be plowed and worked without injury when very wet.

The climate is cool and healthy, with a strong daily breeze. We neither saw nor heard of a case of sickness. We saw families who, residing in the midst of the tules for many years, looked the very picture of health. This exemption from sickness is undoubtedly owing to the strong breezes that blow on Suisun Bay and up the San Joaquin River.

This land is very accessible to the San Francisco market; steamers pass along the different rivers every night, arriving in San Francisco before daylight the following morning, thus delivering the produce fresh every day without any land carriage—a very important item in the articles milk, butter, fruit, vegetables, etc., etc.

Heavy freight can be sent by sailing vessels for 50 cents to \$1 per ton, delivered alongside of the vessels in San Francisco.

This saving in freight is a very important item, as it enables the farmer to send his most bulky produce to market—such as hay, straw, etc., etc.—which he could not do if he was subject to a high freight tariff. The majority of farmers in the Upper San Joaquin and Sacramento River valleys, and in the northern and southern counties of this State, have to pay over five dollars per ton freight on their produce to San Francisco, or four dollars more per ton than the rate from these tule lands. Say that the yield of each is thirty-one bushels of wheat to the acre; this is about equal to one ton, on which four dollars at least can be saved in freight, which is ten per cent. on forty dollars. This represents the difference in value of the above lands in the item of freight alone; but if the yield of the tule lands should be estimated at sixty-two bushels per acre, which is still under the average, then they are worth eighty dollars per acre more than the others.

The yield of these lands seems incredible. All kinds of fruits, vegetables, grain, grasses, etc., etc., in fact everything grows in the greatest profusion. Twitchell, Island, which two years ago was a swamp as bad as any on the river, yielded this year eighty bushels of wheat and one hundred bushels of barley to the acre, besides a heavy crop of volunteer hay on that portion irrigated after the grain was harvested. A party who had been farming in San Joaquin County became convinced last May that his crops there would be a failure, came down and leased a part of the Webb tract, in order to prevent his stock from starving. In August he prepared and sowed a tract in oats, which yielded over three tons of hay, and left a net profit of over fifty dollars per acre.

If the work that is now being done on these lands for their reclamation had been done in 1852, they would have been overflowed only twice since then—i. e., for eight weeks in 1861-62, and for four weeks in 1867-8—in both cases the water subsided in time to have allowed crops to have been planted in April and May. This land would not have lost a single crop in nineteen years from flood, much less from drought. Owing to the great width of the lower San Joaquin River, which is from one to two miles wide, there is scarcely any current—even in great freshets—except the ebb and flow of the tide. The high water is caused by the back-water from the Sacramento River, and there being so little current, the levees or improvements cannot be injured by it, nor the soil by a deposit of sand, which can only be kept in suspension by a strong current, and is all deposited in the upper San Joaquin and Sacramento. A large part of these lands are already connected with the main land, and any of the islands can also be connected for less than one thousand dollars, by means of floating bridges, which will give an opportunity for driving the stock off, in case of an anticipated flood, of which, by the means of the telegraph, there will be a week's notice, at least.

This land is practically inexhaustible; it is like farming a manure deposit twenty feet in depth—if the top should ever become exhausted, all that will be necessary will be to plow a little deeper and turn up a fresh portion of manure.

The question is frequently asked, what would be the effect of a flood on these lands? As before stated, the actual injury would be very little; but for the sake of argument, we will take Twitchell Island and suppose that the future will be like the past in respect to floods—in the past nineteen years we have had two floods that would have risen over the top of the present levees; we will also suppose that these two floods will destroy all the levees, improvements, etc., on the Island, all of which could now be built for five dollars per acre. As previously stated these floods subside in February, the levee could be rebuilt during March and April, and the crops could be sown in May and June—as all the land under cultivation on this island this year averaged \$36 per acre net profit, it is absurd to suppose that any damage caused by a flood would not be repaired immediately, when the cost of doing so is so little in proportion to the profit.

The remark is frequently made that this being a dry year is a favorable one for these lands; this is partially a mistake, as the only advantage a dry over a wet year, is that the produce sells for more—the yield being the same every year.

In conclusion, these lands have a rich, inexhaustible, and most productive soil,

which will never suffer from drought, as they can be irrigated at pleasure; a pleasant and healthful climate, and the cheapest freight from any farming lands to San Francisco. These qualities and advantages will in a short time make them the most valuable farming lands on this coast.

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## HOW TO OBTAIN LANDS IN CALIFORNIA.

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The question is often asked, How can lands be obtained in California?

To answer this question intelligently, and in a manner to be of some practical benefit to the readers of the *Mail Bag*, is the object of this epistle.

In the first place, a large portion of the best and most available lands of the State were granted by the Mexican Government to individuals prior to the conquest of this country, which, by the terms of the treaty between the United States and Mexico, were respected where the grants were proved to be genuine. In many cases, however, by careful manipulations, large tracts have been confirmed where the grants are not believed to have been legitimate. Many of these grants, either in whole or in part, can be purchased from the grant owners at a fair price.

In the second place, the lands remaining after the survey and segregation of the Mexican grants belong to the United States Government with such exceptions as will be hereafter noted. These lands can be obtained in several ways:

First. By purchase at \$1 25 per acre in green-backs or soldiers' warrants, or Agricultural College scrip, where the townships have been surveyed or sectionized, and the land offered for sale at public auction and not sold.

Second. By homestead entries on lands that have been surveyed by Government, by residing on and cultivating the same for five years, and paying to the Land Office some \$25, thereby securing 160 acres.

Third. By preëmption, on lands surveyed or non-surveyed, by residing thereon and making the necessary improvements and cultivation. When the township in which the land is situated shall be surveyed, then the party preëmpting has three months after the plat of survey is deposited in the Land Office in which to file his intentions to preëmpt, and within eighteen months to prove up his settlement and cultivation and pay \$1 25 per acre to the Government for 160 acres, as above.

In portions of the State railroad reservations have attached, and within their limits the land (even numbered sections) are held as double minimum, or at \$2 50 per acre.

Within the limits of these reservations only eighty acres can be taken as a homestead; but soldiers who have served in the wars since 1855 can take 160 acres within the reservation as a homestead. The Congress of the United States have made several grants of land to the State of California:

First. A grant of 500,000 acres for internal improvement purposes, but by a clause in our Constitution, which was recognized by Congress, this grant was changed to the Public School Fund.

The Legislature of California authorized the issue of School Land warrants for this grant, which, to the extent of some 250,000 acres, were sold to individuals at \$2 per acre, and the balance of the grant was sold at \$1 25 per acre. A few of these School Land warrants are on the market, selling at from \$2 50 to \$3 per acre, as they are required. They can be located on any surveyed lands outside of railroad reservations in parcels of not less than 320 acres.



Second. Congress granted to the State the 16th and 36th sections in each township, equal to one-eighteenth of the land of the State, for school purposes, with the proviso that where these sections are included in private grants or are preempted previously to the survey of the township, or are wanting, other lands may be taken in lieu thereof.

The "Lieu Lands," as they are called, have in the main been sold, so that no entries of that kind can now be made.

There are, however, a great many sections 16 and 36 still to be sold, as the townships are surveyed or sectionized.

It may be necessary to say that a township contains 36 sections of one mile square each, or 640 acres.

The 16th section is one of the center sections, and the 36th section is the south-east corner section invariably. These School Lands have been and are sold at 1 25 per acre in gold coin.

Third. Congress has also granted to the State 150,000 acres for an Agricultural College.

This land can be entered in any township that has been surveyed by Government, and on even numbered sections inside railroad reservations, by paying the Government \$1 25 per acre extra; and also in quantities of 40 acres.

Having these privileges, the Regents of the College charge \$5 per acre outside, and \$6 25 per acre inside said reservations.

Congress has also granted to the State 72 sections of land for Seminary purposes, and 12 sections for public buildings. These lands have long since been sold.

Fourth. Congress has also granted to the State the swamp and overflowed lands, amounting in the aggregate to several millions of acres.

These lands are sold as they are wanted at \$1 per acre, which is returned to pay the expense of reclamation, as it is performed.

From the foregoing it will be seen that there is an abundance of land in the State, and many and various facilities for acquiring it.

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## MARBLE.

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The very word is suggestive of beauty, and although the meaning is more limited to-day than in the middle ages, yet it still signifies art, ornament, and decoration. Formerly all polished stone, whether porphyry, granite, malachite, or limestone was called marble. Thus the marbles of Egypt were talked about, whereas they are polished porphyry, and hence came the saying, "as hard and enduring as marble." To-day the word marble is strictly confined to a granular, semi-crystalline, carbonate of lime, which, in its pure state is perfectly white, but forms marble of many beautiful colors or admixture of colors when some foreign substance or element is present. Perfectly pure white marble, free from vein or blemish, almost ranks with the precious stones, and it is of this species of marble that we would now speak. In what is termed the Duchy of Modena, about two miles from the Mediterranean, is the valley of Carrara, from which the city takes its name. The sides of this valley are lined with marble, more or less pure. The imagination might create a hillside of dazzling white, relieved here and there by the dark foliage of the myrtle or olive, but such is not the case. The walls of the valley, especially at Monte Sagro, where the great quarries are situated, are rent and excavated by the work of man for past ages, and to-day, at the principal quarry, that of Torano,

twelve hundred men are employed daily. For here it is that the famous Carrara marble is found. From this valley, that which has been fashioned into the greatest beauty of form and grandeur of monument has been taken, and in many instances the art and intellect of remote cycles have by its means become known and imperishable. For it is a well known fact that the purer the marble the longer it lasts. Pure carbonate of lime is not affected by weather, hence it is that the antique statues remain in their present perfect condition, and man has done more to destroy them than nature or time. We have been led to make these remarks by witnessing the arrival, a day or two ago, of some very large blocks of pure Carrara marble, which we followed to the workshops of Messrs. Heverin & Co., on Jackson street, near Montgomery. We entered, and Mr. Heverin showed us all over his establishment. Some few years since, the late John Sime, wishing to encourage that branch of industry, gave Mr. Heverin ten thousand dollars with which to proceed to Carrara and make himself thoroughly acquainted with the various qualities of marble, at the same time make arrangements for a continued supply of the purest quality that could be procured. Mr. Heverin went to Italy, studied the various quarries, made the necessary arrangements, and the result was, that the yards and storehouses on Jackson street have been regularly filled with elegantly carved mantles, some of them remarkably rich and handsome, with statuary, with sculptured monuments for tombs, and marble ornaments for buildings, etc. We particularly noticed some beautiful plinths that had just been imported, and many of our readers may remember that lovely statuette of a nymph, which was on exhibition at the last Mechanics' Fair. This, and many other works of art, are to be found at Mr. Heverin's. Another branch of industry connected with the marble trade was also inaugurated by this house. Formerly marble slabs of various thickness were cut in Italy, labor there being so much cheaper than in San Francisco. The new tariff, however, imposed a duty per superficial foot, so that each slab was taxed alike, whatever its thickness or thinness; whereupon Mr. Heverin directed his agents to send out the marble in large blocks, and at once sent to work and constructed a cutting mill, attached to his yard. We visited it, and saw the huge blocks being gradually sliced into slabs of various thickness. The machinery is driven by an engine of sixty-horse power. The whole block is cut at once, by so many saws at different distances apart. The marble is afterwards made smooth upon a revolving polishing table, and its final lustre is given by pumice stone. A visit to these works is quite interesting as well as edifying. Mr. Gagliada, an Italian, is the Superintendent, and the encouragement Mr. Heverin has met with is an evidence of the good taste and luxury of the people of San Francisco. The establishment is now employed upon a splendid mausoleum to the memory of Don Abel Stearns, of Los Angeles.

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## THE OYSTER TRADE.

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For a long time it was deemed an impossibility to obtain Eastern Oysters in this city—at all events in any quantities—but the energy, perseverance, and untiring industry of Mr. Emerson Corville, of the Saddle Rock Oyster House, on Pine street, has removed every obstacle, and this delicious bivalve is now to be obtained, with all the other native varieties, at the above establishment. Good articles, civil waiters and first-class cooks always please the public: hence Mr. Corville's success.

## TO INDIA IN FIVE DAYS.

The *Times* says another attempt to solve the problem of direct railway communication between England and India has just been made by Messrs. William Low and George Thomas, of Wrexham and Cardiff. Under the form of a letter to Mr. Gladstone, these gentlemen have published an outline of their plan, and it deserves the attentive consideration of the public. The route now open between England and India which admits of making the journey in the shortest time is that by way of Brindisi, Alexandria and Suez to Kurrachee or Bombay. The absolute distance is greater than by the route from Marseilles to Alexandria, but the advantage gained from the greater length of the railway portion more than compensates in time for the increased distance that is traveled. The whole journey is supposed to take twenty days, although it is seldom actually completed within this limit. The proposal of Messrs. Low and Thomas is to make use of existing lines of railway and the Mont Cenis Tunnel to Trieste, and thence to construct a railroad through Austria, European and Asiatic Turkey, Persia and Beloochistan to Kurrachee, and onward to Bombay. The total distance from London to Kurrachee would be 5,311 miles by rail and 28 miles (the Straits of Dover) by sea. At a uniform rate of 10½ miles an hour by water and 40 miles an hour by land, the journey from end to end would be accomplished in 5 days, 16 hours, 46 minutes. Calculating the railway traveling at 30 miles an hour, the time would be 7 days, 13 hours, 22 minutes; and at 50 miles an hour, 4 days, 10 hours and 13 minutes. Of the total length of line required, nearly one-fourth (1,170 miles) is already constructed. The highest estimated cost of the undertaking is in round numbers 41 millions sterling, and the estimated cost per mile ranges from £8,000 to £17,000 in different localities. The gross estimate for the several sections is as follows:

In Austria.....	£6,545,000
In Turkey in Europe.....	7,224,000
Steam ferry across Bosphorus.....	100,000
In Turkey in Asia.....	14,670,000
In Persia.....	6,840,000
In Beloochistan.....	8,392,000
In Scinde.....	184,000
Total.....	£40,955,000

The authors suggest that the cost of construction should be borne not by one nation only, but by all through which the line would pass, and they assume that to bring the 175 millions of India within five days' journey of England would be a source of enormous through traffic, as well as of traffic between various intermediate points. The authors are fully persuaded of the feasibility of the plan for constructing a submarine tunnel between England and France, and believe that such a work is likely to be accomplished.—*Leeds Mercury* September 23d, 1871.

## THE FINE ARTS.

We notice with much pleasure that the well-known firm of Bradley & Rulofson met with their usual and deserved success at the late Mechanics' Fair, being awarded *all* the first premiums for portrait photography. We are not surprised at the decision of the Committee on Premiums, as we had anticipated their verdict.

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### THE GEYSERS OF CALIFORNIA.

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We find, by the Sonoma County papers, that at a late meeting of the Board of Supervisors at Santa Rosa, the propositions of the San Francisco and Northern Pacific Railroad were accepted and adopted by the Board, viz.: the Company will complete the railroad from Healdsburg to Cloverdale, some sixteen miles, as provided for by the vote of the county, and before the first of May next, the time specified by law, and for which the Board will issue the county bonds of \$5,000 per mile. In this connection is included the transportation of freight and passengers to and from the line of the railroad, improvements in which the county and railroad are alike interested, one of which becomes a necessity by the completion of the road to Cloverdale—that is, a substantial bridge across the Russian River, to accommodate the travel and freight of an extensive section of country, whose produce in the cereals, sulphur, borax, timber, etc., is comparatively shut out from commercial competition; and to open a short and easy route to the Geyser Springs, toward which the railroad company have agreed to donate to the county a certain amount of bonds. A short road to the Geysers is a *sine qua non*, as hitherto California's greatest curiosity could only be reached through tedious, not to say dangerous roads. The new road will bring the Geysers within twelve miles of the cars at Cloverdale, through an easy, safe grade, opening a charming region to the traveler, the hunter, and old Izaak Walton's disciples. The expenses of the trip will be greatly lessened, and the ladies will be pleased to learn that the difficulty of transporting large trunks, for a varied toilet and lengthened stay, will no longer exist. The public will be enabled to leave San Francisco in the morning and take their afternoon lunch at the Springs. Clear Lake, and a beautiful region of country and streams, will be brought by new roads within easy traveling distance to the Geysers. Dépôt buildings, erected with the view of an extensive freight and passenger business, will be placed at various prominent points on the route from Petaluma to Cloverdale, and the effects of what a railroad will do for a county is already developing itself in the location of new towns along the route—but our readers have long been acquainted with our sentiments on the subject of railroads.

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### INDUSTRY REWARDED.

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It is with great pleasure that we have again to chronicle the success which always attends industry and perseverance. We allude to the fact of Mr. C. E. Watkins receiving the only award, a silver medal, for the best views of California scenery and photographic landscapes at the Eighth Industrial Exhibition of the Mechanics' Institute. We have elsewhere considered it our duty to criticise some of the actions of the awarding committee at the late Mechanics' Fair, but in the present instance we feel bound to indorse them in selecting Mr. Watkins as deserving the premium over all other competing photographers—superiority in the art of photography; moderation in prices; gentlemanly and lady-like attendants, and last, but not least, an obliging and courteous principal, cannot fail to have their influence with the public, who, while they willingly pay their money for an article, sometimes will consider themselves entitled to common civility in return. Mr. Watkins' large and increasing business has induced him to move from his present location to the galleries lately occupied by Messrs. Dames & Williams, 26 Montgomery street, where he intends to carry on his present business of photographic scenic artist, and to enlarge it by introducing portrait photography, in which branch Mr. Dames will assist. This combination will, no doubt, insure to Mr. Watkins the high reputation of excelling in all the branches of his profession. We have paid a visit to the new premises which are now undergoing extensive alterations and improvements, and we were not surprised to find that Mr. Watkins' artistic talents are not alone confined to his profession, but that his ideas for decorating his new business residence promise to eclipse in their execution anything of the sort ever seen in this city. Due notice will be given of the opening of this gallery.



# **ROUTES, DISTANCES AND FARES** **From San Francisco by Steamships, Railroads, Etc.**

DESTINATION.	Days	Dist.	FARES.		
			1st Cl.	2d Cl.	3d Cl.
Acapulco, Mexico, by Steamship.....	8	1,800	\$80		\$80
Auckland, New Zealand, by Steamship.....	26	5,000	175	135	100
Adelaide, Australia, by Steamship.....	38	8,100	240	170	120
Albany, New York, by Railroad.....	6		120		
Austin, by Railroad and Stage.....	2	618	47		
Aurora, by Railroad and Stage.....	2	429	37		
Battle Mountain, by Railroad.....	1	522	33		
Boston, Massachusetts, by Railroad.....			142		102
Baltimore, Maryland, by Railroad.....			137		100
Bombay, via Hongkong, by Steamship.....		9,950	400		250
Bombay, via Sydney, by Steamship.....		13,244	400	275	
Brandisi, Italy, via Hongkong.....		15,150	705	347	
Brandisi, via Sydney, by Steamship.....		16,765	600	375	
Chicago, by Railroad.....	5	2,652	118	85	61
Calcutta, via Hongkong, by Steamship.....	49	9,400	455	292	
Calcutta, via Sydney, by Steamship.....		12,500	425	300	250
Crescent City, by Steamship.....	2	280	26		15
Carson City, by Railroad and Stage.....	1	324	20		
Cincinnati, by Railroad.....			129	94	
Calaveras Big Trees, by Railroad and Stage.....		71	10		
Cape St. Lucas, Mexico, by Steamship.....	5	1,150	80	30	
Denver, by Railroad.....	3	1,544			
Elko, by Railroad.....		606	39		
Fiji Islands, by Steamship.....	20	4,800	150	100	75
Gilroy, by Railroad.....		81	4	3	
Guaymas, by Steamship.....	10	1,710	100		50
Hanford, Nevada, by Railroad and Stage.....		688	56		
Honolulu, by Steamship.....	9	2,100	60		30
Hongkong, by Steamship.....	34	6,400	295		102
Higo, Japan, by Steamship.....	28	5,100	295		102
Kingston (Jamaica), via Panama, by Steamship.....	19	4,000	100		50
Louisville, Kentucky, by Railroad.....			129	94	
London, overland, by Railroad and Steamship.....	17	6,786	225		135
London, via Panama, by Steamship.....	37	8,000	180		80
Liverpool, overland, by Railroad and Steamship.....	17	6,680	220		130
Liverpool, via Panama, by Steamship.....	37	8,350	180		80
Marysville, by Railroad.....		113	44		
Madras (India), via Hongkong, by Steamship.....		9,850	452		292
Madras, via Sydney, by Steamship.....		12,724	400	275	225
Melbourne, Australia, by Steamship.....	34	7,850	220	175	100
Manzanilla, Mexico, by Steamship.....	6	1,560	80		30
Mazatlan, Mexico, by Steamship.....	6	1,480	50		30
Nagasaki, Japan, by Steamship.....	30	5,470	295		102
New York, via Panama, by Steamship.....	24	5,200	100		50
New York, by Railroad.....	6	3,489	110	100	65
New Orleans, by Railroad.....			151	106	81
Omaha, by Railroad.....			100	175	50
Portland, Oregon, by Steamship.....	4	642	36		20
Panama, by Steamship.....	14	3,200	90		10
Philadelphia, by Railroad.....	6		138	100	
Punta Arenas, by Steamship.....	10		95		40
Point de Galle Ceylon, via Hongkong, Steamship.....	46	9,338	455		292
Quebec, Canada, by Railroad.....	36		143	103	65
Reno, by Railroad.....	1	292	15		
St. Louis, by Railroad.....	5		118	85	60
Shanghai, by Steamship.....		5,964	295		102
San Luis Obispo, by Steamship.....	2	240	15		10
San Pedro, by Steamship.....	2	373	20		15
San Diego, by Steamship.....	3	456	25		17
Singapore, via Hongkong, by Steamship.....	41	7,811	405		160
Southampton, overland, by Rail and Steamship.....	17	6,660	220	130	95
Southampton, via Panama, by Steamship.....					85
Southampton, via Hongkong and Suez, Steamship.....		15,450	745		372
Southampton, via Sydney and Suez, Steamship.....		18,444	640	440	360
San José de Guatemala, by Steamship.....			95		40
Sacramento, by Steamer or Railroad.....		138	24	14	
San José, by Railroad.....		55			
Sitka, Alaska, by Steamship.....	12	1,951	100		50
Umpqua River, by Steamship.....	3	482	36		21
Victoria, British Columbia, by Steamship.....	4	753	35		15
Washington, D. C., by Railroad.....	6		137		
Yokohama, by Steamship.....	26	4,700	255	87	
Yosemite, by Railroad and Stages.....		200	20		

### Hotel Expenses and Cost of Living in San Francisco.

Now that a portion of the current of travel from China and Australasia to the United States and Europe has been diverted into a new channel by the establishment of regular steam communication, it would interest many to know the very moderate expenses incurred either in passing through or in sojourning a while in the city of San Francisco. We give, therefore, a brief statement of them, leaving the traveler to compare them with that of other places. In no city in the world is hotel accommodation of the same excellence to be obtained at so moderate a price. At the Occidental and Grand Hotels and at the Lick House unsurpassed board with comfortable quarters can be obtained for three dollars per diem. At the Cosmopolitan, one of the finest hotels in the United States, and at the Russ House, the expense is somewhat lower; while at the American Exchange and International Hotel board and lodging, with excellent table, can be had for from one dollar and a half to two dollars a day. If the traveler desires to economize, he can obtain a good bed-room for from three to four dollars per week, and can get meals at restaurants for from fifteen to fifty cents each, according to the dishes he selects. He can thus measure his wants by the length of his purse, and yet always obtain clean, well-cooked meals at a less cost than any city we have ever visited, either in the United States or Great Britain. To those who prefer a more lengthened stay and purpose going into housekeeping, we would say that provisions are very moderate in price: Beef, from 12 to 18 cents per pound, according to the joint; mutton, 10 to 12 cents; lamb, 12 to 15 cents; veal, 12 to 18 cents; pork, 12 to 15 cents; bacon, 20 cents; butter, 40 to 50 cents; flour, \$1 50 to \$2 per sack of 50 pounds; potatoes, 1½ to 3 cents per pound. All vegetables are cheap; when not in season there is, of course, an advance. Milk is 10 cents a quart; eggs, 40 cents per dozen. Dairy produce and poultry are the only things which rate higher than in the Eastern States. Of the fruits, they are at times in such abundance as hardly to pay the expense of bringing them to market. A six-roomed house in a respectable locality may be rented for from \$20 to \$25 per month and upward; one with eight or ten rooms, for \$40; ten to twelve rooms, from \$60. Traveling to and from suburban residences is not very expensive, however, car tickets being from 3 to 6½ cents each, and ferriage across the bay, to the most beautiful environs in the world, from 10 cents to 25. This, we think, concludes our list of necessities for a life in San Francisco. It is a city in which a man or a family may live as extravagantly as they may please, but where they can practice economy if they choose.

### Stages Connecting with Railroads.

FROM—TO.	Miles.	F're
Battle Mountain to Austin.....	96	\$20
Elko to Boise City.....	214	60
Modesta to Big Trees.....	80	
Galt to Big Trees, Calaveras.....	71	10
Reno to Carson City.....	32	5
Truckee to Donner Lake.....		
Colfax to Grass Valley.....	13	3
Palisade to Hamilton (Nev.).....	120	20
Truckee to Lake Tahoe.....	14	3
Sesma to Portland (Oregon).....	600	40
Stockton to Silver Mountain.....	111	18
Modesta to Snellings.....	36	4
Elko to Silver City.....	186	45
Reno to Virginia City.....	21	4
Modesta to Yosemite.....	190	
Santa Clara to Santa Cruz.....	40	2

[Additions and corrections to these tables will be made monthly.]

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### SAN FRANCISCO MUSICAL INSTITUTE.

The THIRD SERIES OF SUBSCRIPTION CONCERTS, which will consist of

**FIVE CONCERTS,**

Three with GRAND ORCHESTRA and two with CHAMBER MUSIC, will commence at PACIFIC HALL, on

**Tuesday Evening . . . . . November 7. 1871.**

Subscription for the Five Concerts, with choice of seats, FIVE DOLLARS.

Lists at the Institut, No. 109 O'Farrell street, and at Gray's and Schubert's Music Store. October 28.

## CALIFORNIA MAIL BAG.

### Precaution Against the Infection of Cholera in England.

The ravages of cholera in Eastern Europe and its onward stride westward has called forth from the Medical Department of the Privy Council of Great Britain the following:

1. As Asiatic cholera is now prevailing in foreign ports within a week's voyage of this country, and may probably extend to others which have still quicker communication with England, it is not unlikely that, within the next month or two, occasional cases of the disease may be brought into the ports of this country.

2. A recent order of council, dated July 29th, has given power to the respective local authorities to deal with any such cases, if they arrive, in a way to protect the population, as far as practicable, against surprise. But as cases of choleraic infection have innumerable degrees of severity, it is possible that some such cases, slightly affected, will, notwithstanding the vigilance of local authorities, be landed without particular notice in English sea-board towns, whence then they may advance to other, and, perhaps, inland places.

3. Former experience of cholera in England justifies a belief that the presence of imported cases of the disease at various spots in the country will not be capable of causing much injury to the population if the places receiving the infection have had the advantage of proper sanitary administration; and, in order that all local populations may make their self-defense as effective as they can, it will be well for them to have regard to the present state of knowledge concerning the mode in which epidemics of cholera (at least in this country) are produced.

4. Happily for mankind cholera is so little contagious, in the sense in which small-pox and scarlatina are commonly called contagious, that, if reasonable care be taken where it is present, there is scarcely any risk that the disease will spread to persons who nurse and otherwise closely attend upon the sick. But cholera has a certain peculiar infectiveness of its own, which, where local conditions assist, can operate with terrible force, and at considerable distances from the sick. It is characteristic of cholera, not only of the disease in its developed and alarming form, but equally of the slightest diarrhoea which the epidemic influences can cause, that all matters which the patient discharges from his stomach and bowels are infective, and that, if they be left without disinfection after they are discharged, their infectiveness during some days gradually grows stronger and stronger. Probably, under ordinary circumstances the patient has no power of infecting other persons except by means of these discharges; nor any power of infecting even by them, except in so far as particles of them are enabled to taint the food, water, or air which people consume. Thus, when a case of cholera is imported into any place the disease is not likely to spread unless in proportion as it finds, locally open to it, certain facilities for spreading by indirect infection. In order rightly to appreciate what these facilities must be, the following considerations must be borne in mind: First, that any choleraic discharge cast without previous thorough disinfection into any cesspool or drain, or other depository or conduit of filth, infects the excremental matters with which it there mingles, and probably to some extent the effluvia which those matters evolve; secondly, that the infective power of choleraic discharges attached to whatever bedding, clothing, towels and like things, have been imbued with them, and renders those things, if not thoroughly disinfected, as capable of spreading the disease in places to which they are sent (for washing or other purposes) as, in like circumstances, the cholera patient himself would be; thirdly, that if by leakage or soakage from cesspools or drains, or through reckless casting out of slops and wash-water, any taint, however small, of the infective material gets access to wells or other sources of drinking water, it imparts to enormous volumes of water the power of propagating the disease. When due regard is had to these possibilities of indirect infection, there will be no difficulty in understanding that even a single case of cholera, perhaps of the slightest degree, and perhaps quite unsuspected in its neighborhood, may, if local circumstances coöperate, exert a terribly infective power on considerable masses of population.

5. It might be supposed that under those provisions of the Sanitary Act, 1866, which relate to precautions against dangerous infections of disease, security could be taken, as regards the infective discharges of cholera, against various kinds of personal conduct, which would be dangerous to the public health; above all, that,



under those provisions or otherwise, the universal disinfection of such discharges could be enforced. Undoubtedly, everything possible in this direction ought to be done, wherever a case of cholera is known to exist; too much importance cannot be attached to the precaution of thoroughly disinfecting, without delay, all discharges from the stomach and bowels of persons suffering under the disease, as well as all bedding, clothing, towels, and the like, which such discharges may have imbued; and, of course, neither choleraic discharges, nor any stops which may contain traces of them, should ever (even when supposed to be disinfected) be cast into any position from which they may get access into drinking water. The duty of observing those precautions is one which ought never to be neglected; but populations cannot prudently stake their lives on the chance that it will be completely fulfilled for them. Apart from all question of negligence, the degrees of cholera are too many, and the slight and incipient cases far too apt to escape observation, for any such defense against its infection to be more than partial. And the main object for endeavor must be to secure such local circumstances that cholera-contagium, though not disinfected, shall be unable to act extensively on the population.

6. The dangers which have to be guarded against as favoring the spread of cholera-contagium are particularly two. First, and above all, there is the danger of water supplies which are in any (even in the slightest) degree tainted by house refuse or other like kinds of filth, as where there is outflow, leakage, or filtration from sewers, house drains, privies, cesspools, foul ditches, or the like into streams, springs, wells, or reservoirs from which the supply of water is drawn, or into the soil in which the wells are situated—a danger which may exist on a small scale (but, perhaps, often repeated in the same district) at the pump or dip-well of a private house, or on a large and even vast scale in the source of supply of public water-works. And, secondly, there is the danger of breathing air which is foul with effluvia from the same sorts of impurity. Information as to the high degree in which these two dangers affect the public health in ordinary times, and as to the special importance which attaches to them at times when any diarrheal infection is likely to be introduced, has now for so many years been before the public, that the improved systems of refuse-removal and water supply by which the dangers are permanently obviated for large populations, and also the minor structural improvements by which separate households are secured against the dangers, ought long ago to have come into universal use. So far, however, as this wiser course has not been adopted, temporary security must, as far as practicable, be sought in measures of a palliative kind. (a.) Immediate and searching examination of sources of water supply should be made in all cases where the source is in any degree open to the suspicion of impurity, and the water both from private and public sources should be examined. Where pollution is discovered, everything practicable should be done to prevent the pollution from continuing, or, if this object cannot be attained to prevent the water from being drunk. (b.) Simultaneously, there should be immediate thorough removal of every sort of house-refuse and other filth which has accumulated in neglected places; future accumulations of the same sort should be prevented; attention should be given to all defects of house-drains and sinks through which offensive smells are let into houses, thorough washing and lime-washing of uncleanly premises, especially of such as are densely occupied, should be practiced again and again. (c.) Disinfection should be very freely and very frequently employed in and round about houses, wherever there are receptacles or conduits of filth, wherever there is filth-sodden porous earth, wherever anything else, in or under or about the house tends to make the atmosphere foul. In the absence of permanent safeguards no approach to security can be got without incessant cleansings and disinfections, or without extreme and constant vigilance against every possible contamination of drinking water.

7. In view of any possibility that the infection of cholera may again be present in this country, it is desirable that in each locality the public should ascertain to whom it practically has to look, in case of need, for its collective safety against such dangers as the above. The responsibility is, in a large proportion of cases, mixed. The most critical of all its branches, the responsibility of providing for the unpollutedness of water supplies, is, in many very important places, in the hands of commercial companies; and it is to be hoped that these companies, informed, as they must be, of the calamitous influence which some of their number have exerted in previous epidemics of cholera, will remember, if the disease should again be present here, that each of them, in its daily distribution of water has hundreds or even thousands of human lives in its hands. But, except to that extent, the responsibility for local defenses against the cholera, both as regards water supply and as regards local cleanliness and refuse removal, is vested in the local authorities—the sewer authorities and nuisance authorities of recent statutes. These authorities—the town councils, improvement commissioners, local district boards, boards of guardians, and select and common vestries, of their respective areas of jurisdiction—are all, either electively or directly, so constituted as to represent the will of the local rate-paying population; and each such population has had almost absolute means of deciding for itself whether the district which it inhabits shall be wholesomely or unwholesomely kept. It is greatly to be wished that the former of these alternatives had from long ago been the desire of every local constituency in the country. It may fairly be believed that in considerable parts of the country conditions favorable to the spread of cholera are far less abundant than at former times of visitation; but it is certain that in very many places the conditions of security are wholly or almost wholly absent; and it is to be hoped that, in all this large class of cases, the authorities, under present circumstances, will do everything which in

the remaining time can be done, to justify the trust reposed in them by the legislature for the protection of the public health.

8. It is important for the public very distinctly to remember that pains taken and costs incurred for the purposes to which this memorandum refers cannot in any event be regarded as wasted trouble and expense. The local conditions which would enable cholera, if imported, to spread its infection in this country are conditions which day by day, in the absence of cholera, create and spread other diseases—diseases which, as being never absent from the country, are, in the long run, far more destructive than cholera; and the sanitary improvements which would justify a sense of security against any apprehended importation of cholera would, to their extent, though cholera should never reappear in England, give amply remunerative results in the prevention of those other diseases.

By direction of the Lords of the Council,

(Signed) JOHN SIMON.

### The Coming Plague.

With long gaunt strides and solemn face, the cholera proposes to look in upon us once more after his last journey round the world, and give us a shake of his long bony skeleton fingers. We are not glad to see his old familiar face—we do not invite him to go out of his way to call upon us—in fact we would give him the cold shoulder if we could, but as he seems to be inevitable, let us make the best of it. Let us put our house in order to receive him. Let us clean up and put chloride of lime over our parlor floors, so that when the old Indian gets along here he will find us swept and garnished for an honored guest. He is like a mother-in-law or poor relation, entitled to make us an occasional visit, and when we once know that there is no escape from this visit, let us do our best to give him a cheerful welcome, and introduce him into our best society. Let us by over politeness make his stay so uncomfortable that he will not tarry long with us. This wicked old Asiatic has spent all his life in a sultry climate, amid tangled jungles and burning suns. When he gets among us our cold daily winds will strike a chill to the very marrow of his bones. He has been accustomed to live with dirty people, crowded together in narrow streets. We have no tenement houses in which to lodge him—no sweltering, festering, undrained locality where he can hide. We will drown him out with Spring Valley water—sweep him away with our west winds. Let him come—if necessary we will get up a carnival to welcome him, as the Parisians once did. We will give him an illumination and a grand procession. At all events, he need not think to frighten us, for we are up to that old trick. We learned it of him when he visited us before. Then he frightened us, and fright is his strongest weapon. We do not propose to get scared or to run, but just squarely to face him down and say to the old bugbear that we do not propose to lie down and die till we know what is the matter with us. We have one advantage over him this time. When he was in San Francisco, before it was in 1850; we were living in ships and tents, sleeping on the ground in the open air. We had just come in from long voyages around the Horn, or through the tropics or across the plains. He found us weak and feverish, and even then he only obtained a few score of victims. Now all are better prepared for him; all are clean and strong and healthy; all sleep in beds and have enough to eat, and we defy and laugh at him; he must come over land by railroad now if he gets here at all, and by the time he has crossed the plains, drank alkali water, mounted to the pure air of the Sierras, he will be about used up; besides, he is getting late, and when winter fairly sets in we will quarantine him up in the snows and freeze his very life-blood out of him. We are inclined to think, too, that this is his last journey away from home. By the time he gets back to India from this trip he will have his hands full. The English Doctors are after him all through Hindostan, and every time he goes abroad he gets weaker and weaker. This is your last visit, old fellow, so make the most of it. We are older and wiser and braver than when before you poked your dirty, hateful form among us. We will take an even bet you do not find as many victims on this trip as you voted the Bell-ringer ticket. We have beat George Gorham, and we are not afraid to tackle the cholera.

— The familiar old statistical reformer is come to us again with his figures and his philosophy. This time he is a Belgian physician, and his special horror is tobacco. With that charming disregard of sense which is so characteristic of his class, he traces the relation between the annual production of the Indian weed and the annual crop of lunatics—neglecting to include himself, however. He shows that insanity is intimately connected with the tobacco yield—grows with its growth and strengthens with its strength. His figures make it clear that there is one lunatic to twenty-eight hundred kilogrammes of the weed. We do not deny that the gentleman's figures are accurate, nor do we seek to cast discredit upon his theory, but in behalf of his co-workers in the field of cold water idiocy we beg him to go slow. If all the insanity is to be caused by tobacco, the temperance movement will have lost its most potent argument. If tipping is to be accredited with only a beggarly array of murders, knavery, orphans, dirt, general squalor and miscellaneous unpleasantness—if it can in no wise claim dominion over the wits, and is powerless to dethrone the reason, what are the temperance lecturers to do for bread-and-butter? It is hardly fair for the tobacco sharp to take the favoring breeze out of the sails of these reformatory wind-mills!

### Railway Bonds in the German Market.

The North Pacific Railway Company, whose road is now in course of construction, have put their bonds in the Frankfort market. The capitalists of Frankfort have commissioned one of their most eminent citizens, Mr. Otto Von Breitschwert, to visit America for the purpose of inspecting this road, examining the laws as applying to its bonds, etc.; also to confer with the Stockholders and Directors of the Company. While on his way hither, Mr. Otto Von B—— stopped at Duluth, on Lake Superior, at present the western terminus of the road; he was there received by the representatives of the Company, and in response to their hearty welcome, spoke thus: "I thank you for your kind remembrance of the German Press. In a Convention of German journalists, assembled at Frankfort, I had the honor to speak of the American Press. I was proud to speak in its highest praise; especially had I to eulogize its spirit of advocating assistance and subsidies to railroads. I am proud my countrymen sympathized with you during the late rebellion; the German people purchased the United States bonds during the dark days of that period, when all other European nations predicted the speedy destruction of the American Union. The German heart beats for you, and is with you in your advancements, believes in you and your institutions. What I have seen in America has astonished me. I have seen large cities built as though in a day; I have seen your magnificent rivers, upon which the unequalled product of the land is transported; I have seen the marvelous works of a most ingenious people; I have studied your administration, which is new in the history of nations, being the direct exponent of the free will of the people. I have studied your whole system of government, and in its liberal and expansive nature and capacity, have discovered the key to that mystery of the marshaling from the ranks of peaceful citizens in an incredibly short time one of the mightiest armies the world ever saw; while in contrast, we, of the German Fatherland, are compelled to be both citizens and soldiers." Mr. Otto Von Breitschwert is at present in San Francisco. We trust his report as Commissioner from the Frankfort capitalists will be succeeded by a speedy completion of the Great Northern Pacific Railroad.—*Translated from the Abend Post.*

— The other day a man named Harris persuaded his wife to go to the market for a steak, and took a mean advantage of her absence by blowing the top of his head off. The incident was related in the newspapers of course—as it never should have been. "Why?" We will show you why: The next morning the *Town Crier* picked up his regular *Alta*, and unsuspiciously read that item aloud, little thinking of the effect upon the mind of his wife, who seemed to have her whole soul absorbed in various nameless household cares. All that day she was thoughtful and reticent. Next morning, when the *Town Crier* arose, there was no breakfast prepared. There was a howling fire in the range, and the plates were laid, but there was nothing to eat. Just as the *T. C.* was about to remonstrate with an ax-handle, the angel of the fireside appeared, hooded and shawled, with a market basket on her arm. "*Toonie*, dear," said she, "there isn't a bite of meat in the house. I'm going to market, and it is uncertain when I shall return. Good bye, darling, you have been a good drinker, and may God reward you for it!" And with a meaning look she laid a loaded Derringer on the sideboard and went out. Then, for the first time in twenty-four hours, the *T. C.* thought of the poor fellow who had shot the top of his head off. It was intended that he should think of him.

— Heaven help us! the *Bulletin* is inaugurating another European war. It has the plans already well matured, and the contest is to be commensurate with their magnitude. Beside this gigantic unpleasantness, the late bickering between Germany and France is to appear an interchange of courtesies. Let the *Bulletin* reflect before it plunges Europe into a comprehensive riot. If it cannot remove the firebrand from its tail, let it not jump recklessly into the standing grain of the old world, but limit its incendiary energy to the dry stubble of local politics. Let it not without provocation smite the European Philistines with its jawbone! Does our neighbor remember what he was doing a little more than a year ago? Do you, *Bulletin*? "No!" Sir, you were hotly conducting an European war. You were leading the hosts of France across the Rhine, to despoil the villages and the fair fields of Germany. You were planning countless battles upon Prussian soil. You were dictating terms of peace to the prostrate Teut, and counseling the fiery Gaul to moderation. Dear *Bulletin*, will you be warned not to meddle with European politics, and inaugurate European wars, or will you compel us to make you the laughing stock of the town by reprinting your editorials of a year ago? There is matter here, neighbor, for serious reflection.

— Mrs. Cassandra Holland, who died last month in Maryland, was one hundred and sixteen years of age. From the great number of these very mature persons who have lately been dropping off, we infer that the Angel of Death has, for some years, been shirking his duty, and has recently received an intimation that he would better sober up and get to work. For our own part, we have no objection to his "loafing about the Throne,"—along with the other feathered idlers, winged inutilities, flying Dutchmen, chicken-women, etc.



### Shapes of a Soul.

White with the starlight folded in its wings,  
 And nestling timidly against your love,  
 At this soft time of hush'd and glimmering things,  
 You call my soul a dove, a snowy dove.  
 If I shall ask you in some shining hour,  
 When bees and odors through the clear air pass,  
 You'll say my soul buds as a small flush'd flower,  
 Far off, half-hiding, in the old home-grass.  
 Ah, pretty names for pretty moods; and you,  
 Who love me, such sweet shapes as these can see;  
 But, take it from its sphere of bloom and dew,  
 And where will then your bird or blossom be?  
 Could you but see it, by life's torrid light,  
 Crouch in its sands and glare with fire-red wrath,  
 My soul would seem a tiger, fierce and bright,  
 Among the trembling passions in its path.  
 And, could you sometimes watch it coil and slide,  
 And drag its colors through the dust awhile,  
 And hiss its poison under-foot, and hide,  
 My soul would seem a snake—Ah, do not smile!  
 Yet fiercer forms and darker it can wear;  
 No matter, though, when these are of the past,  
 If as a lamb in the Good Shepherd's care  
 By the still waters it lie down at last.

### Remarkable Invention.

In the London central telegraph station one of the most important duties to be performed is that of collecting, numbering and re-distributing the messages which are received from and for every conceivable place in the United Kingdom and abroad. A message, for instance, from Brighton would be received in the new or west wing of the building, and if for Leeds or Bradford, or Edinburgh or Glasgow, would have to be carried by hand into the main portion of the "provincial gallery"—a distance probably of fifty yards; and in the same way messages from the whole of the south or west of England, for the northern and midland counties, for Scotland, Ireland and the metropolis would have to be carried or blown by pneumatic agency from one portion to another. To remedy this as much as possible there has just been introduced into the Central Telegraph Station a most interesting and ingenious adaptation of the system of feeding and delivering from a newspaper printing machine. Sets of endless tapes revolving in pulleys, and arranged so as to snatch the unfolded message form firmly between them have been fitted between the different floors and rooms of the building, and are now in full operation for the purpose of collecting and re-distributing telegrams. The rotary motion is constant and unremitting, so that the tapes are available for carrying in either direction, and as rapidly as the messages can be fed into them. The great advantage over hand collecting is that the service is continuous, and that messages, instead of being allowed to accumulate in lots of three and four are sent in singly, one after another, as fast as they reach the feeding table. The facility with which the tapes snatch up the messages, and the precision with which they deliver them is truly remarkable; while the constant stream of messages up, down, across, and overhead is a very interesting and pretty sight. The working cost is merely nominal, power being derived from an engine already in use in connection with the pneumatic system, and from the peculiar motion of the tapes they, so to speak, act the part of driving bands, and are thus to a large extent self-sustaining.

— It is with deep and universal regret that we announce the death of our esteemed fellow-citizen, Dr. Livingstone. This melancholy event has come upon the country like a thunderbolt out of a clear sky. Had the doctor borne a charmed life his death could not have provoked greater astonishment and vexation. Up to yesterday noon, the village physician at Ijiji was perfectly confident that he would recover, although the pestilential climate of Soudan had considerably worried him, and had proved fatal to his faithful and attached hippopotamus. At about one o'clock, however, he began to fail rapidly, and by five there was nothing left of him at Ijiji, though he was still prevalent in several regions to the southward, and the vicinity of Gebel-el-Cumri was pervaded with him in considerable quantity. But by seven, advices came from Dahomey that he was dead in that section, by eight he had perished all along the upper Nile, by nine had faded and gone from Beled-el-Jered, and before daylight this morning the returns were all in, and Dr. Livingstone, the great African explorer, was no more forever! The obsequies will take place at Booriboola-Gha as soon as all the remains can be concentrated at that point. In its deep affliction science has our heartiest sympathy, and we cheerfully condole with everybody.



### Indecent Journalism.

We propose to say a few plain words to that portion of the inhabitants of San Francisco who preserve the outward forms of common decency concerning the streams of unpleasantness that are flowing daily through their families in the channels furnished by our two minor dailies. (We believe that is the correct expression to be used when one wishes to allude to the *Call* and *Chronicle* without being coarsely direct.) Two years ago the *Call* was a harmless, imbecile sort of publication, provoking no deeper feeling in the community than indifference, while the natural tendency of the *Chronicle* to obscenity was restrained by the numerous prosecutions, fines and imprisonments to which the editor of the *Mazeppa* (another indecent sheet) was subjected. About a year ago, however, the editor of that paper was shot and dangerously wounded, and was afterward compelled to suspend his publication, since which time the *Chronicle*, followed closely by its imitator, the *Call*, has been descending, weekly, toward the level occupied by the departed iniquity, until it is a matter of surprise that the law for the suppression of improper publications has not been put in force against it. We are well aware that the publication of these facts will have a tendency to increase the circulation of the journals in question, on the Barbary Coast and in other places inhabited by a similar class of persons, and as that is the kind of patronage for which they are evidently striving, we trust that, should they receive a sudden accession to their subscription list from those quarters, their gratitude to the *News Letter* will be proportionate. The proprietors of these papers publish every Sunday what they facetiously call a family edition. For example, the *Chronicle* of the last two or three Sundays contains the following choice selections, to be read immediately after family prayers, we presume: "A Modest Policeman in an Embarrassing Situation," "Dr. Mary Walker's Breeches," "Babyless Wives," "Free Love in Pioche," "Meditations of an Eccentric Grass Widow on Embroidered Chemises," "A Pig Baby" (a sickening article), "Seduction," "Chloroform," "Stomach Pumps," "Rape by a Negro," etc. While the *Call*, less prurient but more sensational, presented to our wives and daughters, "Pictures of Misery and Crime," "A Haunted House," "A Fatal Quarrel," "On the Town," "A Deadly Hearing," and so on, column after column, *ad nauseam*; a single page of the issue of August 18th being graced with the following sensational headings: "A Dreadful Death," "A Baby Dies of Hydrophobia," "Barks Like a Dog," "Foams at the Mouth," "A Horrible Story," "A Fearful Tragedy," "A Fiendish Murder," "An Infant Burned Up in a Kitchen Stove," "A Child Killed by its Father," "A Much Abused Man" (very coarse); "A Wounded Lunatic," etc. Nice page, don't it? We say nothing of the bosh which appears in their columns concerning the dress and appearance of our citizens, as it is not positively vicious, but simply silly, its worst effect being to subject the persons so written about to the suspicion of being acquaintances of the writers. Much of the twaddle relative to family matters that finds its way into their columns might be prevented from appearing, if ladies and gentlemen would take steps to prevent their servants from becoming intimate with the reporters. A newspaper that gives daily the minute details of domestic iniquity does much to encourage that iniquity. Such a sheet is a most active promoter of the devilish schemes of the libertine. The procuress finds in it an efficient ally. It provides quack doctors with our sons as patients (or victims). It increases the patronage of the gambling halls which are so minutely described (and located) in its columns. Its colored and graphic descriptions of the career of forgers, thieves and murderers of our sons. It is a pestilence, surcund deadly in the bosom of our families, reaching the innermost sanctity of our homes; and we tell you, the public, that you know these things as well as we, and that you will read these words and go placidly on devouring the vile stuff just as usual. Because you, the said public, "are an ass." CLERICUS.

— At Woodward's Gardens there are on exhibition some Fijian cannibals—savage, black-looking fellows, who sing their native war-songs with a strong Jewish accent that curdles the blood of the auditor with mortal terror. It is positively alarming to observe the carelessness with which people expose their clean, fat young within easy reach of these reckless anthropophagi. The other day we noticed a gentleman who not only permitted his little man-child to play about their feet, but even encouraged him in this dangerous familiarity. He appeared to think himself unobserved, and if we could have imagined a motive, we should have thought he was just trying to see how much temptation the average cannibal will stand. He not only threw bon-bons among them and tempted the child to creep after the unaccustomed sweets, but once or twice, when with an instinctive sense of danger it started to retreat, he cautiously reached out his foot and pushing the innocent back, turned away and became all at once profoundly absorbed in the study of a crucified beetle on the wall. We don't know why these cannibals did not eat that baby, but they did not. They looked, however, as if they would like to sell the inhuman father a suit of cheap clothing, and we think the unnatural villain richly deserved that they should.

— A Roman monk has been condemned to twenty years of hard labor. *Zaborare est orare*, good brother; thou shalt pray some of the accretions of meditative piety off thy holy bones, and shalt emerge from thine orisons a leaner and a wiser man.

### Prosperity.

I doubt if the maxims the Stoic adduces,  
 Be true in the main when they state  
 That our nature's improved by adversity's uses,  
 And spoil by a happier fate.  
 The heart that is tried by misfortune and pain,  
 Self-reliance and patience may learn;  
 Yet worn by long waiting and wishing in vain,  
 It often grows callous and stern.  
 But the heart that is softened by ease and contentment,  
 Feels warmly and kindly t'wards all;  
 And its charity, soured by no moody resentment,  
 Embraces alike great and small.  
 So, although in the season of rain storms and showers,  
 The tree may strike deeper its roots,  
 It needs the warm brightness of sunny hours  
 To ripen the blossoms and fruit. — *Chambers' Journal.*

### The New Loan of the United States.

The Secretary of the Treasury has by the following circular revoked the authority given to the agents heretofore appointed to receive subscriptions for Four per cent. and Four and One-Half per cent. Bonds in combination with the Five per cents:

TREASURY DEPARTMENT, Washington, D. C., August 14th, 1871.

I have deemed it advisable, upon further consideration, to withdraw the loan for the present from the market, with the exception of the five per cent. bonds as offered to the national banks by the circular letter of the Secretary of the Treasury, dated 10th inst. This communication relates to the four per cent. and the four and a half per cent. bonds in combination with the five per cent. bonds.

GEORGE S. BOUTWELL, Secretary of the Treasury.

To the Agents designated by the Secretary of the Treasury to negotiate the new loan.

We now annex the names composing the American Syndicate, coöperating with Messrs. Jay Cooke & Co., and also a number of those in the European Syndicate (received by Cable), to which will be added, by mail, several important firms, whose subscriptions are telegraphed in the aggregate. The American Syndicate is composed of: Jay Cooke & Co., New York, Philadelphia and Washington; Fisk & Hatch, Vermilye & Co., J. W. Seligman & Co., Henry Clews & Co., Leonard, Sheldon & Foster, First National Bank and Fourth National Bank, New York; First National Bank, Philadelphia; First National Bank, Washington. And this Syndicate subscribes now for Ten Millions in new five per cent. bonds.

The European names, so far, are the following: Jay Cooke, McCulloch & Co., R. Raphael & Sons, Bischoffsheim & Goldschmit, Louis Cohen & Sons, Clews, Habicht & Co., Speyer Brothers, Seligman Brothers, the Anglo Hungarian Bank, P. Cazenove & Co., Samuel Montague & Sons, Foster & Braithwaite and Satterthwaite & Co., London; Seligman & Stutheimer, L. Speyer Ellison, and Emil Erlanger & Co., Frankfort-on-the-Main; Lippman, Rosenthal & Co., and Wertheim & Gompertz, Amsterdam; Behrens & Sons, Hamburg; John Monroe & Co., and Andrews & Co., Paris; Oppenheim, Errera & Co., Brussels; and S. Bleichroeder, Berlin.

The subscription of this European Syndicate is for Fifteen millions. With the subscriptions of these Syndicates, and the Twenty Millions taken from his surplus Gold, the Secretary will be able to announce his readiness to redeem Forty-five Millions of Five-Twenties of 1862, at par and interest; the interest ceasing according to law ninety days after designation for payment.

— Your journalist, particularly your peripatetic, gossipy correspondent, is exceedingly fond of describing the differences between the ladies of different cities. He points out with exact minuteness wherein the female of Baltimore varies from the female of Boston, and the particulars in which she of New York is unlike her of San Francisco or Chicago. There is no evil in this kind of acuteness; while one is noting the discrepancies between women he is not stealing, nor plundering on the high seas, nor murdering his aged mother, nor running for office. He ought, therefore, to be encouraged in unfolding and developing his harmless philosophy; albeit, it is like the game of chess or "Pussy-wants-a-corner"—a merely intellectual recreation. The truth is, women of the same station, from Maine to Texas, and from Florida to Washington Territory, are as like as young rats. They are all of a kind; and although in divers particulars objectionable, are, upon the whole, endurable. Anyhow they are unavoidable.

— We are told that there is nothing made in vain. But how about a pretty young girl? Isn't she maiden vain?

### Storm Freaks Abroad.

A correspondent of the London *Graphic* says: "Some of the pranks played by dame nature during the recent thunder storms deserves to be placed on record. In one of the Scottish sea coast towns a shower of fish fell. The theory is that they had been taken up in a water spout and driven ashore by the wind. At a village in Leicestershire a cow was shot dead by thunderstone. The projectile was found beneath the animal's hide after death. On an island in Loch Lomond, a forrester was striding among a flock of sheep, which had taken shelter beneath some trees, when he heard a terrific crash, and at the same instant was almost blinded by a flood of intensely bright light. On recovering himself, he found that two of the trees between which he was passing were shattered to splinters, and twelve of the sheep lay dead. Personally he was unharmed. In a Nottinghamshire hamlet, an old agricultural laborer and his wife were sitting in the chimney corner, when a "streak" of lightning poured down the chimney, taking off the old man's right whisker as cleanly and as harmlessly as if he had been shaved there, but completely withering the old lady's left hand. In another case the lightning got into a clock store-room. Every clock in the room was stopped, and while many were shattered to pieces, the hands and some of the other metal work of two or three were literally melted by the subtle electric stream. The store-room itself, it should be stated, was riven obliquely from top to bottom on one side. A sewer running from Ashton and passing under the Manchester, Sheffield and Lincolnshire railway, between Guide Bridge and Dunkinfield, was so charged by the rainfall that it burst and caused a subsidence in the permanent way, which would no doubt have resulted in painfully fatal consequences but for the accidental discovery of the mischief by a laborer who was trespassing on the line by way of finding a short cut home from his work. He was the means of stopping a heavily-laden passenger train half a mile before it reached a chasm in the line, twelve feet deep and several feet in width.

### Buying and Selling in Madrid.

The following is the way they buy and sell in Madrid, if a correspondent tells the truth: A nut-brown maid is attracted by a brilliant red and yellow scarf. She asks the sleepy merchant, nodding before his wares, "What is this rag worth?" He answers with profound indifference, "Ten reals."

"Hombre! Are you dreaming or crazy?" She drops the coveted neck-gear and moves on, apparently horror-stricken.

The shopman calls her back peremptorily. "Don't be rash. The scarf is worth twenty reals, but for the sake of Santissima Maria, I offered it to you for half price. Very well. You are not suited. What will you give?"

"Caramba! Am I buyer and seller as well? The thing is worth three reals; more is a robbery."

"Jesu! Maria! Jose! and all the family! Go thou with God! We cannot trade. Sooner than sell for less than eight reals I shall raise the cover of my brains! Go thou. It is eight of the morning, and still thou dreamest."

She lay down the scarf reluctantly, saying, "Five?" But the outraged mercer snorts scornfully, "Eight is my last word. Go to!"

She moves away, thinking how well that scarf would look in the Apollo Gardens, and casts over her shoulder a Parthian glance, and bids, "Six!"

"Take it! It is madness, but I cannot waste my time in bargaining."

Both congratulate themselves on the operation. He would have taken five, and she would have given seven. How trade would suffer if we had windows in our breasts.

### A Hopeful Scheme.

A brace of big chiefs of the Snake Indians have been in town, and are making the grand tour of the State. California's matchless climate and marvellous soil are said to have received their highest encomiums, and they are confident that directly they make known the unrivaled attractions of this State, the Snakes will immigrate hither in swarms. A movement is on foot among some of our first citizens to organize an association to pay their expenses to San Francisco and sell Government lands to them when they shall arrive. This Society will incorporate to-day, and will be called the Snake Charmer. We wish it a long lease of active usefulness, and shall aspire to be its organ. Monsieur Berton, Vice Consul of the French Commune at Sacramento, has been picked out for President, and the Emperor Norton is favored for Secretary. A keno game will be set up to further the objects of the association: one object being to assist the wealthy Snakes with good advice as to the status of our various mining enterprises, so that they may intelligently invest their beads and tobacco. But, Lord! how we do run on—and how Mons. Berton is about to run off.

— A broker named Critcher having mysteriously disappeared, and being a defaulter to a considerable amount, it has been ingeniously suggested that it would be an act of humanity to drag the bay for his body. We think a more effective measure would be to put a pinch of salt upon his coat-tail.

**Margate.**

I hail once more  
The margate shore  
All sprinkled o'er  
    With dippers,  
Machines in rows,  
And belles and beaux,  
And those—ah, those  
    Buff slippers!  
The gorgeous "togs,"  
The "jolly dogs,"  
The synagogues's  
    Attendants,  
With matrons there  
With jewels rare,  
Who brooches wear,  
    And pendants!  
The baths, the shops,  
The girls, the fops,

The lollipops,  
    The winks.  
The gulls that glide  
Above the tide,  
As there outside  
    It twinkles!  
My sweet retreat  
With joy complete  
Again I greet,  
    O, Margate!  
And London cares,  
And life's affairs,  
And scrip and shares,  
And bulls and bears,  
My muse forswears,  
And even dares—  
Though Rhyme despairs—  
    Objargate!

**The "News Letter" Abroad.**

As one evidence of the wide-spread circulation of our paper in all quarters of the world, we may mention that we are in constant receipt of orders from the principal cities of South America, more particularly Valparaiso, Callao, and Lima. Gentlemen who have visited these cities and returned, and through whom, for the most part, the orders are conveyed, inform us that the *News Letter* is the only journal mentioned where reference is made to the newspaper press of San Francisco. Americans find in it a freshness entirely foreign to the heavy dailies; and Englishmen do not hesitate to admit—although ignorant of our local matters—that the treatment of various topics is, in witty pungency, superior to the style of their best periodicals. Even English-speaking German and French residents hail the *News Letter* as a favorite. Of course this paragraph will be thought a little too florid in our own behalf; but our readers will please bear in mind that what we say is but the substance of conversations had with visitors who have called at this office, and who are disinterested enough to simply state facts of which they are cognizant. Under these circumstances we may be excused for feeling a little self-complacency.

[Let us add to these gratifying encomiums that they are from one who has just returned from South America, and who, from his gifted intelligence, is entitled to implicit belief. His long residence here, and his relations with our influential press, must satisfy every one the *News Letter* is not self-eulogistic.]

**The Washington Treaty.**

The Washington treaty is referred to in the Queen's speech, delivered at the prorogation of the British Parliament on Monday last, as follows: "With special satisfaction I refer on the present occasion to our relations with the United States. By the treaty of Washington modes of settlement have been fixed for several questions which have long remained in dispute, my communications with the American Government not being without promise of advantage to other countries. The President has concurred with me in the application of that principle of amicable reference which is proclaimed by the treaty of Paris, which I rejoice to have the opportunity of recommending by example; and we have also agreed in the adoption of certain rules for guiding the maritime conduct of neutrals which may, I trust, ere long, obtain general recognition and form a valuable addition to the code of international law. I place full reliance upon the disposition of the Americans to carry forward with cordiality and zeal the subsidiary arrangements which have been determined on for the execution of the treaty. I shall apprise the Parliament of Canada that the provisions which require its consent are, in my view, highly conducive to the interests of the Dominion—on these provisions, however, that Parliament will pass independent and final judgment."

— A female, who, as nearly as we can at this moment recollect, is named Laura D. Fair Gordon, is running for the Legislature somewhere in the San Joaquin country, and a contemporary shallowly remarks that we shall soon have a woman seeking election to the Presidency. Victoria C. Woodhull already strives for that distinction, but as the Constitution expressly stipulates that the President shall be thirty-five years of age, it is extremely improbable that any lady in whom the womanly instinct is strong will ever confess to being qualified.

— The Queen, the Prince, and the Princess Royal of Denmark, with the King of Greece, have gone on a visit to the Princess of Wales.



### Court Chat.

— One of the most touching incidents of the late war has yet to be recorded. When the Prince de Salm-Salm returned to Europe after the death of the Emperor Maximilian at Queretaro, the Archduchess Sophia appointed the Princess to an official post at Schonbrunn. The Princess soon became the bosom friend and companion of the Archduchess, who still refuses to be comforted for the loss of her favorite son. The Prince meanwhile had joined the army and fell at Gravelotte. The Princess, although entirely deprived of all fortune by the deplorable event of Mexico, and wholly dependent on the bounty of the Archduchess, hesitated not to sacrifice the sum of 5,000 francs—all she possessed—to recover her husband's remains. The watch, the signal of recognition of the body, besides the usual tokens of uniform and accoutrements, was of peculiar make—a present from the Emperor Maximilian, and of pure Mexican gold, to which was attached a chain of the same material, with a locket containing a small photographic portrait of the Princess, with the initials of husband and wife, and the motto, four times repeated, "For ever mine," in German, English, French, and Spanish. For a considerable time no hope was entertained for the recovery of the body, when at last the five thousand francs reward was claimed by a certain peasant of Gravelotte, who had discovered the body of an officer in uniform, too much decomposed, however, to be recognizable, but in whose pocket the watch was found with a portion of the chain still attached. The printed description distributed all over the country had made it familiar enough to the inhabitants. The reward was cheerfully paid, although the chain was broken and the locket with the Princess' likeness was gone. The body was brought to Vienna and there interred with all due reverence, and the Princess de Salm-Salm went to pray each day beside the tomb. Last week intelligence arrived from the Mayor of Gravelotte declaring that the real body of the Prince de Salm had been found in a little wood on the hill beside the battle field, and as proof of the identity, in spite of the utter impossibility of recognition, the pocket-book, marked with the Prince's cypher, containing several letters addressed to him by the Princess, were discovered beside him, and the remnants of a gold chain, to which was attached the locket containing the portrait of the Princess, were found still clutched in the grasp of the skeleton fingers of the corpse! The announcement has produced the greatest sensation in Vienna, and the supposition is that the watch must have been found in the possession of a robber, and that the Prince had succeeded in tearing the portrait from his grasp.

— The *Court Circular* relates the following anecdote respecting a noble lady, who "is young, beautiful and good:" During the Army Bill debate her noble husband, who is as proud and fond of her as he should be, was just about to rise and deliver a violent attack upon something or somebody, when a telegram was put into his hands. He read it, turned pale, and quitted the House: called a cab, drove to the Charing Cross Station, and went to Dover, and was no more heard of until the next day, when he returned to his own home, and to his first inquiry was told the countess was in her own room. He hastened to her, and a terrific row ensued, the exact words of which no one knows but themselves. At last, however, he burst out, "Then, what did you mean by your telegram?" "Mean! what I said, of course. What are you talking about?" "Read it for yourself," returned the still unappeased husband. She did read: "I flee with Mr. — to Dover straight. Pray for me." For a moment she was startled, but then burst into a hearty fit of laughter. "Those dreadful telegraph people! No wonder you are out of your mind. I telegraphed simply, 'I flee with Mrs. — in Dover street. Stay for me.' His lordship was so savage at the laugh he had raised against himself, that he was at first inclined to make a parliamentary question of it, but listening to more judicious advice refrained.

— It is now confidently asserted that the Marquis of Lorn and the Princess Louisa will not only make a visit to the New Dominion, but take up their residence there for a lengthened period. At Ottawa the residence of the Governor General is being prepared for their reception. We have no doubt that the young people will find themselves very happy among the Canadian people. There is but small chance of their being treated as they and their brothers were treated in Dublin. Unless we greatly mistake, it may be found that there is as much loyalty throughout the Dominion as there is throughout the British Isles—as much in Ottawa as in London. In the Dominion, where Scotsmen abound and where Campbells are numerous, the Marquis is sure to be popular; and most assuredly his young wife, for her own sake, and for the sake of her mother, will not be neglected. It was hinted some time ago that Prince Arthur might be appointed Governor General of Canada. Is it not just as likely that the Marquis of Lorn may be appointed to that high office? We wish the young people a pleasant time.

— The marriage of the Princess Mary of Holland and the Prince of Wied has already been announced by telegraph. A letter in the Paris *Constitutionnel* gives some family details of the happy couple. The Princess is thirty years old, and the Prince twenty-five. The bride is heiress to one of the largest fortunes in Europe, and, like Mlle. de Montpensier formerly, had been asked for in marriage by all the lackland Princes of both hemispheres. The Princess, we are told, is an excellent musician and a capital cook; she not only played the organ during a part of the marriage ceremony, but made her own wedding cake.

— The Marquis of Lorn has promised to preside at the 207th anniversary festival of the Scottish Corporation, which will take place at the Freemason's Tavern on St. Andrew's Day.

### China Trade Returns.

The "Returns of Trade at the Treaty Ports of China for 1870" appear most opportunely at the time when the Treaty rights of foreigners are menaced, though only indirectly, by the recent circular of the Chinese Government. It may be reasonably hoped that the American and English public will be awakened to a sense of the great value of trade with China. The first table shows that the imports into what we may fairly term "Free China" have risen from fifty-one million taels in 1864 to sixty-nine million taels in 1870. In the same six years the exports advanced from fifty-four million to sixty-one million taels. The Customs revenue has risen from eight and a half millions in 1866 to nine and a half in 1870. The table of the annual value of the trade with each country speaks even more eloquently of the growing importance of commerce in the Far East. English imports are shown to have more than doubled themselves in value in six years; while exports have fallen off nearly 20 per cent. in the same time. The Chinese are therefore twice as good customers to foreigners as they were six years ago, and we are considerably less good customers than we were to them at that time. Can anything speak more forcibly in favor of our maintaining Treaty rights inviolate than such figures as these, which prove that the advantages of communication and trade is more appreciated by the Chinese than by ourselves? All the animosity and special pleading of the Mandarins cannot get over the hard dry facts of the statistics before us. We hope the lesson they read will not be lost on the Government, and that they will not fail to see that any concession of our Treaty rights would not only inevitably plunge us into war, and exercise a prejudicial influence on trade, but that it would be absolutely totally opposed to the wishes of the Chinese people themselves, who are most anxious and ready to encourage the import of our manufactures.—*China Express*.

### About Dogs.

Of a Newfoundland dog, purchased by his father, and of a smaller one bred in the house, the Rev. S. Drew used to relate the following story: The dairy was under a room which was used occasionally as a barn and for apples, into which the fowls sometimes found their way; and in scratching among the chaff, scattered the dust into the pans of milk below, to the great annoyance of the rev. gentleman's mother-in-law. In this a favorite cock of hers was the chief transgressor. One day in harvest she went into the dairy, followed by the little dog, and finding dust again thrown into the milk-pans, exclaimed, "I wish that cock was dead!" Not long after, she being with others of the family in the harvest field, they observed the little dog dragging along the cock just killed, which, with an air of triumph, he laid at the feet of Mrs. Drew. Highly exasperated at the literal fulfillment of her hastily-uttered wish, she snatched a stick from the hedge and attempted to give the dog a beating. The luckless animal, seeing the reception he was likely to meet with, when he expected to receive marks of approbation, left the bird and ran off, she brandishing her stick and saying in a loud and angry tone, "I'll pay thee for this by and by." In the evening, when about to put this threat into execution, she found the little dog established in one corner of the room, and the large one standing before it. She endeavored to make the large dog get out of her way, but he plainly gave her to understand that he was not at all disposed to relinquish his post. She then tried to get at the little dog behind him, but the threatening gesture and fiercer growl of the large one sufficiently indicated that the attempt would be not a little perilous. The result was that she was obliged to abandon her design.

### Change of London Agents for the United States.

WASHINGTON, August 31st.—It is officially announced that Clews, Habricht & Co., London, have been appointed official agents for the United States Government for all foreign countries, which agency has heretofore been held by Baring Bros. for thirty years past, having been given them after the negotiation of the Ashburton treaty, out of compliment to Lord Ashburton, who was then a member of the firm. The change is now made to recognize the services of the house of Henry Clews & Co. in behalf of the Government in its financial measures in the past, and to reward its own citizens by preference over foreign competitors when its own interests will be equally well served. The details were arranged to-day, a deposit having been made yesterday.

— Wonder if Demosthenes used to imprecate any in Greek, and if in the gloom of Hades his shade retains that unhappy habit. If so, he must wax eloquently profane as he is favored by some newly arrived San Franciscan with a copy of the *Demosthenic Monthly*. It very nearly makes us blasphemers!

— In the Fifteenth District Court is pending a case entitled Catharine Hoggs vs. Albert F. Hoggs. Such swinishness is grievous for to see. Why can't these piggs dwell peacefully together like other Christians? It makes us ashamed of our species.

**One Swallow Maketh not a Summer.**

Did she give a tender glance	Did she call thee fond or dear,
When thy tongue refused to speak?	Sitting dreamily alone?
Let it not thy bliss enhance,	Drive the echo from thine ear,
Nor for future glances seek;	Be not tricked by one sweet tone;
One such look from maiden's eye	One such whisper does not prove
Is no pledge of constancy.	That she yields thee all her love.

Did she heave a deep-drawn sigh	
When thou had'st a sad farewell?	
Did a tear-drop dim her eye?	
Yield not to the potent spell;	
One such tear or ling'ring sigh	
Prove not she will love for aye.	

—Dark Blue Magazine.

W. J. STEWART.

**Book Notices.**

**HOURS OF EXERCISE IN THE ALPS.** By Professor John Tyndall. Published by Appleton & Co., New York; A. Roman & Co., San Francisco.

One of the most charming books of the season is Professor Tyndall's last work, "Hours of Exercise in the Alps." It is a collection of a series of articles, most of which have already appeared in print in England, on mountaineering, and some chapters on scientific subjects. The narratives are told in a straightforward, easy, agreeable way, with every now and then a scrap of romance, a passing thought on religion, a bit of verse, or a dash of metaphysics, and are full of a certain manliness which must always be the chief charm of a book of adventures. The work embraces all of Professor Tyndall's explorations and observations in the Alps from 1857 to 1869, with graphic accounts of the assault of the Matterhorn, and the expeditions in which the celebrated guide Bensen lost his life, and it is scarcely too much to say that "Hours of Exercise in the Alps" is the best and will be the most popular account yet given of explorations in that region.

**THE LAST OF THE ALDINI.** By George Sand. Published by Peterson & Co., Philadelphia; A. Roman & Co., San Francisco.

This work has none of the peculiar charm of "Consuelo," the dramatic interest of "The Snow Man," nor yet the pathos of "La Petite Fadette." In fact it is very far inferior to most of Madame Sand's writings; and without one has a long life before them, and much time to waste, we should scarcely advise a perusal of "The Last of the Aldini."

**OLD AND NEW.** For August. Published monthly by Robert Bros., Boston.

Although published at the "Hub," this new magazine seems more liberal in its inclinations than the generality of Boston publications, as we notice among the contributors to the present number Edward Pollard, Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, James Freeman Clarke, Edward Hale, and the tone of the articles is a decided relief from the everlasting Yankee glorification of the *Atlantic Monthly*.

**MORE HAPPY THOUGHTS.** By F. C. Berman. Published by Robert Bros., Boston; A. Roman & Co., San Francisco.

We think it a pity that Mr. Burnan should have published "More Happy Thoughts." We were so well satisfied and delighted with "Happy Thoughts," that we now rise from the feast—a very good feast, too—feeling that we have had too much, and that this last work is something of a burden, like the Scriptural grasshopper. However, to searchers after small talk, and for a hasty glance in railway or steamboat, we think it will prove acceptable.

— Dr. Darwin, the great magnetic healer, whose method of treatment consists simply in "bringing into action the potent elements of nature and the recuperative forces of the system," confesses that he cannot cure *all* diseases. Then we don't want him round. The potent elements and recuperative forces are no better than quinine and ipecacuanha if they won't do their work any better. It pains us to say it, but Dr. Darwin is unquestionably a humbug who has yet to learn the rudiments of his art.

— A murderer, who was to have been throttled last Thursday at San Leandro, has been reprieved by the Governor till the 22d inst.—after election. The delay was granted to give opportunity for looking into the case; that is, the crime was committed to obtain possession of a gun, and the Chief Magistrate would like to ascertain if it were a rifle or a shotgun. This doubt having been solved by the State election, Mr. Amador will be hoisted skyward without any further nonsense.

— Lady Guinness, wife of Sir A. Guinness, has been the belle of the Lord Mayor's ball in Dublin. Her ladyship wore diamonds to the value of £20,000.



### Curious Tax Case.

A curious case has arisen in the county of Donegal, Ireland. Off the shores of that county is a small island called Tory Island, the surface of which is estimated in the acreage of the county, and consequently returned to pay a certain proportion of county cess; but the men of Tory Island will not pay county cess: They frightened a collector nearly out of his senses the other day, who ventured out to them in a boat with summonses and receipts. The poor man gave a dreadful account of them to the grand jury of Donegal. "They buy nothing from the mainland, they have no minister of religion, they are semi-barbarians and savages, and they will not pay county cess," which last seems to be the climax of their iniquity. "It would take 1,000 military and police to collect the cess there," said one of the grand jury. The end is that the aid of the Government is to be sought to compel these wild fishermen to submit to fiscal civilization and pay up their cess. As these primitive islanders have no country roads or country bridges, no court-houses, police, nor military, it seems rather hard to make them pay county cess, especially when the cost of collecting it will far exceed the return, to say nothing of the danger to any bailiff who ventures amongst them. They govern themselves in their own way, and nothing is heard of thefts or assassinations amongst them. They receive no benefit from their nominal connection with the county of Donegal, and they do not wish their poor island to be taxed for public works they never see.

### Where and How to Die.

For my own part, one ditch I know from which, methinks, the soul might pass more sweetly into the arms of the waiting angel than from any other spot of earth. On a hillside that slopes to the western sea; beneath an old stone-dyke, stone first, but now hardly to be known for such at any time, the mosses, green, and yellow, and purple, and the scented bracken, and the blaeberrys with their tender sprigs, have so covered it, and in the summer time, when it is gay with tall foxglove and tufted meadow-sweet, and the low plants blush with fairy plums, more like a hedge of flowers—under the shadow of this lies my ditch, growing full of heather, and lying there you may look far away to the islands in the horizon, and hear nothing, at noisiest midday or at quietest sun-set, but the sea, and the cry of the mountain birds, and the faint sigh of the wind in the flowers above. Lying there at twilight, I have seen in the western clouds such things as nowhere else may be seen—the vales of Avalon, the towers of the New Jerusalem—and I think it would be an easy death, stretched out on the ling, with the same sea-breezes that rocked me in my cradle to rock me to my grave, and that sea-whispered song to be my last, as it was my first, lullaby.—"On the Advantages of Dying in a Ditch," in the Dark Blue.

— It is pleasant to observe that our old friend, the "pestilence fly," has not forgotten us this season. He has appeared in some quantity at New York, and is spreading. To those who do not chance to be familiar with popular entomology it may be necessary to explain that the "pestilence fly" is a forefrier of epidemics—a pilot-fish to the shark cholera—a flying John the Baptist, crying in the wilderness "prepare ye the way of the plague." He is now upon his regular annual visit.

— The bonework of the whale recently stranded on the beach is being wired together for exhibition. The owners secured the services of the Academy of Sciences to get the bones into their proper places, but at the end of the first day the members were paid off and discharged. It has since transpired that they got the creature's head on the wrong end, and had rejected several sections of the backbone, claiming that the animal had more vertebrae than the books allowed him.

— Mon. J. Berton has resigned the Presidency of the Emigrant Aid Society at Sacramento, and intends visiting France to see if he is really Vice-Consul, and to ascertain to which of the late French Governments his allegiance is due. It is to be hoped that he will not delay his decamping until after another meeting of his "Mining Bureau." We believe he was sick when last it met. He will be a great deal sicker before it meets again.

— Cady Stanton says she never knew what it was to be perfectly happy until she found herself in Yosemite, astride of a mule. The mule's feelings have not been ascertained; if he had no saddle on, it is to be presumed he drew some consolation from the reflection that at least he had not the angular Susan embracing his back.

— Aesop's fable of the ass in the lion's skin holds good to-day.—*Barnacle.* [We were about to remark that you were an illustration of it, but the jest would be but a shallow one, very much after your own fashion of wit. Besides, it is not true; the voice is indeed the voice of an ass, but the skin is the skin of a calf.]



**Marguerite.**

BY NELLY MACKAY HUTCHINSON.

From dawn to nightfall, at her window sitting,  
 She waits, while drift the heavy hours away;  
 And, like the swallows, all her thoughts go flitting  
 To that sweet South wherein they fain would stay.

Up from the street there comes the lazy laughter  
 Of girls who linger by the fountain's fall;  
 She heeds them not—her gaze still follows after  
 The clouds that roll beyond the city wall.

She vaguely hears her mother's fretful chiding,  
 Her idle wheel grows dusty at her side;  
 Listless she wonders where her Love is hiding,  
 Where'er he be there must her heart abide.

All the day long she listens for his coming,  
 All the day long she dreams of one dear face;  
 She hears his dear whisper in the bees' low humming,  
 She feels his kisses in the wind's embrace.

Lonely she dreams while the warm sunshine lingers  
 Upon the carven angels of her chair—  
 Alone sits sobbing, while with silver fingers  
 The moonbeams thread her soft, unbraided hair.

Ah, heavy heart! so passionate its yearning,  
 She needs must know that all her peace is o'er;  
 That eager pain 'neath her white bosom burning  
 Tells her 'tis gone, to enter there no more.

\* \* \* \*

Still at her window, dreaming, longing, weeping,  
 While to their mates the gray doves coo and call,  
 She leans and watches the slow clouds go creeping  
 Far down the blue, beyond the city wall.

— We have been requested by an invalid pig, who is too fat to attend the play, to give a brief synopsis of the drama of *Ready*, at the California Theater. With pleasure: Jo. Semite, a notorious fraud, has an adopted daughter, Miss Calphurnia Street; also a painfully ridiculous ward—the Eighth Ward. If we mistake not—and the two are a part of the time in love, and a part of the time in the mountains. Jo. Semite had formerly an adopted son, named Harry Meiggs, who was last heard of building a wharf for the President of Patagonia, and executing some characteristic forgeries. This character is represented by Mr. Vivian in a song entitled "Ten Thousand Miles Away," by permission of Mr. Maguire. In the course of time he (not Tom Maguire, but Harry Meiggs,) returned to San Francisco, bringing along, quite naturally, Cape Horn—a brother of B. C. Horn, the tobacconist. Together they propose to Calphurnia, and are accepted. As they are both Democrats, the Eighth Ward, who is staunch Republican, is very indignant, and goes after them with a Big Tree. They leap over the Golden Gate and escape, but are afterward killed by a fellow named Selim Rock, who falls foul of them and breaks their bones by pitching stones from the Farallones. (There is some poetry in the play, but not a word of truth.) Miss Calphurnia lets her Bridal Veil Fall, which is gallantly picked up and pocketed by John McCullough. She indignantly leaves the stage, and it is worth a Chinese Quarter to see how she manages her Mariposa Trail. At this point the play stops, but the scenery continues wildly rushing on as long as the audience will stand it. We omitted to mention that the carpenter and blacksmith are entitled to great credit for the admirable manner in which the play is constructed.

— A party of three hundred armed men have left Camp Grant to explore the unknown portion of Arizona. Many attempts have been made to penetrate this mysterious region, all of which have been eminently successful, but none of the penetrators have returned. If they have increased and multiplied at the usual census rate, there must be a populous colony of them somewhere in there; and there is some prospect that the present expedition will be able to join them. We trust that Mr. Satan has been apprised of the movement. We all know how vexatious it is to have a lot of people to dinner without anything nice prepared.

— The village of Athens, Maine, has three religious denominations, and they all worship in the same building. *Exchange*. [At Woodward's Gardens, in this city, a pig, an owl, and an ape worship in the same cage. They hold a love feast every day at 3 P.M., to the unspeakable edification of everybody.]

### Military.

The *Bulletin* is dissatisfied with the present regulations of the army regarding promotions. So far as we can unravel its position, it is something like this: Promotions below the rank of general officers should be made by merit—that is, if a Second Lieutenant is a better officer than a Lieutenant Colonel the Second Lieutenant should be given the first vacant Colonelcy. Seniority nor rank should count. To this otherwise excellent plan there are several objections. First, there is the difficulty of determining by some fixed and accurate standard who are the better officers. Second, there is the impossibility of always getting this standard honestly applied. Third, there is the weakness of human nature, by virtue of which men do not serve with extreme zeal under their former subordinates, and the fact that this zeal is not increased by a knowledge that there were reasons unflattering to themselves for so reversing the situation. Could these trifling objections be overcome, the change demanded by our unmilitary, but not always civil, contemporary might advantageously be made, if there existed any necessity for them. But the fact is that the thing as now arranged is the result of some ages of experience, is the best that could possibly be devised, and meets the approval of the very class of officers that our neighbor's method is intended to benefit. Above the grade of Colonel, promotion is made as nearly "by merit" as is possible in the present somewhat objectionable condition of human nature. That is, the *Bulletin's* plan is put in operation; and in this case it is eminently proper. General officers are appointed from the rank of Colonel by the President with the advice and consent of the Senate. But even here the *Bulletin* seems to be hopelessly dissatisfied, without clearly making known its desire. The sum and substance of the matter is that our neighbor knows nearly as much about an army as he did about strategy at the beginning of the late European unpleasantness, when he had "quadrilaterals" very bad, and proposed to transfer one of these things from German to French territory, so that it might be stormed and taken by the French invaders. It is to be deplored that the average editor should ever acquire the belief that there is a public necessity for him to discuss the military system without having first comprehended it; but if he ever does contract that cheerful delusion he may act upon it with least harm to his reputation for sense, by carrying on the discussion orally, and making some deaf gentleman the recipient of his peculiar opinion.

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— It is surprising that Mr. Seward has found the Sultan "an intelligent and agreeable gentleman." It was to have been expected that being a Sultan, and therefore a trembling despot, he would have turned out to be a person of savage aspect and coarse conversation. It seems almost incredible that a Mahometan, addicted to polygamy, opium, turbans and sitting with his legs folded under him, should be intelligent and agreeable! We fear the gilded pagentry of effete despotisms—the hollow pomp of Old World monarchy—the tinsel shows of crumbling dynasties—have turned the simple Republican head of Mr. Seward, and unfitted him to represent a free people. Should he ever become a candidate for the Presidency this cringing and fawning at the footstool of tyranny will tell fearfully against him!

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— Two prisoners having escaped from the jail at Austin, Nevada, the Sheriff delegated a party of Indians to effect their capture. Naturally, one of the prisoners was killed. Are there no bloodhounds to be obtained at Austin? Perhaps the Sheriff might find it advantageous to dispatch a *posse* of rattlesnakes after the remaining prisoner.

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— A gentleman in the good city of Chicago advertises "diplomas of Eastern medical colleges, for fifty dollars apiece." We advise our physicians not to patronize him; it is quite probable that his wares are spurious. If you want diplomas of undoubted authenticity, write them yourselves.

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— Charles Fenno Hoffman, the poet of the last generation, has been an inmate of an insane asylum for twenty years.—*Exchange*. [If the various commissions *de lunatico* would perform their duty *all* the poets of the present generation would bear him company.

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— The Central Congregational Church of Boston has a debt of one hundred and ninety thousand dollars, which it proposes to immediately pay off. The secular intelligence will do well to keep an eye to windward; some swindle is impending.

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— In the Police Court the other day, a musician was fined twenty dollars for pelting a woman with tomatoes. We hope this will have the effect to break up this disagreeable custom, for which there is no justification in a city paved with cobblestones.

### A Woman's Execution.--Paris, May, 1871.

Sweet-breathed and young,  
The people's daughter;  
No nerves unstrung—  
Going to slaughter!  
"Good morning, friends!  
You'll love us better.  
Make us amends:  
We've burst your fetter!  
How the sun gleams!  
Women are snarling;  
Give me your beams,  
Liberty's darling!  
Marie's my name—  
Christ's mother bore it;  
That badge? No shame;  
Glad that I wore it!"

(Hair to her waist,  
Limbs like Venus;  
Robes are displaced);  
"Soldiers, please screen us!  
He at the front?  
That is my lover:  
Stood all the brunt!  
Now the fight's over!  
Powder and bread  
Gave out together;  
Droll to be dead  
In this bright weather!  
Jean, boy! we might  
Have married in June!  
This the wall? Right!  
Vive la Commune!"

—Edward King.

### In the Name of Religion--Impudence!

We have been favored with the Prospectus of the "Evangelical Schools Society for Italy." There are sixteen lady presidents; eight male members: an hon. treasurer; and a foreign secretary, Miss Bruce Sutherland. We have not the felicity of a personal acquaintance with the foreign secretary. We do not know whether she is young and beautiful, or very much adult and cosmetized. We guess she is a native of Scotland, because Sutherland is rather Scottish, and so is Bruce. Probably Miss Bruce Sutherland is one of the animated curiosities of the British Museum. Female philanthropists are fond of breathing the learned atmosphere of the Reading Room. Once or twice, when stress of ignorance has compelled us to recur to the national bookshelves, we have been "struck all of a heap" by the petticoated learning. It is so very unabashed. So is the prospectus of the Evangelical Schools Society for Italy. In slip-slop English the sixteen lady presidents announce that they are about to set up middle-class schools in Italy, that the headquarters are to be in Rome, and that Miss Bruce Sutherland and other ladies are about to proceed to Rome. We call this impudence. The middle classes in Italy can educate their children without the aid of Miss Bruce Sutherland and Co. (Limited). The sixteen ladies assert they are engaged in God's work, and that "His finger so evidently points the way," and much more of that sort of stuff. We call this blasphemy. If Miss Bruce Sutherland and Co. will pay a visit to St. Giles', they will find that there is plenty of educational work to be done at home. To be sure, that sort of work is neither profitable nor notorious.—*London Figaro*.

—The Melbourne *Leader* has an account of a machine just introduced for the benefit of Australian sportsmen which we venture to bring under the notice of the Gun Club. It is a sort of catapult, and is recommended as "superseding to some extent the expense incurred in pigeon-shooting." A glass globe, about eight inches in circumference, is placed in a cup attached to the machine, and the catapult being worked the globe is jerked high into the air, the sportsman being required to bring it down flying—a feat which, we are assured, "requires considerable skill." With the exercise of a little of that faculty which the Marchioness called "make-believe," might not all pleasures that Hurlingham affords be secured by means of the catapult, with the additional advantage of their being unalloyed by reproaches of fastidious persons, who hint that perhaps the pigeons do not fully enter into the spirit of the sport? The ordinary glass globe might be improved upon by the insertion of a crimson fluid which at a distance might very well pass for blood, and if a few feathers were thrown in the illusion would be complete.

—A distant relative of ours—a religious weekly—says: "To go forth into the morning and feel the healing air upon the brow; to breathe in the dewy gentleness; to watch the sun springing grandly from his bed in the bottomless sea, and pour his power upon the western hills like the power of grace upon the sinful soul: these are the arguments before which the sophistries of the infidel and the logic of blaspheming fools are leveled with the dust!" It is rather evident that to make use of all these powerful arguments one must suffer some inconvenience. In the first place, he must get up in the morning—a violation of Nature's laws, which will make him a rheumatic angel in less than a year. Secondly, he must travel to the Atlantic seaboard; for on this side of the continent the sun does not rise from any sea, bottomless or otherwise. As these are very grave objections we would respectfully suggest that it might be as well for the laity to rely upon common sense to level the infidel, and leave the sunrise business to the more affluent clergy, who can afford to make the Eastern pilgrimage—upon free passes.

**Post Dated Communication from Columbia--Aug., 1890.**

I have often promised you I would give you the history of the United States, and inform you how the Irish came to rule over us. It is your misfortune, my dear children, that you are born of American parents, and now belong to a prescribed and oppressed race. Our forefathers came from England, and for nearly three hundred years their descendants lived upon American soil. During the latter part of the last century great revolutions occurred in Europe. The Germans, a great Protestant power now, as you know, embracing all the German-speaking nations, as well as what was formerly Holland, Belgium, Luxemburg and the larger part of Austria, went to war with France and conquered her. The King of Italy took advantage of the Pope, seized the Papal States, made Rome his capital and put his son upon the throne of Spain. Germany, under Bismarck, became thoroughly Protestant, and the German Church declared itself independent of the Church of Rome. About this time the great battle of Dorking was fought in England, and the Germans annexed the Kingdom of Great Britain, justifying the seizure because of the alleged necessity of embracing under one government all the German-speaking people, and as there was a Dutchman in London, they seized the Island of Great Britain and now use it for a workshop and coaling dépot for the German fleet. Ireland was at that time a part of Great Britain, and had been a source of fearful annoyance to the English Government, but when the Prussians, who were Protestants, had captured England, they made very short work of the Catholic Irish, and drove them off the Island, but, being a humane people, furnished ships to send them to America. The Americans were noticeably frightened and tried to resist, but two Irishmen by the name of Tweed and Sweeney, who had emigrated some years before, had stolen the city of New York, and owned all the wharves, and docks, and public places—had all the arsenals and armories occupied by Irish regiments. Protestant Irishmen had attempted to celebrate the anniversary of the battle of the Boyne, but the Catholic Irish kept on murdering them to such an extent every year that they all returned to Ireland and became Germans. The few Americans had dwindled to two-ninths of the population in 1871, and now there are only a few thousand living in the city of New York. As the old Catholic countries used to govern the Jews, so the Irish now compel all not of Celtic ancestry and Romish faith to live by themselves in what is called the "American quarter." The Pope, having been driven out of Rome, was invited to America. The city of Chicago was assigned to him for a capital, and Illinois was given as a Papal State for him to rule. In the mean time the Roman Catholic Irish distributed themselves over the whole country, changed the form of the government—electing Tweed to be "Head Center," and he now lives in the Capitol building at Washington and rules the country without the aid of any Congress. We used to have common schools when I was a boy—it was there that I learned to read and write. Now all schools are abolished, except certain institutions under control of Jesuits, where no branch of education is taught that does not harmonize with the teachings of the Catholic Church. In my days there used to be a great many newspapers, but they have all been suppressed, and now the only books printed are Catholic books and the only papers are Catholic journals. The national religion is papal, and at the elevation of the host it is made a felony for a Protestant not to bow and his property is confiscated for the offense. Some Protestants still have meetings in secret places.

The last act on the part of Americans was their determination to celebrate the Fourth of July. At this time all the Americans could vote, and the parade was accorded to them in order to secure their support at the polls, and because the Irish hated the English, and it was a favorite theme of American orators to abuse their English ancestors; but after the *Alabama* treaty, and after the subjugation of England by the Germans, Tweed, Head Center, abolished, by a decree, the Fourth of July, and in its place made St. Patrick's Day the national holiday. He alleged as a reason that every Fourth of July the Americans got drunk, created riots, and acted badly. At the same time, all the American regiments were dissolved, because it was found that they would not fire upon their countrymen. I cannot stop to tell you how, step by step, the Irish made their encroachments, first getting control of the Democratic party, then State Governments, filling all the offices, then securing the army and navy, then obtaining ascendancy in the general Government, till now the Americans seem to have changed places with the Irish, as I remember them in my time, for I am ashamed to say the Americans of to-day are an ignorant, dissolute set, always rioting, getting drunk, and are under the influence of a set of miserable, idle Protestant preachers, who instigate them to every mean act, and seem to be satisfied if they can get the money from American servant girls, and the highest ambition of an American now seems to be to get on the police or keep a corner grocery. No, I do not think anything can be done, because the Pope is infallible, and it is against the Constitution to believe that he can do any wrong, and as no one can vote without going first to a Catholic priest, making his confession, and getting a ballot with the sign of the cross upon it, I do not see exactly how we can manage it; besides, the priests make the people believe they will get a century or two of additional purgatory if they scratch the ticket; all stationery stores are closed on the day of election, and pencils are prohibited. Protestants are very heavily taxed to support Catholic schools, and there is a special Protestant tax to maintain what is called "Schools of the Presentation Convent," which all Protestant primary pupils are compelled to attend in order to learn their "*Ave Maria*," say their prayers in Latin, and count the beads upon rosaries blessed by the Pope. I advise you all, my children, to avoid so far as possible contact with American children, and when you become of suitable age I hope you will intermarry with the



dominant race, so that in future generations you may lose sight of your forefathers and wipe out the stain of your ancestral blood. I have caused to be burned all our family pictures, and contemplate moving to another State, and writing an "O" or "Mc" before our name; and now, while you are young, you must practice drawing your upper lip toward your forehead, and you must get a hair brush for your teeth, thus in time our family will become good Irishmen, and again we may be honored in the land. Now, my children, you must all go to mass.

### Antonio Gasparone.

Great excitement has been created in Rome by the arrival within its walls of Antonio Gasparone, the famous robber chief, with the remnants of his band, now again seeing the free light of day, after forty-six years' imprisonment: At the time that Pope Della Genga sat in St. Peter's chair, Gasparone and his bandits were the terror of the frontier district between Frosinone and Terracina, hovering on the hills that skirt the Pontine Marshes. As all the measures of the Papal Government against these formidable marauders had proved unavailing, a good priest, Monsignor Pellegrini, Vicar-General of Sezze, now still living, though eighty-seven years old, met the brigands in one of their mountain haunts, and tendered them, in the name of the Government, a free pardon and liberal pensions if they would surrender to the public force, and consent to quit the Papal States under solemn engagement never to return. The offer was accepted and the bargain struck. The band, twenty-two men strong, laid down their arms, and were escorted to Civita Vecchia, where, far from being allowed to set sail for some land of freedom, they were thrown into a jail, with an intimation that, instead of the gallows which they had richly deserved, their punishment would be life-long imprisonment. Upon the arrival of the Italian troops on their way to Rome a year ago, seven of the twenty-two still survived. Upon the news of Victor Emanuel's late visit to his new capital reaching their prison, Pietri Masi, the only man in the band who could read or write, represented to the king that Gasparone and his followers had never been tried or even indicted, and that, whatever might be their crimes—Gasparone himself is said to have at least fifty murders, besides arson, rapes, and burglaries on his conscience—the law had lost its hold upon them after more than thirty years' prescription, and they were now entitled to a full and free release. The justice of their demand was admitted, the seven prisoners are now at large, and, if not pensioned, are at least provided with means of sustenance at a charitable asylum for decrepit old men. On their arrival in Rome, these old cut-throats drove through the streets, relics as it were of that old Italy from which, it is to be hoped, a whole age of progress separates the present generation. Gasparone is now seventy-seven years of age, and his youngest companion is only ten years his senior. The old miscreants made their appearance in the Corso, in the Piazza Farnese, and the Campo dei Fiori, in their gala costume—conical hats with flying ribands and peacock feathers, velvet jackets and shorts, crimson silk sashes, and high gaiters; their snowy locks and beards, which reached down to their shoulders and breasts, enhancing the glance of their dark eyes, their wild but fine features, and their firm and erect bearing, indicative of a manly strength which nearly half a century's captivity had not wholly subdued. A curiosity, not unminged with a certain admiration, wrung cheers from the crowd which pressed everywhere on their path, the object of the general interest being, of course, the chief, Gasparone himself, who, besides deeds of daring worthy of a second Fra Diavolo, boasts of very close relationship with Cardinal Antonelli, the son of his mother's sister, twelve years younger than himself.

— We claim to have as little reverence as anybody, but there are certain outward observances of respect due to deities of all grades and conditions, including spiritual essences, wooden images and mud-gods. It is for this reason that we regard Mr. Ah Chew with extreme disfavor. Last Sunday this tobacco-tinted infidel went into the opium shop of his co-religionist, Mr. Ah Wah, and settled himself down for a quiet smoke. We grieve to add, that not content with this innocent enjoyment, Mr. Chew repeatedly and sacrilegiously freed his pipe of its ashes by knocking out the same upon the head of a brazen God belonging to his host. Mr. Wah protested in vain against this desecration of the Godhead; the atheistical smoker persisted in the awful iniquity until bumped on the pate with an iron bar. Thus doth offended Deity avenge his insulted divinity; let scoffers beware! Thus shall impiety be ever overtaken by a righteous retribution; let bad little boys lay the warning well to heart! It is true the stricken sinner afterward got up and wrought upon the vitals of his judge with a knife so that the latter died, and to the merely human understanding it would appear that piety got the worst of it; but a game is never out until it is played to a legitimate close, and while the good Ah Wah shall enjoy an eternity of rapture beating upon a golden gong, the sinful Ah Chew shall burn his opium in endless torment! So be it unto all who would make of the Godhead an ash-holder!

— Virginia City is writhing in the pangs of cholera morbus. The people up there have made a business of torturing the bowels of the earth, and it is meet that they should know how it is themselves.

### An Idyl of the Period.

"Come right in—how are you, Fred?  
Find a chair and have a light."  
"Well, old boy, recovered yet  
From the Mathers' jam last night?"  
"Didn't dance; the German's old."  
"Didn't you? I had to lead—  
Awful bore—but where were you?"  
"Sat it out with Mollie Meade:  
Jolly little girl she is—  
Said she didn't care to dance,  
'D rather have a quiet chat;  
Then she gave me such a glance!  
Gave me her bouquet to hold,  
Asked me to draw off her glove.  
Then, of course, I squeezed her hand,  
Talked about my wasted life,  
Said my sole salvation must  
Be a true and gentle wife.  
Then, you know, I used my eyes;  
She believed me every word,  
Almost said she loved me—Jove!  
Such a voice I never heard!—  
Gave me some symbolic flower,  
Had a meaning, oh, so sweet!  
Don't know where it is, I'm sure,  
Must have dropped it on the street.  
How I spooned! and she—ha! ha!—  
Well, I know it wasn't right;  
But she did believe me so,  
That I—kissed her. Pass a light."

"Mollie Meade, well, I declare!  
Who'd have thought of seeing you,  
After what occurred last night,  
Out here on the avenue?  
Oh, you awful, awful girl!

There, don't blush; I saw it all."  
"Saw all what?" "Ahem—last night—  
At the Mathers', in the hall."  
"Oh, you horrid! where were you?  
Wasn't he an awful goose?  
"Most men must be caught; but he  
Ran his neck right in the noose.  
I was almost dead to dance;  
I'd have done it if I could;  
But old Gray said I must stop,  
And I promised ma I would;  
So I looked up sweet and said  
I had rather talk with him.  
Hope he didn't see my face;  
Luckily, the lights were dim.  
Then, oh, how he squeezed my hand!  
And he looked up in my face  
With his great, big, lovely eyes.  
Really, it's a dreadful case.  
He was all in earnest, too;  
But I really thought I'd have to laugh,  
When he kissed a flower I gave,  
Looking, oh, like such a calf!  
I suppose he has it now  
In a wineglass on his shelves.  
It's a mystery to me  
Why men will deceive themselves.  
'Saw him kiss me!' Oh, you wretch!  
Well, he begged so hard for one,  
And I thought there'd no one know—  
So I let him, just for fun.  
I know it wasn't really right  
To trifle with his feelings, dear;  
But men are such conceited things,  
They need a lesson once a year."

—Appleton's Journal.

—Returning home late the other night, a gentleman living on Mission street  
dierobed without lighting the gas, and lay peacefully down beside the partner of his  
joys. Sinking back upon the pillow, he straightway raised himself again and re-  
marked: "I say, wife! how's *your* pillow? Warm?" "Why, what a foolish ques-  
tion," returned she, "my pillow is all right." "Is it *real* warm?" he asked.  
"Certainly it is; I've had my head on it for three hours." Apparently satisfied, he  
lay down, and was silent for some time, when a vigorous nudging in the side of his  
wife proved that he had another idea. "I say—wife!" "For goodness' sake,  
what do you want?" petulantly answered that sleepy dame. "I say! you don't  
use no hair oil do you?" "Of course not. You know that as well as anybody.  
Do for mercy's sake go to sleep." A half hour passed in silence, broken only  
by the solemn ticking of the clock in the darkness. Then there was another  
epasmodic nudging: "I say—wife! You didn't put the calf under this bed to-night,  
did you?" "Gracious me!" returned the matron, "what is the matter with you?  
Of course the calf is not under the bed. Will you *never* go to sleep?" "Well,"  
continued her lord, sliding his legs sidewise out of the bed, "I'm d—d if there aint  
something alive under here." There were the sound of a scrabbling round, a partial  
upheaval of the couch, the quick gleam of a white garment making for the  
open window, through which it disappeared, a thrashing round in the rose bushes  
outside—and all again was still. The custody of the children has been awarded to  
the husband.

—The *Art Review* is, upon the whole, a creditable publication. It is very de-  
cently illustrated, and has some very fair literature, agreeably adulterated with much  
stuff. For example, the August number informed the curious world that Prentice  
Mulford is editing the *Figaro*—which we had supposed was a Parisian journal;  
and Prentice, we had thought, was a Californian. As a help to art, the publication  
is probably of some usefulness; but a careful perusal of it fails to entirely confirm  
one's first good impression. It is published by J. J. Ormand & Co., New York  
and Chicago.

—On Tuesday evening last, the Rev. Dr. Thompson delivered a lecture at the  
Howard Presbyterian Church entitled *Words about Words*. The discourse was  
*vox et præterea nihil*—it was words, words, words; and if a word is sufficient unto  
the wise, the Rev. Doctor's lecture would have cloyed a Senate of Solons. In the  
matter of sense the Rev. Doctor exercised a rigid economy.

### Communism and Positivism.

In the new number of the *Fortnightly Review* Mr. Frederick Harrison writes of the Commune with more than his usual force and less than his usual violence. The concluding passages of the article are well worth attention. "The great crisis," he says, "has started though it has not solved the problem. What in a few words is this problem? It is this—In this complex industrial system wealth has discovered the machinery by which the principal—in some cases the whole—results of common labor becomes its special perquisites. Ten thousand miners delve and toil, giving their labor, risking their lives. Ten masters give their direction or their capital—oftenest only the latter—and in a generation the ten capitalists are rioting in vast fortunes, and the ten thousand workmen are rotting in their graves or in a workhouse; and yet the ten thousand were at least as necessary to the work as the ten. Yet more. The ten capitalists are practically the law-makers. The Magistrates, the Government, the educators of youth, the priests of all creeds are their creatures. Practically they make and interpret the law—the law of the land, the law of opinion, and the law of God. They are masters of the whole social forces. A convenient faith has been invented for them by moralists and economists—the only faith which in these days they at all believe in—the faith that the good of mankind is somehow promoted by a persevering course of selfishness. Competition is in fact the whole duty of man, and thus it comes that in ten thousand ways the whole social force is directed for the benefit of those who live in this favored land. Whilst the owner of the soil knows no other toil or care but that of providing fresh modes of enjoyment, the peasant, out of whose sweat his luxury is wrung, lives like a beast of burden and dies like a dog in a ditch. Whilst the merchant Prince is courting society for a Peerage, a thousand lives of seamen are lost, decayed in rotten ships to sea. Whilst mine owners can still paralyze the Legislature, a thousand lives are lost each year in pits, chiefly, it is said, from preventable causes; and whilst fortunes are reared by iron-masters a hundred thousand workmen are ground to dust by trucks. Turn to the remedy. The workmen propose that the whole social force which so long, they say, has been directed by capital in its own interests, shall be directed by workmen in the interests of workmen; the power of the State shall step in to neutralize competition, and to restrain the selfish abuse of capital. The land at any rate, they say, must be resumed by the State for the benefit of the whole community, and formed on social and not proprietary right. Ultimately, in short, the whole existence of capital and the ordering the lives of the community must be subject to the will of social authority. Such is the faith which, in spite of its extravagance, has seized the foremost minds of the workmen of Europe—which, in some form or other, receives the devotion of a religious creed. Can any one doubt its strength compared with the conscious corruption of the opposite creed? Does the selfish cunning of competition in its heart think it can stand a social energy like this, with all its errors and all its dangers? Does a society which lives in its equipages and toils only in amusement match itself seriously with men who are ready thus to die for a cause, however mistaken? The issue is not doubtful; and, since this social problem must some day be faced by all, it seems time for serious men to reflect what other solution remains. Communism stares them in the face; it grows and deepens. Whatever it may suit a journalist to say, no sensible man believes that two hundred thousand men who voted for the Commune are bandits and fiends in human shape. The Commune of Paris has a great purpose, and it has great leaders. They have sworn that the exploitation of the workman shall end, and it must. They are not so clear about a substitute, but so far as they have a scheme it is Communism. There is but one alternative—the answer of Positivism. In one sense Positivism is akin to Communism, for it heartily accepts its belief in social reorganization. In another it is the opposite of Communism, for it exalts instead of abolishes the exercise of property by individuals. Positivism teaches that the highest uses of society are best served by massing capital in aggregates, and by entrusting these masses to the free control of individuals. It teaches that the dignity of domestic life and of public action, that moral as well as intellectual energy, demand the existence of capitalists as a class. It shows that the highest functions of social life and the noblest powers of the character would cease to exist without the free control of capital. It insists on this freedom in no grudging or unreal spirit. It looks on capital simply as power, and the right exercise of power as the noblest function of man, and the truthful respect of power as the most generous of human instincts. It insists that the use of property must again be made a religious duty—that capital arises from the combination of many efforts and must in justice minister to the common wants. It would by an education prolonged through life to teach the workmen of every grade to trust and aid the owner of capital to look on himself as the minister of a free community. It would train the rich to rely on their own resources, and compel them to use their full responsibility in so ordering the common industry that the fewest disasters and the least suffering befall the laboring community. Such is a picture of capital, not extinguished but moralized—not cut in pieces but raised to new functions—not harrassed by the fetters of law but strong in the noble consciousness of a public office. Let capital, shrinking from the fires and shambles of Paris, choose which of these two it will have. Communism is a not impossible future—Positivism is not an impossible future—the *status quo* is impossible; the alternative is Communism or Positivism.



**Sea-Weed.**

When descends on the Atlantic	So when storms of wild emotion
The gigantic	Strike the ocean
Storm-wind of the equinox,	Of the poet's soul, ere long
Landward in his wrath he scourges	From each cave and rocky fastness,
The toiling surges,	In its vastness,
Laden with sea-weed from the rocks;	Floats some fragment of a song;
From Bermuda's reefs; from edges	From the far-off isles enchanted
Of sunken ledges,	Heaven has planted
In some far-off bright Azore;	With the golden fruit of Truth;
From Bahama, and the dashing,	From the dashing surf whose vision
Silver-flashing	Gleams elysian
Surges of San Salvador;	In the tropic clime of Youth;
From the tumbling surf, that buries	From the strong Will and the Endeavor
The Orkneyan skerries,	That forever
Answering the hoarse Hebrides;	[ing Wrestles with the tide of Fate;
And from the wrecks of ships, and drift	From the wreck of hopes far-scattered,
Spars, uplifting	Tempest-shattered,
On the desolate, rainy seas;	Floating waste and desolate;
Ever drifting, drifting, drifting	Ever drifting, drifting, drifting
On the shifting	O. the shifting
Currents of the restless main;	Current of the restless heart;
Till in sheltered coves and reaches	Till at length in books recorded,
Of sandy beaches	They, like hoarded
All have found repose again.	Household words, no more depart.

—Longfellow.

**The Order for the Execution of Christ.**

The burning of the Archiepiscopal Palace at Bourges, following so close on the conflagration at Nancy, naturally inspires great alarm for other buildings. The palace at Bourges, built in the Louis XVI. style, was of no architectural value in itself, but it contained works of art and manuscripts of inestimable price. The most remarkable document in the Bishop's collection was, without doubt, the order for the execution of Jesus Christ, which was the personal property of the family De la Tour D'Auvergne. The order runs thus:

"Jesus of Nazareth, of the Jewish tribe of Judah, convicted of imposture and rebellion against the divine authority of Tiberius Augustus, Emperor of the Romans, having for the sacrilege been condemned to die on the cross by sentence of the Judge, Pontius Pilate, on the prosecution of our Lord Herod, Lieutenant of the Emperor in Judea, shall be taken to-morrow morning, the 23d day of the Ides of March, to the usual place of punishment, under the escort of a company of the Pretorian Guard. The so-called King of the Jews shall be taken out by the Stranean Gate. All the public officers and the subjects of the Emperor are directed to lend their aid to the execution of this sentence. (Signed) CAPEL.

"JERUSALEM, 22d day of the Ides of March, Year of Rome, 783."

Another curious document, supposed to be lost with others, relating to the time when Charles VII., driven from Paris by the Duke of Bedford, was called King of Bourges, is the will of the celebrated silversmith and speculator, Jacques Cœur, who advanced money to His Majesty, was afterwards thrown into prison, robbed, and finally banished the kingdom, accused of extortion. The oratory of the palace contained a Madonna of Raphael, and a Descent from the Cross, by Titian.—*Correspondent of the Pall Mall Gazette.*

— Christian philanthropy is sadly shocked at the barbarity of some Indians up in the interior, who have sepulchred a living baby along with its dead mother. Inasmuch as this has always been the custom of the tribe, and they seem to like it, we are justified in the inference that it is one in some way adapted to their needs—that it supplies some want of their nature. As they do not seek to impose the custom upon us, we do not see how it is any of our business. If Christian philanthropy would be more tolerant it could itself be more tamely tolerated.

— Since the passage of the law taxing incomes, there have been collected from this source \$332,000,000. When it is considered that it has cost but \$340,000,000 to collect this amount, the wisdom of the measure becomes conspicuously apparent. "Sam, did you sell them 'taters?" "Yes, father." "Did you buy back the sack?" "Yes, father." "What did you get fer the 'taters?" "Seventy-five cents, father." "What did you pay for the sack?" "One dollar, father." "Sam, you're a financier; give me the money."

— The Rocky Mountains are overrun with tourists.—*Exchange.* [More accurately, the continent is afflicted with lice along its backbone.



### Special Brevities.

— At the time of the "Derby" there is always a dispute on this subject, and it may interest some of your readers to know that Darby is the correct pronunciation. The natives of Derbyshire call their county Darbyshire, and its chief town Darby, and the Earl's name is usually pronounced in the same way. In Yorkshire the dwellers by the Derwent call the river Darwent, and the stream of the same name in the South of England is spelled and pronounced Darent. Why is this? It would seem that this way of pronouncing a name which is of the earliest antiquity indicates that we have changed the pronunciation of the letter *e*, and that the "natives" have preserved it.—*Notes and Queries.*

— The first tee-totaler in Great Britain is still living in the person of John King, a Quaker seventy-five years old. He has been for many years an employe on the Lancashire and Yorkshire railroad, but is now superannuated. He has received a silver medal for his merits as first tee-totaler, and now it is proposed that all the brethren of that ilk in the United Kingdom should contribute a penny apiece as a testimonial to the old king of tee-totalers, thereby providing liberally for his declining years. He has not been temperate in all things, having had four wives, and is now living with the last, a young woman.

— An incident occurred at a late agricultural feast which we may here relate. A Mr. Dempster had one year offered an apology for drinking toast and water, by stating that he was an invalid. At the following meeting, one of his farmers followed his landlord's example of abstinence. "Why," said the President, addressing him, "aren't you taking your glass, James?" "Excuse me, Maister Dempster," said the farmer, "for I'm an infidel." "Ah!" rejoined Mr. Dempster, "you differ from the old-time infidels, who said, 'Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die.'"

— Victor Emmanuel met recently at Naples an old soldier, who handed him the memorandum-book which his father, King Carlo Alberto, had lost at the disastrous battle of Novara. The Sardinian Government had offered, at the time, a large reward for the recovery of the memorandum-book, which contained a great many valuable autograph notes from the king. The old soldier, who had picked it up on the battle-field, had not found out, until quite recently, whom it had formerly belonged to.

— George Alfred Townsend, writing from Salt Lake, says of Brigham Young: "With his hair nicely oiled, in ringlets, and falling around his heavy neck; hair and beard luxuriant, and but a little turned in color; a pair of silver spectacles in his hand, and his manner all bland, from his half-closed eyes to the poise of his knees and feet, Brigham Young soothes mankind with seigniorial hospitality."

— The old Queen was not only assailed with yells as she passed along the street, but the vile practice was applied to her of spitting, which had been introduced at late elections; and she complained of it at the Palace in her broken English, but in very plain and expressive terms: "My lords, I be fifty years or more in this country and well respected; but now I be shspit on."

— For refinement of horse-thief strategy, go to Texas. Down there these gentlemen go in gangs, headed by a pretended minister of the gospel, who gets up protracted and zealous meetings, and while he is taking the congregation upwards on the wings of his eloquence, the rank and file make a descent, steal all the horses, and are off before their presence is known.

— A London paper says that a London fashionable swell wears a glass in one eye, a flower in his button-hole, lounges in the Row, ogles the women, dresses extravagantly, bets himself into bankruptcy at the Derby, swindles his tailor, and then retires into the army or church if he can find a rich relation to buy him a commission or a living.

— Here is a fragment of fashionable conversation: Youth—"A—awful hot, ain't it?" Maiden—"Yes, awful!" (Pause). Youth—"A—awful jolly floor for dancing, ain't it?" Maiden—"Yes, awful!" (Pause). Youth—"A—a—awful jolly sad about the poor duchess, ain't it?" Maiden—"Yes; quite too awful—" (And so forth).

— The Germans of Moscow have purchased a splendid stud of white horses for the price of four thousand rubles, in order to present to Prince Bismarck. The horses are from the stables of Mr. Surikoff, who two years ago presented a similar stud to the Emperor Napoleon.

— S. W. writes to the *London Spectator*: "When the Queen has nine children and the Prince of Wales at the age of twenty-nine has five, the thought of providing by additional allowance, for all the Princes and Princesses of the blood that are, or may be, is likely to distress the imagination of the tax-payer."

— The question of a universal language for India is being discussed. The claims of Hindustani are still maintained, but English is becoming the effective universal language, as it is being adopted by all races and sects.

— Iceland will soon be numbered among the out-of-the-way places possessed of a periodical literature. A new paper called *The North* is announced as about to appear in its chief town in a few weeks.

— The first number of *Knife and Fork*, "a journal devoted to the science gastronomy," has made its appearance. It is edited by "Fin Bec," the nom *pume* of Blanchard Jerrold.

**Eva's Tears.**

Over a little mound  
 Poor Eva stooped and mourned, day after day.  
 They told her she would mourn her life away;  
 The summer sunlight fell upon her hair,  
 And still her sobs went shivering through the air—  
 A sad, low sound.  
 And still poor Eva wept.  
 "My child is dead!" she moaned, "my little one,  
 I cannot bear to live my life alone—  
 My child is dead!" she moaned and moaned again,  
 Until, worn out by many nights of pain,  
 Poor Eva slept.  
 And in her sleep she dreamed.  
 'Twas Paradise, she said, and to and fro  
 Passed angels radiant with bliss, and, lo!  
 Her own lost child moved slowly through the band;  
 He bore a burden in his little hand,  
 Heavy it seemed—  
 A vase both large and deep.  
 "What bearest thou, my dearest one," asked she.  
 "My mother's tears," he answered, wearily.  
 Eva awoke. The sun smiled on the flowers,  
 But never more through all the lonely hours  
 Did Eva weep.

—Mary Towle.

—Appleton's Journal.

**A Golden Legend.**

Hard by a hospital—so legends tell—once on a time a duck there chanced to dwell. There, where no care nor want could e'er intrude, she laid her eggs, and reared her quacking brood. There would obsequious attendants dress, to charm her appetite, the savory mess; there, after showers, the nutritious worm upon the grass-plot temptingly would squirm, or devious beetles, wandering at will, find a sarcophagus within her bill.

Year after year her way that duck pursued, laid the dusk egg and hatched the yellow brood, swam in the pond, and scrambled in the dust, of spotless fame, of honored life and just. The cock-gallina, a most desperate rake, would often compliment her spouse the drake, and vow how much he envied him his luck in the possession of that virtuous duck! Nay, e'en the peacock on occasion would admit that, though not beauteous, she was good; so much did probity with him prevail who bore the eyes of Europe in his tail!

Alas, that it should be my fate to tell how from its high estate such virtue fell: how o'er that hapless and devoted form descended ruin in a fatal storm.

In the yard wall where towards the street it faced an iron box had been securely placed, with open mouth that bid the passer stop and for the charity a trifle drop, this fronted to the road I ought to state, within the yard was but a metal plate, close beside which, as oft of late was seen, the chief resort of that frail duck had been.

Well, time went on, until, as was her way, she brought her new-hatched progeny to day. Ah, then what wonder o'er the poultry stole, what poignant anguish pierced the drake's sad soul! No shovel bills his anxious glances meet, no trace of spreading webs upon their feet. Scandal awoke the feathered crowd among, and Rumor in sly corners wagged her tongue; while twixt the drake and his once trusted wife were seen the tokens of domestic strife. Nor long in secret the sore quarrel slept, but all the horror into public leapt, as day by day the heedless small ones grew more like gallinas less like ducklings true. At length the game-cock—he was high Penzance—was called upon to hear the drake advance his reasons for demanding a decree whereby his wife from him divorced should be.

And here, to give our daily press a hint; Divorce reports I must decline to print; the horrid details with unwholesome spice I omit, and for the nasty give the *rust*. Forth from the court the hapless duck was thrust, disgraced, abandoned, humbled to the dust.

Not long did she survive the dreadful day, and, when she on the straw expiring lay, thus to a charitable hen she told how all her sorrow had been due to gold: "Alas, one day as by the wall I sought to feed my ducklings as a mother ought, across the bricks I saw a beetle hie to seek a refuge from my hungry eye. In vain! I followed swiftly on his track and drew him struggling from a sheltering crack. Beneath the iron-box this crack had been left by the mortar falling from between; and when my bill I in the crevice thrust, I broke unwittingly the flakes of rust, and through the troacherous plate's unheeded flaw I chanced a golden coin, alas, to draw. From that sad hour and that mischance I date my recent down and my present fate. I sought the treasure-chest day after day and bore another glittering prize away; ah, hateful money of my death the cause, that wrings my conscience and my gizzard gnaws!"

With that she gave one quack and left this sphere, and thus the mystery was at last made clear. She had the coins feloniously attached, and thus it was that guinea fowls she had hatched. And here's a moral while the theme I am on—"Be ware how you devote yourself to Mammon."



— Business during the past fortnight has been more or less interfered with by politics. In regard to the past four months, we here repeat a recent remark made to us by a prominent Front street merchant. He said, "You will find upon inquiry of leading grocery houses, that more goods have been sold by them, day by day, during the past four months, than they could put up and ship each following day." Trade and commerce are rapidly expanding upon the Pacific Coast. Take, for instance, the single article of tea, and read the market report thereon. See the increased consumptive demand for sugar upon this coast; our expanding coffee trade, etc.; then look at the vast inland commerce that is being rapidly developed by the Pacific Railway; and then, when we consider that San Francisco, though not twenty-two years old, is the tenth largest city of the American Union, we may readily look forward to still more remarkable expansion within the next decade.—

— On the proposed Transmission of Bills of Lading by Telegraph, a letter in London *Public Opinion* says: At first sight this sounds very startling; but on a closer acquaintance it appears as if nothing could be simpler. At present, of course, these documents are usually sent by post. The innovation suggested is that provision should be made to enable them to be sent by telegraph. The necessary provision is shown to be that offices should be established at the two ends of the wire, and that at the one office the original document should be canceled by means of a stamp, and at the other, a new document written out with a certificate of the cancelation of the document of which it is a copy. It would thus become possible to send by telegraph all remittances which are now sent by post. I should be glad to hear from some of your readers who are concerned in commercial matters, as to how far it is desirable or practicable that such a system should be adopted.

— The great ocean tea race this year between the Earl King and the Craigforth steamers resulted in favor of the former. The Craigforth left Hankow June 3d, and arrived in London August 3d. The Earl King left after the Craigforth, and arrived July 31. This was very satisfactory for the steamers, but the cargoes were very poor and notted a loss of 2d. per pound. The question arises: Is it better to bet on the steamers than invest in the cargoes?

— By associate telegram, the *Commercial Herald* learns that a sample of California hops was sold in New York at 75 cents. This is of course merely a fancy price; 800 bales are reported as sold here, for shipment to New York, at from 25c. to 30 cents.

— Carl Schurz, who stands at the head of the German-American politicians of the highest type, used the following sensible and highly patriotic language in his speech in Chicago: "Nothing could be further from me than the idea of a separate political organization of the Germans in this Republic. Here we are American citizens, neither more nor less; and German pride should inspire us here only to the determination to be counted among the best of American citizens. We have no separate interests here, and we should have no separate aims. Our interests are no other than those of all, and our aims should be no other than those of the public welfare."

— We met a man the other day wearing a steel shirt bosom. With an air of conscious pride he pointed out its varied advantages: it never needed washing, could be worn with a soiled shirt, and the like. We have conceived a profound respect for that practical man. We recognize in him the exponent of all Sham. Were it not that we fear the steel of his shirt is not all in front, our admiration should be expressed in a manner that would exalt him.

— We have learned of a prevalent swindle, and not having been taken into it we hasten to expose it. People burying relatives at the cemetery have taken to "boning" the bodies, as turkeys are boned. This is to defraud the doctors, who resurrect the cadavers for the skeletons. A medical friend assures us that the last body he snatched could have been wound about a spade-handle, and was of no earthly use. He fed it to his hogs.

— We have trustworthy information that Horace Greeley is coming to California to tell what he knows about mining. Afterward he will go to Alaska and tell what he knows about seal fishing. We should be pleased to hear from Mr. Greeley what he knows about editing a newspaper, and the devil would be delighted to receive some instruction in lying.

— Neapolitan coral fishers this year have been very successful; but there is no chance of the prices being lowered, so increasing is the demand for this article since American tourists arrive in Naples in such numbers. Good pink coral is now worth about fifty times its weight in gold.—*Times*.



### Paris Bacchante.

Magdalene of cities you call me, Bacchante, I tell you, not Woman;  
 And know not the wine in my blood— It is ichor, not blood, in my veins;  
 Bacchante! Nor Christian, nor human— The Brute-god at least is not human,  
 Bacchante! Nor evil nor good. Nor I, his child, bound by your chains.

"Repentant?" Because men desired me. "Duty?" My duty is living.  
 "Sobered?" Can wine be made drunk? "Right?" Can immortals be bound?  
 "Remorseful?" Does ocean lament him These rules are for you serfs of heaven—  
 That a ship in his bosom has sunk! For you who return to the ground.

For me, I am Paris Bacchante—  
 Paris, the late child of Pan;  
 Left behind in a world that had tired him  
 With its Faiths, and its Duties, and Man.

—*London Spectator.*

### Interesting Facts about Cholera.

Some few years ago Dr. Guy, Professor of Hygiene at King's College, London, drew attention to the fact that an outbreak of cholera was often preceded by a milder epidemic—influenza. The prevalence of the latter malady during the past winter and spring may seem to have been amply accounted for by the exceptional severity of those seasons, but nevertheless, it has its significance and its warning. Both epidemics have this in common—that they progress in fatality to a certain point, and then gradually subside. They are not subject to the same fluctuations as bronchitis and diarrhea—fluctuations due to changes of temperature or other evident causes—but are to a very considerable extent independent of the ordinary influences of heat and cold. There is certainly no resemblance between the present year and the year 1854, when the last cholera epidemic prevailed. In 1854 the drought was general, and although during the month of July there was much rain, yet the year altogether was a very dry one, and from the commencement of March extraordinarily warm. The progress of the malady when once it reached our shores (for there can be no doubt it was imported) was very remarkable. Till the middle of July hardly a case was known, but before the end of that month the deaths had risen from five to one hundred and thirty-three. The disease went on increasing week by week, it reached its maximum mortality of two thousand and fifty. It took thirteen weeks to fall again to five, and during the whole period of twenty-one weeks there was no fluctuation in its progress and then in its decline. This feature is one of the most striking characteristics of the plague, and harmonizes with the theory that both are imported diseases. Evidently, therefore, the first duty of the Government is to watch the ports, for, whether contagious or not, cholera is not an epidemic of home growth. It is an unwelcome guest, which can be best dismissed at the very threshold.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

— About the most ludicrous incident that we remember occurred the other day in an ordinarily solemn village in the cow counties. A worthy ma'tron, who had been absent looking after a vagrom cow, returned home, and pushing against the door found it obstructed by some heavy substance, which, upon examination, proved to be her husband. He had been slaughtered by some roving joker, who had wrought upon him with a pick-handle. To one of his ears was pinned a scrap of greasy paper, upon which were scrambled the following sentiments in pencil-tracks: "The inqulosed boddie is that uv old Bunker. Step litely, stranger, fer yer lize the mortil part uv wat you mns be sum da. Thers arrest for the weery! If Bunker heddenta wurkt agin me for Corner I wuddenta hed to sit on him. Ov setch is the kingum uf hevun! You don't want to moov this boddie til me summons to hold a ninqwest. Or! flesh are gras!" The ridiculous part of the story is that the lady did not wait to summon the Coroner, but took charge of the remains herself; and in dragging them toward the bed she exploded into her face a shotgun, which had been cunningly contrived to discharge by a string connected with the body. Thus was she punished for an infraction of the law. The next day the particulars were told us by the factions Coroner himself, whose jury had just rendered a verdict of accidental drowning, in both cases. We do not know when we have enjoyed a heartier laugh at genuine California humor.

— Mr. Silas A. White, Principal of the Valencia-street Cosmopolitan School, has addressed to the Board of Education a note which is strictly grammatical. From which we infer that Mr. White must have been lately sipping at the educational spigot which it is his function to turn for the little ones. Mr. White will remember that quite recently he executed an epistle to the Board, in which there was a lively contest between bad orthography, bad syntax and bad sense. Having somewhat sharply criticized his former effort, we have deemed it but simple justice to award him this present praise, for which he is expected to manifest a deep and grammatical gratitude.

### Phoebe Cary.

Six months ago we noticed in these columns the death of our esteemed contributor, the poetess Alice Cary; and now we are compelled to announce the departure of her sister, Phoebe Cary, whose articles, both in verse and prose, have often graced the *Journal*. She died at Newport, Rhode Island, July 31st, after an illness of about two months. She was six years younger than Alice, and was born in 1825, in the neighborhood of Cincinnati. The sisters came to New York in 1852, and lived together here until they were separated by the death of Alice. They wrote much together, and, of the "Poems of Alice and Phoebe Cary," published in 1850, about one-third was written by Phoebe. In 1854 Phoebe published "Poems and Parodies," a volume in which Alice had no share. Her latest and best work was "Poems of Faith, Hope and Love," published in 1868. Her last contribution to the *Journal* was a story called "The Two Lovers," which we printed about five months ago. The prominent features of her poetry, as of her personal character, are strong religious faith and cheerful confidence in God and in a future existence. The following hymn is a good specimen of her style and sentiment:

#### "NEARER HOME.

One sweetly solemn thought  
Comes to me o'er and o'er;  
I'm nearer my home to-day  
Than I ever have been before;  
Nearer my Father's house,  
Where the many mansions be;  
Nearer the great white throne,  
Nearer the crystal sea;  
Nearer the bound of life,  
Where we lay our burdens down;  
Nearer leaving the cross,  
Nearer gaining the crown.

But the waves of that silent sea  
Roll dark before my sight,  
That brightly the other side  
Break on a shore of light.

Oh, if my mortal feet  
Have almost gained the brink,  
If it be I am nearer home  
Even to-day than I think!

Father, perfect my trust,  
Let my spirit feel in death  
That her feet are firmly set  
On the Rock of a living faith."

*Appleton's Journal.*

— His Hirsute Absurdity, the Great Unknown, having sickened of the honesty business, in which there was no stimulating competition, has betaken himself to Salt Lake City and gone into swindling, in which there is a great deal. His principal competitor there will be Bentham Fabian, in whom he will find the powerful opposition that a new house always experiences from a long established concern. The Unknown has, as was to have been expected, gone into the "hair restorative" line, and is driving a thrifty trade among the Latter Day Saints, prematurely pious, bald, and the old time sinners, who have grown nude-pated from natural drought. As long as he was tolerated in San Francisco, the unpleasant wretch vehemently denied that he ever resorted to anything but simple irrigation with ditch water. Now, however, in the "circular" before us, he maintains that the marvelous wealth of wool upon his frowsty pow has been produced by the stinking nostrum he dispenses at two dollars per bottle. We learn that he is making a very good thing of it at present, but our word for it Mr. Fabian will manage to circumvent him in the end, and spoil the spoiler of his prey. The latter gentleman is not one to quietly tolerate so vigorous an incursion into his own domain; and if the Unknown gets off with hair enough to stuff a locket, we shall abandon the prophecy business. It may be that the two have entered into partnership. If so, the Unknown will part with his nails and teeth also.

— A pedagogue in Indiana, who was "had up" for unmercifully welting the back of a little girl, justified his action by explaining that "she persisted in flinging paper pellets at him when his back was turned." That is no excuse. The *Town Crier* once taught school up in the mountains, and about every half hour had to remove his coat and scrape off the dried paper wads adhering to the nap. He never permitted a trifle like this to unsettle his patience; he just kept on wearing that gaberdine until it had no nap and the wads wouldn't stick. But when they took to dipping them in mud he made a complaint to the Board of Directors. "Young man," said the Chairman, "if you don't like our ways, you'd better sling your blankets and git. Prentice Mulford tort skule yer for more'n six months, and he never said a word agin the wads." The *T. C.* briefly explained that Mr. Mulford might have been brought up to paper wads, and didn't mind them. "It aint no use," said another Director, "the children hev got to be amused." The *T. C.* protested that there were other amusements quite as diverting; but the third Director here rose and remarked: "I perfectly agree with the Cheer; this youngster better travel. I consider as paper wads lies at the root uv poppillar edycation; ther a necessary adjunct uv the skool systim. Mr. Cheerman, I move and second thet this yer skoolmaster be shot." The *T. C.* did not remain to observe the result of the voting.

**Real Estate Transactions.**—The total number and value of all deeds, mortgages and releases recorded by Messrs. Hope, McKillop & Co. during the week ending Thursday, September 7, 1871, is as follows: Deeds, 74; value, \$156,408. Mortgages 42; value, \$305,050. Releases, 39; value, \$177,033.

### Court Chat.

— The correspondent of the *Standard* continues to write a great deal of nonsense about the Royal visit to Ireland. In his description of the ball given by the wife of the Mayor of Dublin, he says: "It would be invidious and considerably Yankeeish to single out any special fair one as the star of the evening, though one there was, the Lady Olive Guinness, daughter to the Earl of Bandon, who literally shone like a star from the brilliancy of her *parure*, and not only from that, but from the effulgence of her dark, Spanish-like beauty. Diamonds to the value of £20,000 shone on her person; and as she moved a glittering apparition, even in a throng where all was brilliant, 'There passes a star,' somebody exclaimed, loud enough to be heard. 'Yes, and a fixed star,' aptly added a wit of the town, referring to the fact that she was not an absentee, but had her mansion in Dublin Isle. Very fair they are, these Irish women, a healthy, rosy-cheeked, big-boned race, with much expressiveness in their countenances." The correspondent further writes: "There is a certain rude strength in build and in the contour of figure in some of these wild Irish girls; but what flashing orbs they have, and how coaxingly the brogue drops honey-like over the rim of the red lips." That brogue is dangerous in woman's mouth; there is a wheedling melody in it that overcomes a man before he knows where he is, and thrills him from the tips of his white kids to the soles of his patent leathers."

— The following touching anecdote of the unfortunate Charles X. has not appeared in print, but well deserves to be saved from oblivion. After residing in honorable exile at Holyrood Palace, in Edinburgh, for about two years, and endearing himself to all around him by his amiable, unostentatious manners, and profuse charities to the poor, the venerable monarch quitted Edinburgh with great regret, to seek another place of refuge in his last years of life and misfortune. It is generally understood that he was in a manner forced away by the Government. Certain it is that he had become greatly attached to Holyrood, and he left it with great sorrow and reluctance. A friend of mine paid a visit to Holyrood a few years after the royal departure, and learned from the old housekeeper that the day before the King left the palace, which he did on September 17th, 1832, she saw him from a small window alone in the flower-garden, which he had himself cultivated with great delight. He was gathering seeds of various flowers, and folding them up in little square papers which he had prepared. The tears were running down his aged cheeks, as he collected these simple memorials of his happy residence in Holyrood, to take with him to sow in his new place of exile at Goritz, where perhaps they flourished long after his hand could tend them, for he died there only four years afterwards, November 6th, 1836.

— In a letter recently received by a gentleman residing at Wavertree by his son, who is studying in Germany, the following passages occur: "We arrived at Elms at eight o'clock in the morning, after two hours' walk over the mountains from Coblenz. After taking coffee in the garden belonging to the hotel, we strolled about the town. While looking at the shops the King came past, and the master took off his hat, and I did too, though I did not know who he was. In one of the shops they sold his photo; and some of our boys were looking at them when the King passed. I suppose he saw we belonged to a school, as he stopped and asked one of the masters if we were English, and on hearing that we were, told the shopman to give us all a photo. of himself. The man said he would, and the King took up a few and gave them to us himself. I was standing next to him, so received one from his hands. It was very kind of him to give away £4 10s., which was the price of the cards. He was walking about like the other gentlemen, and talking to the ladies and some of us. He asked two or three and myself where we came from."

— The Marchioness de la Salle was charged at the Marlborough-street Police Court with stealing sketches to the value of £400, the property of the Baron de Magrath de Moyecque, a French nobleman now following the profession of an artist in this country. The prisoner was introduced to the prosecutor, alleging that she desired to take lessons in painting. The Baron now declared that she had abused his confidence by abstracting more than fifty of his sketches. Many of these were found in her possession, but a few were admitted to have been lent by the prosecutor. The Marchioness was remanded on bail. On her examination, after hearing some lengthy evidence, M. Gustave Doré being one of the witnesses, Mr. Newton said he was of opinion that no jury would find the prisoner guilty of stealing the drawings with the intention of disposing of them for her own use. It was a case of suspicion, and quite right that it should be inquired into. The prisoner was discharged.

— A letter from Rangoon states that great amusement has been created in Burmah by the news of the reception given in England to the so-called "Burmese nobleman." There is no such thing as a Burmese nobleman, no hereditary rank save that of the King's family, which is large enough of itself to make a respectable order of nobility. His Majesty has from forty to fifty wives, and a family that would form a goodly House of Peers. Many of the officials, says the writer, are raised from the lowest rank, and often in a moment at that Sovereign's caprice are reduced to it again. The father of one of the so-called noblemen is said to be at this moment engaged in day labor. Of course neither father nor son is any the worse for that; the fun is in calling your visitors noblemen.

— The Emperor Napoleon has given a *fiat* at Chislehurst, at which telegrams were received from the Czar of Russia, the King of Sweden, the Emperor of Austria, the King of Portugal, the King of Holland, the Prince of Wales, and others.



— According to the *Avenir Libéral*, it has been decided, after a family council, that the Duc d'Anmale and the Prince de Joinville shall take their seats in the Chamber when it shall re-assemble after the vacation. The Comte de Paris was of opinion that his uncles should send in their resignation, in order that they might not afford the slightest pretext of causing difficulties to the Government. The Duc de Nemours, on the other hand, maintained that his brothers had the right and were bound to take an interest in public affairs, and that no consideration ought to prevent them from fulfilling their obligations as citizens. This view has prevailed, and in due time the Princes may be expected to present themselves in the National Assembly.

— On Monday Mr. Andrew Noel Agnew, eldest son of Sir Andrew Agnew, Bart., and Lady Louisa Agnew, attained his majority; and the first of a series of social entertainments was given on that day. It is worthy of special notice, as indicating the kind sympathy of the Agnew family with the young of the district, that the first entertainment was given to children. A general invitation had been sent to the several day schools, not only in the parishes of Leswalt and Kirkcolm, but also in the neighboring towns of Stranraer. There was a muster of upwards of nine hundred children, all of whom seemed thoroughly to appreciate the kindness shown to them.

— Lord Houghton, in a well-turned speech at the centenary in honor of Miss Hope Scott, the sole survivor of the line, mentioned the kind of loneliness in which the names of all the great *littérateurs* stand. They have rarely left descendants. We have no Shakspeare, no Milton, no Bacon, no Newton, no Pope, no Byron; Italy has no Dante, no Petrarch, no Ariosto, or Alfieri; Germany has no Goethe, no Schiller, no Heine; France has no Montaigne, no Descartes, no Voltaire, no Lamartine. There is no descendant known of Luther, Calvin, or John Knox.

— The Royal sojourn in Ireland which has just terminated has given an immense impetus to business of every kind in the metropolis, but a large proportion of those who have come to Ireland for the occasion are prolonging their stay, and intend to visit the beautiful lakes of Killarney, the wild grandeur of Connemara, or the Giant's Causeway, and last, though anything but least, the lovely scenery of Wicklow. Kingstown, too, and Bray, with their surroundings, may expect to be gay in the extreme during the remainder of the summer and autumn.

— The French Committee on the Budget has agreed to fix the salary of President Thiers at 500,000 francs, with a credit in addition for ordinary expenses and presents. A bill providing for the dissolution of the present Assembly will soon be brought forward. The Deputies of the Left are preparing a manifesto, demanding the restoration of the constitution of 1848. It is said that further loans will have to be obtained before the city of Paris is restored to its condition before the war.

— One of the matters to be decided at Gastein is said to be the marriage of the Grand Duke Alexis, third son of the late Emperor Alexander, with the daughter of Prince Frederick Charles. This question is to be treated first of all, and the consent of both parties will be the test of war or peace—the Russo-Franco-Americo against the Austrian-Prussian-Italian alliance, to pull one against the other, or all, as the case may be, together?

— The French deputation, headed by Count de Flavigny, who recently landed in Ireland, have crossed into England, and will visit the city of York. They are enthusiastically received everywhere. The object of the visit to the United Kingdom is personally to return the thanks of the French people for the aid so freely given by Englishmen and Irishmen for the wounded and suffering French during the war.

— The latest rumor at Inverary was that the Queen would make a sojourn of eight or ten days at the castle, with the Princess Louisa and the Marquis of Lorn, and that there would be an entertainment to the tenantry and others, followed by a ball, which Her Majesty would honor with her presence. It is probable that Prince Arthur may accompany Her Majesty.

— Sir Edward Thornton, the British envoy to Washington, who returned home on leave of absence a few days ago, has gone to Balmoral to take the oath to the Queen as a member of her Majesty's Privy Council.

— Bridget Flynn has been adjudged insane for believing that her sleeping apartment is infested with angels. Every child is taught to think that these things hang round his bedside with no very obvious business there. Bridget Flynn is undoubtedly insane. So is every one who believes at maturity what he has been taught in childhood.

— A correspondent of the *Call* directs attention to a soap swindle. We direct attention to another: manufacturers are addicted to the practice of boiling up their dead relatives; thus making a very inferior quality of soap, and so defrauding their customers and the other worms.

— Two hundred and seventy-six infants were found dead in the streets of London in 1870 by the police.



**From the Song of the Willi--A Ballad.**

[BY MATHILDE BLIND.]

The wild wind is whistling o'er moorland and heather,  
 Heigho, heigho!

I rise from my bed, and my bed has no feather,  
 Heigho, heigho!

My bed is deep down in the brown sullen mold,  
 My head is laid low on the clod;  
 So wormy the sheets, and the pillow so cold  
 Of clammy and moist clinging sod.

The lone livid moon rideth high up in heaven,  
 Heigho, heigho!  
 The stars' cutting glitter their dull shrouds hath riven,  
 Heigho, heigho!

I rise and I glide out far into the night,  
 A shadow so swift and so still;  
 Bleak, bleak is the moonshine all ghastly and white,  
 The dank moraes drinketh its fill.

And down in yon valley, in wan vapor shrinking,  
 Heigho, heigho!

The bare moated town cowers fitfully blinking,  
 Heigho, heigho!

There warm under shelter, the fire burning bright,  
 My lover sleeps sound in his bed:  
 But I sit alone in the pitiless night,  
 Unpitied, unloved, and unwed.

—Dark Blue Magazine.

**Walter Montgomery--A Startling Coincidence.**

Walter Montgomery is no more—the brilliant, the versatile, the gifted actor; the still more exquisite reader. Who that has heard him read Poe's "Bells," or Dickens's "Pottleton Legacy," but will concede it. He who was delighting us with his masterly Shakesperian delineations so recently, has passed away, slaughtered by his own hand—a suicide—but three days wed. Sad is the brief story of the telegram. Sad as it is, it recalls an incident yet more sad, with which one season of his eventful life seemed so blended that it may not be inappropriate to refer to it here. Less than four years ago, a lady, youthful, beautiful, and of rare mental endowments, the pride and joy of a wide circle of admiring friends, weary of the humdrum life of a dull watering place, left her widowed mother and her native city to find in the bustle and stir of Melbourne a more congenial sphere. She applied to the manager of the leading theater there—the Theater Royal. Her beauty and talents at once secured for her a star engagement. Of the rôle she enacted in her too brief theatrical career for it lasted barely one season the character in which she achieved her greatest success was that of "Juliet;" this she played to Montgomery's "Romeo," with much sweet appreciation. It is generally conceded that his finest effort was as "Hamlet," but on this occasion it was rivaled by his "Romeo," and it was whispered that there was more of reality than fiction in the charming rendering of the love strains of the great poet. While the world was still singing the praises of the fair young *debutante*, a mournful, a sorrowful tale hushed the joy notes into mourning—a disappointed passion had deranged her life, and she, too, died by her own hand. It was rumored at first that poor Walter was the cause. A committee of gentlemen investigated the subject, and not only acquitted him, but found that another, who was the "source and fountain head of all her woe," was alike blameless. Who that thus witnessed these two gifted actors could have foreseen that the career of each one should have terminated with a tragedy stranger than the fiction of the poet? We may well say, with Shakespeare—

"For never was a story of more woe  
 Than that of 'Juliet' and her 'Romeo.'"

**From China to London.**

A curious illustration of the relative merits of the rival lines of communication between England and Eastern Asia was furnished by the Korean expedition. One account, by a correspondent with the United States fleet, was sent to Shanghai, thence by mail to this city, where it was printed in the *Call*, telegraphed to New York, and from there forwarded by mail to London, where it appeared in the *Times* on the morning of August 2d. A similar account, copied from the *North China Herald*, was published in the *Pall Mall Gazette* on the afternoon of the same day, having been received by the French mail, via the Isthmus of Suez. The news, therefore, although transmitted in exactly opposite directions around the world, reached London at almost the same period of time. The distance by the American route is considerably greater than that via the Suez Canal.

### The Two Dromios.

A very worthy couple lost by death, what, in their opinion, was a very valuable little boy, and over his grave they erected a monument, and into the marble was chiseled the following lines, expressive of their feelings of resignation and hope:

"We can't have always everything to please us,  
Little Johnny has gone to Jesus."

Some ill-disposed and uncharitable neighbors, who did not at all admire Johnny while living or lament him when dead, underwrote the above epitaph with these words thusly:

"We can't sometimes almost always tell,  
Perhaps little Johnny is gone to h—l."

Johnny Rosenfield and Johnny McGlynn, in the opinions of their respective parties, are pattern boys, who each deserve to be State Harbormaster for San Francisco. Some think Johnny is elected and some think John. The uncertainty of doubtful things was never more strongly illustrated than in the slowly coming returns. Johnny curses Father Gallagher and the Irish beeples and John damns the Dutch. Excitement runs high, and all the gamblers in politics are on the *qui vive* to learn whether the Teuton or the Gaul leads the list. It is the most important question that has ever agitated our community. It is not merely whether Johnny the Dutchman, or John the Irishman shall move vessels and sweep off the docks, and have the grain-sweepings for their chickens—not only whether the Republican or the Democratic party shall triumph in the election of their candidate, but it involves great questions of international law and dogmas of theological faith. What right had Louis Napoleon to declare war against Prussia? and if he had, did Bismarck do right when he burned Chateau Dun and bombarded Paris, and only made peace upon receiving millions of indemnity and Alsace and Lorraine. If the Pope is infallible, had Victor Emmanuel any right to seize Rome, take possession of the Palace of the Quirinal, and put his son on the throne of Spain, which Napoleon refused to the family of the Hohenzollern? Johnny believes in the house of the Hohenzos, and John believes in the Pope. If Johnny is elected, then Germany becomes a great consolidated empire, dominating Europe, retaining Alsace and Lorraine, seizing Luxembourg, Holland, and the half of Austria, forms a treaty with Russia, and menaces the peace of the world. If John gets the most votes, the Emperor Napoleon will return to the French throne, Alsace and Lorraine will be given back, the French boundary carried to the Rhine, the Pope's civil power will be restored, Victor Emmanuel driven out of the imperial city. The Carlists will dethrone Amadeus, and the infallibility will be recognized by the Catholics of Germany, and Father Gallagher will be entitled to a cardinal's hat for peddling tickets on election day—the regular Democratic ticket, scratched for John A. McGlynn. This is a very old quarrel, and has made a great deal of feeling between Johnny's ancestors and John's, and while we have no interest—that is no especial interest in the matter—we always thought that Johnny's ancestors were wrong in crucifying John's Josh between two thieves. But what is the use of keeping up this old feud? If Johnny Rosenfield will apologize for crucifying John A. McGlynn's Redeemer, return the clothes which were raffled off, and will stop remembering the seventh day to keep it holy, and will promise on his honor to behave like a Christian, and if John A. McGlynn will stop riding in Papal processions, and promise that when the next Pope celebrates his twenty-fifth anniversary that he won't be there, and will admit over his own signature that neither the Pope or the Devil can truly prophesy the result of an election, then this trouble can all be arranged satisfactorily to both parties. The Jewish and Christian churches can be united in one faith, and by adding another ball to the Synagogue, all can worship together. Europe will be restored to peace and harmony, the Republican party can secure the German vote, the Democracy retain the Irish, and all will be well. In order to make the reconciliation more complete, we would suggest that the wealthy Israelitish merchants who signed for Rosenfield and Rosenberg establish a new synagogue, of which Father Gallagher should be made Rabbi, and Alexander Badlam should be elected to the office of circumcisor. Then the lion and the lamb should lie down together, and a little child should lead them, "for of such is the kingdom of Heaven." Let Alexander Badlam remember, "we can't have always everything to please us," and John or Johnny, whichever gets beaten for Harbormaster, will realize the fact, "that one can't most always sometimes tell."

— Mr. Verbloom, of this city, who was supposed to have gone down in the *City of Boston*, has put in an appearance, very greatly to the astonishment of his wife. As that worthy lady had just received a thousand dollars on his life policy, his reception was not attended by any of those external signs with which frivolous natures are accustomed to manifest their joy. After the first start of surprise, the demeanor of his wife was calm, dignified and resigned—something like that of a serene jackass baffled of his turnip by a sudden and tempestuous pig.

— Miss Braddon, the great high priestess of insufferable stuff, complains that American publishers injure her reputation by attributing to her, stories which she does not write. They do worse: they attribute to her those that she does write.

**Chloris' Tears.**

A PASTORAL DITTY.

All down a dainty flowery mead  
Colin was once a-straying,  
And with his pipe the pretty birds  
Did rival with his playing.

His bleating flock grazed at his side,  
As slowly he was strolling;  
Anon his voice would fill the grove,  
Sweet Phillis' charms extolling.

In passing near a leafy bower,  
He hears a mournful sighing,  
And views upon a flower-decked bank  
A charming nymph a-lying.

With doleful sobs and piteous sighs  
Her snowy breasts were heaving,  
Her pretty eyes with tears o'errun,  
So sorely was she grieving.

"Fair Shepherdess," said Colin, "why  
Art weeping, 'stead of joying?  
Say, hast thou found thy shepherd false  
And with another toying?"

"No, no!" she cried; "young Lubin's  
And would not me be paining; [true,  
No gentler shepherd roves the vale;  
Of him I'm not complaining."

"Hast lost thy flock then, pretty one;  
Are they untended roaming?  
If so, I'll search each grove and field  
And find them ere the gloaming."

"No, no!" she cried; "my lambs are  
'Tis not for them I'm crying; [here,  
I've lost my only chignon, and  
Another can't be buying."

—*London Figaro.***The South African Diamonds.**

Mr. James Thom, the Brazilian diamond cutter, has arrived at Pniet from Glasgow. We have learned from this gentleman two or three facts which will be of interest to our readers. Mr. Thom states that Cape diamonds are the hardest in the world—thus completely contradicting the assertions of interested persons in England, to the effect that our diamonds are unusually soft, and therefore of inferior value. We understand Mr. Thom to estimate Cape diamonds between Indian and Brazilian stones. He explains a matter which has frequently puzzled people with reference to the state in which diamonds are found here compared with their primitive state in other countries. When diamonds were first discovered here, we heard a great deal in the papers about the necessity of testing them with a file in order to ascertain their genuineness. It was soon found, however, that the veriest tyro in diamond seeking, having once seen a rough diamond, could never mistake a stone in future. Mr. Thom explains this by informing us that Brazilian and Oriental diamonds are almost invariably found with an almost opaque encrustation upon them; and in order correctly to test the stone it is necessary to rub off a portion of this crust by means of a file or machine made for the purpose, so that the interior of the stone is made visible. Mr. Thom brought out such a machine with him, but finding from the mass of stones shown him in Port-Elizabeth that no such encrusted gem is found in the South African mines, he left it in the latter town, as being perfectly useless here. South African diamonds, says Mr. Thom, bear Nature's own polish; a fact, he adds, which is causing astonishment to experts all over the world. He further tells us that he saw in the hands of Mr. Piper, of Klip Drift, recently, a diamond to which he has seen none equal during the last thirty years.—*Diamond News.*

— The other day, at Memphis, a man with a double shotgun entered a dry-goods store, and looked earnestly at a salesman, who, of course, quailed and crawled under the counter. The invader advanced, poked his infernal machine over the boards, and exploded it downward into the protruding leg of the latent counter-jumper. And all this was by way of vengeance for a broken promise of marriage to the shotgunner's sister, whom, in all other important respects, this sinful tapeman had ruined. We never expect to comprehend the ways of big brothers. You begin running their sisters, and when you think you have gone on as long as a gentleman ought to, their brothers won't let you stop. They insist that in addition to the unpleasantness of incurring your affliction, their sister shall endure the deep disgrace of contracting your name. If we had a sister, and a shop clerk were working her an eternal woe, he might leave off at any stage of the proceedings.

— An Iowa preacher is on trial upon a charge of frightening a boy to death. We regret the lack of details; it is not stated how the deed was done. It is likely that the man of God found the boy in weak bodily condition, and produced his regular pyrotechnic hell for the purpose of searing him into heaven, as tigers are driven away by fire. The reverend gentleman probably ignited too many fireworks at a time, and accomplished his purpose sooner than he had intended. Had he been more temperate in the expenditure of his caloric, that boy might have lived to pay a great deal of money into the church.

— Of the first number of the household edition of the works of Charles Dickens, 150,000 copies have been issued.

### Rumored Abandonment of Cochin China.

Notwithstanding some circumstances, which seem to give color to the rumor which has now been revived, we cannot believe that the French Government will ever resolve on withdrawing from Cochin China. It would be a suicidal act to do so. Not only are the mineral resources of the country almost unexplored, and its agriculture and manufactures comparatively undeveloped, but whatever has from time to time been added to our stock of information and experience on these points has been highly encouraging. By all recent accounts, the natives are becoming more friendly to foreigners every day, and the great number of excellent harbors and valuable products would seem certain to attract an ever-increasing foreign trade. It is possible that the French possessions may not at present "pay," in that narrow sense of the word which regards only the time being, but the experiment has not yet had a fair trial. The feeble attempts made by some European nations to establish a regular trade were frustrated by the long internal wars of the eighteenth century, and the commerce of Cochin China was limited to its intercourse with China. Since the establishment of Singapore, however, the case is altered, and by communication with Bangkok another channel of commerce was opened up, which only requires a little time and energy to develop. To withdraw from such a country at the present moment would be to cast away an unknown advantage, which can never be regained without greater difficulty than before. The effect of such a withdrawal would, moreover, be prejudicial to the *prestige* of European nations in the East, as disturbing the network of commerce, and giving the anti-foreign party an excuse for depreciating us.—*London and China Express*.

### Female Doctors.

In New York city, so far as we can learn, there are some twenty female doctors, and in the country at large, as we estimate from data in our possession, there are not less than two hundred in all. There is in New York one female doctor whose income from her profession is \$20,000 year; and there must be at least a dozen others whose annual incomes range from \$5,000 to \$10,000. There is a female doctor who has a son also a doctor, and *he* has a wife who is also a doctor. There is a female doctor in Buffalo, who has a husband also a doctor, and the professional income of the wife is twice as much as that of her husband. There is a female doctor in Orange, New Jersey, whose professional returns, for many years past, have ranged from \$15,000 to \$20,000 a year. There are also female doctors in Philadelphia, Boston, Cincinnati, Chicago, and other cities, with very large incomes from their practice; but it is not in our power to give anything like precise statements regarding them. Now, we don't propose to discuss the propriety of women becoming doctors; but it is certain that, judged by pecuniary and professional standards, there are not a few of them who have been amazingly successful. The male practitioners now look on their professional sisters with much greater leniency than they did in former times, and many are quite ready to enter into consultation with them in difficult cases, though several of the medical societies have prohibited this custom. There are abundant signs that a much larger number of women will enter into the practice of medicine in coming years than have thus far entered into it; and it looks as though, before another generation, the maladies of women would be almost exclusively treated by professional members of their own sex.

— The King of Burmah has announced that he is printing a complete edition of the *Three Beedagaths* (the *Tripitaka*—i. e., the Buddhist Bible) in Pali, the sacred language, with a view of having it afterward done into English, "so as to spread the knowledge of the Buddhist religion in Europe and America." This is an excellent idea. Owing to our deplorable ignorance of Buddhism we are all in danger of being cast into the Buddhist hell, with all the nations that forget Buddha. If there is anything we need, it is a nice, intelligible religion—one that we can be proud of. Buddhism ought to have a run of at least five centuries. By that time we suppose the scientists would get after it.

— For the trifling domestic irregularity of becoming drunk and disagreeable, old daddy Harrison, of Philadelphia, has had a sword poked through him by his son, a peace-loving youth of temperance preferences. That is what comes of letting one's boys join the cold water movement. O, parent, parent! if so be that thy son is become a shining light in the Dashaway Association, let not the effulgence of his career blind thee to the dangers thereof. When thou shalt get drunk and strive against thine own household, he shall impale thy vitals with his rapier, or bisect thy body with a claymore. Go beat him on the head with a pump-handle until he expire.

— A young man in Delaware has made his *début* on the stage in order to defray his expenses while studying for the ministry.



### Joaquin Miller's Poems.

Harriet Prescott Spofford, in reviewing Miller's poems, concludes her notice with the following remarks and quotations in the September number of *Old and New*:

After all, as we close the covers, we are conscious that the topmost reach of appreciative welcome and acclaim cannot meet the demand of what is best in this book and this man; and out of the fullness of the heart we feel sure that there can be but one triumphant answer to the question asked in the exquisite and touching poem addressed to Maud:

<p>"Because the skies were blue, because The sun in fringes of the sea Was tangled, and delightfully Kept dancing on as in a waltz, And tropic trees bowed to the seas, And bloomed and bore years through and through, And birds in blended gold and blue Were thick and sweet as swarming bees. And sang as if in Paradise, And all that Paradise was spring, Did I, too, sing with lifted eyes, Because I could not choose but sing. "With garments full of sea-winds, blown From isles beyond of spice and balm, Beside the sea, beneath her palm,</p>	<p>She waits as true as chiseled stone. My childhood's child, my June in May! So wiser than thy father is, These lines, these leaves, and all of this, Are thine—a loose, uncouth bouquet. So wait and watch for sail and sign; A ship shall mount the hollow seas, Blown to thy place of blossomed trees And birds and song and summer-shine. I throw a kiss across the sea; I drink the winds as drinking wine, And dream they all are blown from thee; I catch the whispered kiss of thine. Shall I return with lifted face, Or head held down as in disgrace, To hold thy two brown hands in mine?"</p>
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### Eminently Californian.

We wish we had space for a puff of M. J. Kelly, formerly of the *Barnacle*, now of the Lynchburg, Va., *Republican*. But we have not; though our grief for that privation is somewhat tempered by noting that the *Alaska Herald* has space, and has used it with intelligence and discrimination. In the *Herald's* opinion, Mr. Kelly is "an able and brilliant writer," "a fine scholar," "a great traveler," and all the rest of it; you know how these things run. When Mr. Kelly was here, we were prone to look upon him as a clever little fellow, with more ingenuity than talent, and a greater knack at dodging creditors than ability to conduct a newspaper. We regarded him as better versed in horses than history, and more familiar with late suppers than with literature. He is a good fellow, is Kelly, and can catalogue an oyster with unerring judgment, and sample gin like a Hollander. Harry George and the stockholders of the *Sacramento Reporter* retain kindly memories of his journalistic career, and have had numberless reminders of it in his lively bills presented for payment, with unfailing regularity, every Monday morning. Yes; as brother Honcharenko truly remarks: Kelly is "eminently Californian in his style and manner," but it is to be feared that, in his new field of usefulness, these peculiarities will have but a brief lease of popularity. They have to be maintained at considerable expense to Mr. Kelly's friends and employers, and the profit of them is not apparent in the long run.

— Now that the election is over, the newspapers are occupying themselves with the gentle stupidities of peace. The lying will proceed as usual, but it will no longer have a political significance. Detraction and calumny, with all their black brood, will forsake the high places and perch thickly along the pleasant waysides of private life. The former candidates for office will be permitted to sink unnoted into the cool gloom of obscurity, and the blinding beam of exposure which lately illumined their characters and brought the spots thereon into painful conspicuity, will now be turned impartially upon the rest of us. Public affairs will be given a brief season of immunity, and more attention will be accorded to our social, personal and family relations; our private peccadilloes will reassume their just relative importance.

— A youth in Iowa is dead from his neck downward—dead and gone to his account. As to head, he is a very lively and intelligent fellow. He has been that way, the papers say, for two years, and thinks it nice. He experiences but one inconvenience: he has to stand up to the chin in strong pickle to keep from decaying. We think this party ought to be taken out and buried in a post-hole, leaving the head exposed. The worms would then come by their own, and if the head should choose to carry on an independent existence on its own account, it could do so. It is undemocratic to favor a minority, and at the same time not permit a respectable body, whose function is fulfilled to peacefully disincorporate.

— Dr. Grosner, of Louisville, has been committed to prison upon a charge of killing his wife by cruel treatment. And she has probably been committed to the Bottomless Pit for provoking him beyond endurance.

**A Fragment.**

BY JOAQUIN MILLER.

Let the red lips lift, proud curled, to kiss,  
 And round limbs lean and raise and reach  
 In love too passionate for speech—  
 Too full of blessedness and bliss  
 For anything but this and this;  
 Let luscious lips lean hot to kiss  
 And swoon in love, whilst all the air  
 Is redolent with balm of trees,  
 And mellow with the song of bees,  
 While birds sit singing everywhere;  
 And you will have not any more  
 Than I in boyhood, by that shore  
 Of olives, had in years of yore.

She had wept and wondered at my delay,  
 Alone and in tears, with her head held down,  
 Where the ships sail out and the seas swirl in,  
 Forgetting to knit and refusing to spin.  
 She shall lift her head, she shall see her lover,  
 She shall hear his voice like a sea that rushes;  
 She shall hold his gold in her hands of snow,  
 And down on her breast she shall hide her blushes;  
 And never a care shall her true heart know,  
 While the clouds are below, or the clouds are above her.

**Paris in 1795.**

The carriages and the fine people are all coming to light again, or rather it seems only a long dream to them, during which they ever ceased to glitter. Everything is got up in this country to amuse and make life agreeable. People tear themselves away from reflection, and how is it possible to look at the dark side of this busy vortex? Women are everywhere—in the theatres, promenades, libraries; in the closets of the learned you meet pretty women. This is the only place in the world where they deserve to hold the helm, and men are mad about them; they think of nothing else, and live by and for nothing else. A woman only needs six months of Paris life to find out what is due to her and what power she has. (Napoleon to Joseph, July 12, 1795.)—*History of Napoleon I.*

— Dr. Buckley, of this city, has contributed to the *Medical and Surgical Journal* a "crusher" against the system of obtaining medical experts to testify in our courts. The doctor writes very bitterly, and we referred his article to a trio of well known practitioners for an opinion regarding his sanity. They joined their wise heads above the printed page and read the article through in profound silence. "Insomnia!" gruntheth Dr. Trask. "Dysmenorrhœa!" croaketh Dr. Deane. "Retrocedent gout!" quacketh Dr. Lyford. And the solemn consultation is at an end.

— The famine in Persia has opened our eyes to the uses of children; they are good to eat, when the crops fail. It is disgraceful that we have never thought of this before, when railing at what we supposed the recklessness of parents. We see now that it is only a wise foresight; they rear a child as they rear a pig—to eat him when necessary. The parent of a multitudinous progeny shall hereafter have the benefit of our good opinion; nevertheless we shall pray for a speedy famine that he may rid us of a grievous plague.

— A woman in this city—would that we knew the tender creature's name—sent to Virginia City, Nevada, to obtain, and did obtain, the rope with which the Vigilance Committee of a few weeks ago constricted the thrapple of one Kirk. She declined to state what she intended doing with it; probably she has not yet made up her mind, but thinks it will be nice to have on the center table, anyhow. It is fervently to be wished that her husband may find it useful in flogging her.

— La Societe de Saint-Cecile of Bordeaux has offered a prize of a gold medal and 300f. for the best setting of a "Stabat Mater;" the work is to be written for solo voices, choros and full orchestra. Manuscripts may be sent to the Secretary at Bordeaux up to the 30th of November.

### Old Characters in Modern Times.

We have the Addisonian varieties of widow, of coquette, of flirt, of prude, and their male supplements or equivalents, conducting their existences, and ordering their manners and habits and pursuits in much the same fashion as that in which the *Spectator* depicted them. The dancing and fiddling and other humors of Vanity Fair; the survival and success of the fittest in the struggle for social precedence; the spites and jealousies and heart-burnings generated in the hearts and brains of creatures who have no intellectual resources, and who are constantly irritated by the necessity of preserving their small consequence in their little circles; the neglected wives, the roving husbands, the fortune-hunters, the panders, the blacklegs, the usurers, the hypocrites, the high-minded gentleman, the knaves of quality and the poor rogues, the demirep and the thing she comes to, the scheming mother, the harmless eccentric, the complacent nincompoop, the man about town, the garrulous quidnunc, the entire gallery and museum of labeled social types and specimens which are open to our inspection in the pages of the *Spectator*, are to be seen and met with in the real world in which we live and move. Hence it is that we so often come across contemporary essays, which appear to contain such trite and familiar commonplaces.—*Daily News*.

— New York has just furnished a case where a man was prosecuted for carrying on business on his own premises which disturbed the services in a church near by, and now Cincinnati furnishes one of still greater general interest, where a man has been brought before the courts for carrying on a business which disturbed his neighbors and made their lives wretched, the business being the manufacture of iron material, and the nuisance consisting of the noise that the workmen make in nailing sheet iron on a smooth wooden surface. The complainant said the noise rendered life most insupportable at his house, and his neighbors testify in corroboration, adding, further, that funeral services were once prevented, and an auction sale broken up, in consequence of the fearful din, which completely drowned the voices of both clergyman and auctioneer.

— The Mongolian element has not escaped the effect of the recent political excitement. Owing to the whites being so preoccupied with their election iniquities, the Chinamen have had to do their own dirty work. They have done it with more intelligence than could have been expected: the corpses have the clean, healthy look that is given by the hand of an artist. With a little experience these ingenious people would be able to slaughter themselves and one another quite as deftly as we do it for them. But it cannot be as good fun for them as it is for us, you know.

— On Saturday last the melancholy remains of a new-born babe were found on the beach at Alameda Point. The body was but freshly dead and sweet as a pickle. The fact that its head and one arm had been unskillfully riven off with some sharp instrument, has led to suspicion of foul play, but we cannot regard the evidence as convincing. It is more probable that some fisherman innocently executed the mutilation with an idea of obtaining bait.

— It is pleasing to observe that the holders of Confederate bonds in England are able to be out and attend meetings of their kind. It appears that a committee of them appointed for that purpose are about to submit a report—which will be published. All this is extremely cheerful and inspiring—like the song of an evening Jackass in a graveyard, or the death smile of a hopeful Christian whose entrails are knotted with colic.

— At a meeting of the Academy of Sciences, on Monday evening, Professor Henry, of the Smithsonian Institute, sought to create a soul under the ribs of capital by pointing out the manifold advantages of bequeathing money to science. We forego the pleasure of giving his remarks in full, inasmuch as they were not addressed to us, for we are not worth a dollar. The Academy is not worth a cent.

— The Coast Survey has kindly designated the position of a dangerous rock in our harbor by bearings from it to certain land-marks, one of which is a chimney and another a clump of bushes. This is, perhaps, vague; it would have been better to point out its location with reference to some object of more assured stability; for example, a log-bank, a grazing cow, or a man stealing shirts off a clothes-line.

— The annual Juvenile Festival of the Tonic Sol-fa Association will be held at on the 16th inst. The choir will comprise four thousand voices.

### Harvest.

BY MARY B. DODGE.

Sun-bathed and blest in the golden weather,  
 Crowned for delight or crowned for pain,  
 Sheaved as ripe grain of the field together,  
 Covered with love from the possible rain—  
 One are the hearts that were yesterday twain.

Either has wandered a separate river,  
 Half of its course through the meadows of Time;  
 Here, at the junction, the floodgates deliver  
 All the wealth they have gathered betime—  
 Each unto each in a rhythm sublime.

Rapturous moment of full-fruited gleanings!  
 Rapturous blending of spirit with kin!  
 One in the heavens but knoweth the meaning  
 Of tenderest mystery hidden within  
 This meeting of waters, this harvested sheen.

### A Second Railroad Mortgage.

The California Pacific Railroad Company, according to the *Solano Republican*, have given a second mortgage on that road to F. D. Atherton and Milton S. Latham in trust to secure the payments of bonds to the amount of \$1,600,000. The bonds are to run twenty years and bear six per cent. interest. The purchase of the road by the Central Pacific, it is understood, extended only to a majority of the stock, which, beyond its importance as securing control of the road, could only be of nominal value, as the first mortgage bonds had covered the value. The Central Pacific take possession of the road to-day.

### The Republican Victory.

The Republican majority in the recent election is estimated as high as 7,000. Comparing this with the election of 1867, the Democrats have lost some 13,000 votes. The returns, however, are yet incomplete, but sufficient has been received to surprise both parties at such an unlooked for majority. In the city the Tax-payers have had a wonderful success. With all the favor with which this party was looked upon in the city, the carrying the whole ticket nearly was more than their most sanguine friends anticipated.

**The Fall Trade.**—The prospects for an early and brisk fall trade are improving. The crops in all sections of the country are large, and, though the prices of agricultural produce are low, the farmers are likely to get and to spend more money this year than last. The hotels in New York are already beginning to fill up with merchants from the South and West.

— A witty and pleasant friend addresses to us a communication in pleasant rhyme, as the "Right Rev. Aerial Bishop of San Francisco." In 1872 all the Bishops and their woolly flocks will have to *think*—as they have never yet done. The Avitor may be slow, and may sleep, but *prenez garde!*—It is nearer than dwellers dream of.

**From Europe to Chicago via Montreal.**—The *Chicago Tribune* calls attention to a new phase of the Chicago importing trade which has been recently developed. This is in bringing goods from Europe through Montreal and landing them directly at the wharfs without previous overhauling. Several merchants have adopted this channel of traffic, which promises to grow rapidly by reason of its success.

— It is said that Prince Charles, of Roumania, does not occupy himself with public affairs. This is equitable: public affairs do not occupy themselves with Prince Charles, of Roumania.

— The women and girls have taken to wearing stockings of bright crimson and scarlet. Blue and yellow are still fashionable among the other hens and pullets.

— Texas has a new game in cards—one holds a revolver, the other holds the cards. A coroner holds the inquest.



### Money and Commerce.

He that has money commands the service of men; he that has not, must be thankful for whatever he gets. Consequently, to be poor is to be weak, to be rich is to be strong.

[Report for the Week ending September 16th, 1871.]

— The imports of Tea from January 1st to September 14th have been, from China 535,104 pounds, and from Japan 1,615,527 pounds. Regarding the increasing importation of Teas for Eastern consumption, by way of San Francisco, the *Commercial Herald and Market Review* makes the following logical answer to parts of an article in the *New York Grocer*, which latter fights valiantly the article in favor of direct importation by sea to New York, and contends that all importations via San Francisco must involve a loss to importers: "Again, if the importation of these Teas had proved a losing transaction, the orders to forward them without delay would not have been so urgent and peremptory. The *Grocer* alleges that 'the large shipments of Teas by steamers are mostly by new houses in the trade throughout the country, and by young houses here [New York], who have ordered without limits.' Now, the fact is, that the Teas alluded to have been mainly bought and placed in market by A. A. Low & Co., of New York; Brown, Brothers & Co., New York, and Olyphant & Co., of China, New York and San Francisco. Are these new or young houses? The *Grocer* has evidently been misled by one of its Shanghai correspondents, who says, among other things of like character, 'These large orders have not been sent by the large and old houses in the trade, but by the younger houses continually springing up here, having no experience and less capital.' We can scarcely conceive the minimum of capital which is less than 'no experience,' but would like to inquire how it is, that people of no capital managed to buy and ship new-crop teas, up to the 4th of August, to the extent of 57,000,000 pounds, from the Chinese market? They must, certainly, have been very clever operators. The *Grocer* estimates that 'each steamer can probably bring as large a cargo as the *Japan*—about 800 tons—and the four steamers engaged may land in San Francisco, say 3,200 tons.' Only three steamers—the *Japan*, *China* and *Alaska*—have already landed over 7,500 tons, and will land as much more in the next two months; and this large quantity will be further increased by the cargoes of the bark *Hammonia* and other vessels, besides that of the extra steamer *Arizona*. The importations through San Francisco will probably reach 25,000 tons before the season closes, and that is quite as much as the whole country consumes annually. The greater portion of this will be placed in market before those shipped by sail can possibly arrive at New York. Our contemporary exultingly remarks, 'If San Francisco is such a great center for the Tea trade, why has it found it necessary to establish agencies in Chicago, St. Louis, and Cincinnati, to work off its surplus stock, small as it is?' What business has a growing tree to send forth branches? Why can it not remain little better than a stick? What right has San Francisco to extend her trade into markets once monopolized by New York? What a wonderful proof we have given of the incompetency and languishing business of our merchants! What audacity have they not evinced in thus treading on the corns of their New York competitors! There is one point in which we wholly agree with the *Grocer*: 'There is no use trying to force trade out of its proper channels; and the Tea-merchants of the whole country are fast finding out that the proper channel is San Francisco.'

— The Blue Book publishes the imports and exports of Great Britain for the year as follows: Imports, \$1,663,758,750; exports, \$1,315,272,140. These returns are higher than has ever been known, but they show a balance of trade against Great Britain of \$348,486,610. The imports exceeding the exports to so great an amount is especially worthy of notice in view of the fact that Great Britain is essentially a manufacturing and commercial nation, exporting the results of its mechanical skill, and importing by far the major portion of the people's food. It will be noticed in these returns, that the imports exceed the exports by about \$350,000,000; or in other words, that this large amount of money goes yearly out of the country, principally for food, in excess of that which comes in to pay for it. To meet this balance of trade, however, there are the returns upon British capital invested abroad, and were it not for these, the finances of the country would be in anything but a prosperous condition. The United States is by far England's best customer, and the exports to us for 1870 were 15 per cent. increase upon 1869, and they are returned as valued at \$141,676,970—the largest amount of any year except 1866, which showed the highest of any in the commercial dealings between the two countries. This is accounted for by the fact that the war over, the people returning to their ordinary occupations, become increased consumers, and the home industries had not then had sufficient time to get in active operation. The products on which there was an increase last year are returned as follows: Railroad iron, \$6,000,000; cotton piece goods, \$1,100,000; haberdashery, \$970,000; woolens, \$900,000; worsteds, \$850,000; and unenumerated articles, \$7,600,000. If we are the best customers to Great Britain, they reciprocate the compliment, and are decidedly the most liberal patronizers of American produce. In 1870 Great Britain imported from the United States products to the value of \$246,973,775, being an increase of over \$36,000,000 on the former year. This large increase is probably owing to raw cotton, the value of that product for the year footing up to no less than \$156,726,440. Despite the fact that some interested parties have been trying to turn the raw cotton trade into another channel, it will be interesting to Americans to know that while the exports from America have, since the war, been yearly increasing, there

has been a falling off in those countries from whence the British manufacturers were in future to draw their supply. Thus Egypt last year decreased \$11,000,000, while America increased \$36,000,000. This is encouraging, and assures those engaged in cotton culture that they need have no fear of obtaining a market for their produce. These returns also have a satisfactory showing in comparing the advantages of the trade between the two peoples, as Great Britain laid out \$107,196,865 more than the United States bought from Great Britain.

— The correspondent of the *Commercial Herald*, at Honolulu, writes under date August 28th: We look upon July, August and September as our dull months of the year, and we can truly say this season, so far, has formed no exception. Our market is overstocked with many articles, such as flour, bread, salmon, beef, pork and liquors. We have had more than the usual number of arrivals during the month, several of which have been with coals from Newcastle and Victoria, chiefly on Steamship Company's account. Two cargoes have, however, been sold at \$10. Our market is quite bare of sugar and molasses, and shipments will be light for the next two months. The coming crop promises to be large, and, from appearances, will be earlier in the market than usual.

### Brevities.

— On the 7th instant a large blast of gunpowder was fired at the Mountsorrel Quarries, attended with very remarkable results. The cliff, which may be seen from the Midland Railway between Barrow and Leicester, standing boldly up 100 feet in height, and many hundreds of yards in length, was pierced about 40 feet from the ground by a deep bore hole, and 450 pounds of powder secured therein. When the blast was fired the whole face of the rock came away together with scarcely any other sound than the crushing of the rock in its fall. The quantity thrown down is estimated at 20,000 tons, and is by far the largest weight of stone ever before moved by one blast at these granite quarries.

— The cultivation of cotton in the United States commenced with this century, and it rose from 400,000 bales in 1820, to 5,000,000 in 1859 and 1861, the two most productive years. The price fell during the same period from 50 cents to 10 cents a pound. Since the end of the civil war, cotton cultivation has rapidly increased, and it is estimated that the quantity gathered during the past season will reach 4,000,000 bales, an amount which has only been surpassed in 1859 and 1861. But the war between France and Germany has influenced the price in a most disastrous manner, and cotton which a year ago sold for 25 cents a pound, now obtains only 15 cents.

— A woman named Parsons, from Thetford, was found at Cambridge in the up-mail train, on August 14th, without a ticket. The inspector allowed her to proceed on her journey, but said he should telegraph to London, which he did. On the arrival of the train, however, no such woman as described was there. She was afterwards found on the line near Cambridge, with her feet frightfully mutilated. An infant she had with her was uninjured. In her nervous terror at what the result of the telegraph might be she had thrown herself and child from the carriage.

— It is pointed out by the Italian journals that the great tunnel under Mount Cenis, which it is said was to be opened on September 15th, has been completed three months before the time stipulated in the contract, viz., December 1871. The works were commenced in 1857, and have thus been fourteen years in hand. The rate of progress has been about three yards per day. On the French side there is still part of the connecting line—about six miles in length—incomplete. This will not be ready until a month after the opening of the tunnel.

— Mr. Ralph Montague Bernard, the senior surgeon of the Bristol, England, Royal Infirmary, was accidentally killed on August 11th by falling from the cliffs at Gwbert, in the Bay of Cardigan, on to the beach, a depth of seventy feet. The deceased gentleman was walking with his wife along the cliffs, when the edge gave way and allowed him to fall. He sustained a severe fracture of the skull, and died in a few minutes.

— Mr. A. J. Cassatt, the general superintendent of the Pennsylvania Railroad, has reported upon engine No. 422, which has been taken into shop for repairs, that she was placed upon the road October 17, 1871. During the whole of this time she hauled fast and heavy trains over the middle division, and she ran 153,280 miles, her repairs costing a little less than 2½ cents per mile.

— The commandant of the port of Nicolaieff, Vice-Admiral Arkass, is making himself fully acquainted with every detail of the port. The Russian authorities are also credited with an intention to make a geographical, or rather a hydrographical survey of the Black Sea and the Sea of Azoff, including the soundings, the temperature of the water, the best anchorages, etc.

— The *Glasgow Star* says that the Rev. Robert Thompson is going to preach two sermons, believed on good authority to have been composed by Sir Walter Scott, at Abbotsford, in 1828, for a young clerical friend of his own. The sermons are very scarce, being almost out of print.

— Rich argentiferous lead is stated to have been discovered at Aspen, on the Union Pacific Railroad. Claims have been taken, and a company with a capital of \$75,000 have been formed to work them.

### Work People and Wages

I like to see the Working Man  
Pursue his upward way,  
For still, deny it if you can,  
"To labor is to pray."  
I like to see him lay, or shape  
The brick, wield saw or plane,  
Or ply the glazier's blade, and scrape  
His putty off the pane.  
When up and down, and to and fro,  
I view him sweep the brush,  
When deftly "job" the paint on, O!  
With sympathy I gush.  
When he, with swivel-gimlet, drills  
A hole, his leveled eye  
I mark, until mine own so fills,  
That I could almost cry.

But not a Working Man alone  
Is he who wage receives  
For work in flannel jacket done,  
Or done in his shirt-sleeves.  
In Parliament both 'Squire and Peer  
Are Working Men; all they  
Who do the work: their toil's severe:  
They work both night and day.  
A Working Man the Judge I call,  
In wig, for paper cap;  
The Bishop ev'n, though not with awl  
To apron on his lap:  
A sight, when on his work intent,  
Of quite as noble kind  
As Odger would himself present,  
His business would be mind.

The highest person in the State,  
A Working Woman too,  
Works always early, often late,  
And harder far than you  
To whose expense the Sovereign adds.  
Nought you can feel, ye sour  
Small set of disaffected Cads,  
Who grudge her Children's dower.

### A Climatic Rhapsody.

Dear Eastern Visitor, heard you ever of "our climate?" It is probable that since doubling down over the sharp Sierra you have heard of little else. You have doubtless been exasperated with a great exasperation, hearing of, and feeling not. You have come to regard "our climate" as a golden dream—a delicious and inspiring phantom of the imagination—"a radiant and adored deceit." You have been fain to look upon us as deluded visionaries if not ornate liars. Now you see how it is! Have not the last few days been innocent of biting blasts, and guileless of gushing sand sweeps! Have not the nights appertaining unto these days been free of marching fogs and searching chill? Has not Consumption furled her banner, and Asthma loosed his grip upon the constricted vitals. This, O Eastern Visitor, this is "our climate!" Is it not rare, and fine, and luscious? Is it not sweet with health, and laden heavily with life? "Languor!" Aye! the languor that is simply vitality militant crowned with repose triumphant; the languor that comes of having nothing to wish for. It is the languor of a soul that gives itself up to tranquility, as a sun-crowned Island surrenders himself to the sleeping Sea, with the feel of her waves lapping dreamily against his sides, and the drone of her music in the ear of his drowsiness! Where now, Æolus, are thy gusty gibes that were wont to set thee in a roar? Where are thy puffs of dust that make one involuntarily shelter himself behind the passing cart-horse, and expect to see that honest creature kneel, camel-like, till the desert sand-storm shall have spent itself against the Pyramids? Look to the west'ard there, at Bernal Heights, over whose broad back you have been accustomed to see Evening pull a shirt of fog and button it with a star. Lone Mountain lifts his cross against an opal sky, clear and stainless as the eye of beauty, and fathomless as love! Of all the many dead out there no ghost shall sneak and gibber to-night, for he shall not gather mist enough to sheet him decently from public observation. Aye, good Eastern Visitor, we have caught you in our climate at last, and shall make the most of you. For to-morrow it will blow great guns, the next day you shall not open your eyes for pelting gravel, and the next you shall see nothing if you do, for the fog will be thick enough to cut with a cheese-knife. Then, for three hundred and sixty-two days, racking rheumatisms, distracting neuralgias and the crazing exasperation of catarrh! "Our climate" is a goodly climate, and a wholesome, but, like Christmas, it "comes but once a year."

— The members of the New Jerusalem Church, on O'Farrell street, have presented their pastor, Johannes Doughty, with a purse of one hundred dollars. We hold the copyright of a very pleasing poem, beginning, "Didymus Dumkleton Doughty Don John," which we will dispose of for one-half the sum. It appeared once in this journal, and was generally regarded as a very pretty piece of versification. If the copyright were once disposed of we should have no right to re-publish it without the consent of the owner. We are chaffing you, Johnny; we couldn't lay our hands upon that poem to save our precious life—unless, indeed, you would give us access to your own private papers, where we have no doubt it is secretly but sacredly preserved. Well, well, this is a wicked, wicked word—a very dog of a world, egad! Happy is the man who gets through it with unbitten shins.

— There is great sickness in Boston.—*Exchange*. [True, Boston is sick of her inhabitants.



### Great Britain and the United States.

In a speech delivered at Whitby recently, Gladstone made use of certain expressions which were deemed of sufficient importance to be transmitted across three thousand miles of ocean by telegraph. The words have been commented upon, and we are glad to see favorably, by most of the daily papers here. What were the words? They were these: "We can now look upon Americans as friends. \* \* \* We may now indulge the hope that all controversies between the two peoples are settled." Mr. Gladstone was speaking of the good effects of the Washington Treaty; and it is our opinion that most of our readers will agree with us when we say that, looking at the improved relations of the two peoples, and remembering that these improved relations are the fruit of the Washington Treaty, the Premier was fully justified in using this encouraging and hopeful language. Americans and Britons are brethren sprung from the same stock; they speak the same language; they have inherited the same traditions; they are proud of a common history; they are happy under similar institutions; why should they not be friends? In the great and growing future, it will be the interest of the two nations to go hand in hand. They represent the race which stands at the head of civilization. United and working together in harmony, they may maintain their place. Disunited, they are in danger of being outrun and left behind. For the first time in many centuries the Anglo-Saxon race has a powerful rival. The Germans are close at our heels. Disunion made the Germans weak. Union has made the German strong. Union is all that is required to maintain the Anglo-Saxon in his proud position, and ultimately to give him the world for his possession. The *entente cordiale* now apparently established between the two peoples will not, we trust, be soon disturbed.

### Australasian Steamships.

According to the New Zealand papers, the average passages of the Hall line of steamers, between Sydney and San Francisco, have been 38 days. The average of six passages of the Webb line, from San Francisco to Auckland, has been under 33 days. If to this be added four and a half days from Auckland to Sydney, it gives 37½ days from San Francisco to the latter port. But it is to be observed that on two occasions the time has been less by two days, and on one occasion less by three, which would make the time only 34½ days. Considering that the detour by way of New Zealand increases the distance by some hundreds of miles, Mr. Webb's line is decidedly ahead of its competitor, having made better running by something like 40 miles per day. We observe by the Melbourne papers that Mr. Webb had an interview with the Government of Victoria with reference to a subsidy for his uncle's line of steamers. Mr. Duffy said that he must consult Parliament in the matter, and it would probably stipulate that Melbourne should be the terminus for the steamers. There is no doubt that this line is growing in favor with the Australians, but the breaks in the voyage at Honolulu, and again at Auckland, are great drawbacks to securing subsidies from the Victoria, New South Wales, or Queensland Governments. The subject of more frequent and rapid communication between Australia and England has lately been discussed in the latter country, and the British Postmaster General states that the line of steamers with which the New Zealand Government has lately made a contract (the Webb line) offers a good opportunity of an alternative fortnightly service, regarding which the opinion of the colonists themselves is desirable.

### Walter Montgomery.

We have been favored by Mr. Lyster, Business Manager of the California Theater, with a copy of the London *Drawing-room Gazette*, containing a notice of the last appearance, in *Hamlet*, of poor Walter Montgomery. The newspaper was addressed to Mr. Lyster in the great tragedian's own handwriting. The critique, which is quite too lengthy for our columns, shows conclusively that professional mortification could have had no hand in provoking the mental aberration which led to the act by which he "rashly importunate gone to his death" has left a vacancy not easily to be filled up. In concluding the notice, the *Gazette* says: "We pronounce 'Hamlet' his greatest success. 'Louis XI.' was a wonderful impersonation, but his 'Hamlet' is indeed infinitely pathetic and poetical, manly, tender and luminous—for the soul and heart of the stricken Dane are felt throughout above the questions of philosophy. The scene with 'Ophelia' is a masterpiece of acting. It is so charged with feeling as to become to those who hear it a memory forever. Mr. Montgomery's 'Hamlet' shows deep æsthetic study—far deeper than the old interpretation, as we have endeavored to indicate by the newer light of his delineation." Mr. Montgomery's success before a London audience of the most critical stamp, stands out in strong contrast to the grudging, peevish tone of some of the *soi-disant* critics of this hard-to-please city. Poor Walter, alas! forgetful that "the Almighty has set his canon 'gainst self-slaughter" has gone, but his genial memory will live with his friends and those of the public capable of appreciating true genius and simplicity of heart.

— Gen. Crook has received no orders to discontinue hostilities against the Apaches. Just wait till he kills one.



**I and Thou.**

[FROM THE GERMAN OF GEIBEL.]

I am a rose that, in the field,  
Breathes to the breeze perfume—  
O, love, thou art the cooling dew  
That wakes me into bloom.

I am the jewel, darkly hid,  
In gloomy mines below—  
Thou art the sunbeam in whose light  
My varied colors glow.

I am the crystal goblet, whence  
A monarch drinks his wine—  
Thou art the sweet, unpurpled wave  
Whose splendors through me shine.

I am the gloomy thunder-cloud  
That sweeps across the skies—  
Thou art the shining rainbow, love!  
That on my bosom lies.

I am the Memnon, dumb and dead,  
The desert sands among—  
Thou art the crimson light of day,  
That wakes my heart to song.

I am an erring man that gropes  
Amid bewild'ring night—  
Thou art an angel, sent from God,  
To lead me to the light.

**Week of Prayer Throughout the World.**

A circular has just been issued by the *Evangelical Alliance*, calling upon Christians of all nations throughout the world, to make arrangements for setting apart the week commencing January 7, 1872, for special humiliation, thanksgiving and prayer. In the course of an address upon the subject of universal prayer, the circular says: "Christians throughout the world have been accustomed for many years past, and with increasing encouragement and advantage, to consecrate the week, commencing with the first Sunday in January, to united supplication. Day by day in that week they have been brought into sympathy with each other's wants, and duties, and trials, with each other's union in Christ, with each other's privileges, and with each other's participation in Divine and eternal realities." The circular, after suggesting suitable topics for exhortation and prayer upon the successive days of meeting, touches upon the necessity of united prayer, especially for heathen lands, and cites the astounding fact, that while 500,000,000 of the entire population of the world consists of Protestants, Roman Catholics, Greeks, Jews, and Mahomedans, the other 788,000,000 are entirely pagan. The circular bears the signatures of the Earl of Chichester and James Davis, and Hermann Schmetsman, Ph.D., as President and Secretaries of the British branch of the Evangelical Alliance, and is also signed by the Presidents and Secretaries of the American, French, German, Belgian, Dutch, Netherlands, Swedish, Turkish and Greek branches of the Alliance.

**Communist Prisoners.**

The trial of the Communist prisoners at Versailles continues to excite much attention in Paris. General Chanzy, in giving evidence, stated that when arrested by the Communists, and taken before the Central Committee, a fair-haired young man apologized for the arrest, and afterwards set him at liberty. He was not quite positive, but believed this fair-haired young man to be the prisoner Billioray. In contradiction of a statement of Assi, who had asserted that during the time of the Commune he manufactured none but ordinary munitions of war, witnesses were called who had heard that poison was introduced into the shells. Assi, however, denied all knowledge of this, and said that many other persons besides himself gave orders. Jourde, the Finance Minister of the Commune, was then examined, and it was stated by the Provisional Governor of the Bank of France that he had extracted in all from that establishment sixteen millions of francs. Witnesses have been called to prove that the Ministry of Finance was set on fire not by the Communists, but by shells from the Versailles artillery. A woman, a concierge at the Ministry of Finance, stated that during the conflagrations in Paris she saw men, dressed like firemen, throwing upon the flames some liquid which only increased their intensity. Courbet, the painter, takes credit to himself for having saved many priceless works of art, and denies that he voted for the destruction of the Vendome Column.

**Cars for Sacramento.**

The Kimball Manufacturing Company, have shipped two more handsome street cars for the Sacramento City Railroad Company, making ten for the same corporation. The cars of the Kimball Manufacturing Company are becoming immensely popular, and our local railroad companies are learning that they can get as good an article, or better, at home, at a cost of \$100 less per car than the imported. This Company also, last steamer, shipped two cars, the first installment, for a street railroad in Yokohama. They are also building a train of very handsome passenger coaches for the Southern Pacific—thus inaugurating a branch of industry that is bound to grow and become an important feature of our home manufactures. Our splendid material gives California a great advantage over the East for car building, and we prophesy a large and profitable business for the Kimball Company, they having shown by actual demonstration that they can successfully compete with the East. Their palace car was pronounced the finest specimen of workmanship and ornamental woods ever seen in that section.

### The London General Post Office.

To give some idea of the magnitude of the operations in which the General Post Office is concerned, the Postmaster-General observes in his report just issued that in London alone during the past year about 10,565,000 yards of string were used for tying up the letters for the country, and about 17,637 lbs. of sealing wax for securing the bags in which the letters were contained, the bags in use being about 700,000 in number. In England and Wales, the quantity of ink supplied for impressing postmarks on letters and for obliterating postage stamps was about four tons, and the number of forms employed, exclusive of anything in the nature of a book, amounted to 20,692,000. It is unpleasant to draw invidious distinctions between public departments (says a contemporary), but when the Postmaster-General boasts of the number of yards of string consumed in his establishment during the twelve months, it is only fair to point out that the quantity of red tape made use of at the War Office during the same period probably far exceeds that of the Post Office string. There are other departments we could mention whose exertions in tying up documents are beyond all praise.

### A New Oracle.

A new oracle is to speak in Rome. Father Tiber, who has so often been apostrophized, is to have his turn, and to unfold that tale upon which archæologists have been harping for centuries. The political emancipation of Rome is the signal, and a flutter of expectancy agitates the savants and antiquarians of the world. The Italians have resolved that the bed of their river shall be excavated. A company has been formed—we can do nothing individually or nationally, it must be by a company—to carry out the work, and to restore all of monumental interest that has been embalmed in its mud. From end to end, from Ripetta to Ripa Grande, the river is to be dredged. Warriors' arms and accoutrements of five centuries before Christ, gems, coins, precious vessels, statues—types of the wealth of generations—flung into the ancient stream in times of panic and convulsion, are expected to reward the efforts of the enterprise. What memories will be revived! and what a scramble will there be for possession of the Tiber treasures!—*Overland Mail*.

### Fiji.

As neither England nor America will undertake the government of Fiji, and as its annexation to Victoria or New South Wales would be illegal, Cacaban, the most powerful of the native chiefs, has assumed the title of King, and entered to rule as a constitutional monarch. He has formed a Ministry, and a Constitution has been promulgated which provides for the establishment of civil and religious liberty, cheap and simple administration of justice and the enjoyment of equal rights. The attention of the government will be at once directed to the foundation of a bank of deposit and issue, guaranteed by the Crown, the federation of the various chiefdoms, the recognition of Fiji as one of the powers of the earth by those foreign governments with whom his Majesty has not hitherto had intercourse. The Government of the Sandwich Island has announced its intention to recognize the government of King Cacaban.—*Nelson, N. Z., Examiner*.

— A physician in Kansas is entitled to honorable mention for personal cleanliness. The other evening he took a razor and made an excavation into the neck of his little girl. He then treated his wife in the same way. These died. Our hero then obtained a large pan, set it on the floor, lay down with his head in it and sawed assunder all that he could get at in his own neck. The pan caught all the blood, and both the floor and the doctor's raiment were unsullied. The body is said to have had the clean transparency of very young veal, but the head having lopped down into the pan was considerably gummed up. We recommend in all similar cases the use of a small rack to sustain the pate when its guys and stays have been cut away.

— A fellow in Albany flung his sweetheart off a balcony and broke her leg in three places. He was arrested for the deed, but she declined to appear against him. There is some comfort in having a girl like that. Your ordinary, heartless and brainless maiden, whom it is dangerous to even kick, and who for every handful of hair you pull out of her scalp will make you suffer a week's vexation, is a weariness to the flesh and a heaviness to the spirit. Shun her, dear reader, even as you would shun a creditor. Close your eyes to her charms, as you close them to the contribution plate at church. Shut your ears to her appeals, as you do to those of a sick beggar. Have no more to do with her than if she were a needy relative.

— Since election, many Republicans have appeared in bran new suits. Comment is unnecessary.—*Bulletin*. [You might have explained that there have been several fires.]

### The Hindoo Sceptic.

I think till I weary with thinking,  
Said the sad-eyed Hindoo king,  
And I see but shadows around me—  
Illusion in everything.

How knowest thou aught of God,  
Of His favor or His wrath?

Can the little fish tell what the lion thinks,  
Or map out the eagle's path?

Can the finite the infinite search?

Did the blind discover the stars?

Is the thought that I think a thought,  
Or a throb of the brain in its bars?

For ought that my eye can discern,  
Your God is what you think good,  
Yourself flashed back from the glass,  
When the light pours on it in flood.

When the fish swims out of the water,

When the birds soar out of the blue,

Man's thought may transcend man's knowledge,

And your God be no reflex of you.

You preach to me to be just;

And this is His realm you say,

And the good are dying of hunger,

And the bad gorge every day.

You say that He loveth mercy,

And the famine is not yet gone;

That He hateth the shedder of blood,

And He slayeth us every one.

You say that my soul shall live,

That the spirit can never die—

If He were content when I was not,

Why not when I have passed by?

You say I must have a meaning,

So must dung, and its meaning is flowers.

What if our souls are but nurture

For lives that are greater than ours.

—*London Spectator.*

### The Cholera.

During the past week we have received several reports by mail and by cable of the ravages of the cholera in Asia and Europe and of its approach towards America. In Persia it is prevailing, and with its allies in the work of destruction—famine, fevers, small-pox and the cattle plague—is reducing portions of the country to an uninhabited desert. The famine in the southern provinces appears to be worse than was first reported. In Khorassan one-third of the whole population is said to have perished from it. At Ispahan twenty-seven thousand have died of hunger. In many quarters the drouth has caused a total failure of the rice crop; and in some districts, the greater part of the oxen and buffaloes are said to have died, and substitutes in the way of food have been sought in vain. In Europe the cholera appears to be most destructive in the cities of Western Russia and Eastern Prussia. Cases have occurred as far west as Hamburg. The probability of the epidemic being carried on board of vessels from Baltic ports is so strong that precautions against its entrance have been taken at all the chief ports of Great Britain. By mail we learn that one case of cholera has occurred in Greenock, and the most vigorous measures are being taken to prevent an outbreak of the epidemic. The Sanitary Committee have agreed to appoint Dr. Wallace consulting physician to the sanitary inspection. Dr. McDougal has been appointed to board all vessels arriving at the Tail of the Bank, where there is reason to suspect any member of the crew being ill of the plague. The committee have also agreed to recommend that the present reception house in Gleebe be converted into a cholera hospital; and that a temporary iron hospital, similar to those in use in London and elsewhere, be procured and erected in Garvel Park grounds. The police are further instructed to commence a house-to-house visitation, and distribute valuable printed information among the inhabitants, who are requested to give prompt information to the authorities of any case occurring in a family. At other ports of Scotland and England similar measures have been adopted, and it is hoped that the epidemic may be arrested in its westward progress. At present it has not obtained a firm footing on any part of the Three Kingdoms, and there is little probability of its cutting off many victims there until next year—when it may be terrible. Meanwhile the best precautions against its appearance on this side of the Atlantic are the practice of temperance and cleanliness, the suppression of cesspools and the expenditure of pure water.

— Mr. Priddy and his female returned home, drawn by a pair of horses. (Mr. P. and his f. had been driving for their health.) Straightway appeared upon the scene ten white-headed Priddies, of assorted sizes, screaming like infuriated hounds, leaping like maniacs, and gesticulating like a tempest of wind-mills. A nice way to welcome these staid and respectable parties! The horses turned aside in disgust, sprang deliberately off a bank, sank breathless through the yielding air, stopped when they got to the bottom, and Madame Priddy was a melancholy remain. MORAL: If people *will* have children—bah! of course they will; what's the use of talking!

— Here is an unimportant but interesting part of the description of a Turkish beauty who is sojourning in New York—temporarily it is to be hoped: "She has the eyes of a houri, almond-shaped, deep and dreamy, and brilliant, white teeth that laugh as she laughs." Sweet Venus, what a nice girl! It would be worth a thousand years of one's life to own her. What delight to see one's own face mirrored in those eyes! What bliss to minister to her wants! For example, to insert slices of bacon between those laughing teeth.

### A Remarkable Ghost Story.

Lord Brougham, in his recently published autobiography, gives an account of a trip he made to Norway, and relates how, on a cold day in Norway, he arrived at an hotel which had the unusual luxury of a bath-room. He says: "Tired with the cold of yesterday, I was glad to take advantage of a hot bath before I turned in. And here a most remarkable thing happened to me—so remarkable that I must tell the story from the beginning. After I left the high school I went with G—, my most intimate friend, to attend the classes in the university. There was no divinity class, but we frequently, in our walks, discussed and speculated upon many grave subjects, among others, on the immortality of the soul, and on a future state. This question, and the possibility, I will not say of ghosts walking, but of the dead appearing to the living, were subjects of much speculation; and we actually committed the folly of drawing up an agreement, *written with our blood*, that whichever of us died the first should appear to the other, and thus solve any doubts we had entertained of the 'life after death.' After we had finished our classes at the college, G— went to India, having got an appointment there in the civil service. He seldom wrote to me, and after the lapse of a few years I had almost forgotten him; moreover, his family having little connection with Edinburgh, I seldom saw or heard anything of them, or of him through them, so that all the old school-boy intimacy had died out, and I had nearly forgotten his existence. I had taken, as I have said, a warm bath; and while lying in it and enjoying the comfort of the heat after the late freezing I had undergone, I turned my head around, looking toward the chair on which I had deposited my clothes, as I was about to get up out of the bath. On the chair sat G—, looking calmly at me! How I got out of the bath I know not, but on recovering my senses I found myself sprawling on the floor. The apparition, or whatever it was that had taken the likeness of G—, had disappeared. This vision produced such a shock, that I had no inclination to talk about it, or to speak about it, even to Stuart; but the impression it made upon me was too vivid to be easily forgotten, and so strongly was I affected by it that I have here written down the whole history, with the date, 19th December, and all the particulars as they are now fresh before me. No doubt I had fallen asleep; and that the appearance presented so distinctly to my eyes was a dream, I cannot for a moment doubt; yet for years I had had no communication with G—, nor had there been anything to recall him to my recollection; nothing had taken place during our Swedish travels either connected with G—, or with India, or with anything relating to him, or to any member of his family. I recollected quickly enough our old discussion and the bargain we had made. I could not discharge from my mind the impression that G— must have died, and that his appearance to me was to be received by me as a proof of a future state; yet all the while I felt convinced that the whole was a dream; and so painfully vivid and so unfading was the impression, that I could not bring myself to talk of it or to make the slightest allusion to it. I finished dressing, and as we had agreed to make an early start, I was ready by six o'clock, the hour of our early breakfast.

"BROUGHAM, October 16th, 1862.—I have just been copying out from my journal the account of this strange dream: *Certissima mortis imago!* And now, to finish the story, begun about sixty years since: Soon after my return to Edinburgh there arrived a letter from India, announcing G—'s death, and stating that he had died on the 19th of December."

— At the city of Horse Prairie (we suppose it is a city) in Illinois, a child, while sleeping peaceably with its parents, was so operated upon by the teeth of rats that it has died. Parents may take a hint from this how to manage these predatory rodents. Smear the youngest pledge of affection with bane, and expose it in some rat-haunted cellar. In cases where traps are used, impaled baby might advantageously supersede toasted cheese, for bait. We had not thought that these vermin—the rats—had such degraded tastes.

— A coroner's jury in the East has found that a President and Directors of a railroad are responsible for an accident. If these doomed and guilty unfortunates shall attempt to fly from the wrath of the law, we shall esteem it a holy duty to apprise the public. If they have any manliness they will remain and suffer the consequences of their crime—the swift and terrible retribution of an offended press!

**Rich Quartz.**—Returns from the Thames Gold Fields, New Zealand, July 11th to August 8th, show that 6,420 tons of quartz were crushed from 60 different mines, which produced a yield of 27,520 oz. of gold. The largest yield was from the Caledonia—19,328 oz. of melted gold obtained from 1,200 tons, or nearly \$290 per ton.

— "Gentlemen of the jury," said a blundering counsel, in a suit about a lot of hogs, "there were thirty-six hogs in that drove. Please to remember that fact—thirty-six hogs; just three times as many as in that jury box, gentlemen." The counsel didn't gain his case.



### Henry IV. and His Misfortunes in Wales.

Henry made one or two attempts to beard Glyndwr in his mountain den, but the Welsh climate was too much for English effeminacy. The march of Henry IV. into Wales, in 1402, was a caution to Welsh tourists not to forget their umbrellas. Pennant says: "The event of his invasion was very unfortunate. Glyndwr, who had too much prudence to hazard a battle against so superior an enemy, returned to the fastnesses of the mountains, and drove away the cattle and destroyed every means the English had of subsistence. The season proved uncommonly bad, for the very elements seemed to have warred against them. A continued course of storms and rain, with the continual watching an enemy ever hovering over them, and ready to take every occasion of falling on them from the heights, wasted the army with sickness and fatigue, and obliged the living once more to make an inglorious retreat." The "Spirits from the vasty deep," that Shakspeare makes the Welsh chieftain boast he can invoke, seemed this time to come when he "did call for them," and a serious chapter might be written of Henry's misfortunes. We will give a comic one. The following is an extract from the one referred to. After recounting the journey from Shrewsbury to the mountains, the writer says:

But alack and alas! a change sad and extreme  
Came over the spirit, too soon, of their dream.  
One unlucky Friday (with sorrow and pain  
I proceed to record it) it came on to rain!  
It rained on the Saturday, it rained on the Sunday,  
It rained every hour of the day on the Monday;  
On Tuesday it rained cats and dogs, as they say,  
And Wednesday was also a very wet day.  
On Thursday and Friday, especially the latter day,  
It rained very hard; but, my gracious, on Saturday  
The rain was most dreadful—a great deal more bad  
Than that of the very worst monarch we've had!  
And King Henry's hot thirst for destruction and slaughter  
Was quenched by this timely supply of cold water;  
And his gallants so gay, and his barons so bold,  
They couldn't catch Glyndwr—they only caught cold.  
The soldiers, with rain-water up to their knees,  
Were very uneasy while "standing at ease;"  
And the trumpets grew hoarse, and would not sound their notes,  
And the fife seemed all suffering from very sore throats.  
The cavalry's brilliant equipments were spoiled,  
And the horses all smoked, just as if they'd been boiled.  
And the Scotch Fusiliers, with the captain thereof,  
Were extremely annoyed with a very bad cough;  
And nothing was seen 'mid the Yeomanry bands  
But blowing of noses and wringing of hands;  
And nothing was heard of the Shropshire Militia,  
Night or day but—attisha! attisha!! ATTISHA!!!  
And a still more tremendous misfortune befell  
(Dreadful to hear, and dreadful to tell)—  
King Henry himself became rather unwell!

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— News has recently been received here of the death of George Aiken, Esq., who will be well remembered by old Californians as Her Britannic Majesty's Consul at this port from 1850 to 1856. Mr. Aiken died at Napier, Hawkes' Bay, New Zealand, about three months since, where he had been residing for many years. No one of the early residents of this State was more popular than George Aiken, and the report of his death will be read by many with heartfelt regret.

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— It is said that strong, neat and serviceable suits of paper clothing are now made in England, at a cost of eighteen shillings. If this is true, it will prove a Godsend to our own poor: our Government will impose an import duty of only about five hundred per cent. *ad valorem*, for the protection of home industry, and the working classes will soon look very fine in their jaunty papyrus toggery.

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— Some son of a soap-sharp, who edits a paper in the cow counties, is very much troubled in mind at the preparations for the reception of the Grand Duke Alexis, which in his opinion are "disgusting." If His Highness shall decide to come to California we hazzard little in saying that this unpleasantly affected yokel will break his neck to get a good square look at him. At least we hope he will.

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— Mr. Vallandigham's friends and admirers are going to erect a monument to his memory. Meantime, the foundation of the Washington monument is suffering from exposure to the weather, the building which protected it having rotted down.

### Tom, the Duke of Edinburgh's Elephant.

Tom knew the pipes for meals on board the *Galatea* as well as any of the crew, and immediately evening quarters were over would march to the fore-castle for a "sky-lark." There he was hailed with delight, pampered with biscuit, pea-soup, and tobacco; of the latter he was very fond, and when the men were forbidden to give him this luxury because it disagreed with him, it was most curious to watch him hunting the decks, turning over the coils of ropes, pushing his trunk into every hole and corner in search of a stray quid. He was by no means particular in his diet, hay, corn, grass, wood shavings, rice, paper, straw, etc., in fact, thoroughly omnivorous; even a cake of blacking or tea-leaves did not come amiss. In his drinking he was not a whit more delicate or particular; champagne, beer, whisky, rum (of which he had a daily allowance), brandy, gin, wine and soda, all were packed away in his trunk without his appearing a bit the "worse for liquor." He never got intoxicated, although I fear some efforts have been made in that direction. At Auckland, Tom was sent ashore, and a shed made of corrugated iron allotted him. One evening, after being shut up for the night, he fancied a stroll, so quietly walked through the walls, as if they had been but so much paper, never heeding the crash that followed his exit. During his walk he came to a well, and well he knew it; standing on the edge was an old enemy of his, and here was a fine opportunity to "feed fat his ancient grudge." His keeper had been in the habit, when Tom wanted a drink, of making him draw his own water; this he did by hoisting the bucket up with his trunk, then, placing his foot on the rope, took a fresh haul, and so on until it reached the top. But now there was no keeper near, the bucket was temptingly near the edge; gradually, inch by inch, the cunning animal pushed the bucket until it over-balanced and fell, as Tom hoped, to be seen no more. But retribution quickly followed; as the bucket descended, whiz! round went the handle, so much to Tom's astonishment and terror that he never could be induced to go near the well again. Tom's antics and tricks would fill a volume of decent size. We have seen how little he attended to the wise saw of "Let well alone;" another wise saw, "Let sleeping dogs lie," receives as little attention; on the contrary, he delights in rousing them up. He used to wander about the best part of the night, and the dogs had a lively time of it; if they were on deck he was sure to find them, then, using one of his huge forelegs as a pendulum, he would commence swinging it over their bodies, gradually bringing it down until it crushed them; a growl followed, a kick followed the growl, and a howl the kick, and Tom went in search of a fresh victim. One unfortunate sick puppy, placed in his hut overnight, was found next morning resembling a paper dog; Tom had overlaid it like a careless mother. A large kangaroo bound that used to take possession of Tom's straw during his absence would be seen immediately after his return, shut out as if from a catapult, Tom's trunk being the propelling power. To see this huge animal playing with men was a strange sight, so careful not to injure them, letting them pile themselves on his back, trying to rub them off under the stays or against the ropes; hoisting them on his back with his trunk, or rolling about on the deck with all the abandon of a young kitten, yet not quite so graceful. His mode of resenting an affront was always odd and harmless—a push from his trunk, doubled up like a cushion to prevent a hard blow. The sentry one Sunday at divisions ordered Tom back into the hut. Tom went in with a look as much as to say, "I'll serve you out," waited until the marine had to repass the doorway on his beat, and then sent out a shower of small biscuit like hail. How like this trick is to the "Arabian Nights" story of the Elephant and Tailor.—*Leisure Hours.*

### Equine Sagacity.

A resident of Whitby, England, a young gentleman named Keene, was lately visiting Malton, and when there, from Mr. Rutter, of Hessie Farm, he bought a hunting mare, which on leaving Malton he recently took with him to Whitby. One Wednesday the mare was missing from the field, and a search was instituted to no purpose. On Thursday the search was renewed; Mr. Keene and his groom going about ten miles on the Guisborough Moors, and then to Sleights, where they heard the mare had crossed the railway the previous morning. At this point the trail was easy. The mare had taken the high road homewards, and at Saltersgate six men tried to stop her, without avail. At Pickering she jumped a load of sticks and the railway gates, and then found herself in her old hunting country, making across Ryedale for "home." In so doing she would have to cross two rivers and a railway. Mr. Keene found her at home on Thursday night with one shoe thrown and rather lame, but otherwise no worse for her cross-country gallop of nearly sixty miles, done in one day, for her previous owner found her on the Wednesday night standing at the gate of the field where she had grazed for the two previous years.

— It is said that the war on the liquor sellers is very lively in New England. It is very lively in San Francisco, if we may judge by the force besieging the stronghold of every barkeeper in town. It must soon terminate, however, for all the barrooms are pretty well surrounded: the sinners have attacked in front, and the church people gone round to the rear.

**Camaralzaman.**

"Then the queen looked into his face, and said, "O beloved, awake!" but Mahmoud the fairy immersed him in sleep, and pressed down his head with her wing, so he awoke not."—ARABIAN NIGHTS.

Deep in the lily its odor lies, Hidden in beauty cold as snow; Only the south wind stoops as it flies, Stealing sweetness that dreams below.	When the rapture of life shall call, Low or loud, through my weary dream; When its lips on my slumber fall, Its eyes of summer above me gleam—
Deep in the heart of the Arab tale Sleeps the breath of a truth divine; Open thy petals, lily pale, Make the splendor and perfume mine.	Patient angel of strength and power, Guarding ever my wandering way, Pour thy sleep on the fateful hour, Hide mine eyes from the dawning day.
When the thrill of its kisses spread Life and bliss till the sleep must flee, Press thy wing on my restless head, Keep me sleeping and safe for thee!	

—Rose Terry.

**The Savans and the Fat Woman.**

In the Anthropological Department of the British Association, Sir Duncan Gibb, Bart., read the following "Note on the Fat Woman now exhibiting in London": As a rule, enormously fat women are rare when compared to the opposite sex, and they are deserving of a passing notice. But when their size depends to some extent upon muscular as well as adipose development, then there is a circumstance of interest to the curious in such matters. Caroline Heenan at present exhibiting in Oxford street, London, is now 22 years of age. She is 5 feet 8 inches high, and her weight is exactly forty stone, *i. e.*, 560 lbs. This last is greater than the Kentucky giant or his wife, the Nova Scotian giantess, both 8 feet high, also now exhibiting in London. Caroline is 26 inches round the arm, 3 feet 6 inches across the shoulders, and 7 feet around the body; yet, with this large size, her hands are comparatively small and free from fat. Not only this, though the limbs are so large, they are not exclusively composed of fat, differing from most enormously fat persons. A large proportion of this is due to considerable muscular development, which not only her history confirms, but also an examination of the limbs themselves proves. The chest and abdomen are, of course, enormous, but it is not simple obesity. Her growth and enlargement, though truly so great, have been progressive from infancy upwards, and withal she has been able to sustain great muscular exercise that would have fatigued ordinary persons. Now, this is opposed to simple and pure adipose enlargement. At the age of fourteen, when weighing fourteen stone, she danced a minuet with one of the best dancers without any effort or fatigue. Her stages of growth were as follows: At nine months she was a large infant, and gained a prize at a baby show at Cincinnati, weighing 5 stone (70 lbs.). At five years she was 7 stone (98 lbs.); at nine years, 11 stone (154 lbs.); at fourteen, 24 stone (336 lbs.); at eighteen, 33 stone (462 lbs.); at twenty-two, 40 stone (560 lbs.) Her greatest period of growth was between the ages of nine and fourteen years of age. She is handsome and pleasing in appearance, the face is not fat nor greasy—it is highly intelligent, the eyes clear, of a bluish-grey color, and she is not in any way drowsy. She is a very moderate eater, and very active for her size, and if she keeps her health good, she will, in all probability, progressively increase in size as she gets older, and promises to become the largest and heaviest female that has yet been seen. Mrs. Cadman, of Midworth, weighed 378 lbs., and a fat woman I saw in Barnum's American Museum in New York, in March, 1849, weighed 578 lbs. This is greater than Caroline Heenan, but in that instance the poor woman could scarcely move, and was so sleepy she could hardly remain awake, and I infer she must have died not long afterwards. There have been heavier children than Caroline Heenan, but what is interesting in her is the progressive increase in weight and size from infancy, associated with considerable muscular development—a circumstance that is rare in the history of extraordinary fat people, whether male or female, and which must render Caroline Heenan an anthropological as well as a physical phenomenon. She is a native of Troy, New York, and her ancestors came from Ireland.

**Communist Acts Justified.**

A pamphlet defending the acts of the Commune, the execution of the hostages, etc., has just been published in Paris. The work purports to be written by a member for Paris, and is signed with the initials L. B. M. Louis Blanc, who is the only member for Paris whose initials are the same, complains of the publication as being calculated to make him appear the apologist of an insurrection he condemns, and of crimes he abhors.

— It is announced that a Coast Survey steamer is about to make a voyage of "exploration and discovery" to Rio Janeiro, the Straits of Magellan, Patagonia and San Francisco. If she do not succeed in discovering any of these places, she will probably go in quest of Utopia, Avalon, the Island of Lanterns and the hither end of Al Sirat.

### Amusing Defeat of Home the Spiritualist.

The St. Petersburg correspondent of the *Standard* states that Home, the spiritualist, who for some weeks past has been the talk of the fashionable world there, has suffered a complete fiasco. The success he had met with in the salons of St. Petersburg appears to have turned his head. Judging the Russians by those who believed in him, he expected to find them all equally credulous, and in an evil hour he offered to exhibit his manifestations before a committee of scientific men. The challenge was accepted, the committee stipulating that the locality should be chosen by them; that instead of an ordinary table one of glass should be substituted, and that Home should not enter the room before the time fixed for the experiments. To these conditions Home consented. Six gentlemen, principally professors, met in a room especially prepared for the purpose in the University of St. Petersburg. He came at the appointed hours, expressed himself satisfied with the arrangements, and the party formed the chain round the table, and waited patiently for the rappings. A lamp, with a powerful reflector, prevented the possibility of any trickery under the table passing unnoticed, and for some time there was no indication of the appearance of the spirits. At length Home pretended to be aware of their presence by the wavering light of a candle on the table, but this was explained as being caused by the ventilator, which was immediately closed, and the candle burned steadily. Then he declared that the arrival of the spirits was announced by a peculiar rushing noise, which was heard by all present; but on searching for the cause it was found that a hot air-pipe had been left open, and on its being shut, the noise ceased. Rather out of countenance by the failure of the experiment thus far, Home next drew attention to the rapidity of his pulse; but this was shown to be the effect of the heat of the room and the excitement of straining the attention for such a length of time; moreover, one of the gentlemen present had exactly the same number of pulsations. Though baffled and confused, Home did not wish to give in, and offered to change the weight of any object in the room. For this the committee were prepared. A pail was placed in a pair of scales, and there it remained without moving the balance in the slightest degree. These experiments took up a great deal of time; everybody was tired; the trial was at an end; but, not wishing to acknowledge himself beaten, Home offered to meet the committee again on a future day. But the next morning he sent word that he was indisposed, and he left St. Petersburg two days after.

### Co-operation in Ship Owning.

We extract from the *Times* the following interesting statement as to the recent progress of the shipping trade in the North of England, which shows, in another field, what has lately attracted some notice in connection with the Suez Canal—the rapidity with which screw steamers are gaining upon sailing ships in the carrying trade of the world: “The most remarkable circumstance in connection with the iron steam ship-building trade of 1870 in the North is the extraordinary increase in the number of steamers that have been built for local owners. The vessels are mostly held by partnerships, each share being of the value of between £200 and £300. North Shields, which had scarcely a ton of iron steam shipping five years ago, will have steam shipping property worth a million sterling, it is anticipated, by the end of 1871. There has been a very great increase in the number of iron steamers owned by Newcastle in 1870; and Sunderland and South Shields are going extensively into iron steam-shippping property. If the trade develops at the rate it has done during the past year, sailing ships in the Northern rivers in ten years’ time will be as rare as stage coaches in the streets of London. The steam-shippping of the North did well in 1870. Some of the steamers returned as much as forty per cent. to their owners, and very few of the new vessels made less than twenty-five per cent.” One of the reasons why steamers are so rapidly displacing sailing ships is no doubt the greater effectiveness of the same tonnage—a steamer, though a far more expensive article, doing several times the work of a sailing ship of similar capacity. Hence a single steamer of large size may easily cut out a whole fleet of sailing ships. The statement as to the profits of the new steamers is very remarkable, and there must be some special circumstances in the Northern trade to account for such large profits, when ship-owning generally has been unprofitable.

— At the recent annual games at Alloa, Scotland, the *Alloa Advertiser* says: “Perhaps the most amusing race was the pitcher and water race, in which each competitor had to carry a can containing water upon his head while running round the ring, and as a matter of course, the competitors were drenched before reaching the winning-post. This race elicited hearty laughter from the spectators, and the unlucky wights seemed thoroughly to enjoy the cooling which they had received.”

— A man named Alexander took the liberty of absenting himself from this world on account of a girl in Oakland whom he had failed to obtain. Either deceased was a fool, or the value of Oakland girls has been materially enhanced within a few weeks. We shall prospect that village again.



## Political Alliances in Europe.--Foreshadowings of the Future.

For some weeks past it has been manifest that the hopes indulged so fondly by many, after the battle of Sedan and the subsequent fall of Paris, to the effect that the peace of Europe was for another decade, at least, effectually secured, were in great danger of not being fully realized. Strange, and not un frequently contradictory, rumors have been in the air. Emperors with their Prime Ministers have been moving from place to place; great diplomatic meetings have been announced; and new and ominous alliances have been spoken of as more or less certain. Suspense is at least relieved. We now know that something positive has been done. It is confidently stated that a thoroughly good understanding has been come to by the Imperial Government at Vienna and the Imperial Government at Berlin. We are told that at Gastein a basis was agreed upon whereby Germany and Austria should assume a joint attitude; and it is reported on what seems good authority, that the Emperor William and the Emperor Francis Joseph will meet on an early day, either at Salzburg or Coblenz, to perfect and give Treaty shape to the arrangements. It is also stated with confidence that the policy agreed upon by the Government at Vienna and the Government at Berlin commands the confidence and support of the Government of Italy. A dispatch to the London *Telegraph* puts the case more strongly by affirming that a treaty of alliance, offensive and defensive, has been concluded between Germany and Italy. On the other hand, it is known that there has been considerable coquetting going on for some time past between M. Thiers, the chief of the French Executive, and the Russian Government. There are some who are not unwilling to believe that France and Russia have agreed to act in concert in the event of any sudden outbreak of hostilities. The European situation is thus full of interest. Three of the greatest Powers are allied and evidently intend to stand or fall by each other. It is difficult to see how any combination can be made strong enough to resist Germany and Austria and Italy. It is not our opinion that there is any reason to doubt that such an understanding as that we have stated has been come to by the three Powers just mentioned. The attitude assumed by France on the one hand and by Russia on the other has made such an alliance at once necessary and possible. It was impossible for the Italian Government not to feel, during the recent discussions in the Assembly regarding the position of the Holy Father, that, if France had been to Italy a most useful ally, France might be to her a most dangerous foe. If France had the power, she most certainly had the will, to stand by the Holy Father against all the interests of the Italian Government and people. The language employed by many of the members of the majority in the Assembly was menacing in the extreme, and was capable of wounding the feelings of every Italian patriot. France might grow strong again and do what now she would do, if she had the power. Even M. Thiers, in his famous speech which removed the question out of the Assembly, went no further than to say that to intervene in favor of the temporalities of the Pope meant to go to war with Italy, and that to go to war with Italy would in present circumstances be impolitic and unwise.

## Another Lord in Humble Life.

Occasionally a "real lord" becomes impatient of the restraints of his position, and attempts to adopt the life of "common folks." This was the case with Lord Ockham, Byron's grandson, and heir to his father's earldom of Lovelace. After a great deal of strange and troublesome conduct, Lord Ockham took regular employ in the yards of Mr. Scott Russell, the eminent London ship-builder. On one occasion, having need of money for the purchase of some instruments, he wrote to his grandmother, Lady Noel Byron, for the required sum, which was promptly supplied. The check was drawn to the order of Viscount Ockham, and he, accordingly, in his workman's dress, walked into a great London banking-house and presented it. The clerk glanced it, and then handed it back, saying, "It's drawn to order, and needs his lordship's endorsement;" upon which, to the indignation of the clerk, the rough mechanic seized a pen, and scribbled "Ockham" on the back. The scandalized clerk immediately signaled to the constable in attendance to arrest the forger, as he supposed, and the culprit was confronted with a partner. The clerk explained the circumstances. "Well," replied the offender, to the clerk's astonishment, "I am Lord Ockham." The partner, who knew the circumstances of the case well, looked steadily at the young man for a minute, and then said, "Yes, it's quite right; pay the check." Lord Ockham, at the time of his death, was engaged to a young girl of highly respectable antecedents, in humble life, whose parents were, almost to the last, ignorant of the real position of the suitor.

— Some nameless rascal is advertising the "vacuum cure," at No. 29 Kearny street. This method of treatment consists in producing a state of nothingness inside the head. Persons who design trying it are reminded that in their cases it is entirely unnecessary.

— Everybody is frightened about the cholera, and nobody takes any precautions against the women. And yet the latter "carry off" more men in one year than the cholera in two. The patients don't go quite so far, but they fare infinitely worse.

### Money and Commerce.

He that has money commands the service of men; he that has not, must be thankful for whatever he gets. Consequently, to be poor is to be weak, to be rich is to be strong.

[Report for the Week ending September 23d, 1871.]

— Our local money market is strong in coin and bullion, and it is now an admitted fact that interest rates have undergone a permanent reduction, much to the benefit of the whole mercantile, manufacturing, and agricultural classes. Those of our bankers and capitalists who most stickled for high prices, have receded and come to the rational conclusion that the time for high rates has completely expired, and that we must adapt ourselves to the condition of affairs which obtains in all other commercial centers. During a recent conversation with a prominent savings bank President, he remarked that in reference to loans made on a monthly repayable basis, the tables indicating 8, 9 and 10 per cent. were now exclusively used, whereas but a little while ago those of 11 and 12 per cent. per annum were the only ones in vogue. The multiplication of savings banks, as well as commercial banks, in interior towns is collecting the local dribblets and massing them for commercial, manufacturing, and agricultural purposes, and concentrating a pecuniary motive power heretofore dispersed and wasted, while it furnishes facilities and a stimulus to all legitimate pursuits. Treasure shipments per steamer Constitution, hence September 16th: To Callao, Bank of California, gold coin, \$500,000; to England, B. Davidson & Co., silver bars, \$62,454.28; London and S. F. Bank, silver bars, \$48,408.44; to Panama, Eldridge & Irwin, gold coin, \$5,000—total, \$615,862.72. The amount sent overland, by express, during the week ended September 20th, was \$162,225.83, in silver bars. The steamer Montana arrived from Mexican ports on the 17th with \$92,615 in treasure.—*Commercial Herald*.

— Imports of Sugar from January 1st to Sept. 14th: Eastern, bbls, 10; Manila, lbs, 4,439,029; Hawaiian, lbs, 8,800,016, pkgs, 18,386; Peruvian, lbs, 7,665,327, pkgs, 10,202; Batavian, lbs, 7,820,527; Central American, lbs, 1,874,473, pkgs, 770; China, lbs, 1,522,527, pkgs, 11,753; Mexican, lbs, 676,921; Tahitian, lbs, 16,631, pkgs, 60. The arrivals of the week include the cargo of Manila per St. Joseph, 46,076 bags. This was a timely importation to the California Refinery, and goes into immediate use. Another cargo is expected by the same company. The demand for Hawaiian is continued. Sales since our last review aggregate 3,500 kegs at 8½@11½c.; extra choice, 11½c. The D. C. Murray, from Honolulu, brought 2,100 kegs. The demand is active for low and high grades; the medium grades are more plentiful and less called for. No Beet Sugar of the new crop has yet been delivered. There is no change in the prices of refined. We quote California Cube, 15c.; Circle A Crushed, 14½c.; Granulated, 14c.; Powdered, 14½c.—all in bbls; half bbls command ½c. more. Yellow Coffee and Golden C. 12½@13c., latter rate for extra. We are advised of a clearing out sale of 1,200 bbls Renmed White Peruvian, from the Alvarado Beet Sugar Mill to a jobber upon terms withheld.

— Imports of Coals from January 1st to Sept. 14th: Anthracite, tons, 5,573; Australian, tons, 18,350; Bellingham Bay, tons, 14,234; Coos Bay, tons, 19,533; Cumberland, cks, 2,474; English, tons, 18,571; Queen Charlotte Is., tons, 565; Vancouver Is., tons, 11,261; Sitka, tons, 18; Mount Diablo, tons, (8m) 83,605; Royal Mountain, tons, (8m) 918; Seattle, tons, 3,283. Imports of English have of late been quite free, with sales at \$11@11.50 ex ship. West Hartley is, however, held at \$14. Australian is held at \$11.50, with sales. It is said that the bulk of that now en route from the Colonies is for account of consumers, thus leaving the market quite strong at the close.

— Imports of Coffee from January 1st to Sept. 14th: Rio, lbs, 827,360; Java, lbs, 311,830; Manila, lbs, 442,786; Hawaiian, lbs, 81,780; Central American, lbs, 8,691,020, pkgs, 1,499; Tahitian, lbs, 13,418; San Domingo, lbs, 2,790; Mocha, lbs, 1,650. Since the shipment of 3,400 bags Guatemala to St. Louis, referred to in our last, prices of all Greens have assumed greater firmness, with sales of Central American in lots, say 1,500 bags, at 16½@17c. Rio is now held at 16c. Small imports of Java by rail and via Panama continue to reach us from New York and Boston, selling readily at 34@25c. At the close, the price of Guatemala has been advanced to 17 cents.

— Imports of Tea from January 1st to September 14th: China, 535,104 lbs, 9,221 pkgs; Japan, 1,615,527 lbs, 13,876 pkgs. The demand from the East is continued, with a fair prospect of considerable increase, provided freights across the continent are not materially advanced. Musters sent to New York for appraisal, have been well treated, resulting in sales to some extent at enhanced rates, and the goods ordered by telegram to be sent to Chicago. The freight on Teas to New York is 3½c, and from Yokohama to New York, 4½c; at least, we are aware of existing contracts at these rates. We know of no considerable sales calculated to affect the present market. In fact, but few Teas of the new crop have yet been sold or received, the bulk of the arrivals going directly East by rail from steamer.

— Imports during the week have been of considerable importance, including several cargoes of English and Australian Coals; two or more cargoes of British goods, assorted; one vessel from Bordeaux, with a well-assorted cargo of French products; a large cargo of Sugar and Coffee from Manila; one of Sugar, Paddy, etc., from Honolulu, besides various other arrivals from coast ports, exclusive of three large cargoes from New York per ships Osceola, Gov. Morton and Seminole, and from Boston per Wm. Woodbury.

### Court Chat.

— Every reader of French history is familiar with that splendid chapter in Carlyle's *French Revolution* in which the historian describes the condemnation, the sentence, and death of Louis XVI. From Wednesday to Sunday the question of guilt, punishment, and the time of his execution had been debated and decided, and at three o'clock on Sunday morning, by a majority of seventy-three, it was pronounced that the sentence should be carried out within twenty-four hours. A confessor was allowed to attend the King, and the faithful valet Cléry remained with him to the last. It was this devoted servant who dressed his hair for the guillotine, and to him Louis confided a ring which he took from his watch and kept trying on his finger; it was to be delivered to the Queen, for it was the ring of their marriage. After a lapse of nearly eighty years we hear again of this relic. A French paper announces that the Count of Limminghe and his wife (the daughter of Barthélemy Dumortier, the celebrated orator of the Belgian Chamber) started for Bruges with the purpose of making a gift of extraordinary value. There had come into the possession of the Count of Limminghe the ring which the King wore on the day of his execution, and also some locks of the hair which Cléry cut off from Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette on that terrible occasion. The Count thought that these relics ought to be in the possession of some relative of the deceased King, and he has determined to restore them to the Count of Chambord. The interest of this priceless gift is enhanced by the accompaniment of another present almost equally historical—a highly-finished sketch of the executions of Marie Antoinette and the King, taken on the spot by an English artist.

— A capital anecdote illustrative of the late Lord Palmerston's ready humor has been lately revived in fashionable circles. The town of Rugeley, in Staffordshire, for a time bitterly felt the disgrace of having given birth to the notorious Palmer, executed for poisoning people whose lives were insured, in connection with racing and betting transactions. Neighboring towns did not leave the scandal to die out. So uncomfortable did they make the people of Rugeley that a deputation was sent up to the Home Secretary, headed by the chief magistrate, to consult Lord Palmerston as to changing the name of the town. The Home Secretary listened with patience to the deputation, and on being asked to suggest another name said, with grim humor, "Why not Palmerstown?" The absurdity of the thing struck all present, and Rugeley did not change its name.—*Leisure Hour*.

— We give an extract from a composition on Don Pedro II, Emperor of Brazil, a monarch who honors a throne instead of being honored by it. It was written in 1852, and rendered into English from the Portuguese original by an American writer. If the poetic expression of the translation is not felicitous, the noble sentiments of the Royal author carry with them their own commendation:

"The Chair of Justice is the Throne;	Neglect of duty—always wrong—
Who takes it, bows to higher laws;	Detestable in young or old—
The public good, and not his own,	By him whose place is high and strong
Demands his care in every cause.	Is magnified a thousand fold."

— The Emperor and Empress of the French, accompanied by the Prince Imperial and their suite, proceeded to Chatham and thence down the Medway to inspect the Great Eastern steamship. The party embarked at Strood about one o'clock on board the *Lady of Lorn* steamer, which had been specially engaged. The inspection of the huge vessel lasted a considerable time. On returning up the Medway the Imperial party had a good view of the Glatton and the other vessels in the stream, the steamer being stopped for that purpose.

— The Archbishop of Madrid has taken a strong step on the question of civil marriages. He has issued a circular to his clergy enjoining them to refuse the sacraments to all persons who are married by civil rites only, unless they publicly manifest their repentance for not having conformed to the orders of the Church.

— M. Thiers is said to be greatly fatigued, and the medical men have advised him to take some repose, which has become indispensable. He appears to have an affection in one eye, the result of too continuous labors, especially by lamplight. Doctor Desmarest recently declared that the Head of the Executive must give up all working at night.

— His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales arrived at Hombourg on the 28th ult., attended by F. Knollys and Lord Clonmell, where it was understood he intended remaining three or four days. His Royal Highness tried his luck the same evening at *treble et quarante*, and lost—indeed, Dame Fortune was adverse to all the Royal party.

— Among the visitors at Ostend are His Highness the Duke of Olenburg, the Prince of Fursenburg, Princess Hohenlohe, Prince Boloselski, Prince George de Galitzin, the Prince de Santantino, Prince George de Croy and the Princess of Ossuna, the Duke and Duchess of Eognara, the Duke of Lorge, and the Duke of Manchester.

— A second meeting between the Emperors of Germany and Austria is contemplated, and it is rumored that an alliance will be formed between Germany, Austria and Italy. This alliance is declared to be to secure the peace of Europe, and may possibly be joined by Russia.

— His Majesty the King of the Belgians, accompanied by Count d'Oultremont and suite, have left London. His Majesty and suite embarked for Ostend from Dover the last day of August.



### Special Brevities.

— The late Mr. Grote, speculating on the future state of mankind, says: "In the future world, as compared with this, we may suppose the presence of God will be, as in our material world is the bright sunshine compared with the dim twilight. The sun, the more bright and glorious, and gladdening, and soul-elevating it is, is not necessarily on that account the only thing to be looked at, and thought of; it is seen in the light it gives, and thought of for the delight which it gives. So even in another world may it be with God; the clearer we see Him, the better and the more rightly may we see and know all besides Him, all His creatures, and all that He has made. We have no reason to think that our fellow-beings will be less interesting to us, or less cared for by us, there than here. It is the nearer presence and the clearer view of Him which will be the source of the truer understanding of, and better sympathy with, Him."

— Some years ago a conjurer was performing his tricks in a room beneath which was a grocer's store containing a barrel of gunpowder. By some accident the powder exploded, treating the conjurer and spectators to an unexpected aerial trip, and landing them promiscuously in the neighboring gardens. Among others was a sailor, who found himself on his back among some cabbages, and not much the worse for his "traject," as artillerists call it. Jack got up, shook himself, rubbed his eyes, and then exclaimed, "—the fellow, what's he agoin' to do next?" Jack thought that it was a *coup de main*; he knew nothing about a *coup d'état*! Political conjurers do play strange tricks.

— The semi-tropical heat with which London has been favored, has led to the introduction, in a quiet corner of Surrey, of midnight croquet parties. Mrs. Anderson, of Bramley, gave a party of the kind. The company numbered some sixty persons. The guests arrived at ten o'clock, and played at croquet by the light of Chinese lanterns, with which the grounds were illuminated. Under such circumstances, that which would have been a sort of penance in the mid-day heat became a novel enjoyment during the cooler hours. At midnight precisely the company separated.—*London Opinion*.

— Captain Moncrief has received £15,000 from the British Government for his invention, £500 for expenses, £1,000 a year for salary, £2,000 for back salary; and as yet, we believe, the War-office has not issued any of his gun-carriages to the service. Although Captain Scott's carriage is in use on nearly every ship in the navy, he has not received a farthing, and has been asked to accept £2,000 for his invention. The representatives of Mr. Snider are to receive a further large payment. It is expected that nearly £30,000 will be paid in all for his invention.—*London Globe*.

— The Philadelphia *Ledger* has a piece of news very pleasant to read this hot weather: "The supply of ice in New England is reported to be very abundant, and on the Kennebec River, Maine, there are three hundred thousand tons of ice still stored. It is stated that last winter over four hundred thousand tons of ice were cut and stored within a radius of fifteen miles of Boston, and the competition of the different ice companies has reduced the price at least 50 per cent. lower than it was last year, and also lower than it has been for the last five years."

— Two little boys, who were familiarly called Tom and Jack, on their first day at school were asked their names; to which the first replied "Tom." "That is not polite," said the teacher; "your real name is Thom-as. And now, my little man," turning to Jack, whose face seemed suddenly to brighten up with the light of a new idea, "what is your name?" "Jack-as!" triumphantly exclaimed the little urchin.

— Two countrymen, observing the female figures with pitchers in their hands which supported the porticoes of St. Pancras church, New-road, London, wondered what they represented. They must be the "foolish virgins," said one. "They can't be neither," replied the other: "there's only four of 'em." "Oh, it's all right," replied the friend; "the other is gone for the oil, you may depend on't."

— The August flight of meteors has punctually kept its time this year. M. Chapelas, in the *Comptes Rendus*, in a Memoir on Shooting Stars, attempts to prove that there are two meteoric currents, one having a constant direction in the higher regions, while the other, which is much nearer the earth's surface, varies its direction with the time of the year.

— M. Dumas, *Als*, announces that the removal of his father's remains and the funeral service originally fixed for the 24th of last month will not take place until the evacuation by the Prussians of the department of the Aisne, in which the last resting-place of the author of "Monte Cristo" is fixed.

— They tell of a colored girl who rushed into a colored citizens arms at Savannah, exclaiming, "Oh, you are my long lost brother!" She soon discovered her mistake, and rushed off in a confused manner, accompanied by her long lost brother's pocket book.—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

— A sixpenny rate for telegrams would be a boon which many people will highly appreciate, and this boon, according to the *Civilian*, is likely to be conceded before long in Great Britain.

— The *Avenir Libéral* says that Monsignor Dupanloup is preparing a work on "The Situation," which will make as profound a sensation as any of his writings under the Empire.

— In the United Kingdom £89,000,000 were expended last year in ardent spirits, £58,000,000 of which was by the working classes.



### The Prayer.

A pair of dimpled knees bent on the floor,  
 Two little dove-like eyes half shut in sleep,  
 A little gold-ringed head—this through the door  
 I hear—asking the Lord "a crystal soul" to keep.  
 The crimson cheeks seem by dawn's finger's stained;  
 The dimpled hands, clasped by the angels, seem  
 As sunset's amber, o'er her head is rained.  
 Kindling her curls with many a tapering gleam.  
 Wreathed are her tiny feet with stories old,  
 Till rose-leaf atmospheres, methinks I see,  
 Enwrap them in their soft, ethereal fold,  
 With love's protection, to the dimpled knee;  
 For still the baby-songs and tales will please,  
 As when at first, like bits from silken skein,  
 She tried to knot them, sitting on my knees,  
 In baby accents, into threads again.  
 The little velvet lips just parted are,  
 Through which the white-winged thoughts troop forth to rise,  
 As, through an opening bud, perfumes afar  
 Invisibly are wafted to the skies.  
 Now to her downy couch my darling's crept,  
 Where her bright curls, like jonquils in the snow,  
 Gleam out, as if the sunbeams there had swept  
 A little rift for such sweet flowers to grow. —Charlotte Corder.

### The Cholera--Precautions.

In view of the continued ravages of cholera in the eastern hemisphere, and its certain advent here, our authorities have a duty to perform which should be most strongly urged upon them. While commending to their immediate notice the proper sanitary protections which the urgency of the case calls for, we would mention the probable danger from the air being charged with the deleterious gasses of decomposing animal matter. In visiting the Cemetery at Lone Mountain, a few days ago, the effluvia was peculiarly offensive, and the prevailing winds waft it into populous parts of our city. We may remark that were every coffin, when interred, covered for a depth of two or three inches with charcoal, broken into small fragments, there would be no further evolving of these sickening odors, the effects of which would be but as fuel to the fire of the raging epidemic when it comes upon us. The expense would be but trifling, and as it has been applied successfully in older cities, it is most desirable that such sanitary measures should be here made compulsory. The absorption of gasses by carbon, and their subsequent decomposition into innocuous reform matter, is too well known to chemists to require comment. Cases of cholera are already reported in England, and even in New Jersey—with what truth we are unable to say. But it is denied that it is abating in Russia, and it is positively asserted that there is still an average of one hundred and fifty deaths per day in Kiev.

The provinces of St. Petersburg, Moscow, Wilna, Riasan, Tambov, Pskov, Olonetz, Novgorod, Yaroslavl, Vladimir, Nishni-Novgorod, Vologda, Kostroma, Kassin, Tver, Tula, Smolensk, Saratov, Mohilev, and Suwalki, are officially stated to be infected. Moscow, Vladimir, and Suwalki—the latter bordering on East Prussia has spread the disease to German territory—are at present the districts most severely visited by the plague. Poland proper is as yet exempt. Reliable statistics as to the number of cases are wanting, but the vast extent of its area, together with what we hear, leads to the conclusion that the disease this time is not to be made light of. In Prussia, where the circles of Lyck, Pilkallen, Oletzko, and Insterburg, have been attacked, Königsberg remains the hotbed of the epidemic. In Berlin and other cities the police authorities have been directed by the Prussian Home Office to pay the strictest attention to the state of the sewers and cesspools. The sale of unripe or rotten fruit is prohibited. The American ship *Lovello*, from Hamburg, has arrived at Cardiff with four of her crew, it is asserted, dead from cholera. The vessel has, of course, been detained at quarantine. To households we would say all that he can do when the cholera comes, and even before it comes, is first to thoroughly clean out his cistern; secondly, to boil and filter through a charcoal filter every drop of water used for drinking purposes; and, thirdly, as far as in him lies, to keep a healthy habit and a cheerful mind. All these precautions are simple matter of absolute necessity. Cisterns are, unless frequently cleaned out, positive reservoirs of impurity, filth, poison, and disease. Nothing will cleanse foul water but boiling and filtering it.

— We note that a parson, whose name is given as Schunemann-Pott, and whose field of usefulness appears to be Encinal Station, Alameda, took eight infantile converts, last Sunday, and damped them down according to the rites of the church. At last accounts five of them were laid up with a fever, and the other three were singing "I'b a-goig hobe to die do bore!"

### Railroad Changes.

A great deal has lately been said in condemnation of a supposed combination between the Central Pacific Railroad Company and the Pacific Mail, to advance the rates of freight and passage between this city and the East. No official notice of any such combination has been received at the offices in this city. It is very probable, however, that an advance in rates, upon certain classes of freights, will take place. It is natural that people who have to pay these increased rates should protest. We regard it as a business in which it will be both unwise and useless to raise a clamor. The officers of the railroad understand the terms upon which they can afford to transport freight, and are not likely to do anything that will decrease the business of their line. The expenses of the Company are enormous. They are constructing new lines, which require immense outlays without a possibility of immediate return. Every cent so disbursed is an immediate benefit, direct and indirect, to the State, and a present loss to them. If it is to their interest now to increase the rates, a few years will make it equally to their interest to lower them. The matter is that sort of evil which corrects itself. We do not know that we can do better than to quote from a recent letter of the Hon. Edward Curtis, in relation to this subject. Mr. Curtis says: "The property controlled by the Central Pacific Railroad Company is to-day paying nearly one-tenth of the entire taxes of the State—that it has raised the value of real estate along and near its lines more than \$50,000,000—and that it has brought into market millions of acres of agricultural, timber and mineral lands, that were worthless before its iron lines penetrated them. The completion of this railway struck down at one blow the prices of about everything we imported from the East, on an average of 33 per cent., by creating competition between the Panama steamers and the railroad; which competition reduced freight charges very materially; and therefore the prices of all goods, materials and implements, we are obliged to get from the Atlantic side. \* \* \* Before there was a trans-continental railway, it took twenty-three days to make the journey to New York—now it is easily done in seven, and at a cost to each passenger of at least \$100 less than formerly. Taking 30,000 passengers, which is the lowest average number who up to the year 1869, annually traveled by steamers, to and from California, and counting the sixteen days time now saved by the railroad, at two dollars per day, counting also the \$100 saved in expenses, and we have a net annual gain of \$4,960,000 to the traveling public, by reason of the Pacific Railroad. Nor is this all: 25,000 persons have been induced to come here during the past year, to see our Yo-Semite, and other wonders, who never would have come, had they been compelled to endure the hardships, loss of time, and inconveniences of an ocean voyage to get here. It is a low estimate to say that these extra visitors leave with us an average of \$250 each, for his or her personal expenses while in California, making \$6,250,000, added to the wealth of our State in one year, from this source alone. So that the saving in expenses to Californians who travel Eastward and return, together with the money made from the extra influx of tourists and other visitors, amounts to more than \$11,000,000 per annum, net gain to this State, because of the building of the Central Pacific road. At least \$3,000,000 more are saved to us in reduced freights. The great number of silver and gold mines, located in this State and Nevada, and owned by residents of California, that are now being successfully worked, but which would have remained untouched and useless, were it not that this railroad runs near them, must add to our annual resources as much as \$6,000,000 more. Putting the facts together and we have in round numbers \$20,000,000 saved to the people of California, as the fruits of one year's business with the Central Pacific Railroad. Twenty millions of dollars—a sum larger than the value of our *entire wheat crop* for any year since California was a State. An amount seven times as great as the sum total of all the taxes collected by the State in the year 1870. The mighty fact of \$20,000,000 now being annually saved, or made to the people of this commonwealth, ought not to render *unpopular* the corporation that has been the *direct* cause of all this material wealth." Certainly it would seem as if the people ought to be a little more patient of what they deem "exorbitant" charges of a company that puts \$20,000,000 into their pockets annually.

— The daily newspapers are tugging and sweating to make science popular. Their latest means toward this commendable end is the publication of an account of a new "cosine galvanometer," from which the following is a random extract. (We do not give the whole description, for fear our readers will kill us): "Many determinations of the same current can be made with the new instrument by forming a table of the values of the cosines of different angles of inclinations in terms of the deflection of the needle which currents of a known resistance produced when interposed." We regret that not one of our contemporaries has indicated the name and address of the man from whom this useful and economical device may be procured, and the number of dollars that would be considered a fair equivalent for the distress of parting with it. Probably the owner does not wish to be overwhelmed with orders, and has kept the location of his factory a secret; at the same time furnishing the description from which we have quoted, so that every man may make and operate one for himself.

— Little Eddy Forrest, aged sixty-seven, says he does not mean to retire from the stage. Does he not intend to go to school any?

### The Poet Zozimus.

About thirty-five years ago a tall blind man used to stand at the corner of Essex Bridge, Dublin, singing and reciting ballads which, if not very remarkable for wit, were more or less attractive to his audience on account of their singularity. The Homeric beggar possessed some of the sturdiness of Eddie Ochiltree and had a certain pride in his calling, and in the fact of his being looked up to as the king of street minstrels. Even still, in Ireland, the street minstrel pursues his occupation in a more interesting fashion than that in which the same business is carried on by the ruffians who chant vulgar ribaldry in our lanes or public parks; but in the days when Zozimus flourished the craft had retained an importance derived from its connection with the political history of the country. It is well known that Swift employed the Dublin ballad-singers to chant and hawk about some of his rhyming squibs, and several of the chief opponents of the Union engaged the ragged followers of the gay science to a musical crusade against the Castle authorities. The poet Zozimus derived his name from the fact of his having composed a lyric on the discovery in the desert of St. Mary of Egypt by a pious ecclesiastic called Zozimus. His biographer informs us that he was usually dressed in a heavy, coarse, long-tailed coat and a very much worn hat, with exceedingly strong shoes. He recited or declaimed pieces of a sacred turn interspersed with odd asides to the crowd, and always introducing himself with a sort of prologue:

"Ye sons and daughters of Erin attend,  
Gather round poor Zozimus, yer friend.  
Listen, boys, until yer hear  
My charming song."

One of his most striking and effective readings was that of a romantic version of the story of Moses in the bulrushes. This he always prefaced by inquiring "Is there a crowd about me now? Is there any blackguard heretic listenin' to me?" Having been satisfied on these points, Zozimus is reported to have delivered a series of stanzas of which the following may serve as a specimen:

"In Egypt's land, upon the banks of Nile,  
King Pharaoh's daughter went to bath in style,  
She tuk her dip, then walked unto the land,  
And to dry her royal pelt, she ran along the strand.  
"A bulrush tripped her, whereupon she saw  
A smiling babby in a wad o' straw,  
She tuk it up, and said with accents mild,  
"Tare-and-agers, girls, which av yez owns the child?"

Zozimus could sing of his garret as gally as Béranger:

"Gather round me, boys, will yez Gather round me! And hear what I have to say, Before ould Sally brings me My bread and jug of tay.	"I live in Faddle alley, Off Blackpits near the Comb; With my poor wife called Sally, In a narrow, dirty room."
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The poet, living in the O'Connell era, was a great admirer of the agitator, and celebrated O'Connell's election to the mayoralty with much enthusiasm. Zozimus died on Friday, April 3, 1846. A priest who went to visit him found the bard in a miserable room, lying on a straw pallet and surrounded by a horde of ballad-singers, to whom it seems he was teaching the doggerel that was no longer of much use to him. "How are you, Mike?" said the priest. "I'm dictatin'," was the characteristic reply of the minstrel. He had a grand wake, and a funeral which, no doubt, Zozimus would have enjoyed but for the inactive part he was compelled to take in it. A periodical in Dublin has been recently started in the name of the gifted mendicant, and beyond a question Zozimus deserves a centenary festival of some sort from his countrymen, who have only lately made an effort to rescue his memory from oblivion.—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

— One can endure with tolerable patience a justification of mothers-in-law, and may smile good-naturedly at a defense of creditors. Free love and poor relations are so commonly upheld as to excite only a temperate indignation. But when the Boston *Traveller* descends to the fathomless infamy of defending musquitos we feel injured. That we cannot, and do not wish to, endure. We believe that even Mr. Bergh at his craziest never thought of upbraiding any one for insulting a musquito. Horace Greeley, in his great work upon farming, expressly says that "the musquito should be carefully uprooted, and the stalk burned, or it will multiply so rapidly as to choke out the late-sown grain and ruin the soil by sucking out all the quinine." We should suppose that the *Traveller* would be ashamed of itself.

— A. J. O. K. S. B.—A special meeting of this order is hereby called for tomorrow, midnight, at the rooms of the *Town Crier*, No. 1,137 What Cheer House, to explain their motive in afflicting the city with mysterious advertisements, and, if possible, to justify to the *Town Crier* aforesaid their continued existence. There will be dancing—the members being incited thereto and stimulated therein by the *T. C.'s* boot. R. S. V. P.

**Within a Year.**

Lips that are met in love's	Behold! the sullen year
Devotion sweet,	Will naught reveal
While parting lovers passionately greet,	Of its set purpose, if for woe or weal,
And earth thro' heaven's arc more swiftly	Though flowing swift as waters o'er the
Oh, will they be less drear [moves—	Mayhap the end draws near [weir—
Within a year?	Within the year.
Eyes in whose shadow-spell	Yet, darling, once more touch
Far off I read	Those lips to mine.
That which to lovers taking loving heed	Set on my life that talisman divine;
Dear women's eyes full soon and plainly	Absence, new friends, I fear not overmuch
Oh, will you give such cheer [tell—	Even Death, should he appear
This time a year?	Within the year.

**Pacific Coast Wrecking Company.**

Those of our citizens who are ready to engage in speculations based upon well ascertained facts, conducted in a thoroughly businesslike and energetic manner, and the operations of which are superintended by competent and experienced men, have now offered to them one worthy of their notice. We do not address ourselves to those flighty individuals of Cocos Island proclivities, whose brainless imaginations are forever grasping at mythical gains—for to such enterprises, carefully entered upon by sound business men, present no charms. To the thoughtful, however, we would say examine into the prospects of this newly incorporated company, whose first undertaking is the recovery of the treasure lost in the Spanish frigate *Leocadia*, on the coast of Ecuador. She was sent by the Spanish Government collecting tribute money on the Pacific Coast 70 years ago. She has laid within 200 yards of the shore ever since. From time to time small sums have been recovered by native divers, but amounting to but little in the aggregate. The inefficient means at the disposal of the Ecuador Government and the limited amount of scientific knowledge possessed by them have hitherto precluded their making any systematic effort to recover the immense amount of specie known to be on board. According to official records, the treasure is known to have been between four and five millions of dollars, of which about a tenth part has been recovered at various times. The difficulties which to Ecuador folks appeared to be insurmountable are much less than those which interfered with the recovery of the \$1,200,000 treasure on the *Golden Gate*, and which was so successfully wrecked by the experienced Capt. Parker, after men of less knowledge of the business hand signally failed. Availing themselves of Capt. Parker's known ability, some enterprising gentlemen of this city engaged him to survey the wreck of the *Leocadia*. Having made a thorough examination of her position, Capt. Parker has declared that there can be no doubt of the whole of the specie being recovered, and has expressed his willingness to engage in the undertaking, looking solely to success for his remuneration. An offer made to the Government of Ecuador has been accepted, and in consideration of receiving 5 per cent. of the amount as it is recovered, have given the exclusive right to wreck the frigate to the associated gentlemen who have taken the initiative. In order to properly equip the expedition they have determined to dispose of a limited number of shares. The capital of the Company is to be \$150,000, divided into 1,500 shares of \$100 each. The trustees are H. B. Platt, S. P. Taylor, O. Fuller, T. J. Smiley, and A. Camman, to manage the affairs of the Company for the first three months of its existence. The office of the Company is 310 Montgomery street, where prospectuses can be obtained and all information afforded.

— We feel justified in the inference that the United States naval service possesses some features objectionable, or at least unattractive, to the mind of the average man. Since the man-o'-war *California* has been lying at Vallejo, more than one hundred and fifty men have deserted from her. We know of but one way to remedy this evil of desertion: let the Piscatorial Acclimatizers people the bay with sharks, and Jack will be afraid to swim ashore. To keep the sharks vigilant, and entice them to hang about the ship, an occasional officer might be hung overboard.

— The woman who, in the pursuit of her aim of giving to the race better specimens of womanhood and manhood, shall breed from half a dozen sires, should be as much respected in society as she who adheres, from mere habit, it may be, or from the absence of any high ambition, to one.—*Woodhull & Claflin's Weekly*. [A neighbor of ours has a pen of nice, dirty pigs. One of them died the other day, breaking the set. Our neighbor desires us to say that he esteems the writer of the above amply qualified to fill the vacancy. We think the survivors ought to be consulted.

— Babies are the *coupons* attached to matrimony. The interest is due at random.



### Australia and New Zealand.

Mr. J. C. Crawford, in a paper read before the Wellington Philosophical Society, contrasted New Zealand with Australia. He said: "New Zealand is a well-watered, Australia a badly-watered country. In the former colony one can hardly go for a few hundred yards without finding a stream, whereas, even in the better parts of Australia, the traveler may ride for a whole day before reaching a stream or a water-hole. Australia has a continental, New Zealand an insular, climate. Steady weather is the rule in Australia; in New Zealand, constant change is the fashion. In Australia the mountain ranges only in one instance exceed 4,000 feet in height. In New Zealand, Mount Cook approaches Mount Blanc in elevation, and heights of 10,000 feet are common. In the North Island are the volcanic cones of Mount Egmont, Rnapeha and Tongariro, the two former about 9,000 feet in height. The small cones in Victoria are molehills in comparison, and are exceeded in height by numerous minor ones in the province of Auckland. In fact, the New Zealand Cordillera is on such a scale of magnitude that it would well form the backbone of a continent. The rivers of the provinces of Canterbury and Otago, if united on lower plains, might make a Ganges or an Indus; and the western rivers alone of the province of Wellington might, united, equal the Rhine or the Rhone. Such scenery as the sounds and harbors of the southwest coast of New Zealand—Milford Haven, Bligh Sound, Dusky Bay, etc.—is quite unknown in Australia. These deep inlets penetrate into the mountains, and cliffs several thousand feet in height look down upon the tiny ship which ventures into these solitary waters. In fine, geographically, there are many points of resemblance between Australia and New Zealand, while, topographically, there is great contrast. The fauna and flora are, upon the whole, essentially different." *South. Cross.*

### Death of a Sagacious News Dog.

The shrewdness of the news boys of our large towns is proverbial; but it is somewhat unusual to find amongst the canine species the sagacity displayed by a news dog called Blucher, which has just departed this life at Runcorn, to the regret of the inhabitants, by whom it was greatly petted. The animal in question, which was a half-bred retriever and sheep dog, belonged to Mr. Wase, eating-house keeper, Mersey street, and for the last twelve months went regularly to the shop of Miss Jones, of Bridge street, at 8 A. M., for a copy of the *Liverpool Mercury*, and at noon for the *Daily Telegraph*. This clever animal went regularly on his errand without any instructions, and started with the punctuality of the clock, always arriving at the shop at the same time. How the dog could thus regulate his movements is inexplicable; but it is insinuated that he always looked at the Town Hall clock as he passed, and if he was a trifle too early he loitered on the road, or if he found himself behind time he quickened his pace. On entering the stationer's shop he placed his front feet upon the counter, received the paper in his mouth, and then cantered home, carefully watching that no other animal seized his prize. Amongst the stories told of the dog is the following: One day the newspaper was not delivered as usual, and Blucher could nowhere be found, until he was discovered shut up in one of his master's rooms. The moment the door was opened the faithful creature ran down stairs, jumped over the counter, and galloped with all speed to the stationer's for the newspaper, which he took back with evident satisfaction. It appears, however, that Blucher did not exercise the same sagacity in other matters, for it is believed that his death was occasioned by eating flies which had died from the effects of poison.

—Mazzini says that the "doctrines preached by the leaders and principal members of the International are as follows: 1. The denial of God, who is the only, eternal and unshakable Foundation of our duties and rights. 2. The denial of the Fatherland and the nation, namely, of the points of support which you may all employ to save your interests and those of humanity. 3. The denial of all personal property, namely, of every inducement to produce more than what is absolutely necessary for daily life. Property, when it is the result of work, represents physical activity, as thought represents intelligence. These few words will suffice to teach you that the International can in no way be of use to your cause."

—While gunning the other day, Mr. Harkness of Plumas County saw a grizzly bear in the top of a high tree—a favorite spot with these agile brutes—and training his blunderbuss upon him exploded the charge. The grizzly swayed a few moments from side to side, then fell and doubled down across a branch, seventy-five feet from the ground. Here the carcass was permitted to remain until the advent of a passing coroner, who ordered the tree cut down. Deceased was very much respected by all who knew him, including a wife and seven children; but, in the words of Mr. Harkness, who is plunged into unutterable grief by the occurrence, "if 'd be a comfort to know w'at mischief old Harvey was a-driving at up tier' in the tree top."

### The Campbells' Clanswoman.

The Campbell's are coming—are coming it strong!  
 They subscribed for a necklace full two feet long;  
 One thousand four hundred in pounds was its cost;  
 For, so rare an occasion ought not to be lost;  
 So, they sent to each man and went to each man  
 Who could call themselves members of that famous clan,  
 And they gathered the sum that I mentioned, the same,  
 From one thousand one hundred of Campbells by name,  
 From women and men, and from lads and from girls;  
 And they purchased the finest of diamonds and pearls,  
 As a right regal ornament, fitted to deck  
 Their Marchioness-Princess' most beautiful neck.  
 So they gave her the necklace, henceforth to be worn  
 By the wife of their chieftain, the Marquis of Lorn;  
 And she charmed all their hearts when she prettily said,  
 "She was now their clanswoman since she had been wed."  
 So, here's a hip, hip, hurrah! to the famed Campbell clan,  
 From which our fair Princess selected her man.

### Mignot's Ice and Refrigerating Machine.

A new Company, under the above title, has been formed, with a capital of £100,000, divided into 5,000 preference shares of £10 each, and 5,000 ordinary shares of £10 each. Its object is to purchase the valuable patent rights of Leon Mignot for improved machinery for making ice, cooling liquids, and various other refrigerating purposes. The prospectus states that negotiations are already on foot for granting exclusive licenses to work the patent in the East Indies, Mauritius, and Ceylon. Arrangements are also in progress for granting licenses for the manufacture of ice in many important centers in Great Britain. The principle of producing cold by means of compressing and expanding the atmospheric air is well understood, but the successful practical application of it has been rendered difficult on account of the insufficiency of the means hitherto employed to remove the heat of the air which is generated during its compression. The advantage of Mignot's invention is, that by the injection of water in the form of spray into the air during the compressing action, the high temperature caused by the compression is at once reduced, and the resistance considerably diminished; and as the compression and expansion take place simultaneously, the work expended for the compression is given back, less a small difference by the expansion. The result is a saving of fuel and driving power, and as no chemicals are required, the working of the machine is more economical. It is proposed to erect the first ice-works at a suitable place in or near London, with a plant of machinery capable of producing from 40 to 50 tons of clear ice per day. Messrs. Nasmyth, Wilson & Co., Patricroft Foundry, near Manchester, have lately made for Mr. F. Label, of 21, St. Nicholas-lane, London, an ice-making machine on the principle of the patent of M. Mignot, of Paris. This machine, which is but of small size, working at a pressure of 60 pounds to the square inch, produces about 50 pounds of ice per hour at an expense of about 18 pence.

— A simple person writes to the *Alta*, proposing a plan by which the Republicans may secure an honest County Committee. We have not examined the simple person's method, but the following is a better one: First, take the members of the present Committee into some unfrequented street and lay them in a row just outside the sidewalk, with their heads on the curbstone. Second, select an ordinary cobble-stone and with it hammer each head until it shall resemble a water-melon with a saw-log rolled across it. Third, elect your honest County Committee, either by the simple person's method or some other.

— The Sacramento *Union* persists in affirming that Leland Stanford has prohibited its sale upon the cars of the Central Pacific Railroad and its branches. This is emphatically denied by the newsman who has the contract for selling papers on those routes. Having no personal feeling in this matter, we are not competent to decide it with satisfaction to ourselves. This we know: if we owned a mule, and any public speaker made a business of denouncing that mule as an ass, that mule should not assist in giving publicity to the libel by carrying that public speaker from town to town.

— The Board of Education has decided to give one hundred religious books to the State Prison. This is a step in the right direction; hitherto there have been in that institution no adequate means of torment. Hereafter, refractory prisoners, instead of being permitted to depend from a beam by the thumbs, may be compelled to read those religious books.

### Death of a Lady Naturalist.—Inventor of the Aquarium.

The greatest female naturalist of our day, Madame Jenette Power, has just died in Bergamo. Madame Jenette Power was a French woman, by birth, but married to an Irish gentleman, Mr. James Power, director of the Submarine Telegraph Company, in Paris. The deceased lady was known as the discoverer of the manner in which the shell of the mollusks is formed, and her experiments upon this subject are amongst the most curious of the age. It is to Madame Jenette Power that we owe likewise the invention of the aquarium. Long before it became generally known, she had established in Messina, in Sicily, the apparatus from which all others have been taken. It was a simple iron cage sunk ten or twenty fathoms in the sea, through the bars of which the fish, whose habits she wished to study, were unable to escape, while the living water, continually renewed, made them unconscious of captivity. Upon the top of this iron cage Madame Jenette Power was wont to lie for whole days together, intently watching the habits of the mollusks she had captured, and whose shells she had purposely broken. The result was a complete scientific victory, and the whole system, whose many generations of success had failed to discover, was revealed at once. By this constant application Madame Power was also enabled to reestablish the theory of Aristotle concerning the reproduction of any portion of the living fish, which had been denied through long ages. She presented to the *Académie des Sciences* several subjects on which she had operated with success. Her last work relates to the formation of the meteoric bodies called aërolites, which she affirms to be nothing more than substances collected by the whirlwind, fused together by the rotatory motion, and hurled with violence to the earth.

### Substitute for Dueling.

A correspondent furnishes us with an account of the following incident which has just occurred in a burrison town on the banks of the Rhine. On a certain day last week a party of German officers were dining together, when a dispute arose to which a lady—arose between two of them. Words ran so high that finally both declared that they could only be satisfied by bloodshed, and as dueling is not allowed, they adopted another horrible means of settling their quarrel. It was agreed that they should stake their lives on a throw of the dice, and whichever threw the lowest number was bound, by the word of honor, to leave his own brains out. The unlucky number was thrown by a brave young officer who had gone through the life campaign, with distinction, and had been rewarded with the Iron Cross. He at once prepared for his fate by writing a letter to his mother, who happened to be absent, and making his will, and then, the very same evening, he faced his manly promise. His death, and the military funeral he was given, created a life excitement in the town, but, apparently, the feeling apparent in the minds of the inhabitants was that expressed by the husband of the lady, who said to me, "It was very funny now." The whole actor in the tragedy discussed the event quite calmly the next day in the *table d'hôte* room.

### The Attempt to blow up Rothschild's Bank.

The Court of Assizes at Frankfurt-on-the-Maine has just tried a Frenchman named Muller for writing a threatening letter to Baron de Rothschild, and for attempting to blow up the banking house of that firm. On the 19th April last he sent a demand for money, and not receiving it, he laid down some pounds of dynamite against the house and set fire to them, but they exploded without doing harm. The man admitted that Muller is not his name, but refused to give any further account of himself than that his family and name-place had suffered much by the invasion that he had resorted to indemnify them at the cost of some wealthy German town. The jury brought in a verdict that he was insane, and acquitted him.

— A ticket in the Havana Lottery which has drawn a prize of one hundred thousand dollars is said to be held by persons in this city. The regular begging committees from the Young Men's Christian Association, and the various religious churches are requested not to call until the names and addresses of the lucky possessor have been ascertained. Persons will refrain from denouncing the simplicity of lotteries until their necessities shall have secured as many donations as possible. The poor need not apply; they will be served at their residences.

— On Wednesday evening last, Mrs. Isabella Stuart gave a lecture at Oakland, upon the "Habits and Customs of the Aborigines of Australasia." Five hundred persons from near and far were securing upon the "Habits and Customs of the Extinct White Tribes of Oakland." And the knowledge imparted will not be very edifying, either.

### A Sunset on Yarrow.

The wind and the day had lived together, Far in the south, the summer levin  
 They died together and far away Flushed, a flame in the grey soft air;  
 Spoke farewell in the sultry weather, We seemed to look on the hills of heaven;  
 Out of the sunset, over the heather, You saw within, but to me twas given  
 The dying wind and the dying day. To see your face, as an angel's, there.  
 Never again, ah surely never  
 Shall we wait and watch, where of old we stood,  
 The low good-night of the hill and the river,  
 The faint light-fade, and the wan stars quiver,  
 Twain grown one in the solitude. —Macmillan's Magazine

### Mrs. Siddons' First Study of Lady Macbeth.

It was my custom to study my characters at night, when all the domestic cares and business of the day were over. On the night preceding that in which I was to appear in this part for the first time, I shut myself up as usual, when all the family were retired, and commenced my study of Lady Macbeth. As the character is very short, I thought I should soon accomplish it. Being then only twenty years of age, I believed, as many others do believe, that little more was necessary than to get the words into my head, for the necessity of discrimination and the development of character, at that time of my life, had scarcely entered into my imagination. But to proceed. I went on with tolerable composure, in the silence of the night (a night I never can forget), till I came to the assassination scene, when the horrors of the scene rose to a degree that made it impossible for me to get farther. I snatched up my candle, and hurried out of the room in a paroxysm of terror. My dress was of silk, and the rustling of it as I ascended the stairs to go to bed, seemed to my panic-struck fancy like the movement of a spectre pursuing me. At last I reached my chamber, where I found my husband fast asleep. I clapped my candlestick down upon the table, without the power of putting the candle out, and I threw myself on my bed, without daring to stay even to take off my clothes. At peep of day I rose to resume my task; but so little did I know of my part when I appeared at night, that my shame and confusion cured me of procrastinating my business for the remainder of my life.—*The Kembles.* By Percy Fitzgerald.

### Nothing to Eat for Sixteen Months!

A case which has baffled several doctors has just come to light near Preston. In the fold of Ennell-lane, which adjoins Walton-le-Dale, there is a cottage wherein for three years a young woman has been lying bedfast, and for between one and two years has had nothing to eat. Her name is Ann Riding; she is 33 years of age, and resides with her aunt. She was once a strong, healthy woman, never losing a day's work, and was employed as an operative at the mill of Messrs. Horrockses Miller & Co., Preston. Several doctors have attended her, but have not been able to give her any substantial relief; and six months ago remedial operations were abandoned, and the case left to itself—the idea of the aunt being that the "Almighty had to do with it," and that it was useless continuing to incur expense for medicines without any hope of a cure. For sixteen months the young woman had had no food at all; has only occasionally taken a drop of water during that period, and latterly has had nothing whatever to eat or drink—the only thing which she could bear being a drop of water with which to moisten her lips. She is conscious, but very weak; she gets little sleep, and cannot bear a lighted candle in the room at night time. It is supposed that she is suffering from abdominal atrophy, but the exact nature of the case is not positively understood.

### Superstition in India.

The last sensation at Jabalpur is the appearance of a devouring demon in the person of a goshaen, who is said to have the proclivity of visiting as a cat every woman he can get at. One hundred and thirty native women are believed by the "people" to have already died from the demon's visitation, and the surviving ladies of the native community have resolved to make immediate offerings, and thereby propitiate their gods to arrest the monster and save them. It is worthy of note that in every such instance money offerings are to be made ere the evil can be averted, so the Government should interest themselves to discover where all the money goes. The goshaen (whom nobody seems to have seen, but everybody has heard of) is said to have made his appearance in this way. A "sahib" and "mem" were digging at some place on the road between Seoni and Jabalpur, when they came on a box, on unlocking which out jumped a child, who, in a miraculously short time, developed himself into the monster. Education, as we understand the term, though half a century pursued over this part of the country by our Government, seems to have conferred little or no practical benefit on the people, when they can be made to credit such an absurd story, got up no doubt by some designing scoundrel in want of money.—*Delhi Gazette.*



### A Clergyman of the Old School.

One of the oldest of the old school of clergymen was the Rev. William Leslie, laird of Bainazeth, and minister of St. Andrews, Lhanbryde. He received his weekly newspaper one Sunday morning just as he was leaving the manse for his duties in church. While the precentor was singing, Mr. Leslie was busy with his newspaper; and when the precentor ceased, he said, "Just sing another verse, John, till I have finished this paragraph." During the discourse, he gave the news of a recent battle, so that his procedure at the commencement of the service was more readily excused. On another occasion, Mr. Leslie remarked, during his discourse, "You must excuse me, brethren, not entering so fully into the subject to-day, since I have an appointment to dine at Ardivit." He referred to the country seat of an hospitable landowner in the vicinity. Mr. Leslie was celebrated for the readiness with which he granted certificates, and for the eccentric manner in which these were written. Here is one: "To all His Majesty's loyal subjects who can feel for a fellow sinner in distress, I beg to certify that the bearer, William Jack, is a son of my old bellman's, a man well known in this neighborhood for his honest poverty and his excessive indolence. The bearer, William Jack, has fallen heir to all his father's poverty, and a double share of his improvidence. I cannot say that the bearer, William Jack, has many active virtues to boast of, but he has not been altogether unmindful of Scriptural injunctions, and has labored with no small success to replenish the earth, although he has done but little to subdue the same. 'Twas his misfortune to lose a cow, by too little care and too much bere chaff; likewise that walking skeleton, which he calls his horse, having ceased to hear the oppressor's voice, or to dread the tyrant's rod, now the poor man has nothing to look to but the skins of the defunct, and the generosity of a benevolent public, by whom he hopes to be stimulated, through these testimonials, with receipt. WILLIAM LESLIE. Lhanbryde Glebe, 1829."

### Bottling Sunbeams.

The man with the bottled sunbeams has just set out for England. He comes from Saintes, and means to avoid Paris by making the sea voyage from La Rochelle. His name is Xamben de Prades, and he undertakes to fix the sun's rays—to shut them up, in short—so as to render them serviceable when required for use, exactly like pickles, and preserves, and cherry brandy. The experiment made by M. Xamben consists in taking an oblong vase of metal, and after exposing it for a quarter of an hour to the intense heat of the sun, then closing the aperture by means of a cork, through which a small hole has been pierced. To this hole he applies a powerful lens, by which the solar rays contained in the vase are made to converge towards a taper placed at the distance of a yard from the operator. In less than three minutes' time the taper, with a crackling sound, bursts into flame. We understand that M. Xamben is coming to exhibit the apparatus before the Royal Society of London.

### Excavation of the Bed of the Tiber.

The scheme of a thorough excavation of the bed of the Tiber has been taken up by an Italian association, at the head of which is the well-known Signor Alessandro Castellani, but which relies on the coöperation of many artists, antiquaries, and other learned men of Europe and America, all of whom have been strongly urging the speedy commencement of an undertaking which has already been too long delayed. Those who act about it expect no other return for their trouble and expense than the immense gain sure to accrue from it to art and history—to archaeological knowledge in all its branches.

### A Lady's Age.

A female school teacher at Ballachulish, in the county of Inverness, Scotland, has been fined £1 for making a false return of her age to the census enumerator. She returned herself as 20, but it was proved she was baptized 44 years ago. The Sheriff who ascertained the facts and instituted the prosecution, has been denounced as a most ungallant man, and several of his lady acquaintances have, upon meeting him, given him the cut direct.

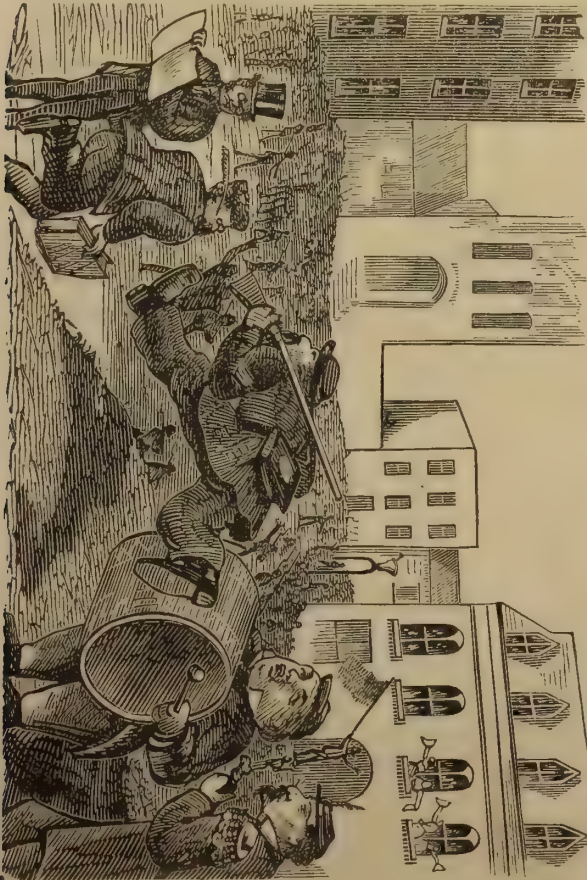
— Mr. George S. Boyle is of the opinion that if we do not stop ridiculing people he shall stop reading this paper. We are of the opinion that if he do not stop reading this paper he will see himself ridiculed. We have it in mind to make of him a spectacle so conspicuously absurd that he will himself perish with laughter.

— Joachim Grist, who lives near the village of Chicago, and has probably had the advantage of its moral atmosphere, has punished his wife by spilling hot coffee into her stomach, until she died. Chicken-hearted people, of weak nerves, who cannot abide the sight of blood, are sometimes driven to very awkward expedients.

# HUMOROUS SKETCHES

## Of the War in Amador.

[We have received from Mr. John Steinberger, since the Amador War has ended, humorous sketches thereof, which we present with additional pleasure, seeing that the termination of the difficulty without bloodshed is a subject of congratulation as benefitting the best interests of the State.]



Our citizen soldiers muster on New Montgomery street; Emperor Norton at his post majestically surveying the movements of the troops. Sensational Reporters rushing about wild with excitement at the prospects of a glorious item.



The miners armed with their picks and shovels prevent the mines from being pumped out. The Superintendent surveys the scene with looks of dismay.



Governor Haight attempts to settle the differences in a forcible speech; the foreign element at the mines listen open-mouthed, not understanding a word that is said; the others treat his Excellency with the most profound respect and attention.





The General leads his army through Sutter Town, after a glorious but bloodless victory. The miners survive the encounter with looks of calm content.





Photographed by I. W. TABER

No. 12 Montgomery Street,

Opposite Masonic Temple.

### Beautiful Child.

Beautiful child by thy mother's knee,  
In the mystic future what wilt thou be?  
A demon of sin or an angel sublime—  
A poison Upas or innocent Thyme—  
A spirit of evil, flashing down—  
With the lurid light of a fiery crown—  
Or gliding up with a shining track,  
Like the morning star that ne'er looks  
back.  
Daintiest dreamer that ever smiled,  
Which wilt thou be my beautiful child?  
Beautiful child in my garden bowers,  
Friend of the butterflies, birds and flowers,  
Pure are the sparkling crystalline stream,  
Jewels of truth in thy fairy eyes beam;  
Was there ever a whiter soul than thine  
Worshiped by Love in a mortal shrine?  
My heart thou hast gladdened for two  
sweet years,  
With rainbows of hope through mists of  
tears  
Mists beyond which thy sunny smile  
With its halo of glory beams all the while.  
Beautiful child, to thy look is given  
A gleam serene, not of earth but of heaven,  
With thy tell-tale eyes and prattling tongue  
Would thou couldst ever thus be young.  
Like the beautiful strains of the mocking-  
bird,  
From stair to hall thy voice is heard.  
How oft in the garden nooks thou'rt found  
With flowers thy curly head around!  
And kneeling beside me with figure so  
quaint,  
Oh! who would not dote on my infant saint!  
Beautiful child, what thy fate shall be  
Perchance is wisely hidden from me,  
A fallen star thou mayest leave my side,  
And of sorrow and shame become the  
bride—  
Shivering, quivering through the cold  
street,  
With a curse behind and before thy feet—  
Ashamed to live and afraid to die;  
No home, no friend, and a pitiless sky,  
Merciful Father, my brain grows wild;  
Oh, keep from evil my beautiful child.  
Beautiful child, mayst thou soar above,  
A warbling cherub of joy and love,  
A drop on Eternity's mighty sea,  
A blossom on Life's immortal tree—  
Floating, flowering evermore  
In the blessed light of the golden shore;  
And as I gaze on thy sinless bloom  
And thy radiant face they dispel my gloom:  
I feel he will keep thee undefiled,  
And his love protect my beautiful child.  
—*Harper's New Monthly Magazine.*

### The Religion of Dickens.

The writer of these pages begs to say here most respectfully and emphatically, that he will not feel himself bound in future to answer to any inquiries, from however well-meaning correspondents, as to whether Charles Dickens was an "Unbeliever," or a "Unitarian," or an "Episcopalian," or "whether he ever went to church in his life," or "used improper language," or "drank enough to hurt him." He was human, very human, but he was no scoffer or doubter. His religion was of the heart, and his faith beyond questioning. He taught the world, said Dean Stanley over his new-made grave in Westminster Abbey, great lessons of "the eternal value of generosity, of purity, of kindness, and of unselfishness," and by his fruits he shall be known of all men. Let me commend to the attention of my numerous nameless correspondents, who have attempted to soil the moral character of Dickens, the following little incident, related to me by himself, during a summer evening walk among the Kentish meadows, a few months before he died. I will try to tell the story, if possible, as simply and naturally as he told it to me. "I chanced to be traveling some years ago," he said, "in a railroad carriage between Liverpool and London. Besides myself there were two ladies and a gentleman occupying the carriage. We happened to be all strangers to each other, but I noticed at once that a clergyman was of the party. I was occupied with a ponderous article in the *Times*, when the sound of my own name drew my attention to the fact that a conversation was going forward among the three other persons in the carriage with reference to myself and my books. One of the ladies was perusing "Bleak House," then lately published, and the clergyman had commenced a conversation with the ladies by asking what book they were reading. On being told the author's name and the title of the book, he expressed himself greatly grieved that any lady in England should be willing to take up the writings of so vile a character as Charles Dickens. Both the ladies showed great surprise at the low estimate the clergyman put upon an author whom they had been accustomed to read, to say the least, with a certain degree of pleasure. They were evidently much shocked at what the man said of the immoral tendency of these books, which they seemed never before to have suspected. Presently I joined in the conversation and made myself known to the clergyman, but as we were nearing the station in London, I was spared a long interview with my truthful companion; but if I were to live a hundred years I should not forget the abject condition into which the narrator of my crimes was instantly plunged. His face turned white as his cravat, and his lips refused to utter words. He seemed like a wilted vegetable, and as if his legs belonged to somebody else. The ladies became aware of the situation at once, and bidding them "good-day," I stepped smilingly out of the carriage. Before I could get away from the station the man had mustered up strength sufficient to follow me, and his apologies were so nauseous and craven that I pitied him from my soul. I left him with this caution: Before you make charges against the character of any man again, about whom you know nothing, and of whose works you are utterly ignorant, study to be a seeker after truth, and avoid lying as you would eternal perdition.—*Mr. Fields in the Atlantic.*



### A Political Watering-Place.

Our first acquaintance with Long Branch was made through an engraving in one of our illustrated contemporaries, and certainly our eyes have seldom rested on a more important and attractive scene than the beach as there depicted. A long reach of sand, bounded on one side by the cliffs, scented here and there by commodious stairways, and on the other by the ocean, which broke on it in three ranks of well-drilled "combers," was covered by a crowd of persons of all ages and both sexes, dressed in the height of fashion. Their clothes were of various cuts, but there was none of it which was not costly. We were struck, too, by the tallness of the women, and the extreme richness of their clothing, but not nearly so much so as by the behavior of the children. Every little girl was well-dressed, and was playing with a little boy, also well-dressed, at some game peculiarly adapted to the seaside, and every gentleman and there were not many—was in such positions on one or more ladies. The ocean does not behave as we were led to expect. It frets, and foams, and roars, but it does it irregularly and spasmodically, and often viciously. The breakers in the picture must have been exhibited only once, for the artist's special benefit. The "cliff," too, is disappointing to a reader of illustrated journals. Instead of being a hundred feet high, it is only about fifteen. Instead of being composed of savage rocks, it consists of red Jersey gravel, which the rains wash down, and the ocean year by year eats away. You may go down it by the ladder, but, if active and eager, you can jump down, and the boys occasionally descend on what Frenchmen call their "*seant*,"—a useful and proper term, for which there is no English equivalent. In all other watering-places with which we are acquainted, the New York element is diluted by a dash of Boston, or Philadelphia, or Baltimore, or some other city. At Long Branch it is pure. Not that Long Branch, by any means, gives one an idea of what is best in New York life, but it gives us a side of New York life with which no other city has anything to compare, and gives it in a state of extraordinary condensation. It has become within three or four years the chosen resort of a class which rules New York politically, which is found nowhere but in New York, and which discovers few or no points of contact with the inhabitants of any other place. It is a class, too, which in any other "summer resort" would be tolerably uncomfortable, but which in going to Long Branch carries its power and privilege and dignity and standards of morals and manners with it. If one wants to know in what lies the ability by which the political class in New York raise themselves above the rank of common thieves and pimps, and makes their protracted existence possible even in a community of the lowest morals, he cannot consider himself well-informed on that point without going down on one of the boats which now connect the place with the city. He will there see that their claim on the forbearance of society lies in their remarkable skill in transportation. The Company which owns the boats is a concern absolutely without credit. Few persons would take one of its shares as a gift, much less as it have goods on credit. President Fisk holds the first place in influence and distinction. His team of six horses, and his gorgeous coach filled with frail beauties, carefully selected, are perhaps the most prominent objects on the promenade on fine afternoons. To the outside world he is a Jeremy Diddler of luxurious habits, but to the Long Branch world, and, above all, to the local *salottelle*—the great army of cooks, waiters, coachmen, expressmen, brakemen, chambermaids—he is "Colonel Fisk," a gentleman of "fine talents and dignified manners," who spends his money like a prince. We have wondered, on seeing the country people who came up on the excursion crowding into the hotel, their children clinging to their hands, to get a peep into the great man's suite of apartments, or collected in groups to stare at him on the afternoons, as he strolls along the shore leading a lady of the half-world by the hand, what sort of notion the young people would carry back to the farmhouses of the great problem of success in life, and of the ends of striving, in this busy American world. It is, after all, however, the selection of Long Branch as a summer retreat by President Grant, and not its selection by the city gamblers and politicians, which has of late given it most of its fame in the rest of the Union; but it must be said for him that he contributes nothing to the brilliancy of its seasons. The plateau on which his cottage stands is cut off by a creek or inlet from that on which the hotels stand and the visitors swarm. The lesson of the great gold panic of two years ago has apparently not been lost on him, for though the audacity of the *Narragansett S. S. Co.* was suspect, only little of its company. But Black Careless behind him in his light wagon, nevertheless, for he seldom closes his avenue gate without seeing half-a-dozen office-seekers' backs batted to some portion of his premises, and half-a-dozen gentlemen waiting in his piazza, to let him know what disposition should be made of that Hoboken telegraphship or Oshkosh post-office, if he means to save the country and the party from going to the dogs. *New York Nation.*

—An ex-Confederate soldier having been appointed to a clerkship at Washington, the Grand Army of the Republic, which is *not* a political organization, has enacted a coming out fit of bewildering eccentricity. If there is anything we admire more than a whisky-punch, with a bit of pineapple in it, it is generosity to a fallen foe. Naturally we are wlad with delight over the patriotism that manifests itself in proscription. We do not claim that ex-confederate soldiers are entitled to clerkships; we only maintain that a man who has whipped his enemy like a bull-dog ought to be ashamed to hunt him down like a hound.

### Hannah Binding Shoes.

Poor lone Hannah,  
Sitting at the window, binding shoes. Mid May is passing;  
Faded, wrinkled,      The apple boughs a pigeon coos.  
Sitting, stitching, in a mournful muse. Hannah shudders,  
Bright-eyed beauty once was she,      For the mild south-wester mischief brews.  
When the bloom was on the tree:      Round the rocks of her Marblehead,  
Spring and winter,      Outward bound, a schooner sped:  
Hannah's at the window, binding shoes.      Silent, lonesome,  
Not a neighbor      Hannah's at the window, binding shoes.  
Passing nod or answer will refuse      'Tis November.  
To her whisper,      Now no tear her wasted cheek bedews.  
"Is there from the fishers any news?"      From Newfoundland  
Oh, her heart's adrift, with one      Not a sail returning will she lose.  
On an endless voyage gone!      Whispering hoarsely, "Fisherman,  
Night and morning,      Have you, have you heard of Ben?"  
Hannah's at the window, binding shoes.      Old with watching,  
Fair young Hannah,      Hannah's at the window, binding shoes.  
Ben, the sun-burnt fisher, gaily woos:      Twenty winters  
Hale and clever,      Bleach and tear the ragged shores she views  
For a willing heart and hand he sues.      Twenty seasons:—  
May-day skies are all aglow,      Never one has brought her any news.  
And the waves are laughing so!      Still her dim eyes silently  
For her wedding      Chase the white sails o'er the sea:  
Hannah leaves her window and her shoes.      Hopeless, faithful,  
—Every Saturday.      Hannah's at the window, binding shoes.  
—Lucy Larcom.

### The Hotel Clerk.

Mr. W. D. Howells photographs the American hotel clerk, in "Their Wedding Journey," as follows: "It was with a sudden sinking of the heart that Basil beheld, presiding over the register, the conventional American hotel clerk. He was young; he had a neat mustache and well-brushed hair; jeweled studs sparkled in his shirt-front, and rings on his white hands; a gentle disdain of the traveling public breathed from his person in the mystical odors of *Ihlang-ihlang*. He did not lift his haughty head to look at the wayfarer who meekly wrote his name in the register; he did not answer him when he begged for a cool room; he turned to the board on which the keys hung, and, plucking one from it, slid it toward Basil on the marble counter, touched a bell for a call-boy, whistled a bar of *Offenbach*, and, as he wrote the number of the room against Basil's name, said to a friend lounging near him, as if resembling a conversation, 'Well, she's a mighty pooty gal, any way, Chawley!' When I reflected that this was a type of the hotel clerk throughout the United States, that behind unnumbered registers at this moment he is snubbing travelers into the dust, and that they are suffering and perpetuating him, I am lost in wonder at the national meekness. Not that I am one to refuse the humble pie his jeweled fingers offer me. 'Abjectly I take my key, and creep off up-stairs after the call-boy, and try to give myself the genteel air of one who has not been stepped upon. But I think homicidal things, all the same, and I rejoice that, in the safety of print, I can cry out against the despot whom I have not the presence to defy.' 'You vulgar and cruel little soul,' I say, and I imagine myself breathing the words to his teeth, 'why do you treat a weary stranger with this ignominy? I am to pay well for all I get, and I shall not complain of that. But look at me, and own my humanity; confess, by some civil action, by some decent phrase, that I have rights, and that they shall be respected. Answer my proper questions; respond to my fair demands. Do not slide my key at me; do not deny me the poor politeness of a nod as you give it in my hand. I am not your equal; few men are; but I shall not presume upon your clemency. Come, I also am human.' "Our writers seem to be making a simultaneous assault on this insolent class, for Ralph Keeler, who is traveling in the South, cauterizes the clerk of a Mississippi steamer in this wise: "Then at the office we must confront that terrible autocrat, the chief clerk, who is, perhaps, a little better than the average wretch of the great hotel clerk the world over. He assigns us a room with a tone of outraged dignity in his voice, and we wither gradually out of his sight to deposit our valises on our beds and lock them in, lest that awful fellow should take it into his head to throw them overboard."—*Appletons' Journal*.

— It is to be wished that the sweet-tempered gentlemen composing the Board of Education might be given a good, square salary, so that being fairly paid for their services they would have no excuse for enacting the blackguard. As matters now stand there is no feeling of responsibility; being paid nothing, a School Director naturally feels that nothing is expected of him. It is too much to expect of a man that he shall be a gentleman for nothing a month and find himself. If a leopard is required to make a re-distribution of his spots, or an Ethiop to take upon himself an alien hue, the compensation must be in proportion to the favor asked. Even a tadpole is justified in retaining his tail until he shall perceive the advantage of becoming a frog.

### A Sad Case.

We have before us a periodical monthly entitled *The Living Way*, published in this city by the Missionary Christian Union, whatever that may be, and edited by S. D. Simonds, wherever he may be. We have the misfortune to regard Simonds as a heretic. We think this, first, because his language is so hopelessly incoherent that it expresses not one idea that is intelligible to a free man. The relation, when he is read as a Murchie hero, or we are a dumb beast. We cannot admit that woman is dishonored, it would be disrespectful to our admirers. We will make room for a sermon extract. "The universal Intuitions are the basis of science, government and religion. These are but the expressions of its ideas." We are left, as it is to what this refers to; probably to "Intuitions," the idea of an Intuition must be a peculiar Artistic, and, alas, I repeat, more or less correct. These expressions should be followed by a discussion of the forms of all religions, demonstrating for their different degrees of power in the world by showing how much they embody correctly from Intuition. And it should be shown that all changes in the forms of religion, the power of progress in the science of government, arise from an effort to embody the universal Intuitions. This would account for a hundred of manifestations, whether true or false." We beg Mr. Simonds' pardon; it would hardly account for the manifestation of material reality with which his own existence has favored us. Nothing short of a theory of creative depravity could ever satisfactorily explain that Mr. Simonds' Seminary we admit that the question in question has a bee in his bonnet, because of the extraordinary trouble he takes to exhibit his entire Seminary as a symptom very peculiarly present. We do not agree with him that the Scriptures furnish "many" more examples than we can find; they have been called mad. Nay more, they furnish many more examples than we can find; they really were so, but from his view that these facts are any evidence that madness is not mad, we crave leave to dissent. Because Jesus Christ, Paul, Saul and Ezekiel were accounted mad, it does not logically follow that Simonds' is of sound mind, health. We set out to review Mr. Simonds' magazine, but have found himself so much the more attractive subject that we fear we have been insensibly led into personality—for which fault we humbly beg to be forgiven. If Mr. Simonds will kindly answer this question, without expectation or obscenity, it will go far toward settling his sanity of mind. Admitting that universal Intuition is the base of science, religion and government, how does it happen that the soul-power of the Indinite is so closely allied to the perceptivity of separate spirit-essences as to exert upon them a reciprocal mind-force, and cause the tail of a blue pig to become a comely spirit?

### British Columbia.

We hear but little of British Columbia, and the Report of 1870 by the Acting Colonial Secretary, Mr. Good, on the condition of the colony is acceptable. He states that the coal of gold in 1869 was quite preponderant to the mining population. The quantity known to be extracted was of the value of \$2,417,874, to which must be added about a million for gold shipped by private means, gold sent out from Kootenay and the southern boundary, and gold remaining in the country; making a total of \$3,417,873. The area of the known gold fields has been considerably extended, and now reaches from the 100 to the 130th meridian of west longitude, extending over a half of from 100 to 200 miles wide. In 1869 the first quartz mill was erected at Cariboo, chiefly with the view of enabling discoverers of gold to test the value of the rock. The Acting Secretary is of opinion that a well-timed law opening the direction for turning to enormous profits the capital but this one has not yet arrived for British Columbia, and the development of the country hangs almost with every falling step. The yield of the Cariboo and mines in 1869 was about 40,833 tons. The influence of Queen Charlotte's Island is equal to the Pennsylvania for timber purposes, but properly to develop and work the mine would require an outlay of £10,000. The export of spars and timber reached a value of \$250,885 in 1869. The productions of the colony have to find a vast market in the only neighboring market, where the coal of the English Bay and the lumber of Puget Sound enter San Francisco free of duty. On consideration with the Dominion of Canada, one of the first subjects of attention must be reciprocity; another must be steady communication with Canada by wagon road, open all the year through, and then by railroad. Without this, communication would exist only a name. There were in 1869, 23,765 cattle in the colony, and 11,846 sheep. The grass of the country is admirably adapted for fattening cattle. Wheat and other cereals ripen readily, and mature seldom less than 40 bushels to the acre. Reputable prices are obtained both for the grain and for the wool manufactured there in the colony. The population, as estimated from the most reliable returns, is stated at 15,100, exclusive of natives. 1,947 are Chinese, but many mining miners, traders, and fishermen are overlooked. The Indian population is variously estimated at from 50,000 to 55,000. The Acting Secretary maintains that the colony only requires opening up, and a fair chance of securing population and capital, to become highly wealthy and prosperous.

— Professor Fowler, the famous temperament-sharp and bump-feeler, is coming to California. We presume he intends writing a treatise upon the organ of self-esteem, and wishes to study it in its native wild.

### Practical Philosophy of Gas-Burning.

If any one is inclined to look contemptuously on so small a matter as the improvement of gas-burners, a few of the facts stated in the Report will, if we have any of the Englishman's regard for his pocket, very decidedly convert him to a sense of its importance. On an average, consumers of gas, by using well-constructed and well-adapted burners, instead of the usual clumsy, hap-hazard kind, may reduce their gas bills by one-third or one-half of the whole amount, while obtaining a stronger and more steady light than they obtained before.

A good gas-burner is not an imaginary article, although a perfect burner has yet to be discovered. The Referees in their recent inquiries and experiments made by order of the British Board of Trade have taken as a standard "Sugg's London Argand Burner No. 1," which is not the best invented by the maker, but seems at present the one most adapted for practical use. Comparing with this burner, when burning five feet of gas per hour, those in common use under the names of "fish-tail" and "batwing" burners, we obtain some remarkable results. Taking the standard burner's illuminating power at 100, six fish-tail burners gave these results: 73, 62, 52, 47, 36, and 19, the latter giving less than one-fifth of the light supplied by the standard at the same consumption of gas. The batwing burners show better results, being 86 and 82, as compared with the standard. It must be observed, however, that the standard is an Argand burner, in which the supply of air to the flame is regulated by a chimney. Comparing three other Argands with the standard, we find the illuminating power still far inferior, being no more than 78, 77, and 34 per cent. respectively. These tests clearly prove the superiority of Sugg's Argand No. 1 to any burner in common use. Of course it remains a question in particular instances whether the cost of supplying these burners would be too great to admit of their general adoption.

It is now conclusively established that the quantity of gas does not influence the development of light that the difference perceived in the illuminating power afforded by the consumption of different quantities of the same gas is due to the difference of the burners, each burner "doing justice" to the gas at a particular rate of consumption, and declining in illuminating power when the supply falls short of this rate or exceeds it. It has been proved also that the temperature at which the gas is supplied to the burner makes no practical difference in the light, that an over-supply of air to the flame and an excess of pressure in the supply-pipe are adverse to illuminating power. Gas, it appears, is in the fittest state to be burned, and to give out its maximum of light, when it streams through the burner under little or no pressure, flowing upwards like a natural flame. The practical suggestion deducible from these conclusions is, that the burners should be improved; and we have called attention to the best type yet brought into use.—*London Spectator*.

### Singular Use for a Galvanic Battery.

Many years ago, Major Stone of the 15th Hussars, then stationed in India, had a gold watch and chain stolen from his drawing-room table. Collecting all the native servants of whom he had any suspicion together, and making them join hands, he told them that presently his God would give them a shock which would however be harmless to all but the culprit; but that if he were among them he would in about an hour turn green and silently die. The black fellows grinned incredulously, when the wires of a very powerful battery, prepared and concealed below the table, were brought in contact with the *two end men*. So severe was the shock that three of them fell to the ground. The Major then remarked, that if the guilty one came to him within half an hour he could apply an antidote which would save his life. The effect of the shock upon the imagination of the superstitious thief was so great as to induce belief in the prospect of turning green and dying, and he shortly came, watch and chain in hand, to beg for mercy and the antidote. Recently a similar attempt has been made in India with a fatal result. We hear that in a heavy case of theft that lately occurred in the city of Nagpore, a "peeler," scientifically inclined, applied a galvanic battery to a woman supposed to be concerned in the case, in the hopes that the fright would make her divulge her accomplices. The shock gave the woman such a fright that, in the words of our informant, "she thought the devil had got possession of her," and as soon as she escaped out of the hands of the police the unfortunate woman committed suicide by taking poison. Before she died her deposition was taken down, and her friends have now instituted a criminal prosecution against the police.

### The Mont Cenis Tunnel.

A letter from Modane, in the *Salut Public*, says:—"I have just visited the tunnel of the Alps, in company with a director of the works, and can give you some exact information. The whole work is now open, and by next week at latest a locomotive will traverse the entire passage. The ventilation is excellent, and the current of air perceptibly felt; in fact the heat was so moderate that a great coat was not to be disdained. All the Swiss stories about heat intense enough to produce asphyxia are pure invention. A pump continues to work to aid in expelling the smoke, but the compressors which produced respirable air during the boring are being removed. The administration would not have failed to preserve them if it had felt the smallest uneasiness about the ventilation of the passage."



### Money and Commerce.

He that has money commands the service of men; he that has not, must be thankful for whatever he gets. Consequently, to be poor is to be weak, to be rich is to be strong.

[Report for the Week ending September 30th, 1871.]

— Imports during the current month have been of considerable magnitude, more particularly that of foreign Coals, in the aggregate upward of 30,000 tons. We are in receipt of quite a fleet of foreign vessels with assorted merchandise, from England, France, Germany, China, Japan, etc. The New York fleet, making long passages for the season, several ships are now overdue, the merchandise thereon being greatly needed for our fall trade. It is a notable fact, that notwithstanding the large number of arrivals from sea with general merchandize, our stocks, both in bonded and free warehouses, are unusually small; and all this with a constant stream flowing in upon us from the Atlantic by the transcontinental railroad. We are quite confident that it will be found, at the end of the year, that our stocks of Coffee, Sugar, Rice—in fact, most, if not all, important staples, both foreign and domestic—will be short, as compared with many previous winters. The opening up of the continental railway is doing much to people the plains and valleys, and these are compelled to draw their supplies to a very considerable extent from this coast. Prosperity is everywhere the rule rather than the exception. The present drawback is our inability to furnish outward cargoes for the large fleet of ships now at anchor in this harbor. We regret to add that freights are scarce, and rates for grain to Liverpool lower than ever before known. *Commercial and Financial Herald*

— Imports of Teas from January 1st to September 14th: China, 535,104 lbs, 9,221 pkgs; Japan, 1,615,527 lbs, 13,876 pkgs. The local and interior demand is active for the season. Orders are constantly reaching us from New York and other Eastern cities, in response to Muster chests there exhibited—the Teas delivered wherever directed by telegram. This phase of the business promises to be quite popular, and is rapidly extending in favor, our importers and jobbers beginning to realize its advantages. Our supply of new crop Oolongs, including Comet and other fine qualities, is being constantly added to by every arrival from China, and the same remarks are applicable to those from Japan. The New York *Bulletin*, in alluding to the "new departure" in this trade, giving some statistics of this year's business, says: "The imports by way of the Suez Canal have not been altogether satisfactory to the New York merchants, and importations in sailing vessels by way of Cape Horn are nearly at an end. The complaints relative to the New York Custom House in the delay of goods, and the charges in getting them through with dispatch, amount to nearly five per cent. on the value of the invoice, has operated largely in favor of overland transportation, and New York will shortly draw its supplies from San Francisco. Moreover it would seem that New York is destined, for the future, to supply the European markets, as European merchants can obtain their orders much quicker from New York than by direct importation from China."

— This year's vintage continues to be exceedingly promising. In Los Angeles County, where the grape crop is larger than in any other county excepting Sonoma, the vintage is being gathered. The *Star* says, concerning the grape crop: "Most of the vineyards are under contract, and we believe the prices obtained are considered satisfactory. We hear that a cent per pound is the prevailing rate, which is an advance on last year's prices, which averaged  $\frac{3}{4}$  c. We have been informed that an agent is purchasing extensively for Mr. Curtis, who intends to make brandy in the Gavett distillery, on the bank of the river. The crop is fully an average one, though not as large as was anticipated during the flowering season. It is said the grapes are unequal, a large portion not having filled out to the usual size. However, as there is always something to be rated as a drawback, we have confidence that the vintage will be a successful one, both as to quantity and quality." The demand for Buena Vista and other first-class native wines is continued, with sales 5,000 galls white for shipment East. The success attending the manufacture of sparkling wines in this city, by I. Landsberger & Co., is encouraging, selling as fast as made at \$13@14 for muscatelle; private cavée, \$11.50@21.50; ordinary sparkling, \$10@11  $\frac{1}{2}$  doz. French claret in casks, and favorite brands of champagne, continue to find buyers at fair prices. *Commercial Herald*.

— Imports of Coffee from January 1st to September 14th: Rio, lbs 937,360; Java, lbs 311,830; Manila, lbs 442,786; Hawaiian, lbs 81,780; Central America, lbs 8,691,920, pkgs 1,490; Tahitian, lbs 13,418; San Domingo, lbs 2,700; Mocha, lbs 1,750. Imports include 800 bags Java or Uraue; this is sold at 25c. Other parcels of this description continue to reach us by rail and via Panama from New York and Boston, selling, for the most part, at 24c. The last lot, 3,400 bags, Central American Green sent by rail to St. Louis was charged 1 $\frac{1}{2}$  c  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb freight—the rate now advanced to 12 $\frac{1}{2}$  c. We note sales of 1,000 bags Guatemala, in lots, at 16 $\frac{1}{2}$  c; prime Costa Rica, 17c. We quote Rio and Manilla at 16c  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. At the close, 600 bags C A is sold private.

— Imports of Sugar from January 1st to Sept. 14th: Eastern, bbls 10; Manila, lbs 1,479,020; Hawaiian, lbs 8,800,016, pkgs 18,286; Peruvian, lbs 7,007,927; pkgs 29,292; Batavian, lbs 7,820,527; Central American, lbs 1,874,473, pkgs 790; China, lbs 1,522,527, pkgs 11,753; Mexican, lbs 678,924; Tahitian, lbs 16,631, pkgs 64. Imports include the Uraue's cargo from Java—say 1,971 baskets, weighing a million pounds. At auction, an invoice of Central American, say 641 sacks. The market for Hawaiian and other raws is but poorly supplied, stocks outside the refineries being unusually light for the season.



### Where Hast Thou Gleaned?

Out of the countless sheets East and from Europe desirous of exchanging with the *News Letter*, we call the following beautiful lines from the *American Wesleyan*, whose motto is, "Whatsoever things are true, just, pure and lovely, of a good report: if there be any virtue and if there be any praise, think of these things." Of course, if the *American Wesleyan* will issue any paper furthering any one of these things, we are heartily with them now and forever:

Where hast thou gleaned, O gleaner?

Thy brow is flushed with heat,

And thou art late returning;—

There's dew upon thy feet.

The nightingale is singing;

The star of evening burns;

And homeward from the meadow

The bee, belated, turns.

Where hast thou gleaned, O gleaner?

A smile is on thy mouth—

Thy garments bring the odors

Of spices of the south;

And, lo! a spray of roses

That to thy skirt hath clung;—

And long before I saw thee,

I heard the song you sung.

Where hast thou gleaned, O gleaner?

Thou bearest the marks of toil,

And from the clutch of labor

Thou bringest ample spoil.

Happy art thou, who bringest

Thy sheaf at set of sun;

Who thus, with songs and gladness,

Returns, when work is done.

Where hast thou gleaned, O gleaner?

Where reapers went before?

Where careful binders gathered

The Master's harvest store?

Or hast thou slowly followed

The heavy-laden wain?

And from the dusty highway

Gathered the scattered grain?

Where wilt thou glean, O gleaner!

Where'er the seed was sown—

If in the field or wayside,

Wherever it hath grown,

Some that the storm hath broken,

Some, mayhap, undetred,

Thy careful hand may gather

And garner for thy God.

### Queen Victoria's Income.

Very erroneous statements as to the personal wealth and income of the Queen of England are constantly published in American papers. Many people even in England believe that the Crown Income by the Civil List Act, which is £385,000, is voted for her own use and behoof, and that she is quite at liberty to, in American phraseology, do "what she darn pleases" with this. This a little investigation will show is not the case; for a schedule is affixed to the Act in which the £385,000 is distinctly appropriated in the following manner: Her Majesty's Privy Purse, £60,000; salaries of her Majesty's household, and retired allowances, £131,260; expenses of her Majesty's household, £172,500; Royal bounty, alms, and special services, £13,200; unappropriated balances, £8,040. Total, £385,000. Some years after the accession of the Queen, however, the Privy Purse was increased from £60,000 a year, at which it was fixed by the Civil List Committee and the Civil List Act, to £160,000 a year, by moneys withdrawn from the other classes, the total allowance remaining the same, viz: £385,000 per annum, and this involving no greater expenditure of public moneys. It is asserted, that out of the Privy Purse allowance the Queen has saved about four millions sterling, and this is quite probable. This at 3 per cent. would yield £120,000 per annum—four times as much as would have paid the pensions granted by the Parliament to the Royal Princesses from first to last, and would have spared the country up to the present time £200,000 in those pensions alone; and thereat John Bull growleth. It has taken Queen Victoria thirty-five years to save her four millions out of her Privy Purse allowance of from £60,000 to £160,000 per annum.

— We have it by telegraph that Mr. Vincent Collyer—than whom the devil has not a more useful servant nor President Grant an abler master—has arrived at Camp Grant, Arizona, and has forbidden any white man to approach that post nearer than ten miles. A party of miners, perishing of thirst, were kept at bay with cannon. Camp Grant is a sort of "Reservation"—a "city of refuge" to which all murdering savages in danger of military punishment incontinently betake themselves, and are protected and cherished by Government officials, then recruited, equipped and permitted to again take the war path against the defenceless whites. Some months ago a party of settlers, stung to madness by this criminal nonsense, made an incursion into the "Reservation" and massacred a few dozens of these vipers whom the Government was quickening in its bosom. The presence of Vincent Collyer is the retributive result. Great Scott! is there no one to take this villain by the neck and choke him in the interest of Christian civilization? Must he be permitted to go about clothed with authority to turn United States artillery upon citizens of the United States for the benefit of a syndicate of Indian Agents, whose most honest act would kindle a blush upon the cheek of a thief? Gad! it makes one mourn the decay of the homely virtue of assassination.

### Book Notices.

**GINX'S BABY—HIS BIRTH AND OTHER MISFORTUNES.** (Thirteenth American, from the Eleventh London edition). George Routledge & Sons, N. Y.; Henry Payot & Co., San Francisco.

The present season of literary activity in England—consequent, in some measure, upon the political activity of the continent—has produced three notable satires: *The Fight at Dame Europa's School*, *The Battle of Dorking*, and the volume before us. It is impossible to conceive works more radically unlike in conception, intent and execution, and yet they have enjoyed an almost equal, and very exceptional, popularity. The "*Fight*" was designed to hold up for execration the bad faith, not to say pusillanimity, of Great Britain, in permitting the humiliation of France by the Germans. Anything stupider or more puerile than this celebrated *brochure* can scarcely be imagined, yet so cleverly timed was it, and so deftly attuned to some subtle chord of public feeling, that its popularity was unbounded. Its success was that of a blundering dullard, who, by the mere seizing of a potent opportunity unregarded by his betters, is lifted into power and place by a wave of popular feeling. The "*Battle*" is also political in design, and though infinitely superior in point of literary merit to its predecessor, is yet what is termed on this side the Atlantic very dull reading. That is, its effect depends almost wholly upon the novelty of its design—being a narrative of future events—and not at all upon any charm or other quality of style. Like the "*Fight*," its success was wholly due to its timeliness and adaptation to popular ideas, and like that work it will be as ephemeral as it is "famous." In *Ginx's Baby*, however, we have something of quite another sort. It is based upon something wider and deeper than mere dissatisfaction with the acts of a government. It is more social than political, and appeals to feelings as permanent as they are universal, by describing, and sharply censuring, follies unhappily quite as universal, and it is to be feared equally permanent. It has likewise the advantage of the screeds with which we have contrasted it, in point of style, in which important respect it is keen, racy and epigrammatic, without the "novelty" that comes of sacrificing sound ideas to brilliant rhetoric. To give even a brief outline of its plot, or a meager specimen of its diction, is no part of our design, and would, in truth, be unjust to the author. Suffice it to say that it is the "short and simple annals" of a child who is the special care, and whose welfare is the pet solicitude, of organized philanthropy. An entire community of Christian people *versus* each and every ill that a certain young thing is heir to. That is the manner and the matter of it. That the young thing should finally commit suicide to rid it of its benefactors is rather natural under the circumstances. If *Ginx's Baby* do not obtain a place in permanent literature we miss our guess.

**SARCHEDON.** By G. J. Whyte Melville. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; A. Roman & Co., San Francisco.

This new and brilliant novel, by Major Melville, leads us into fresh fields of romance, and is filled with gorgeous pictures of Oriental life in the days of the Assyrian and Egyptian kings. Semiramis, the great queen; Ninus, the warrior king; Assarac, the ambitious priest, and Sarchedon, the hero, are the principal characters, and the scene is laid in haughty Babylon, in the times of her glory and splendor. The descriptions are fine, the interest of the story sustained, and the many readers of "Holmby House," "The Gladiators" and others of Melville's novels, will read "Sarchedon" with pleasure.

**ALMOST FAULTLESS.** A Story of the Present Day. By the author of "A Book for Governesses." D. Appleton & Co., New York; A. Roman & Co., San Francisco.

We have never read "A Book for Governesses," nor from our experience of "Almost Faultless" shall we ever attempt it, nor advise any but our most bitter enemy to peruse a book by this author.

**LIGHT SCIENCE FOR LEISURE HOURS.** By Richard Proctor, B. A. Camb. F. R. A. S. Published by Appleton & Co., New York; A. Roman & Co., San Francisco.

The essays in this volume have been selected from the author's contributions to serial literature during the last few years. They present scientific truths in a clear, simple and readable form to the public, and are full of interest to the scientific reader. Some of the headings of chapters give good idea of the work: The Earth a Magnet; A Great Tidal Wave; The Usefulness of Earthquakes; Influence of Marriage on the Death-Rate; The Secret of the North Pole.

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—The newspapers have not yet done speculating as to the cause of Walter Montgomery committing suicide, notwithstanding it is as plain as the nose upon an elephant's face that for three days he had been as married as a March hare.

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—The New York *Tribune* occasionally indulges in the following heading to of its columns: "Misdeeds of Thieves and Ruffians." Very good; but why sh it incur the trouble of an additional heading for its "Religious Intelligence?"



### Preparations for Cholera.

Active preparations are being made by the Local Authority of Greenock, Scotland, for the reception and treatment of cases of cholera, should that epidemic make its appearance in the Clyde. A list of instructions to pilots, tug masters, and masters of vessels entering the river has been printed and freely circulated, detailing the steps to be taken in regard to vessels on board which cases of diarrhoeal disease, or cholera, or any disease of a suspicious kind, has been observed during the voyage, and laying down rules for giving information to the proper authorities of the same, for the burning of the clothes and bedding of all persons who have died, and for the inspection of the vessel by the medical officer of the Local Authority, etc. The Sanitary Committee have appointed a daily qualified medical officer to board vessels arriving at the Tail of the Bank in which the disease has occurred, and a circular has been issued to the medical gentlemen resident in town asking if they would be willing to give their services in the way of district or casual visitation should the epidemic break out here. Measures are also being taken for the isolation of persons affected with the plague. The reception house in Glebe can be used at any moment, and the erection of a temporary iron hospital in an out-of-the-way part of the burgh is contemplated. The sanitary officers are taking other measures for warding off the pestilence by flushing the streets of the more densely populated parts of the town, and circulating information among the inhabitants as to how they should conduct themselves in the event of a visitation of cholera.

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— Two hundred dollars fine for biting a woman on the neck and arms! That is Judge Sawyer's idea of justice! That is the sentence imposed upon the gentle Mr. Hill, because His Eminence set his incisors into the yielding tissue of Mrs. Langdon, a lady with whom his wife happened to be debating by means of a stew-kettle. This is most outrageous, and we call upon somebody to appeal the case. If this monstrous decision stands, the *Mail Bag* owes the municipality about ten thousand dollars. Though by nature of a mild and gentle appetite, preferring simple roots and herbs, yet it has been his custom to nip all female necks and arms that have been willingly submitted unto his teeth. He hath found in this harmless, and he had supposed lawful, practice, an exceeding sweetness of sensation, and a satisfaction wherewith the delights of sausage, or the bliss of pigs' feet, can in nowise compare. Having commonly found the gratification mutual, he thinks he is justified in maintaining its entire innocence.

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— It seems that some days ago a youth named Cavanagh found the cold corpse of an infant buried in a sandhill on Harrison street, and for some time he has been in the habit of visiting the pretty thing, exhuming it, gratifying his love of the beautiful by admiring it, and then reintering it with scrupulous care. The other day it occurred to him that the secret was too good to keep, and he imparted it to some one who basely betrayed his trust by informing the Coroner. Since then the sandhill has lost its attraction to the romantic youngster, and he consumes with a slow fever of poker dice, and breathes out his young soul in Russian cigaritos. Alas, poor boy! he is not long for earth: his physician says he is liable to join the Young Men's Christian Association any day.

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— Muddlehead (a subscriber from the first) wishes to ask whether in view of the Royal prohibition to British subjects as to the wearing of foreign orders, he will be in future precluded from accepting orders (not admitted after seven) for the Opera Comique and the French plays. Likewise if he may hang up a proof engraving of the "Order of Release" he recently purchased at Mr. Graves, and if he may avail himself of an order for two quarter loaves (burnt to a cinder) granted the authorities of St. Pancras, which he found in a first-class carriage on the Metropolitan Railway. Finally, Muddlehead is anxious to know why, if order be heaven's first law, there should be any law against orders. Go to Bath, stupid.—*Fun.*

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— A Philadelphia lady one hundred and twenty years of age has recently been burned in her bed by the upsetting of a lamp. If these graceless persons will not draw out of the game when they can no longer either bat or pitch, it is proper that they should catch it.

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— Chicago policeman rule that a man riding a horse through the street with a card "for sale" attached, is an unlicensed peddler.—*Exchange.* [Then pray what is a mother, leading about a marriageable daughter with "for sale" marked all over her?]

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— Josh Billings confesses that he does not know what the word mule is derived from. Fool! it is from the Latin *mulier*, a woman.

**Madrigal.**

O Dove, that dost bewail thy love  
 As I do mine,  
 Would that my woe could find the facile flow  
 Thou hast for thine!

In every wood I hear thy voice  
 In loud lament,  
 While I am fain to send the sounds of pain  
 To banishment.

Yet I divine thy heart and mine  
 Know the same grief,  
 But this has utterance, while silent tears  
 Are my relief.

Let us divide our burdens, then—  
 Mourn thou for me,  
 And I, who am too proud to moan aloud,  
 Will weep for thee!

—*Macmillan's Magazine.*—*Alice Horton.***Negro Atrocities in Africa.**

Additional dispatches received by the R. M. S. *Loanda*, which has arrived at Liverpool, states that the western districts of the Gold Coast were tranquil; all the paths and roads were open, and that trade and agriculture were being carried on in perfect safety. The native chiefs of the British Protectorate, who had assembled at Cape Coast to meet the Governor for the purpose of assisting him to bring about a peace with the Ashantees, had almost all returned to their own places, and it was considered that peace had actually been concluded between the Fantees and the Ashantees. Mr. Thomas Forson was commissioned by the Governor of Cape Coast to go up to Coomassie to negotiate with the King of Ashantee for the release of the four Europeans who are still held prisoners in the Ashantee capital. A further account states that the remains of the hordes of Ashantees that had been invading the eastern districts of the English Protectorate were returning, bringing with them thousands of captives—chiefly women, girls, and boys—from the neighborhood of the Volta. When the remnant of the great body of the troops which composed the first army of invasion of the eastern provinces entered Coomassie, there was public lamentation on account of the numbers who had fallen in the war; and, according to the fearful custom of the country, there took place horrible human sacrifices in almost every street—"in fact hardly any description," according to an eye-witness, "could exaggerate the reality." At least half the Ashantees who went to battle are reported to have died; and two hundred human jawbones were carried in procession through the streets. All over the Gold Coast there were signs of increasing prosperity, and people were looking forward for better times. Prodigious quantities of produce were wasted for want of roads, and in the western districts of the British Protectorate good roads could be made to the very heart of the oil-producing parts of the country.

— When a young girl is required to unite herself in wedlock with an aged man, she commonly objects, upon the ground that he is old enough to be her father. It is strange how long this frivolous plea has been suffered to pass unquestioned; there is no case on record in which the man ever has become her father, and the danger is purely imaginary. Our advice is—When a young woman claims immunity from present matrimony through fear of an impossible contingency, break her back in a great multitude of places.

— We find the following in all the newspapers: "Omaha papers fish in a cañon with perpendicular walls three thousand feet high." Then these cunning artificers erected the walls themselves, for within a distance from Omaha which a thief would traverse in a night, there is not a natural cañon of sufficient depth to screen an assassin. We have this from a former inhabitant, who speaks knowingly, and apparently from experience.

— A besottedly patriotic exchange grows wildly editorial anent the Indian policy of this Christian Government, and ascribes the beauties and excellences of the same to President Grant. We do not deem it probable that anybody will contend against that Christian gentleman for the barren honor of having fertilized a few paltry thousands of scattered acres with the rich blood of white women and lobster-colored babies.

— A hog-feeder has been found dead in his bed. "Thy swill be done."

### Dividends Declared.

Dividends have been paid during the past month by the following local incorporations: Bank of California, 1 per cent., \$50,000; Pacific Bank, 10 per cent., \$7,500; California Trust Company,  $1\frac{1}{4}$  per cent., \$4,375; Black Diamond Coal Company,  $\frac{1}{2}$  per cent., \$25,000; California Powder Works, 1 per cent., \$4,000; California Theatre  $\frac{1}{2}$  per cent., \$2,500; Giant Powder Company,  $\frac{1}{2}$  per cent., \$3,000; Merchants' Marine Insurance Company, 1 per cent., \$5,000; Peoples Insurance Company, 1 per cent., \$3,000; San Francisco Gas Company,  $\frac{1}{2}$  per cent., \$45,000; San Francisco Stock Brewery, 1 per cent., \$708; Natoma Water and Mining Company, 1 per cent., \$3,000; Spring Valley Water Company,  $\frac{1}{2}$  per cent., \$40,000; Pioneer Land and Loan Association, 1 per cent., \$1,160; Bamber & Co.'s Express,  $\frac{1}{2}$  per cent.; Chol-lar-Potosi Mining Company, \$1 per share, \$28,000; Crown Point Mining Company, \$10 per share, \$120,000; Eureka Consolidated Mining Company, \$1 per share, \$50,000; Keystone Quartz Mining Company, \$2 per share; Meadow Valley Mining Company, \$1 per share, \$60,000; Pioche Mining Company, \$1 per share, \$20,000; Raymond & Ely Mining Company, \$1.50 per share, \$45,000; Succor Mill and Mining Company, 50c. per share, \$11,400; Yule Gravel Mining Company, 50c. per share, \$5,000. Total, \$533,643.

### Telegraphy in Chinese Characters.

Mr. Vignier, the Harbor Master of Shanghai has invented an ingenious method for the transmission of telegraphic messages in Chinese. The *China Mail* describes the apparatus as consisting of several thousands of small wooden blocks having on the one end a Chinese character; the blocks are arranged systematically in cases, so as to be readily found, and with the Chinese character on the end of each showing upwards. To transmit a message in Chinese the proceeding is as follows: A native assistant, appointed for the purpose, takes from the cases the blocks with the Chinese characters as written in the message tendered for transmission, and, placing them in proper order, takes an impression of the number ends; these numbers are then telegraphed to the desired destination. At the receiving station are cases of wooden blocks arranged in an opposite manner to those at the forwarding station, i. e., with the Chinese characters cut into the one end and the other end having a number on it showing upwards. On receipt of the telegram the blocks bearing the numbers telegraphed are selected, and with the type end of these the message is printed off in Chinese. The European signaler of course has not the remotest idea of the sense or purpose of the message; but from the system adopted correctness in transmission is ensured.

— Nearly all the daily papers are at considerable pains to inform us each day that "the following list" of overland passengers "will arrive in San Francisco" at such a time. The list consists of those who passed Ogden two days before. It does not seem to have occurred to our contemporaries that there are several way stations, including Sacramento, at which it is possible for a man who has passed Ogden to get off; and at which, in fact, about one-third actually do get off. Now neighbors, we beg you not to act upon this hint, and say simply, that these passengers have passed Ogden; that would be meagerly true, and very basely sensible.

— Mr. Hoyle, the only man who ever lived from whose decision there was no appeal, the undisputed and indisputable authority in all games of cards, is dead. The number of persons interested in his decisions is considerably greater down below than here, and it was proper that he should go where he could be most widely useful. As the climate of that region is not favorable to the preservation of books, the personal presence of authors is commonly required. We have no doubt, however, that Mr. Hoyle would be very welcome in the other place, if the pious retain after death their tendency to quarrel over their cards.

— A bevy of darkies recently held a picnic in a grave-yard, and some indignation has been expressed at the sacrilegious proceeding. We do not regard it as well grounded; if the devil is half as black as he is painted, the spectacle of tawny feet meandering among the sepulchres is not sufficiently novel to alarm the sheeted dead.

— For the satisfaction of calling one Moulton a thief, one Hanna is expected to pay ten thousand dollars. And that is what is the matter with Hanna. We have not learned what is the matter with Moulton, and with Hanna's frightful example before us will not venture upon a diagnosis of his case.

— A gentleman in Contra Costa offers a reward of fifty dollars for the apprehension of a Jack mule. It is feared this will lead to the arrest of the editor of the *Gazette*.

### Mosquitoes Compelling a Sailor to Drown Himself.

The mosquitoes of Burmah (says the *Madras Mail*) have a terrible reputation, but we never imagined that they were such formidable wretches that they could compel even a sailor to commit suicide. Yet that is the character a local paper gives them. It would appear that some years ago a sailor walking as sentry on the gangway of her Majesty's frigate *Fox*, when that vessel was lying at anchor on the Irrawady, was dreadfully teased and excited by the swarms of mosquitoes which kept worrying him. "No amount of fighting had the least effect on them. Finally he gave up in despair, and calling to his comrade Bob, 'I say Bob,' he inquired, 'do you think hell is worse than this — place' (using some dreadful expressions in reference to his tormentors). He said he did not know, 'but no doubt,' quoth Bob, 'it is pretty bad here, and unless we get the skin of an elephant, these burning stinging beasts will eat us all up alive.' " The sufferer remarked, "Good bye, Bob, I am going to see if it is not cooler there than it is here." With that he walked up the steps and gave one jump and away overboard he went, to sink or rise no more. The watch was roused with the cry "a man overboard." Boats were lowered, and every search made to recover the infatuated man who wanted to get away from the pestering worrying mosquitoes and could not. He committed suicide in the frenzy produced by them. A court of inquiry was held next day, and their verdict was "drowned himself when mad from the stings of swarms of mosquitoes." The Commodore sent ashore and bought bookmakin enough in town to supply each man with a set of mosquito nets or curtains, when the misery of these poor men was brought to a happy close.

### A Precis.

Our able and ingenious friend the penny-a-liner is to be congratulated on the success with which he has made much out of little in this instance: "The large county of Down enjoys a gratifying immunity from crime. The calendar at the present assizes contains only eleven cases, of which but one—in which three railway officials are indicted for negligence causing loss of life—is of any public importance. Mr. Justice Lawson, who opened the commission on Saturday, remarked with satisfaction that, not only was the county free from all serious crime, but that convictions for intoxication were decreasing." All of which means, in a nutshell, that Down is looking up.

— "I, Hirsch Nison, will shoot myself. A bad wife is worse than death. I pray that my countrymen will not bury me as a murderer. My wife will pay all expenses." That is what he left behind him. Poor, despairing devil! done to death by a bad wife. And yet—O full and final compensation! a bad wife is good to pay funeral expenses. O ye who think through the hog-hole of divorce to escape the buffetings of matrimony—who in wilful desertion would seek refuge from extreme cruelty—take heart from the example of Hirsch Nison, and find comfort in his philosophy!

— The Mariposa Estate, Fremont's country seat, has been sold to a New York company for the enormous sum of fifteen millions of dollars. This stupendous amount is to be paid in the stock of the company, and it is supposed that such an influx of Eastern portable wealth will send this State spinning along the highway of prosperity with an impetus like that of an ox-drawn dirt-scraper. Fifteen millions of dollars! Why, it makes one's head swim. And all in nice clean shares, with engraving onto 'em! Lord, let thy servant depart in peace, for he has heard enough.

— Nicholas Connolly's statement will be published in to-morrow's *Call*. To-day it is crowded out.—*Call*. [Without any desire to penetrate the mystery surrounding the identity of Mr. Connolly, and with no wish to remove the inscrutable obscurity shrouding the purpose of his statement, we yet burn to know if the sun of that morrow rose upon that promised revelation; did Nick actually state? Will some one vouchsafe a little information to one who does not read the *Call* two days in succession?

— A bark has arrived at Santa Cruz with materials for the regular autumn exposition at the works of the California Powder Company. The employes have settled their temporal affairs, and the Superintendent has offered the usual reward to the man who stays longest. It is noteworthy that for several years this prize has not been claimed.

— A youth of fifteen summers, in Oregon, has poisoned his mother. Before condemning him it is fair to hear his defense: he wanted to plunder the house, and the old lady was in the way.



### New Food from Australia.

We learn from the last number of the *Food Journal* that a new meat, kangaroo tail, has begun to be imported into this country. As a rule, herbivorous animals are well adapted for the food of man, and kangaroos, the *Lancet* considers, form no exception to this rule. The excellence of their flesh was recognized by the settlers in Australia at a very early period. The tail, which is very large and fleshy, is regarded as an especial luxury; and kangaroo tail soup is probably one of the best kinds of soup ever placed upon the table in any land. It comes to this country in a perfectly fresh state in tins, like Australian beef and mutton, and is sold under the name of kangaroo venison. The specimens hitherto brought to the market are highly flavored by spices, and are very agreeable to the taste. They can be obtained from Mr. J. W. Billiatt, of Upper Thames street, London, in two-pound tins, at a price of 3s. a tin. It is probable that the bills are those of the *Macropis Brunnii*, which is common in many parts of Australia and Van Diemen's Land.

### A Successful Swindler.

Hundreds of persons of note have recently received letters from a man claiming to have in his possession a box containing diamonds to the amount of four millions of francs, and important papers belonging to the Empress, this box, it is said, having been extracted from the Tuileries during the confusion consequent on the events of September 4th. The letters state that their author being now in prison, and therefore unable to take advantage of his rich booty, offers, on payment of 2,000 francs, at a certain given address, to put the donor in possession of the box. The contents would then be either realized by sale or given up to their rightful owner on payment of a certain sum, the proceeds in both cases to be equally divided between this novel kind of swindler and his dupe. It is scarcely necessary to say that the precious box has never existed, except in the fertile brain of the letter writer. Several credulous persons have, nevertheless, been mulcted of their 2,000 francs.

### An Economical Parson.

A London clergyman, the Rev. Henry Venn Hebert, claims to be carried on the tramways at the workmen's fare—viz., 1d. from Westminster Bridge to Brixton. The conductor having charged 3d., the Reverend gentleman summoned him before the Lambeth magistrate for the 2d. in dispute. The point, however, really at issue, was whether the company was authorized to charge general travelers by what are called "workmen's trains," two of which the company have, under their Act, to provide daily for "artisans, mechanics and laborers," more than the penny toll levied upon such persons. It was stated that the company, finding these trains a great convenience to workmen going to and from their labor, now run several each morning and evening, in lieu of the statutory pair. The magistrate decided against the Reverend gentleman, as not being "a laborer, artisan or mechanic," according to the meaning of the Act of Parliament.

— The most striking instance of intelligence in a dying man that we have had the happiness to record was that of Octavius Lapoint, who, when writhing with the pangs of poison, refused to unclasp his jaws to receive a stomach-pump, so long as Dr. C. C. O'Donnell was at the handle. Mr. Lapoint preferred to die, and die he did. Whenever Dr. O'Donnell shall exhibit a similar willingness, we shall be pleased to mash the head of the man who shall interpose an objection.

— An Ohio gentleman, whom the conscientious telegraph is careful to describe as "a well known citizen, remarkable for his religious fervor," has had the misfortune to be arrested with counterfeit money upon his person. He had previously enjoyed the unhappiness of passing it upon his neighbors for some months. This only proves that it is impossible to serve God and Mammon, though the ease with which one may serve God and Gammon is proverbial.

— Some soppy sentimentalizer writes to the *Bulletin* favoring a "national memorial day," wherein all are to turn out and spread posies on the graves of the dead. Our own impression is that it would be more sensible to use quinine and carbolic acid. It is about an even chance that the soppy sentimentalizer keeps a whiskey shop out at the cemetery. Or possibly he is a thrifty florist, who would make a market for his wares.

— The *Bulletin* says the railroad between San José and Alviso is "assuming a definite shape," but neglects to state whether it is to be a parallelogram, a circle, a triangle or a dodecahedron. And that paper has the impudence to claim that its news reports are full and copious!

### Only a Dream.

Only a summer dream, Sport of an idle day, A meadow range, a word beside the stream, A parting and—away!	Shadows of leaf and bird Fall on the sunny grass; But over it the shadow that I love Never again shall pass.
Only a dream of Love, Of heart inclined to heart— As clouds that in the blue of heaven meet, As white clouds cling and part.	The summer voices blend In music as of yore, But from the melody has dropt a note: There will be song no more.
We dream'd and we awoke; No more! But ah, for dreams Engender'd of the subtle light of Love, Bright with its iris gleams!	The glory and the wealth Of Nature all things share, But in my heart is no responsive throb That tells me it is fair.
Again the meadow flowers, The waters rippling speed, The willows wave as in the dream; but I, Why should I, waking, heed?	Back on the sunny dream I turn an aching gaze, But the clear splendor of its glory throws A shadow on my days.
—Belgravia.	Wm. Sawyer.

### Singular Occurrence in the Harvest Field.

A somewhat extraordinary affair occurred in the harvest field at Sherring, a quiet village in Essex, England, which has given rise to considerable gossip in the locality. A farmer named Drayton was engaged superintending his harvest operations when one of his horses, which was carting corn, refused its load. The animal is stated to have been of a vicious disposition, and in spite of a tolerably free application of the whip, he refused to budge an inch, but kicked and plunged about very violently, and presently, like a piece of magic, sparks flew from its hoofs, and the cart and its load were instantaneously in a blaze. Mr. Brayton and his laborers tried in vain to save the horse, which seemed to be suffocated in a very short time, and fell down in its death struggles. The cart and its contents were burnt up, and the harness was also damaged.

### A Thundering Face.

*Appropos* of Lablache, it was after a dinner at Gore House that I witnessed his extraordinary representation of a thunder-torm simply by facial expression. The gloom that gradually overspread his countenance appeared to deepen into actual darkness, and the terrific frown indicated the angry lowering of the tempest. The lightning commenced by winks of the eyes, and twitchings of the muscles of the face, succeeded by rapid sidelong movements of the mouth which wonderfully recalled to you the forked flashings that seem to rend the sky, the notions of thunder being conveyed by the shaking of his head. By degrees the lightning became less vivid, the frown relaxed, the gloom departed and a broad smile illuminating his expansive face assured you that the sun had broken through the clouds and the storm was over.—*London Society*.

— Market Inspector Bookstaver is kept very busy condemning lean poultry. He says that if farmers do not stop sending in attenuated hens, shadowy roosters and phantom pullets, they will incur a galling evil. Perhaps it has not occurred to Mr. Bookstaver that in purchasing this class of birds, housekeepers are not necessarily defrauded. True, lean poultry is not good to eat, but it is excellent for giving to the poor.

— Arizona has everlastingly disgraced herself. The other day, in a quarrel over twenty-five cents at a fare table, a man was incontinently killed. To prate of Arizona's resources after that will be mere folly. A country where people seek aid from the revolver in solving a simple problem of two-bits is beneath contempt. Immigrants will make a note of it.

— In his extraordinary boshography of Victoria Woodhull, Theodore Tilton says "such is her infinite estimate of other worlds over this," that "she would rather die than live." Such is our infinite estimate of dead pork over living sow that we would prefer that she *should* die.

— The people of Texas have finally been brought to see the beauties of thrift, and have resolved to be less lavish of their lucre. They have begun characteristically by refusing to pay their school-tax. We would suggest that another important saving might be made by declining to bury their dead.

### Court Chat.

— The Emperor Napoleon left Camden House, Chiselhurst, accompanied by the Empress Eugénie and the Prince Imperial, on the 7th inst., *en route* for Southampton, where the Empress will embark for Spain. The Emperor and Prince Imperial will continue their journey to Torquay, where his Majesty purposes spending five or six weeks, subsequently returning to Chiselhurst, where the Imperial exiles have constantly resided since their arrival in England. The Empress goes to Spain to visit her mother, and will be absent about two months. The numerous reports circulated with regard to the purchase of an estate in England, by the Emperor Napoleon, are, we are authorized to state, entirely destitute of foundation.

— It had been agreed between the Sovereigns at Gastein that the particulars of the interview should be made public as far as the different embassies of the Continent were concerned, and that an official report should be sent to each. This was decidedly Bismarck's opinion; but it was overruled by the notions of older date, which still cling round the Emperor of Austria, who, after receiving a telegram from the Archduchess Sophia, made decided objection to the proposition, and thus all explanation on the subject of the interviews between the Emperors will be communicated only to those Powers who have manifested any disquietude concerning their motive.

— Many English and American tourists will learn with regret the sudden and shocking death of Count Bela Szapary, through a railway accident near Wurtzburg. Count Szapary and a Russian gentleman were the only persons killed. There were five or six others severely wounded. Count Lamnay, the Hungarian Minister of Finance, who was in the same train, probably owes his safety to being late at Frankfort, whereby he was forced to occupy a carriage in the rear of the train, instead of one in the front, where the through carriages for Hungary happened to be.

— Two facts in Earl Russell's life may be noticed. When he was young he was so weakly that no one supposed he would live to be an old man; and for many years this weakness continued. But when he got to be between sixty and seventy—nearer sixty than seventy, we fancy—he picked up amazingly, gathered flesh, and now he has nearly reached the age of fourscore, a greater age than any Russell has reached, it is said, for a century or more.

— The Empress Eugénie, at the time of the declaration of war, was engaged in the formation of a society to supply work at home for females, especially for young girls who had been obliged to work on account of reverses of fortune. This work, rendered more necessary than ever after the disasters of France, is about to be recommenced, and the Empress, though in exile, has willingly become patroness of the society.

— It is announced in the *Gazette* officially that the Queen has been pleased to appoint the Right Hon. Russell Gurney, M.P., one of her Majesty's Counsel and Recorder of the City of London, to be her Majesty's Commissioner for the settlement of British and American claims under the 12th Article of the Treaty of Washington of the 8th of May, 1871.

— The report published by some newspapers that the portraits of the Emperor Napoleon and the Empress Eugénie, which were presented to the Imperial Austrian family after the interview at Salzburg in 1867, were removed from the castle on the occasion of the present visit of the Emperor of Germany, is without foundation.

— It is perhaps not generally known that the title "Prince" bestowed upon Bismarck is only personal, not hereditary, the children of the great man remaining as before, simple counts and countesses. This limitation of the princely title to the person of the Chancellor was made by the Emperor at his own request.

— The visit of the Princess Louisa and the Marquis of Lorn to Kintyre, which, as at first announced, was to have taken place on September 9th, has been postponed. It probably will be made at the latter end of the month.

— Queen Victoria's physicians say her retirement from society and from all public demonstrations is in consequence of their professional advice. They say she has nervous troubles, which might easily be converted by excitement into a dangerous malady.

— The Prince and Princess Louis of Hesse-Darmstadt and suite have left Belgium and arrived in London; their Royal Highnesses crossed over in the Royal yacht *Victoria*. The Prince and Princess left town again, and proceeded to Balmoral.

— The Napoleonic eagle over the portal of the French Embassy at Berlin has just been concealed behind a zinc ornament. Not having been removed, it may be unveiled again, should events serve.

— The death is announced, at Vitry le Français, of the Duchesse du Plessis d'Arromée, aged 100 years. The Duchesse, it is added, was almost a contemporary of Louis XV.

— The work at Shirley-house, Croydon, necessary to fit it for the residence of the Emperor Napoleon, is being pushed forward with great activity.

— We are sorry to learn that the health of her Royal Highness Princess Christian has not improved since her absence from England.

— The Queen is expected to remain at Balmoral till the early part of November, and then return to Windsor Castle.

### A Glance Ahead.

The most remarkable paper in *Fraser*, or at least the most novel, is one on the probable results of the federation of Great Britain with her colonies. The writer attributes to that great change—he is writing at a future period. The revivification of the Empire, the restoration of its power, and the nearly complete extinction of pauperism: "A Federal Great Britain has become the most powerful nation of the world. Even the United States Republic desires to enter the Federation, and will probably do so. The Federal navy is unquestionably the sovereign of the seas. Over and over again, war between other nations has been authoritatively arrested by the Federal Government. Indeed, the Federation, in conjunction with the United States, has decided that the free navigation of the ocean shall not be interrupted by the territorial wars of European nations. The taxation of Great Britain proper has been greatly reduced by the contributions from other parts of the Dominions towards the cost of the Federal navy, and by the decline of pauperism; property has risen enormously in value throughout those Dominions; and the public loans required are negotiated on very greatly improved conditions, as compared with those to which the Colonial Governments had to submit. Countries which were, comparatively, wildernesses, are covered with population, and have the aspect and the solid conveniences of old-established lands. Ireland, so long troublesome, afflicted, and disaffected, enjoys, as a member of the Confederation, a well-regulated internal government, not dissimilar to the form of that existing in what were colonies. Finally, the machinery of the Federal Constitution, improved as it has been by modifications which experience has from time to time shown to be necessary, works satisfactorily and well."

### The Mexican Plagiarists.

A correspondent writing from Mazatlan says: "One of the peculiar products of the society is the *plagiario* or kidnapper. The ambition of his life is to abduct some wealthy personage and hold the victim in safe-keeping until ransomed by a large sum of money. The *plagiario* is not particular whether his game is a man, woman or child, so that gold in abundance is one of the possessions of the abducted. There have been some extraordinary cases of kidnapping, the latest among them being that of a Mrs. Charles, a French woman, who a short time ago went on a visit with her husband and other friends to the residence of Polak, at a place called Molino de Flores, near Otumba. Charles and the other male visitors had just gone out to take a look at things about the house, when nine bandits entered and boldly seized Mrs. Charles, whom they carried off as unceremoniously as if she belonged to them body and soul. The lady yelled for help and screamed in agony, but not until it was too late. Immediate chase was given, but without avail, for the *plagiarios* were well mounted on fleet horses, and having an accurate knowledge of the most impassable fastnesses, made their way to them. The next step will be a note addressed to her husband or friends, in which will be stated, in the most polite terms, the conditions upon which the lady will be returned to her lord and master. Women captured in this way are seldom injured, but it may be imagined that they suffer torture enough in mind."

### Developing a Theory.

"A believer in the Darwinian theory" sends us the following: The derivation of man from an Ascidian reminds me of an illustration which throws great light upon the subject, I mean the analogous derivation of Pickled Cucumber from King Jeroboam. You think there is no possible connection between the two, just as you thought in the case of the man and the Ascidian. Very well; now mark how a plain tale shall put you down. King Jeroboam was of course Jeroboam King, affectionately shortened into Jerry King. That by natural process became Jer King, thence Jerkin, from which by easy transition Gerkin, which is identical with pickled cucumber. Q.E.D.—*Madras Athenæum*.

"The Thinker and the Worker."—GOVERNESS: "Now, May, you've got two things to look after"

MAY (who is eminently practical): "All right—band-box and carpet-bag!"

GOVERNESS: "And you've three things to take care of, Charlie. Now, what are they?"

CHARLIE (a dreamy and absent boy): "Three things to take care of? Oh! Oh! Yes! The world, the flesh, and the d—."

GOVERNESS: "What are you talking of, Charlie?"—*Fun*.

— Miss Lillian Edgerton will lecture this season upon the *Cause and Cure of Goosying*. The cause is a rather obscure one, but as for the cure, that is too simple a matter to require elaborate expounding. It consists, merely, in abbreviating the stature of woman by the length of a head, being careful to operate at the top.



### The Mormon Trouble.

For the last quarter of a century or so, the Government of the United States has been engaged in an internecine war with a handful of enthusiastic, earnest men, who by industry and a careful minding of their own business have done much toward settling up and developing the interior of our continent. Some forty years ago one Joseph Smith claims to have found in Western New York certain tablets of bronze, covered over with curious hieroglyphics, which, upon being translated, mysteriously melted away. From this came the "Book of Mormon," and Mormon was a leader of the lost tribes of Israel. Jo. Smith became the prophet of a new religion. These enthusiastic disciples of a new creed planted themselves at Nauvoo, on the Mississippi, laid the foundations of a Temple and the beginning of a Jerusalem which should be the home of "the Latter Day Saints." Troubles followed, rapine and murder, and the Saints, after the death of Smith, received a new revelation, went forth into the wilderness, and some twenty-five years ago brought up in the valley of the great Salt Lake, and commenced the building of a new temple, under the leadership of Brigham Young, the "Son of the Lord." Salt Lake valley was an oasis in the midst of the great American desert; there was not a civilized settlement, nor a white family, nor an acre of cultivated land within a radius of one thousand miles. From all parts of Europe and America there came the poorest of God's earth; from the hills of Wales, the mines of Cornwall, the cabins of Scandinavia, the barren pine forests of Sweden, the poorest and the most ignorant of God's forsaken ones, daring the storms of ocean and the perils of the plains, seeking a home in this distant spot. There they have lived and toiled; they have grown to be an hundred thousand strong; they have made the "desert to blossom as the rose;" they have brought smiling plenty around them; they have cultivated broad acres; they have builded a city; they have constructed a tabernacle for worship; they have hid deep and solid the foundations of a gorgeous temple; they have organized a society in which there is neither idleness, poverty, prostitution or crime; they have accumulated riches; they have subdued the savages; they have maintained peace and order; their government is honestly administered; their taxes are nominal. Yet every administration wars with the Mormons; once an army has been sent against them costing \$80,000,000. Regiments have been stationed in their midst; contracts for transportation, mules, supplies and all the other stealing appliances have made politicians rich; periodically a governor and a court is sent them—they are either bought or bribed, or else the machinery of government and courts is set in motion to annoy and disturb them—because, and simply and only because, Mormonism recognizes concubinage instead of prostitution. By the Mormon religion a man may have a plurality of wives, instead of, as by the religion of Jesus, only one. A Mormon must support his wives and children; a Christian may abandon his one and secretly keep a hundred. Mormonism imitates Solomon and the patriarchs—Christianity does not. In California it is not a crime to keep a harem—in Salt Lake it is. Deseret has a new judge—a new broom—and his determination is to sweep clean the Territory of superfluous wives. He is bound to enforce the new law of Congress against polygamy regardless of all social consequences; he is piously determined to invade families and drag out the skeletons from the family hearthstone; he is patriotically engaged in making harlots of those who now at least think themselves wives. This business is neither creditable to the government, nor, do we think, quite respectable to the court. We do not justify polygamy. It is not in harmony with the civilization of the age; but under the circumstances the best and easiest thing to do is to ignore its existence and let the custom die out. It is no longer practiced in Utah—the church has in fact abandoned it—no new marriages are being contracted. Our advice is, let the old wives alone, but if new contracts are being entered into in defiance of the law, let the law be enforced. As to the marriages entered into before the passage of the law, the act is *ex post facto*. In our opinion it is a put up job to black mail Brigham Young and his apostles.

— We have received the following favor from Sacramento, of date October 2d, and of signature J. C.: "*Dear News Letter*:—You don't seem to know why the overland passenger list is not published until two days after the cars leave Ogden, and I will enlighten you. The list comes by the Railroad telegraph to the *Record* (the Railroad organ), and is purposely kept back, in order to keep the *Union* from publishing it till after the passengers have left Sacramento. Now do you see?" Yes, do you? But why the mischief does not the *Union* get mad about it and publish an article reflecting upon the Railroad? The patient forbearance of some journals is phenomenal, and there is a point beyond which phenomenality ceases to be a virtue. We would not wish to be understood as aspiring to the position of adviser, but would crave the courtesy of being permitted to remark that a successful newspaper cannot be conducted upon a basis of pure and unwavering forbearance.

— After considerable litigation a boot-maker named Russell has recovered three hundred dollars from another named Kelly, for libel. As the trial of the case has advertised one establishment about as much as the other, it is presumed that the litigants will share the costs and the penalty impartially between them after setting aside ten cents to pay for this notice. We think our bill is reasonable; we tax people according to our estimate of their importance.

**George H. Ensign.--[Died October 2d, 1871.]**

What higher praise or nobler tribute pay  
 To one mourned by a thousand friends,  
 Than but to say, Here stand we sorrowing!  
 To others raise the granite columns grey  
 And pillar up the bronzed domes.  
 He whose fair fame and bright renown  
 Rests on the hearts of friends,  
 Is surer held and more enduring lasts.

**The Internationale.**

Old Hard-Hand is beginning to assert himself. He has wiped his nose upon the sleeve of his blouse, knuckled the perspiration from his gummy eye and taken a look at the situation. He sees that he does not enjoy a political importance commensurate with his numbers, nor social advantages suitable to his merit. He has gone to work—rather intelligently, it must be confessed—and organized himself into the Société Internationale, for the redress of his several grievances. If there is in this potent organization half as much fire as the smoke would seem to indicate, men who wear clean shirts will soon have to look as closely to their heads as they now do to their linen. The great lubberly behemoth at the bottom of society is beginning to trouble the waters by poking his wide head above the surface, with the tolerably obvious design of crunching certain freighted argosies of ours, the shadows of which have floated across his eyes down there below. Mr. Muscle is become a problem, and does not appear to be in the humor to wait for us to solve him: he is moving in the matter himself. It is not improbable that he will end by solving us. The "working element" is working in a particularly unpleasant effervescence, which suggests nothing so much as the quiet satisfaction of getting away from it, and staying there. Now of course the average laboring man, of whom the *Internationale* is mainly composed, is a very brainless ass, but there is a singular method in his asininity that bodes no good to anybody. Since the pounding he got for kicking out the Parisian dash-board, he has been economical of his heels, but he has displayed a vexatious aptitude for lying down in harness. Metaphor aside, it is evident enough that in both Europe and America the lower orders of society are placing themselves in a most threatening antagonism to the higher, and that this condition is not likely to end in a peaceful adjustment of the differences between the two. These differences have been the slow growth of more centuries than are noted in our chronology, and it is very unphilosophical to suppose they can be speedily reconciled. But that a determined attempt to recouile them will be made during the life of the present generation, is as plain as a pike-staff. The form which this attempt will take is sufficiently well indicated by the spirit of the late lamented Commune. If it shall be made with a bitterness proportioned to the importance of the issue, it is probable that civilization is upon the eve of enjoying a brief respite from the trouble of existing: we are "in" for some more dark ages. It is the misfortune of the *canaille* not to be able to draw a line between adjusting a difference and obliterating a distinction, and it is quite within the bounds of probability that this matter between them and us will be settled by them according to the latter method. Our friends of the newspaper press will now confer the usual favor of platitudinizing ament the invention of printing, the power of those twin conservators, religion and steam, the vitality of modern institutions, and the rest of it; but there is absolutely no evidence that ten centuries hence our posterity will not be wearing the skins of wild animals, and waging civil strife with clubs and stone axes.

— The water-gulpers are organizing another order of supreme lunatics, called Champions of the Red Cross. This new concern, like the Sons of Temperance, takes in the women, and like the Daughters of Rebecca embraces the males. Why these worthy people call themselves Champions of the Red Cross we cannot hope to clearly comprehend until we shall learn what the Red Cross is, and the nature of its distress. If it can be shown that it is anything more than an idealized water-pump, and that it endures any more serious oppression than being overworked by a zealous tectotoler, we shall be pleased to splinter a lance in its defense, provided the salary is satisfactory. But we shall expect the Order to supply us with at least a pint of "Dutch courage" for each encounter.

— Mr. Seward has returned to—or rather arrived at—New York, having completed the circuit of the globe. He has received the most extraordinary honors ever accorded to a private citizen, in every country through which he has passed. At every court and capital he was welcomed with marks of the most profound respect. The great of all nations have contended with one another for the honor of exalting him. Apparently these people are darkly unaware that the *Examiner* newspaper does not approve of Mr. Seward and has been flinging mud at him. Perhaps, however, the copious handfuls of unpleasantness did not adhere to Mr. Seward's polished escutcheon. Well, thank Heaven, there is more dirt where that came from! Next!

### The Newly-Invented Explosive Ball.

A celebrated French engineer officer named Pertuiset, arrived in this city some three weeks ago *en route* for Japan and China. He brings with him specimens of a bullet which explodes on striking an object, and which the inventor claims is fearfully fatal in its effects. M. Pertuiset followed in the footsteps of the famous Girard, and his main delight was lion hunting in Africa, where he used the explosive ball of Devisme, which he found inefficient; for one day he lodged one of them in the body of a lion at only five yards distant and the beast ran away for two miles before he died, consequently before the explosion took place. Onr Nimroc thereupon returned to Paris and set to work to produce a bullet whose effect should be more immediate. He succeeded, and the Russian Government, after having been convinced of its practicability, ordered a large supply. Prussia gave an order for five millions, and France and Austria only waited their turn to be supplied. In the meantime, experiments that were made proved the effect of these balls to be so barbarously destructive, that it was unanimously resolved, at a Congress of the European Powers held in 1866, that such a cruel instrument of war should not be employed in their armies, but confined to wild beasts and less human game. So that M. Pertuiset has come here, after a severe ordeal at Washington, which was very successful, and proposes to offer his invention to those engaged in whaling, the seal fishery, or to the hunters of large game. To prove the effective nature of his explosive balls, a committee of skillful and scientific gentlemen was requested to meet this week at the Agricultural Park. The firing was made at lumber ten inches thick, some of the wood being California laurel and others Oregon and Puget Sound white pine. The first shots were made at light wood, and the balls went clean through it, at the same time the orifice of the exit was much greater than that of the entrance, and the bore was carbonized, showing explosion and combustion. The next experiment was made at some heavy lumber, at first with a ball of small calibre. It penetrated to a considerable depth, exploded and slightly fractured the wood around. The experimenter now used a larger ball, and the lumber was split to pieces and scattered around. Then some tightly-folded paper, half a foot in thickness, was used as a target; paper being, as is well known, one of the most resistant substances to bullets. The greater part of the balls went right through, making a very large hole, as may be seen at Liddle & Kaedling's, Washington street, where the targets now are. This was an interesting experiment, showing the successive explosions of the ball as it burnt its way through the obstacle. At first there is a hole the size of the bullet, then comes an explosion and the hole enlarges, then other explosions, until finally where the ball emerged the hole is fully five inches in diameter. So that there is a series of explosions during the course of the ball through a body. A ball for whalers was next fired into a large bundle of paper, and the explosion was terrific. Hardly a shred was left, and the whole mass was scorched and scattered far and wide by the shock. We thought that even a whale would be torn to fragments by such a torpedo. On inquiry we found that the ball itself is quite safe to handle, and can be thrown on the ground without exploding. There are no caps inside the bullet, nor is the powder explosive at the usual temperature, but when fired out of the rifle it attains a great heat, nearly 200 degrees, and will explode on the slightest contact with a foreign body. Herein lies the great merit of the invention, if merit may be claimed for so destructive a projectile. We question if a grizzly, or a sea lion, or a puma, or a whale would entirely agree with the civilized world in admiring the invention of M. Pertuiset.

— At the last meeting of the Academy of Naturals, the proceedings were nearly as hereinbelow stated: Professor Hanks exhibited a brick taken out of the stomach of a deer. He called attention to the peculiar formation of the thing, it being considerably wider than it was thick, and longer than wide. Dr. Blake said this might be owing to the shape of the mold in which it had originally been pressed. He had bricks exactly similar in his own stomach. Professor Kellogg thought the peculiar shape of the missile might be owing to the configuration of the bowels in which it had been imbedded. That, however, was not the matter they had come there to discuss, and—Dr. Cooper wished (rather angrily) to know if the last speaker intended, by using the word "missile," to beg the whole question. The last speaker did not so intend, but would take the liberty to beg a chew of tobacco if the gentleman had such about him. The gentleman had not; he had bestowed his last quid upon Professor Hanks. Besides, he wanted it himself, and, in addition, he did not use tobacco. The President then explained that the object of the meeting was to ascertain how the brick got into the deer, and what the devil it was doing there. Dr. Gibbons was quite of the opinion that it had been hurled through the animal's ribs by some rascally school-boy. Also, he thought it had been flung in by an earthquake—to which he begged permission to make some elaborate allusion. He was beaten on the head with a joint of stovepipe and sent home. After order had been restored, a vote was taken, and it was decided that the brick had been first constructed and then the deer built round it. Professor Hanks then began reading a paper concerning some dust that had befallen a ship at sea, but our reporter preferred to follow home the corpse of Dr. Gibbons and sit up with it. What are you laughing at? It's true, so help us God! Gib.'s as dead as a smashed caterpillar. There will be no more earthquakes.

### Cotton in California.

A few sanguine individuals, and as sagacious as sanguine, have maintained for some years the adaptability of the soil and climate of some of our more southern valleys for the growth of cotton. The results of an attempt to raise cotton this year by Maj. John L. Strong and his brother, in Merced and Los Angeles counties, have been so marked as to turn attention to that branch of industry as one destined to become very soon one of great importance and profit. The field of cotton belonging to the brothers in Merced County consists of seventy-five acres, and the crop is now being gathered. The yield is such as to create much interest in the new branch of industry thus inaugurated. The *Snelling Argus* says quite a furore is created among the land speculators for cotton growing in consequence of the results of Strong's experiments. The information Maj. Strong furnishes must have its effect in turning attention from grain raising in the warmer districts of the State to the production of an article that will always command a market and yield larger profits for cultivation than any of the cereals. Strong himself is so well satisfied with his experiment that he says he is gathering around him a corps of young and experienced cotton planters from the South and hopes to be able to plant three thousand acres next year. Should the design be executed the new branch of industry will be fairly begun in California, and if crowned with success, an impetus will be given to cotton raising which shall place the staple among our chief products at once. Maj. Strong estimates the yield of his field this year, from what has been gathered, at 375 pounds of ginned cotton per acre, worth twenty cents a pound in the market. The cost of marketing is placed at two-fifths of the whole, which leaves a handsome profit for the planter. He gives the cost of producing a pound of ginned cotton in Merced County at six cents, but cultivated on a large scale the cost would be lessened. The profits as compared with raising wheat and corn this year are far greater, and in a fair season Maj. Strong is confident the yield will be double that of this, and even judged by this year's crop the capacity of California in the production of cotton is equal to the average in Mississippi, from which State Strong came as a successful cotton planter. The yield in Merced County fully meets the expectations of the experimenter, and is regarded as an augury of better results under more favorable circumstances and after larger experience.

—*Sacramento Union*, Oct. 6th.

— It is stated that the late Mr. Grote, the historian, requested upon his death bed that his brain might be unboxed and weighed. His wish was complied with, and that organ was found to be disgracefully buoyant. Intellectual luminaries flickering fitfully in their sockets will do well to rest content with the radiance they have emitted, and not provoke a scrutiny of their wick.

— A committee of Supervisors is in the Clear Lake country hunting up a more copious water supply for this city. An increased supply is not what we need; the present quantity is ample for making all the punches that we really require. What we want is an improvement in the quality; to dilute good whisky with the article furnished at present, is something akin to sacrifice.

— Theodore Tilton explains certain peculiarities in the mental constitution of Victoria Woodhull by the fact that her father commonly corrected her with a handsaw. The kind of tool employed is usually determined by the nature of the material upon which it is to be used; young Vic was probably a blockhead. Possibly, however, the handsaw was not used upon her head.

— Defaulters intending suicide will find the following form tolerably well adapted to their needs: "I can no longer endure this deep disgrace, and the thought of the shame my rascality has brought upon my darling wife and little ones. I desire to be buried alongside my mother. May God have mercy upon my thieving soul, and forgive me for being detected!"

— If Mankind is willing, we crave permission to respectfully propound the conundrum following: Why is it that when the death of a very aged person is announced it is usually added that the melancholy event occurred at an almshouse? Cannot these wretches perish comfortably anywhere else? Mankind, you are what the inimitable Chaucer would call a beeste.

— It is stated that the Woman's Rights movement has extended to Turkey, and women are now accorded privileges heretofore unknown. For example, a wife whose charms are waning is given a choice between bow-stringing and drowning in a sack. This radical concession is regarded with grave apprehension by the conservative element.



**John's Wife.**

[ BY EMMA BASSETT. ]

A young wife stood with her hand on the broom,  
 And looked around the little room.  
 "Nothing but toil forever," she said;  
 "From early morn, till the light has fled.  
 If you were only a merchant, now,  
 We need not live by the sweat of our brow."  
 Pegging away, spoke shoemaker John—  
 "We ne'er see well what we're standing on."

A lady stood by her husband's chair  
 And quietly passed her hand o'er his hair.  
 "You never have time for me, now," she said,  
 And a tear-drop fell on the low bent head.  
 "If we were only rich, my dear,  
 With nothing to do from year to year,  
 But amuse each other—oh, dear me!  
 What a happy woman I should be."  
 Looking up from his ledger, spoke merchant John:  
 "We ne'er see well what we're standing on."

A stately form, in velvet dressed:  
 A diamond gleaming on her breast.  
 "Nothing but toil for fashion," she said;  
 "Till I sometimes wish that I were dead.  
 If I might cast this wealth aside,  
 And be once more the poor man's bride!"  
 From his easy chair, spoke gentleman John;  
 "We ne'er see well what we're standing on."

**Real Estate in San Francisco.**

The San Francisco *Real Estate Circular* gives the following account of the number and value of sales of real estate made in all sections of the city and county in September, 1871:

Section.	Sales.	Amount.
Fifty Vistas.....	30	\$271,450
One Hundred Vistas.....	12	63,975
City Slip and Water Lots.....	3	95,800
South Beach.....	2	1,800
Potrero.....	24	56,513
Mission Addition.....	53	151,539
Western Addition.....	40	123,585
South San Francisco.....	3	1,320
Homestead Associations.....	116	64,775
Outside Lands.....	26	39,187
Tax, Blackmail and Skeleton Titles.....	9	4,523
Total.....	318	\$880,386

Many persons insist that the real estate market has improved since the City Hall sale. We regret to say that we cannot agree with them. Neither the volume of sales or the prices paid last month exhibits any improvement. Only one sale—that on McAllister street—was made at an extreme price, while about a dozen sales of suburban property were made at reduced rates. We do not mean to say that the market is in a worse condition than it has been, for it is not; we only wish it understood that the large class of property owners who are restive under stationary prices, and who are constantly giving out a turn has come, are again mistaken. They ardently wish to see a change that they may unload, and they imagine that circulating rumors of improvement will help to bring it about. It is very doubtful that any advance in prices or increase in transactions can be counted on before next Spring. A heavy fall of rain in November and December might, however, impart a confidence to the market which would result in an immediate real estate activity.

— The following fascinating item is in all the newspapers; why should it not be in this? "Madame Thiers is in the habit of going down herself to the cellar to get out wine for the Presidential dinners." Why does she not remain in the kitchen flaying potatoes, and leave republican simplicity to the old man!

— All employes in the Lowell factories who have conscientious scruples against vaccination are promptly discharged. In their eagerness to evade sore arms, they miss a golden opportunity to perish of consumption and overwork.

# Money and Commerce.

He that has money commands the service of men; he that has not, must be thankful for whatever he gets. Consequently, to be poor is to be weak, to be rich is to be strong.

[Report for the Week ending November 7th, 1871.]

— "The heated term," comprising a considerable portion of the period under review, has been the occasion of lessened activity in the import markets, although we fail to perceive any falling off in the general jobbing trade of the city. Business, for the most part, shows life and activity. The eagerness of buyers to secure the products of the State, at high prices, adds material wealth to the masses, who are thereby placed in possession of ready means, with which to cancel their indebtedness to traders, thus enabling our merchants to meet their engagements with unusual promptness. We have a large fleet of ships now in our harbor, discharging coals and general cargo. Arrivals, of late, have been more than usually numerous, and it is unfortunate, for all concerned, that we are unable to furnish our usual breadstuffs supply for freight; nor have we got anything else to make good the deficiency; consequently, many ships are compelled to depart in ballast, seeking freight elsewhere. In presenting a brief epitome of our markets, we notice that our imports of coffee for the current year are nearly double those of the same period in 1870, aggregating for the past nine months about eleven million pounds. Holders exhibit much firmness, under the influence of an active interior trade. Of coals, our imports in the aggregate are 27,000 tons less than for the same period in 1870. The market for the moment is bare of supplies in first hands, yet a liberal local supply keeps prices greatly in check. Of rice, our imports have been considerably greater than for the first nine months of 1870—say an excess of ten million pounds—and yet, by reason of a healthy trade demand, prices are well sustained. The imports of sugar for the current year have been surprisingly large, and with an active local and interior trade, stocks in first hands, on sale, outside of the refineries, are usually small and prices firmly sustained. Our total imports for nine months exceed forty-five million pounds, against thirty-one millions for same period last year. As for teas, a large import trade has been done, much of it, however, in transit, passing East overland in bond, not being entered at our Custom-house. The market shows firmness, leading holders manifesting no desire to force sales.

— Imports of Sugar from January 1st to October 1st: Eastern, bbls 101; Manila, lbs 4,439,029; pkgs 85,441; Hawaiian, lbs 11,317,987; Peruvian, lbs 9,512,547; Bata-vian, lbs 7,820,527, pkgs 1,973; Central American, lbs 2,020,005; China, lbs 3,030,812; Mexican, lbs 676,924; Tahitian, lbs 40,521. Imports thus far during the current year exceed those for same period in 1870 by upward of 14,000,000 lbs, and yet it is believed that our stocks are considerably less, owing to increased consumption. The importation of 39,365 bags Manila per *Derby* is included in the above state-ment. This large cargo came direct to the California Refinery. The market for Hawaiian and other Raws is but poorly supplied, stocks outside the refineries be-ing unusually light for the season. We quote Grocery grades from 8½@11½c, with sales of 1,500 kegs Hawaiian. The demand is active for low and high grades; the medium grades are more plentiful and less called for. No Beet Sugar of the new crop has yet been delivered. We quote California Cube, 15c; Circle A Crushed, 14½c; Granulated, 14c; Powdered, 14½c—all in bbls; hf bbls command ½c more. Yellow Coffee and Golden C, 12½@13c, latter rate for extra.—*Commercial Herald*.

— Imports of coffee from January 1st to October 1st: Rio, lbs 827,360; Java, lbs 368,878, sks 809; Manila, lbs 553,351, sks 1,120; Hawaiian, lbs 82,154; Central American, lbs 8,895,168, pkgs 202; Tahitian, lbs 13,418; San Domingo lbs 2,790; Mocha, lbs 1,650. The ship *Derby*, from Manila, brought but 1,120 bags. The in-voice of 800 bags Java, ex *Uraive*, is still held at 25c. Other parcels of this de-scription continue to reach us by rail and via Panama from New York and Boston, selling, for the most part, at 24c. We note sales of 1,500 bags Guatemala, in lots, at 16½@16¾c.; prime Costa Rica, 17c. We quote Rio and Manila at 16c. ½ lb. Im-ports for the first nine months of the current year, as compared with the same period last year:

	1870.	1871.		1870.	1871.
Rio, lbs.....	647,254	827,360	Central American, lbs.....	3,741,132	8,920,168
Java, lbs.....		475,818	Mocha, lbs.....	1,945	1,650
Manila, lbs.....	9,833	664,211	Tahitian, lbs.....		13,418
Hawaiian, lbs.....	94,421	82,154	San Domingo, lbs.....		2,790
Totals.....				4,491,435	10,987,990

— Imports of Teas from January 1st to October 1st: China, lbs 803,976, pkgs 942; Japan, lbs 1,886,463, pkgs 2,229. Imports thus far during the current year are somewhat in excess of same period of 1870, without making any account of the large cargoes that have arrived here in transit and which go East in bond, not being entered at our Custom-house. Freight to New York have been advanced during the week from \$3 75 to \$3 90 ½ 100 pounds, and yet, notwithstanding these and other adverse circumstances, our overland trade with Atlantic cities is steadily growing. We note a sale, by telegraph, of 700 pkgs Japans, various grades, for New York, at 50@90c. This was brought about by sending a sample package by express to New York, costing, perhaps, \$10, and shows what a little pluck and perseverance will accomplish. We are aware of other sales to Chicagoans, direct, who are here buying such chops as are best suited to their trade. Prices un-changed.—*Commercial Herald*.

— The sale of American ship *War Hawk* and cargo, by order of the United States Marshal, has been effected to secure a bottomry bond for repairs made at Rio. The coal, say 1,300 tons, was first sold at \$9.50 per ton, and since then the vessel and apparel for the sum of \$15,750. The ship was knocked down to C. A. Low & Co., understood to be purchased in behalf of the bondholder. The day following the above sale, Thos. J. Poulterer & Co. sold, by order of the underwriters and owners, for account of whom it may concern, for the sum of \$1,100 gold coin, the British iron ship *Talavera*, built in five water-tight compartments, 1,161 tons register, classed A No. 1 at Liverpool Lloyds, with her anchors, sails, etc.; also, 1,450 tons of coal on board, as she now lies, inside of San Martin's Island, in San Ramon Bay (off the coast of Lower California), about 100 miles south of San Diego, lying stern on the shore, with two anchors down. J. O. Rountree was the buyer.

— Imports of Coal from January 1st to October 1st, 1870, 245,457 tons; for the same period this present year the amount was 238,181, showing a decrease of over 7,000 tons. The heavy imports of 40,000 tons during September have been placed, for the most part—Scotch and English Steam at \$11@11 25; Australian, \$11 50; West Hartley, \$12 50; Cumberland in cks is being jobbed out at \$23@24; same in bulk, \$18@19. Imports of Nantaimo appear to be at an end for the present—price too low to be remunerative. Pacific Coast supplies include five hundred tons Seattle, sold at \$10; 1,350 tons Bellingham Bay, \$9, and 1,855 tons Coos Bay, \$10, all ex ship. The price of Mt. Diablo is continued at \$6 25@8 25.

— In Molasses and Syrup we note recent sales of about 500 bbls Hawaiian, in lots, at 20@22½c for common, and 25@30c for choice; kegs of same, 40c. A second invoice of South Boston Golden Syrup is at hand by rail, jobbing at 90c. The local supply of Golden Syrup is free, only limited by the demand. The product of the California Refinery, 90c in 5-gall kegs, 85@82½c for hf bbls and bbls, respectively. The San Francisco and Pacific Refinery is also making free deliveries at current rates.

— The imports of Rice thus far during the year show a considerable increase over same period last year, and yet, by reason of increased consumption, prices have been well sustained throughout. There is at present a good healthy trade requirement at 10@11c for Carolina and Hawaiian Table; China and Siam, re-cleaned, 7@7½c. The imports for the first nine months of the year show a large increase over those of the same period in 1870.

— In Metals, the leading importers and holders of Scotch Pig Iron are not disposed to press sales, though occasional sales, ex ship, are made at \$33; jobbing sales, \$34@35. The demand for manufactured iron is regular, though not large, at the recent advance in price of ½c. per lb for the entire line. We quote Banca Tin at 44@45c. The market for assorted Tin Plate is firm at the late rise.

— Our local money market is more than adequately supplied with loanable funds, and judging from the various reports which reach us from the mining regions, there is no reason to fear any stringency, especially as the crops are being moved without the least strain on the market, which has, furthermore, been reinforced by the arrival of \$3,500,000 in legal tenders, sent by the Government under military escort, and destined for the various Pay Departments on this coast. During the week ending October 4th we shipped, to various points, treasure amounting to \$556,843 10, irrespective of what went through the mails.—*Commercial Herald*.

— Imports of Gunpowder from January 1st to Oct. 1st: Eastern, kegs, 23,527, cases 2,549; California, kegs 71,177, cases 1,471. Eastern supplies of blasting are liberal. Dupont's, in iron kegs, is held at \$3. Hazard's at the same. This is also the price of California in patent kegs.

— For Malt Liquors, the demand is fully equal to the supply, the trade buying freely as fast as received, and finding steady sale for all standard brands, including Blood's and Tennent's Scotch and English Ales and Porter, also Joule's Stone Ale, at current rates.

— Imports of Candles from January 1st to October 1st: Cases 88,042; Overland, bxs 37,216. Imports from the East, via Cape Horn, have of late been considerable, the bulk of them sold prior to arrival at full rates. The California supply is steadily increasing.

— The aggregate sales in the Stock Board, from September 28th to the 4th of October inclusive, amount to the sum of \$3,414,633.

— The Suenor Mill and Mining Company will pay their second dividend of 50 cents per share on the 16th inst.

— The Spring Valley Water Company have declared a dividend of one-half of one per cent., payable on Tuesday.

— The Meadow Valley Mining Company announce a monthly dividend of \$1.50 per share, payable next Friday.

— A number of married women in New York have bound themselves by oath not to dance with anybody but their husbands. If the husbands are endowed with common sense (being husbands they are probably not) they will bind themselves by oath not to dance.

### Bringing the County of Peebles into Notice.

Mr. Patrick Robertson, afterward the eminent Scotch judge, was very partial to my Irish servant, Roger Rock, and Rock in return always described the *larned dane* as the very *cleverest gintilman* that Scotland had ever produced. A friend who was at my house one afternoon, when Mr. Robertson called, and was behind the scenes, described a laughable colloquy between the Dean of Faculty and Rock.

"Is your master at home, Rock?" "He is not, Mr. *dane*, but he is somewhere hard by. I hope I see you well, *sor*?" "Only so so, Rock; the hot weather knocks me up." "I *doun't* wonder, *sor*; it reminds me, *sor*, of the weather in the *Houly City* in the month of August" (Rock was a staunch Roman Catholic). "It creates thirst, great thirst, Rock." "It does, indeed, *sor*." "Rock." "Yes, *sor*." "What excellent claret that was we had here the other night?" "First-rate, *yer* honor." "If your master had been at home, I would have asked him to allow me to quench my thirst with some." "I can manage that for you, Mr. *dane*, as I have got a nice cool bottle that was left out last time, and master will be right glad to hear that *yer* honor got it." "Then, Rock, I shall walk up stairs; first, the claret." "Yes, *sor*." "Then a bottle of iced water; I know you can manage that." "All right, *sor*;" and the newspaper?" "After that, you need not disturb your master." "I shall have all with you, *sor*, *immediatly*." The moment after attending to the learned *dane's* wants, Rock returned to the gentleman, who had heard the *feels-a-feels* between them. "Sor, do you know who that *gintilman* is?" "Not exactly, Rock." "Why, *sor*, he is the *dane* of all the law in Scotland; and *uch*, *sor*, for an after-dinner *spaich* there never was such a *gentilman*; *ounely*, *sor*, *gilt* my master to tell you the story about the county of *Pables* (Peebles) and the *dane*—*ounely doun't* say, *sor*, I *tould* you."

This story, which tickled Rock's fancy, as many others of the learned dean's did, arose out of the following circumstance: Mr. Robertson was in London as counsel on some important appeal case from the Scotch courts to the House of Lords, in which one of our northern counties was interested—Sutherland, I think. The case had been before their lordship one or two days, and Mr. Robertson was to proceed in his argument the following forenoon. At a dinner-party at which I met the learned gentleman, there was present a bailie, or other magisterial magnate, from the county of Peebles; and, some allusion having been made to the case in which Mr. Robertson was engaged, the bailie remarked, "Ah, Mr. Robertson, there is no fear o' the *county o' Sutherland* not being attended to, but our *wee county o' Peebles* is just looked upon as a nonentity. You never hear o' the *county o' Peebles nae mair* than if it *did nae belang* to Scotland." "That is very *wrang*, bailie," said the learned Scotch advocate. "Oh, it's *mair* than *wrang*," said the bailie; "it's *doun-right* disgracefu!" "Well," said Mr. Robertson, "anything, bailie, I can do to bring the county of Peebles into notice, I beg to assure you, without any particular reference to its excellent trout-fishing, which should never be lost sight of, will afford me great pleasure and satisfaction."

A witty friend at the table asked the learned gentleman how he could bring the county of Peebles into notice. "Why, I shall satisfy you very soon on that head, and the bailie also, by making a beginning to-morrow. After what I have heard to-night, I shall consider it my duty, so long as it does not interfere with those interests which I now represent, to bring the county of Peebles under the especial attention of the Chancellor and the judges, as well as all the peers, lay and spiritual, who may be present. The bailie has made out a very strong case of grievance, and the sooner it is remedied the better."

The bailie was silent, and, if one could judge what was passing through his mind, I think he regretted that, in his patriotic desire to serve his native county, he had ever mentioned the subject. Our witty friend was still pressing to know precisely how our learned friend was to proceed in the Peebles affair next day in the House of Lords. "I shall take my own course in that," said the learned advocate, "but, if you will promise to give me whitebait at Greenwich on Saturday, I in return promise you, as I do my friend the bailie, to mention the county of Peebles twenty times to-morrow before the Lord Chancellor, and, before the week is out, the bailie, with his friends in Peeblesshire, will see by the Scotch newspapers that I fulfilled my promise." The bailie, so far as the claret and other good things permitted, was very grave at this intimation. Accordingly, next morning, when Mr. Robertson was about to resume his argument before the Chancellor, and seeing some of his friends of the previous evening present, he said to one of them, "I hold you responsible to keep a correct account of the number of times I mention the county of Peebles." He then began, and had not proceeded in his speech more than five minutes, when he said: "My lords, I shall now put a hypothetical case. I shall suppose I am arguing this case before your lordships for the county of Peebles, and your lordships are aware—at least some of your lordships are—that the county of Peebles is in the south of Scotland, within a short distance of Edinburgh, the capital. The county of Peebles, my lords, is therefore differently circumstanced from the county of Sutherland, a northern county." The learned counsel kept constantly looking over his shoulder, and in something more than a whisper expressed a hope that he was taking a correct note of the numbers. At last his friend tapped the learned gentleman on the shoulder, and told him his whitebait for Saturday was safe, as he had mentioned the county of Peebles twenty-four times. "Honor bright!" "Honor bright," was the reply. The learned gentleman now concluded his argument without further reference to the county of Peebles, and on the Saturday enjoyed his whitebait much, telling the party that he had never won a Greenwich dinner so easily.—*Mark Boyd's "Reminiscences of Fifty Years."*



— Every duty brings its peculiar delight, every denial its appropriate compensation, every thought its recompense, and every love its elysium, every cross its crown; pay goes with performance as effect with cause. Meanness over-reaches itself; vice vitiates whoever indulges in it; the wicked wrong their own souls; generosity greates; virtue exalts; charity transfigures, and holiness is the essence of angelhood. God does not require us to live on credit; He pays us what we earn as we earn it, good or evil, heaven or hell, according to our choice.

— Lovers of Byron's "Venice" may be surprised to hear that the house of the Foscari, where "the bridal bed" of poor Jacopo—"who could endure his dungeon, for 'twas Venice;" who preferred death in Venice to life in exile—served "for his bier;" has been turned into an institution for educating merchants and consuls. The death chamber of the grand old Doge is now used as a geographical classroom, and the grand hall in which the Chief of the Ten announced the choice of his successor is now transformed into a commercial museum.

— We may want a Minister of Education, and more School Boards, and school teachers, and school pence, and school pupils, but we certainly do not lack school books, for a "Classified Catalogue" has just been issued, which contains "nearly 10,000 educational works!" There is a report that her Majesty's Inspectors of Schools have been called upon to make themselves masters of the entire contents of this library of useful knowledge, and that, in consequence, the majority of them have sent in their resignation.—*Punch*.

— The Titusville *Herald* notices "quinine biscuit" as the latest novelty in the medicinal pastry line. Each biscuit, it says, contains one-fourth of a grain of quinine, and the taste is so concealed that a hearty individual can put them down until the hair on the back of his head begins to curl, without knowing what he is taking. Next we shall have castor-oil sponge cake, buchuarius bread, and squill pancakes for table delicacies, and all first-class drug stores will have a bake-shop and lunch-room attached to the prescription department.

— It has long been settled that happiness is nobody's or next to nobody's object, but, if not happiness, at least amusement is the common object of mankind, though they may have very little perception of what will amuse, and make the constant blunder of mistaking purchased pain for pleasure.

— The enormous distance to which Roman influence, if not Roman power, extended in the palmy days of the mighty city, is well exemplified by the fact that coins of the Cæsars and of the Republic are discovered in the most remote districts. The other day a coin of the Emperor Licinus was dug up at Madras.

— While in England a tendency to shorten three volume novels into one is apparent, the authors, if not readers, in Germany are inclining in the opposite direction. Karl Gutzkow, the romancist, has now in the press a novel in nine volumes. Think of this and tremble, ye weak-kneed readers.

— The leaders of the International Society have promised the London weavers that they will prevent the importation of foreign workmen to England. The London Labor League has denounced the introduction of foreigners into English workshops as a dangerous political precedent.

— The Royal Geographical Society of London has just issued a specimen map of a new projection of the world by the Rev. James Gall, of Edinburgh, which seems a great improvement on Mercator, which has now been in general use for three hundred years.

— Vice-Chancellor Wickens has granted M<sup>rs</sup>. Lopez time to answer certain interrogatives by the Republic of Paraguay disputing her right to succeed to the property of President Lopez on the ground that her relationship was immoral.

— Mr. Giles Loder, of London, a gentleman well-known in commercial circles, died a few days since at the age of 84. It is understood that he had amassed a fortune of three millions sterling.—*Court Circular*.

— At a swimming match at Penzance, J. B. Johnston, of Leeds, champion of England, swam a thousand yards in 16 minutes 7 seconds, winning the first prize of £10. Jones, of Leeds, was second.

— In many parts of Scotland the salmon fishers are crying out against the Sea Birds Bill, inasmuch as sea birds are alleged to be very destructive to salmon smolts.

— A quantity of hair, silky, silver-gray, and thirty inches long, was recently sold in New York for \$35 an ounce—nearly twice as much as gold brings.

— It is somewhat remarkable that this year, out of about 120 vessels launched on the Clyde, there have been only five sailing ships.

— The shirt factories of Derry, Ireland, which are almost exclusively in the hands of Scotchmen, employ over 3,000 workers.

— In Paris every tobacconist is a retailer of postage stamps. The arrangement is found to be an excellent one.

— It is intimated that M. Blanc, Director of the German Gaming Company, is worth a million sterling.

— The total expenses of the Mount Cenis Tunnel, which has lately been opened, amount to 65,000,000 francs.

— Alsace will to all intents and purposes be included in the German Zollverein after the 27th inst.

**Pop's Darling.**

Pop's darling is little, so little—so sly,  
 A plump little darling, with pretty blue eye;  
 And she's sitting and singing,  
 Her tiny feet swinging,  
 Yes, swinging on papa's desk, way up so high.  
 She's a dear little darling, a bright sunny ray.  
 And she's laughing the while—we are looking her way:  
 Now cooing, now winking  
 At Pop while he's thinking  
 And writing of baby dear, swinging away.  
 And thus in the evening sits baby up here,  
 Sits singing and swinging—Pop's own little dear,  
 Making work of a life-time  
 One ray of bright sunshine,  
 For all is contentment when baby is near.  
 Now darling grows sleepy, keeps wake but in vain,  
 And she lays her head where so often it has lain,  
 Now she's nodding—nid-nodding,  
 Some dreamy land plodding,  
 And we soothe her to sleep till the morrow again.  
 So here we sit musing—once more in the gloom—  
 While the light flickers drearily pale in the room,  
 Some fairy-land seeming,  
 While thinking and dreaming  
 Of little one's mother, low down in the tomb.  
 —*London Young Folks' Weekly Budget.*

**A Card from Joaquin Miller.**

TO THE EDITOR OF THE N. Y. TRIBUNE—Sir: As I left England suddenly, barely saying good-bye to a few friends at hand, I have ever since felt like making some public expression of my gratitude to that country for its noble treatment of me and my crude "Songs of the Sierras," and as the American press has as a rule treated me with similar generosity, and as I am about to return for a time to the Sierras and my home on the Willamette, I take the occasion to briefly thank both countries together.

First, let me speak of England, for was she not first to speak of me? Looking back a few months to a venture that now seems to me like a dream, I am bound to say that the conduct of that country in holding up my hands when they were not strong, when in fact I had neither money, name nor influence, appears to me every day, as I recall it, manly and generous beyond calculation. England! the terms of the expression of thanks are threadbare. Permit me to say simply, I thank you! I stood by Niagara the other day and kissed my hand to Canada, and, with the experiences of the last six months rushing across my mind, I said, hat in hand, "England, I thank you!"

While the American press has been more cautious and qualified in its reviews, I believe, as a rule, it has been honest and well-meaning. England was treating with a stranger who appealed to her generosity, and so she refused to see faults while she could find any merits to commend. America, however, is anxious and concerned about her literature, and is ready to point out faults that they may be avoided in the future. At least, that is what the author of the severest criticism I have yet seen writes me, and I am ready to believe him. The public is full of good will. The sale of the book proves that, and I have nothing now to complain of. I shall return to the Sierras, and the pastoral banks of the Willamette, glad and grateful and with lifted face.

A few lines about Walker and Carson. General Walker, as a California lawyer, was a plain man in dress and manner. When he became President of Nicaragua he adopted the dress, manners and religion of the country. His eye was the most remarkable I ever saw—the keen, sharp flash of broken steel in the sun. If I have overdrawn his virtues, I do not regret it. I formed my estimate of the man when I had but little to love, and a little kindness went a long way. I believe, however, that investigation will prove that I am not far wrong in either his personal appearance or public life. "A tall man," I believe, in the old term, as used by poets, did not always imply a man of uncommon stature.

As Kit Carson was allowed to die in obscurity, without so much as a six-line paragraph to chronicle the event, it strikes me as a little strange that men now cry out against my attempt to preserve the memory of this truly brave and good man. No sincere, impartial man can read my allusions to Carson and say I have represented him as anything but a true man. The Indian girl is permitted to perish because it is in the order of things. She represents a race that is passing away. It would have been contrary to the order of things to have allowed her to escape. There is not one Indian in all my songs that survives, not one Indian woman that does not die a violent death, because this is as it is. I have done my work advisedly, such as it is, and if I have created a sympathy for the Indian girl that compels an outcry, it is surely more perfect than I had thought.

JOAQUIN C. H. MILLER.

Astor House, New York, Sept. 22d, 1871.

### Court Chat.

— The Empress left England in better health and spirits than she has enjoyed ever since the great catastrophe. On embarking at Southampton she had resumed the old juvenile *allures* of Compiègne and Fontainebleau. Her Majesty was attired in black, with a *pouf à la Titien*, i. e., a skirt turned up in front and gathered in thick folds behind, over a flounced petticoat, the whole fully trimmed with fringe and velvet. She carried in her left hand a small green parasol, and in the right one of those long *sarbacane* canes which she introduced at Biarritz some three or four years ago, reaching about a foot above her head. A little funny round hat, with a deep scarf of black lace surrounding the crown, and falling down the back, with a bunch of small feathers in front, formed the whole of her costume; and were it not that the face is much aged, and the hair unmistakably submitted to dye, but little change would be apparent. In the figure there is none. Her Majesty is much thinner, but preserves the activity and even grace of youth in her movements. Her Majesty has wisely discarded the fashion of much paint. But why do the ladies of her suite persist in hiding their beauty behind so thick a mask of red and white and blue? Nay, even orange color is now used underneath the eyes.

— On the occasion of the visit of her Majesty and the Prince Consort to Paris, strict orders were issued respecting the admission of strangers to the Park of St. Cloud during the promenade of the Imperial and Royal party. Amongst the select few was the late most popular vocalist, Signor Lablache. His remarkable person immediately caught the eye of the Emperor, who is said to have exclaimed, "There is Lablache! I only know him by sight. I should like to speak to him." And the Queen and Prince Albert being well acquainted with him, one of the gentlemen in attendance was sent for him. After presentation, the Emperor said, "You have a son, I believe, in my army?" "I have, sire." "What is his rank?" "He is a sous-lieutenant in the — Regiment, sire." The Emperor of the French turned to the Queen of England and said, "Would not your Majesty like to make Lablache's son a captain?"—and a captain, of course, he became.—*Recollections by Planché, in London Society.*

— Lord Seaforth, who was born deaf and dumb, was to dine one day with Lord Melville. Just before the time of the company's arrival, Lady Melville sent into the drawing-room a lady of her acquaintance who could talk with her fingers to dumb people, that she might receive Lord Seaforth. Presently Lord Guilford entered the room, and the lady, taking him for Lord Seaforth, began to ply her fingers very nimbly; Lord Guilford did the same, and they had been carrying on a conversation in this manner for about ten minutes, when Lady Melville joined them. Her female friend immediately said, "Well, I have been talking away to this dumb man." "Dumb!" cried Lord Guilford; "bless me, I thought you were dumb!"

— The King of Spain rises every day at six, the Queen at seven. Both occupy themselves in reading the papers of all colors, including Republican and Carlist. At ten o'clock they breakfast; never more than four platos or courses, including fruit. At five they dine, and the dinner consists of but six platos, including dessert. No more than an hour at the outside is spent over dinner, no matter who is there.

— The Emperor Napoleon, who is traveling as the Comte de Pierrefons, accompanied by the Prince Imperial, Prince Murat, Dr. Conneau, and suite, were at Torquay received by Sir Lawrence Palk, lord of the manor, and his son, Mr. Palk. The Imperial party were heartily cheered as they drove to the Imperial Hotel, where, it is understood, they intend to remain for about a month.

— The great fountain of the Chateau d'Eau is about to be reconstructed. The idea has been suggested of replacing the lions by a colossal statue of Jules Favre, from whose eyes a perpetual torrent would pour down, and fill the basin in one continued stream. The inscription to be, "Not an inch of our territory nor a stone of our fortresses," etc.; and underneath, "*Aux armes, citoyens!*"

— Two marriages in high life are announced—one between the Prince de Broglie, Secretary of Embassy at London, and Mdlle. Pauline-Louise, daughter of Count de la Forest d'Armaillé; and the other between M. Nathan-James de Rothschild, son of Baron Nathaniel, and advocate at the Paris bar, and Mdlle. Louise Theresa de Rothschild, daughter of Baron Meyer-Charles.

— In accordance with a desire expressed by the Queen, sketches are being prepared for her Majesty of Killiney Hill, which, with the castle, etc., will be sold next March. The impression is very strong in certain quarters that the beautiful hill will be purchased on behalf of the Queen for the purpose of establishing a Royal residence there.—*Saunders' News Letter.*

— The Prince Imperial of France will, it is said, follow the example of the young Italian Duke at Harrow, and join one of the English public schools. He has the reputation of being as fond of his books as Prince Leopold, and according to some people the two Princes are becoming quite fond of each other.

— The Empress Eugénie has arrived at Lisbon, and was visited at the Central Hotel by the King and Queen and Don Fernando. The Empress afterwards left by rail for Madrid.

— The Duke d'Aumale intends to pass the winter in Paris, and has purchased the residence of M. Fould, in the Faubourg St. Honoré.

— The Duke of Edinburgh's elephant has been presented by his Royal Highness to the Dublin Zoological Gardens.

# REAL ESTATE TRANSACTIONS.

Wednesday, August 30th.

GRANTOR AND GRANTEE.	DESCRIPTION.	PRICE
F L A Pioche et al to W Schwartz	Lot 6 blk 5 of City Land Association...	\$ 90
Same to Jos Eaton.....	Lots 20 to 24 blk 43 of same.....	450
Univ Ex H Ass'n to W L Carpenter	Lot 2 blk 165.....	400
H A Cobb to Thos Duff.....	Lot 5 blk 16 West End Map 2.....	450
E W Burr et al to Alex de Laski..	Folsom n 18th, 100 n 50 w 22:6 n 72 e, etc	8,450
Antoine Borel to Edward Bryant..	Shotwell s 25th, s 32:6x115.....	1,000
Geo A Snook et al to M A N Spruhl	Portion Mission Dolores.....	1
Pt Lob Ave H'd Ass'n to C C Nahl	Lots 16 17 18 blk 642.....	1,000
Fairmount Land Ass'n to S Asher	Lot 64 blk 33.....	375
Andrew Allen to Mary Allen.....	O Farrell n 112:6 w Taylor, w 25x87:6	1,000
W F Buswell to W Van Heusen..	20th and Guerrero ne cor, n 57x75.....	3,000
F M Farwell to Jos Dunkerly....	Ne cor blk 33 W A, w 68:7x275.....	5
Real Estate Associates to W Hollis	Castro e 50 s 14th, s 26x100; also, 14th s 126 e Castro, e 26x115; also, 7th e 105 n Brannan, n 26x80.....	1
F S Wensinger to Frank McCoppin	19th n 180 e Guerrero, e 100 n 21 deg 30 min w 407 s 90 deg 30 min w 85 s 20 deg 30 min e 380.....	6,500
John Boyle to Julian Perrault....	Lot 4 blk 377 W A.....	1

Thursday, August 31st.

Odd Fellows Cem to Wm McAfee..	Lot 2 section 4.....	\$ 76
Fairmount L'd Ass'n to D Lobree	Lot 109 blk 33.....	360
Robt G Davison to Jno C Spencer	Francisco S, 137:6 e Hyde, e 68:3x137:6..	6,000
Wilson Lewellin to C D Kellum..	Jersey e, 100 n Butte, n 25x100.....	1,000
Fairmount L'd Ass'n to J P Poole	Lot 184 blk 6.....	475
John Mackle to Lamley Franklin..	All property standing on record in the name of 1st party.....	500
Hugh Kennedy to Ann Kennedy..	Stevenson ne 2d, 25x80.....	Gift
Thos Smith to Bartlett Doe et al..	Market and 9th, s corner, se 200x80.....	30,000
Hannah P Kellum to C D Kellum..	Butte n, 50 e Jersey, e 25x100.....	5
Odd F Cem to Abou Ben Ad Lodge	Lot 1.....	418

Friday, September 1st.

G Baccigadluppe to M Krausgrill..	N line Filbert e Stockton, 24x00.....	Gift
Henry Owens to N T Smith.....	Illinois n Napa, 205x100.....	5,500
F L A Pioche et al to C T Miels..	Lot 15 blk 17 Noc Garden H'd Union...	500
City and Co of S F to Jno Osborn	Portion Outside Lands.....	Prem
Masonic Cem Ass'n to E H Neville	Lot 13 sec 30.....	60
Fairm't L'd Ass'n to G Zehender..	Lot 139 blk 7 and 196 blk 12.....	883
Jno P Rafferty to Anton Krieg....	Undivided $\frac{1}{2}$ lot 337 Precita Valley Lands	6,500
Jos Mayer to Jno P Rafferty.....	Undivided half same.....	7,000
Mis St R R H A to J P Hawkins..	Lot 24.....	400
Mary L Merrill to Parker Merrill..	Por lot 14 blk 233 S S Fran Homestead..	300
Fairmount Land Ass'n to H Bauer	Lot 31 blk 22.....	397
Geo J Binder to D Farquharson..	Webster e, 204 n Washington, n 25:6x80	2,760

Saturday, September 2d.

F Cunningham to Albert Jacobs..	Lots 72 49 51 53 56 blk 39 Spark's Claim..	\$5,000
Leon Goldstein et al to J M Quinly	Mason W, 40 n Geary, n 20x57:6.....	1,500
F Melching to same.....	Same.....	50
Morris Goldstein to same.....	Same.....	750
Samuel E Smith to Wolf Bloom..	Sundry lots in Southern portion city...	6,590
Chas S Holmes to same.....	Do Western Addition.....	1,745
J Jacobs to Same.....	19th w Folsom, 25x95; also 19th e of Shotwell, 2: x 5.....	1,000
Same to Same.....	O Farrell and Hyde, 47:6x77:6.....	1
Wm Wolf to Same.....	Buchanan n Fulton, n 50 w 137:6 s etc; also 22d w Dolores, 125x106; also 19th and Harrison, nw corner, 187:9x245..	1
Maria Baker et al to ED Sawyer..	Portion blk 95 Outside Lands.....	500



F S Spring to Otis Jackson.....	Subdivs 19 20 blk 20 H'd's Univ M'd Surv	\$ 800
W F Sayward to C A McAlpin.....	Pacific w Larkin, w 25x100.....	1,375
J L Sanford to Same.....	Same.....	5
Fairmont L Ass'n to J Watchell.....	Lots 21 26 blk 24.....	1,285
Jno J Hicks to Wm Grace.....	Houston e Jones, 45:6x60.....	1,500
Julius George to J M Scheidecker.....	Sundry lots near Dupont and Greenwich	Gift
R P De Mon to John Morton.....	Sundry lots in Cobb Tract.....	3,000
W Bloom et al to Jos Hawkes.....	Fulton w Buchanan, 50x137:6.....	2,800

## Monday, September 4th.

J C Hawley to James M Taylor.....	Tyler n, 137:6 e Buchanan, e 68:9x157:6..	\$ 5
Jas Taylor to Laura L Hawley.....	Same.....	5
Jas Mee to Peter Lawlor.....	Heron e 8th, 20x69.....	775
E R Barnhiser to Olivia Barnhiser.....	Berry sw 4th, 25x80.....	1,000
Samuel Granger to A A Pardow.....	Hyde s California, 22:4x80.....	4,000
F Cunningham to John Shirley.....	Van Ness Ave and North Pt, 100x137:6..	50
Same to same.....	North Pt e Van Ness, 137:6.....	850
Wm Monahan to Pat Stephens.....	Yolo w Vermont, 25x100.....	500
Mis V H'd Ass'n to Wm Monahan.....	Same.....	1
Sophie Hanson to Patrick F Anson.....	Sharp Place s Union, 25x56.....	200
Jno B Lewis to John H Hansen.....	Same.....	5
Jas S Friedman to Wm E Loomis.....	148:50-100 Outside Lands.....	1
C Koopmanschaap to J Daly.....	Pine w Jones, 26x68.....	5
Marie Louise Gaut to same.....	Same.....	10
Thos Nelson to Alois Brandt.....	Pacific and Van Ness, 113:2x107:8.....	6,000
V Wackerreuder to M C V Daalein.....	Sub 24 of Wackerreuder's subs P V L'ds	400
Wm B Gireau to Geo M Wood.....	Cal's Larkin w 39:6 e 25 n 44:6 e 14:6 n 36	3,900
E J De Hart to Albert Brush et al.....	Ellis e Steiner, e 34:4x137:6.....	100
M E Hughes to Paul Toorre.....	18th e Fair Oaks, 27x101.....	3,000
Park Hd Ass'n to E Knowles.....	Lots 4 and 5 blk 419.....	1,140
R R Ave Hd Ass'n to J W Burnham.....	Lots 9 and 10 blk 19.....	884

## Tuesday, September 5th.

F L Ass'n to T H A Lammers.....	Lot 179 blk 36.....	\$ 475
Mary Delaney to E J Delaney.....	Jackson and Octavia, 255:4x110; also, Jackson and Octavia, 171:1x255.....	1
H D Lathrop to Wm P Wilson.....	York n 24th, 52x100.....	1,400
Flavel S Mines to Albert Rowe.....	Clementina w 1th, w 25x80.....	1
F L A Pioche to A A Haseltine.....	Lots 27 28 and 29 blk 34 City Land.....	270
Camilo Martin to J Strachan.....	Lot 47 48 blk 19 of 375 Homestead.....	150
Same to Matthew Harris.....	Lot 47 48 blk 19 of same.....	150
W A Cornwall to Geo A Fahn.....	$\frac{1}{2}$ acres Outside Lands.....	250
Louis S Levy to Moritz B Cohn.....	Folsom ne 6th, ne 25x85.....	5,000
Elizabeth Freund to R Lowry.....	Lombard and Julius, ne cor, 26x70.....	200

## Wednesday, September 6th.

Vulcan Iron Works to Pac Bank.....	Mission and Fremont, e cor, 137:6x137:6	50,000
Joseph Holland to Wm S O'Brien.....	Pierce and Sacramento, se cor, 25:5x120	100
George H Ensign to Julia C Tyler.....	Jackson w Gough, w 137:6x127:8.....	5,000
Harvey Hall to John Hill.....	Lots 12 and 13 blk 154 S S F Homestead.....	1,000
Jas H Adams to Mary J Ingram.....	Hyde n Green, 25x62:6.....	800
E A Breed to Mary Polack.....	S $\frac{1}{2}$ blk 290 W A and 50-v 34 blk 258 W A	3,200
Wm J Bryan to same.....	Same.....	5
Univer Ex H'd Ass'n to E Paul.....	Lots 1 and 8 blk 15.....	800
Same to James B Smith.....	Lot 5 blk 144.....	400
Isaac N Thorne to Nich T Smith.....	Illinois n Napa n line x 100.....	20
Lena S Hill to Isaac E Gates.....	Kentucky e Napa, s 100x100.....	2,000
Benj Hill to same.....	Kentucky s Napa; also Kentucky s of Napa, 140x100.....	10,000
Frank Livingston to Wm Daley.....	Jersey w 220 n 23d, n 25x100.....	650

## Thursday, September 7th.

F Spring et al to Emile Peguillan.....	Lots 7 9 blk 10, Hds on Uni ty M d s r'v'y	\$1,400
Same to Maurice Moriarty.....	Lot 5 blk 10 same.....	400
Same to August Odone.....	Lot 9 blk 10 same.....	400
F L A Pioche et al to M Straus.....	Lots 23 24 blk 33, City Land Ass'n.....	180
Wm Kane to Rob't Hanna.....	Sub 14 Harris Map 2, sub to mort of 3247	800
Central Pk H'd Ass'n to E Barry.....	Lot 61 blk 184.....	200
Peter McArdle to F L A Pioche.....	4 acres Rancho Rincon de las Sainas y Potrero Viego.....	13,500
J F P Silva to Cornelius Collins.....	Lots 425 to 428 inc, Gift Map 4.....	200
Same to D S Shute.....	Lots 3 6 and 7 blk 144.....	1,200
Wm J Richardson to Chris Leek.....	Lot 5 blk 6 University Ex H Association	365
Gustave Reis et al to C Martin.....	King ne 5th, 45:10x137:6.....	3,500
City and Co S F to L H Cemetery.....	Portion Outside Lands.....	Prem
Tide Land Com'rs to M Welch.....	Brannan sw 6th, 25x75.....	7
Same to same.....	Same.....	7
Hugh Magorty to Marg Magorty.....	Lots 28 and 29 blk 501, Occid'l Hd Ass'n	Gift

## Friday, September 8th.

Jno R Jarboe to Caspar T Hopkins	Townsend se, 137:6 sw 5th, sw 45:10x137:6	
Mis St R R H A'n to W Broderick	Lot 9	400
Fairmount Land Ass'n to C Lester	Lot 26 blk 20	560
R R Ave Ex H Ass'n to M F Hawly	Lot 28 blk 19	442
Jos S Alemany to Wm R Wheaton	Turk and Parker Ave se cor, e 175:6x275	28,000
Wm H Hoburg to J G McCullough	California and Hyde, ne cor, e 60x80	10
Tide Land Com'rs to J G Wilkins	Harriet and Folsom, w cor, sw 25x50	15
J M Robertson to Julius George	9th and Harrison, nor cor, ne 100 100	1
Samuel Heitcher to A J Moulder	Geary e Taylor, 25x137:6	11,000
Milton S Latham to A P Mincarty	Taylor and Lewis, nw cor, n 28:9x80	3,500
Wm M Boyd to Benjamin Hill	Cala and Mason, sw cor, w 25x60	5,500
City and Co S F to T B Valentine	Portion Outside Lands	Prem
F J C Lavalan to M L McDonald	Van Ness and California, 159:4x137:6	20
Jas M McDonald to Ira S Parke	Same	24,000
L Bonestell to Mark L McDonald	California w Van Ness Ave, w 20, etc	1
D C M Goodsell to Thos McMahon	Portion fract 1 lot B blk 138 Cen P k H d	100
Sam P Hitch to Wm B Swain	Dale e Dolores, 27:1x114	500
Great Park H Ass'n to E Terry	Lot 2 blk 395	250
Same to Chas Balfour	Lot 1 blk 397	250
J R Greenough to S Sawyer	Undivided $\frac{1}{2}$ of 50-vara line 512 W A	500
Same to Wm Hollis	Sac to n 118:9 w Fillmore, w 31:8x128	1

## Saturday, September 9th.

F L A Pioche et al to C J Noyes	Lots 13 and 14 blk 56 of City Land Ass'n	\$ 180
Same to Jno P Cassidy	Lots 13 14 15 42 43 44 blk 32, same	540
Same to Jas Lonergan	Lots 16 17 40 and 41, same	360
Same to Justus Belper	9 acres Outside Lands	5
Same to Jno A Bauer	Same	5
Patrick W Lahaney to C Lahaney	Lot 5 blk 227, Gardenville Homestead	500
City and Co of S F to H F Grote	Geary and Broderick, 35x137:6	Prem.
E C Skinner to Geo F Knacke	26th w San Jose Road, w 27:6x100	2,100
M L McDonald to J M McDonald	Lewis w Taylor, w 18:9x57:6	1,500
F L A Pioche et al to J Frowley	Lots 34 and 35, blk 39, City Land Ass'n	180
Jno B Lewis to Wm S Taylor	Folsom w 6th, w 60x125	5
C F Brown to Mission and 30 St H	Numerous lots in Fairmount Tract	1
Stephen W Castle to T W Haynes	Dupont n Sutter, n 20x60	1
So'omon Lewis to Adolphus Ruhl	Lots 11 and 12 blk 17 R R Avenue H d	500
R R Ave Ex H Ass'n to M Herren	Lots 3 and 4 blk 19	884
Univ Exten H Ass'n to S E Brown	Lot 2 blk 1	800
H J Thornton to G F Thornton	Undivided 1-7th, 8th Ave and S, 600x200	Gift
R R A Ex H Ass'n to R D Jenkins	Lot 29 in block 39	442
Same to Jennie L Everson	Lots 2 11 12 14 blk 19 and lots 9 10 30 bl 39	3,094
F L A Pioche et al to S E Wilson	Lots 6 and 7 blk 25 City Land Ass'n	180
Wm J Gunn to Benj Voorhies	Ellis n, 30 w Scott, w 30x75	700
E B Drake et al to F O'Connor	18th e Guerrero, 37:1 nw 171 w 30:5, etc	500
Henry Brown to Ed Commins	Lots 18 and 19 blk 60 Frankln H Ass'n	600

## Monday, September 11th.

Christian Hecsy to Wm H Miller	Rondel Place e 336:8 s 16th, 22:2x61:11	\$2,300
Fairmount L Ass'n to E Tummeler	Lot 15 blk 24	540
Same to H Schult	Lots 10 and 11, blk 25	1,325
S P Turners to Everett Nickerson	Gunnison Ave s Precita Pl, 25x110	450
Mis & 30th St H'd to J Donnelly	Lots 90 and 91 blk 29	1,440
John Donnelly to Patrick Kearns	Same	1,000
City Cen H'd Ass'n to J R Merrill	Lot No 25	500
C K Garrison to M A Edmonds	Washington and Drumm 95x120; also, Washington and East nw cor 54x60; also, East and Oregon, 60x120	809
John J Pfister to Fred Schnster	Valencia s 15th, 50x100	9,000
Fairmount L Ass'n to H Lessman	Lots 49 50 51 blk 21	1,575
Same to Joseph W Holmes	Lots 5 and 6 blk 25	1,280
Same to Thos W Freeman	Lots 7 and 8 blk 25	1,380
Hillside H'd Ass'n to J Sullivan	Lot 12 blk 118	500
Jno D Jenkins to C F Richards	Portion Outside Land blk 1197	40
Noe Gar H Union to C D Camden	Lot 10 blk 14	500
Chas M Hanson to Benj F Ellis	Lot B blk 367 S S Francisco Homestead	1,000
Ed Rondel et al to Jacob Lindell	Rondel Place s 16th, 22:2x117	1,940
Fred Mason to Mollie Creed Low	Lot 6 blk 157 W A	Gift
R P Gerrish to Wm H Daismple	Lots 264 to 267 inclusive Gift Map 1	40
City and Co of S F to J R Merrill	Portion Outside Lands	Prem
Univ Ex H Ass'n to F L A Pioche	Lots 1 to 8 inclu blk 143 and frac blk 138	4,800
Same to H Pichoir	Lots 1 2 3 7 8 blk 67; lot 1 blk 181, etc	4,000
Wm Everson to Wm J Gunn	Sutter e Gough, 30x120	4,000
Hugh Farley to Geo Dougherty	Clay and Leavenworth, 10x137:6	1
Same to same	Same	1
Philip Freund to Lewis Rosenberg	Tyler w of Van Ness, w 27:6x120	500

## Tuesday, September 12th.

Antoine Borel to Hamilton S Ass'n	Western Addition block 358	22,000
Frank Livingston to Mary Keough	Jersey w 170 n 23d, n 25x100	650
John Perrins to Wm J Gunn	Lot 24 blk 95 Columbia H'd Association	872
M McGaughran to Chas Morgans	Union w Hyde, w 21x65	750
Mis St R R H Ass'n to T J Sullivan	Lot 11	400
Fairmount L Ass'n to W A Stuart	Lot 189 blk 5	500
Same to same	Lots 190 and 191 blk 5	1,025
Same to Jas Linforth	Lot 136 blk 4 and 182 blk 6	1,025
Odd Fellows Cem to H C Macey	Lot 10 sec plat 5	50
Fairmount L Ass'n to L Hazelquist	Lot 164 blk 3	490
R R Ave Ex H Ass'n to H Berger	Lot 15 blk 39	442
Fairmount L Ass'n to Hester Shaw	Lots 192 and 193 blk 5	1,000
Same to B M Scofield	Lot 176 blk 1	500
Alexander Elder to Geo H Piper	California, 112-6 e Larkin, e 25x110-6	2,000
David Porter to Robt R Bulmore	Jackson w Jones, w 24x112-6	2,000
Thos Mooney to Jas R Kelly et al	California w Sansome, w 22x80	1
Phillip Rosenblum to G Abraham	Lots 3-4 blk 4; lots 4-11 blk 19 Mar St Hd	1,890
Same to same	Lot 10 blk 7 Noe Garden Homestead	500
Same to same	Lot 23 blk 92 Buena Vista Homestead	800

## Wednesday, September 13th.

Hillside H Ass'n to Thos Morton	Lot 14 blk 118	\$ 500
Jas W Simson to Sarah Callaghan	15th e Noe, 50x125	3,000
Benj E Arnold to Jos Sedgely	Santa Clara and York, nw cor, 100x100	Gift
Thos S Dunn to Samuel Mosgrove	Louisa ne 4th, ne 20x69	3,000
Sidney J Ashley to Milo Hoadley	Lot 57 sec 11	300
Calvin E Woodbury to J P Duane	97 1/2 acres Outside Lands	1
Park H Ass'n to Henry Mearns	Lot 9 blk 418	570
Alex Hay to Nicholas T Smith	Napa w Illinois, 50x80	1,300
S A Woodbury to S C Armstrong	Portion Outside Lands	5
Elizabeth Adisil to H A Crane	Lot 142 Fountain Plat, Masonic Cemetery	35
Great Park H'd Ass'n to T Neil	Lot 19 and 20, blk 364	590
Fairmount Ld Ass'n to J Maskell	Lot 132 blk 32	398
Giuseppe Spreafico to F Loraschi	Undivided 1/2 lots 142 143 144, Gift Map 1	187
City and Co of S F to F Clayton	Broderick n Pine, 27-6x82-6	Prem
A M Stetson to David Jobson	Ne Montgomery and Broadway, 94x54-7	500

## Thursday, September 14th.

Wm H Patterson to Mrs C Bennett	Yerba Buena w, 60 n Sacramento, 55x80	\$ 1
Pt Lob Av Hd Ass'n to P H Blake	Lots 1 to 6 blk 640	2,000
R R Av H Ass'n to E L Mayberry	Lot 1 blk 19 and lot 1 blk 71	884
B Leary to Samuel Credan	Yoloe Utah, 25x100	600
Vulc Iron Works to W T Garratt	Fremont and Natoma, 75x137-6	21,000
Wm Scholle to S Langstadter	2d se Jessie, 25x70	10
Noe Gar H Union to M Kavanagh	Lot 2 blk 7	500
Thos Sheridan to L Jacobs	Laguna and Eddy, nw cor, w 51-9x120	91
John K B McKee to Cath McKee	Polk n Hayes, 57-6x110-6	Gift
Same to W K M McKee et al	Polk and Fell, 55x137-6	Gift
Pat D Geary to John R Foster	Randall e Chenery, 25x126	900
Keystone H Ass'n to C M Kinne	Lot 16 and 17 blk 584	1,300
Wm Hollis to — Blanchfield	Tyler w Hayes, 137-6x137-6	1,275
Noe Garden H'd to W B Higgins	Lote 15 and 16 blk 8	1,000
Franklin H Ass'n to F A Belus	Lot 43 blk 60	450
Same to H Ackerman	Lot 14 blk 60	450
Herry Sparks	Portion Western Addition	500

## Friday, September 15th.

Pat Gleason to H Koerher et al	Fulton n, 110 w Laguna, w 27-6x120	\$2,000
Pat Hay to John Monahan	Perry w 3d, 25x80	1,500
John Reynolds to Jesse D Carr	Main n w Harrison, 137-6x137-6	1,500
Pleas View Hd Ass'n to E McGary	Lots 2-3 blk 354, lots 6-7 blk 310, etc	956
Hillside H Ass'n to A R Leonard	Lot 28 blk 118	500
Fairmount L Ass'n to C A Hughes	Lot 111 blk 33	360
Same to C C Butt	Lot 162 blk 3	490
Same to George Wiese	Lot 85 blk 33	360
W C Ralston to Peter Donahue	Howard and 22d, sw corner	50,000
J W Stow to Isaac L Regna	Portion Outside Lands	500
Patrick Mallon to Henry Haver	Summerse Howard, 25x58	2,100
J J Reichenbach to Mrs M Worden	Fair Oaks n 24th, 31x117-6	1,300
Fairmount L Ass'n to Wm Gray	Lots 1-2-3 and 4 blk 26	2,730
Mrs E L Mills to John Morton	Pine e Van Ness, 30x137-6	5,500
Jas Light et al to Wm Arrington	Mason n Jackson, 68-9x137-6	1
Geo W Green to Leander Quint	Sundry lots in Western Addition	1,250
Wm Arrington to same	Mason n Jackson, 68-9x137-6	100
F G E Tittell to Jno L Brooks	Kearny s Bush, 36-10x60-5	65,000
Philo White to Samuel Granger	Hyde s California, 22-11x80	1

## Saturday, September 16th.

C Collins to Ada L Williams .....	Lot 425 Gift Map 4 .....	Gift
Wm H Sansom to J Hollougham .....	24th e Alabama, 27x104 .....	1,825
Pt Lob Av H Ass'n Jacob H Plank .....	Lots 21 and 22 blk 640 .....	500
J O Eldridge to B F Sherwood .....	Eddy and Octavia, nw cor, w 137:6x120 .....	11,000
N Luning to S F Butterworth .....	Bush e Montgomery, 68:9x137:6 .....	5
Wm J Gunn to Wm Gunn .....	Sutter e of Gough, 15x120 .....	2,000
D J Oullahan to J H O'Brien .....	18th e Fair Oak, 27x101 sub to mortgage .....	500
Pt Lobos Av H Ass'n to M Popper .....	Lot 21 blk 640 .....	300
Wm Ayres et al to M Dore .....	Sundry lots in S S F H Ass'n and G M 1 .....	500
Geo W Chapin to L S B Sawyer .....	Lots 16 and 17 blk 32 Fairmount Tract .....	1,000
Otto Wermuth to Clemens Priber .....	Portion Outside Lands .....	1,200
Fairmount L Ass'n to L Oesterman .....	Lots 164 blk 2 .....	485
Ed Griffin to Belinda W Quint .....	Devisadero s Sutter, 30x137:6 .....	1,575
R R H'd Ass'n No 2 to M M Brink .....	Lots 3 and 4 block F .....	270
Mary Hinds to Wm Hanaghan .....	Lot 13 blk C Pacific Sav and H'd Ass'n .....	100
M J O'Connor to Chas Kornfield .....	Octavia and McAllister sw cor 275x120 .....	35,000
R R Ave H'd Ass'n to N Ely .....	Lots 15 and 16 blk 19 .....	884
R R Av H'd Ass'n to J J McEntee .....	Lots 10 and 11 blk 62 .....	700
Wm Hayes to City and Co of S F .....	Portion blk 245 Outside Lands .....	1
F Staud et al to Martin Kuchler .....	Kate w Fillmore, 26:6 s 66 se 26:6 n 72 .....	889
John E Magary to Chas H Pollard .....	Jersey n, 5 e Church, n 114x200; also, } Church e 114 f om n line Jersey, 100 } x 5; also Church n Park, e 100x75 .....	1,500
S S White to Robt M Williams .....	Lot 87 San Francisco H'd Union .....	6,000
Pietro Mei to Juanita Dearlove .....	Commercial n, 100 e Drumm, e 25x59:9 .....	150
C Winkler to Margaretha Winkler .....	Fillmore and Kate ne cor n 34x81:3 .....	Gift
Ann H Ludlow to Herman Levison .....	Bush s 164:9 n w Ness Ave, w 27:6x120 .....	4,000
Same to Gottlieb Fischer .....	Lots 1 3 4 blk 24, Noe Garden H'd Ass'n .....	1,500
Henry K Moore to Wm Halleran .....	Sac'to n 160:5 e Jones, e 22:11x120 .....	2,000
City and Co S F to C Collins .....	Por Outside Lands .....	prem
Ed Rondel et al to Thos H Clair .....	Rondel Place e 115 s 16th, s 22:2x60:7 .....	1,940

## Monday, September 18th.

Chas Grim to Gottlieb Breakle .....	Pacific s, 77:6 e Larkin, e 55x137:6 .....	\$3,500
Wm R Wheaton to Mas Cem Ass'n .....	Turk and Parker Ave, 175:5x275 .....	500
Fairm't Ld Ass'n to L Heinrich .....	Lot 87 blk 33 .....	360
Hillside H'd Ass'n to S A Vance .....	Lots 30 and 31 blk 118 .....	1,000
F L A Pichoe et al to J Weaver .....	Lots 11 and 12 blk 36 City Land .....	180
A Holmes to A Donahue .....	Gunnison Ave s Precita Place, 25x110 .....	500
R Whoulehan to J L N Shepard .....	Page w Steiner, 50x80 .....	500
Pt Lobos Ave H Ass'n to B Douchy .....	Lots 9 and 10 blk 640 .....	500
C Koopmanschap to Hugo Schenk .....	Geary e Dupont, e 6 inches x 60 feet .....	250
Maurice Dore to J Kendleberger .....	15th ave e of Q, 50x92:6 .....	480
Daniel Gorham to Wm Ware .....	Mission blk 22 .....	2,250
Great Park H Ass'n to G P Rixford .....	Lot 1 blk 360 and lot 1 blk 364 .....	500
Mis and 30th St H'd to W Godfrey .....	Lot 38 blk 6 .....	430
Same to Wm Gray .....	Lot 39 blk 6 .....	475
Jas Craig to Chris Andres .....	Jessie sw 4th, sw 25x70 .....	4,100
W Monahan et al to Benj Colling .....	Nebraska n Nevada, 33:4x100 .....	1,144

## Tuesday, September 19th.

Jas Laughlin to Patrick Dougherty .....	Lot 521 522 Gift Map 1 .....	\$ 200
Alois Brandt to Chas E McLane .....	Van Ness and Pacific, 127:8x113:2 .....	1
Same to same .....	Union w Jones, 46:3x137:6 .....	5
Louis H Jacoby to M W Wukheim .....	Post e Hyde, 34:4x137:6 .....	8,000
City and County S F to J Catlow .....	Potrero Ave n 23d, n 25x100 .....	Prem
Same to James Peterson .....	23d and Folsom, 65x122:6 .....	Prem
Mary Lincoln to Jas Laughlin .....	Lots 521 and 522 Gift Map 1 .....	10
F L A Pichoe et al to J P Sargent .....	Lots 1 and 2 blk 33 and 32 blk 38 .....	270
Fairmount L'd Ass'n to T Phillip .....	Lot 171 blk 1 .....	470
M Reinsteint to B F Sherwood .....	Eddy and Gough, 120x137:6, subj to mort .....	6,000
Jas Catlow to Thos McVerry .....	Potrero Ave n 23d, 25x100 .....	675
City and County S F to D E Hayes .....	Folsom n 24th, n 30x122:6 .....	Prem.
Jacob C Hawley to Jno F Byxbee .....	Ellis e Octavia, 55x120 .....	4,400
Hillside H'd Ass'n to Abbie Byrnes .....	Lot 66 blk 118 .....	500
Mission St R R H'd to D J Edgar .....	Lot 18 .....	400
F L A Pichoe et al to C Mermond .....	Lots 15 16 blk 42 City Land Ass'n .....	180
Same to Ellen Waller .....	Lots 23 24 25 blk 53 same .....	270
Park H'd Ass'n to Chas A Low .....	Lots 24 25 blk 416 .....	1,140
Same to W B Swain .....	Lots 68 69 70 blk 347 and 86 blk 317 .....	2,280
Mission H'd Ass'n to S H Vance .....	Lot 3 blk 23 .....	800
Adam Ross to Mathew Magraue .....	Webster and Byington nw cor, w 71x25 .....	900
City and County S F to S Vance .....	Portion Outside Lands .....	Prem
Benjamin Allen to Delia Allen .....	50-vara 5 blk 457 W A .....	Gift
City and County S F to E Deliese .....	Portion Outside Lands .....	Prem
J O'Neil Smith to M C Smith .....	Lot 82 blk 15, Mis'n and 13th Sts H'd Ass .....	Gift
Louis Samuels to Lene Samuels .....	Green 138:10½ e Dupont, e 33x82:6 .....	Gift



## Wednesday, September 20th.

Wm M Rennie to John Mailer....	Lot 3 of block 2 Noe Garden Homestead	\$ 400
Jas Dows to Chris Kerrins .....	Mission blk n 42½ .....	1
Wesley Henderson to James Dows .....	Bryant w 10th s 46 n 61 degs e 21:6, etc.	1,500
Great Park H Ass'n to J M Ahern .....	Lot 1 blk 398 .....	250
Hillside H'd Ass'n to H N Allen .....	Lots 53 and 54 blk 396 .....	1,000
E D Sawyer to Albert C Whitcomb .....	E ½ lot 4 blk D Eureka Homestead .....	1,000
1st Bap Church to Geo W Dam .....	Bush and Stockton, nw cor, n 91:6 w 1 90 s 23 w 30 s 68:6 e 120 .....	21,000
P Sather to same .....	Bush and Stockton, nw cor, 120 n 68:6 e 40 n 6 inches e 80 s 69 .....	1
Hillside H'd Ass'n to Theo Zeh .....	Lot 61 blk 118 .....	500
Thomas Jones to Nathan Goldstein .....	Mission e, 160 s 17th, s 50x122:6 .....	100
Chas Callaghan to Emma J Simson .....	Noe nw, 75 n Beaver, n 25x110 .....	1,000
Joseph Lancaster to J Greenbaum .....	Lot 4 blk 20 and lot 1 blk 1 Noe Gard Hd	500
W C Ralston to Charles A Low .....	Clay and Sansome, nw corner, n 91 x 75; also, Kearny east 37:6 north of Pine, north 78:9x100 .....	1

## Thursday, September 21st.

H W Carpentier to J P Dameron .....	Larkin and Francisco, sw cor, 275x137:6	\$ 150
Chas Leighton to same .....	Larkin and Chestnut, nw cor, 275x275 .....	1
Jno D Upson to same .....	Larkin and Francisco, sw cor, 137:6x275 .....	25
Wm Monahan et al to Adam Utz .....	D Haro e 166:8 s Nevada, s 33:4x100 .....	850
J H Ahlers to B H Schunoff .....	Undivided ½ lot 3 blk Q Pac Sav and H d	500
Fairm't L'd Ass'n to N Scheeline .....	Lot 44 blk 4 .....	425
Same to M Newhouse .....	Lot 145 blk 4 .....	425
Jas Alexander to Thos Adam et al .....	McAllister w Jones, 68:9x137:6 .....	30,000
Patrick Dolan to Martin Kelly .....	Sundry lots in Gift Maps 2 and 4 .....	571
R B Gray to F C Snow .....	Lots 1260 to 1263 and 1134 to 1143 G M 2	2,587
Jno H Smyth to David Moore .....	California and New Cem Av, 56:3x132:7	1,000
Hamilton Square H'd to A M Bauer .....	Lots 8 9 10 44 and 45 .....	3,0 0
Same to Jas Gibb .....	Lots 5 and 7 .....	1,780
Same to Robt White .....	Lots 1 2 3 and 37 to 40 .....	5,790
Same to Elizabeth White .....	Lot 36 .....	914
Fred L Castle to J C Cousins .....	Ellis n, 60 e Polk, e 50, n 120, w 25, etc.	6,250
Mission St R R Hd to D Cavnaro .....	Lot 22 .....	400
A T Goodwin to Adam Ross .....	Lots 41 and 42, Godeus Map 1 .....	75
Hamilton Square H'd to A Borcl .....	Lots 15, 16 and 47 .....	1,722
Fairmount L'd Ass'n to P N Ruth .....	Lot 112 blk 33 .....	356

## Friday, September 22d.

Henry M Nagle to D O Mills et al .....	Sansome s Sacramento s 44 e 160 n 54, etc.	35,000
D O Mills et al to A M Burns .....	Sansome and Halleck, ne cor, n 48 e 40 n 6 e 120 s 54 w 160 .....	60,000
S F Butterworth to same .....	Sansome e, 44 n Halleck, n 4x40 .....	1
Great Pk Hd Ass'n to Louis Levy .....	Lot 6 blk 396 .....	250
Cath Killmer to Frederick Clay .....	Webster e, 102 n Washing, n 25x80 .....	500
Minnie E Tittel to Chas Wheeler .....	Lot 34 Spring Valley Homestead .....	
Hamilton Square Hd to E Bauer .....	Lots 34 35 and 42 .....	2,780
J Gabel to Ferdinand Koney .....	Greenwich w Taylor, 30x70 .....	3,000
Lone Moun Cem to Wm Ingram .....	Lot 718 .....	107
Fairm't Land Ass'n to M Detels .....	Lots 129 and 130 blk 32 .....	843
Chas H Killey to E B Whitney .....	Broadway e Laguna, 24:4½x137:6 .....	5,500
J H Swain to W M Nichols .....	Powell n Francisco, n 40x68:9 .....	2,000
Antoine Borel to W H Steiger et al .....	Noe and 16th, nw cor, n 115x60 .....	15,000
Walter O'Brien to Ed Patigon .....	Bush w Scott, w 55x137:6 .....	2,816
Hamilton Sq H'd to J Kleinhaus .....	Lot 11 .....	779
Geo Easton to Wendell Easton .....	Lot 22 Cobb Tract .....	500
Fairm't Ld Ass'n to H Lindenbaum .....	Lot 7 blk 33 .....	372
R R Ave Ex H'd Ass'n to E Balden .....	Lot 23 blk 71 .....	442
Moses Marsh to L S Levy .....	11th sw, 200 se Folsom, se 50x70:6 .....	3,500
Pt L Av H Ass'n to LeR G Harvey .....	Lot 15 blk 641 .....	300

## Saturday, September 23d.

Ashley Upson to P F Powers .....	Lot 6 blk 63 University Homestead .....	\$ 400
Great Park H'd Ass'n to A J Corey .....	Lot 2 blk 396 .....	250
Phil McGovern to T W Brennan .....	87.25 acres Outside Lands .....	650
Fairmount Lan Ass'n to F Caffry .....	Lot 12 blk 25 .....	670
C T Hopkins et al to Wm Martin .....	Townsend sw 5th, sw 22.11x137:6 .....	5
City and Co S F to F O Chadburne .....	Treat Avenue, n 22d, n 60x122:6 .....	Prm
J J Guilfoyle to S F Co-Op L A's .....	California w Steiner, w 68:9x137:6 .....	2,500
J W Wheelwright to Etting Mickle .....	Clay and Powell, se corner, e 50x68:9 .....	3,000
Tide Land Com'rs to Jno Curry .....	4th sw 30 se Bryant, se 50x80 .....	16
Same to N Curry .....	Garden se Harrison, se 25 ne 60 w 39, etc	5
David C Wager to Matthew B Cox .....	1-80th of 87:25-100 Outside Lands .....	100
U Ex Hd Ass'n to E Martineau .....	Lot 5 blk 160 .....	400
John Frickmicht to Sav and L Soc .....	Folsom and 21st, nw cor, n 125x122:6 .....	1
B H Schunhoff to Julius Schunhoff .....	Temple n, 160 w Castro, w 40x114 .....	506

## Monday, September 25th.

Noe Gard Hd Union to Maria Ray	Lot 16 blk 17.....	\$ 500
Fairmount Land Ass'n D Johnson	Lot 99 blk 33.....	360
Hamilton Square H'd to S S Gordon	Lot 46.....	474
F L A Pioche et al to G Hoffman..	Lots 2 and 3 blk 32 City Land Ass'n ..	180
Same to Mary Ann Johnson.....	Lot 48 blk 32 same.....	90
C L Taylor to T B Valentine.....	Bush w Webster, 200 w 23 n to Bush, etc	150
Univer Ex H Union to A L Clavel..	Fractional lots 7 and 8 blk 174.....	400
J H Atkinson to W K Van Allen..	Portion Outside Lands.....	1,200
Hamilton Square H'd to M Adams	Lot 17.....	599
Jno J Hayden to Thos M Edwards	Clay w Larkin, w 37:6x128.....	3,002
Wm J Silver to same.....	Same.....	5
Masonic Cem Ass'n to M E Pleasant	Lot 94.....	60
G't P'k H'd Ass'n to M C Foster ..	Lot 9 blk 397.....	250
Same to Eliza Lewedowuz.....	Lot 9 blk 399.....	250
Same to George J Foster.....	Lot 9 blk 398.....	250
P J White to Thos Atkinson.....	Alabama w 104 s 23d, s 26x100.....	53
R'l Estate Associates to W Hollis..	Sundry lots in southern portion of city..	1
P't Lobos Av Hd Ass to L Schallich	Lot 35 blk 641; also, lots 2 3 blk 643.....	2,000
Herman Liebes to D Callaghan ..	Sundry lots in southern portion of city ..	5
John Hannan to T C Caldwell.....	Portion Outside Lands.....	50
Adolph Schmolz to Rob't Thiel....	Union s 195 from w side Taylor, w 25x120	1,850
G't P'k H'd Ass'n to A J Radcliff..	Lot 22 blk 367.....	250
F S Spring et al to E Dunigan.....	Sub 10 13 blk 10 Hds University Md Svy	800
John Brady to M T Daly.....	Valencia e 85 s Ridley, s 75x80.....	8,500
Gustave Mahe et al to G T Knox....	Sundry lots in W A.....	23,487
F L A Pioche to C R Holden.....	Lots 39 40 blk 48, City Land Ass'n.....	180

## Tuesday, September 26th.

Jerome B Piper to Wm H Taylor.....	Undiv $\frac{1}{2}$ of und 1-10 87.25-100 aces O L'ds	\$ 500
E V Joice to same.....	Undivided 5-40 87.20 acres same.....	1,260
Marg V Berry to Marg A H Berry.....	15th Ave e, 144 N B, n 48x127:6.....	1
Ed O'Brien to Catharine Higgins..	Portion Outside Lands.....	500
Great Park H'd Ass'n to J French	Lot 8 blk 497.....	250
M & 30th St H'd Ass'n to S Kominski	Lot 95 blk 2 and lot 123 blk 23.....	1,300
R E Kerreson to T W Brennan.....	Undivided 1-100 87.25 acres Outside L'ds	100
E Tripp to Samuel Miller.....	Por Potrero Nuevo.....	6,000
Thos McMahon to Mat McGowan.....	Liberty w Guerrero, w 30x114.....	1,440
F L A Pioche et al to E Magrath.....	Lot 4 blk 17 City Land Ass'n.....	90
Jno D Arcey et al to F S Spring.....	Lot 2 blk 59 and lot 3 blk 42 Ex H Ass'n	700
F L A Pioche et al to M E Doyle.....	Lot 19 and 20 blk 4 City Land Ass'n.....	180
Hamilton Sq Hd to B B Farmer.....	Lot 4.....	764
Bernhard Gattel to E P Flint.....	Brannan e 8th, ne 30x275.....	4,500
Wm Barry to Ed Barry.....	Sundry lots in West and South por city.	2,500
Hugh Dolan to Margaret Finnigass	Bryant n 24th, 26x100.....	850
Great Park H'd Ass'n to R B Gray..	Lots 51 and 62 blk 394.....	500
P J Melone to David Porter.....	Sac and Davis'ro, ne cor, e 131:3 n, etc.....	1,670

## Wednesday, September 27th.

P J White to F Eitzpatrick.....	Natoma nw, 125 ne 9th, ne 25x75.....	\$ 147
Chas Nutsen et al to N F Smith.....	Napa and Kentucky, se corner, e 100 x } 100; also, Illinois west, 205 s Napa } s 50x100.....	5,000
Geo Middlemiss to Vincent Laroche	Lot 3 blk 24 tract of Tide Lands.....	1,250
Simon Zimmermann to C Korfield.....	Folsom sw 6th, 25x75.....	4,000
C S Morton to John Sullivan.....	Dupont sw cor Dupont and O'Farrell.....	12,000
Lawrence Connor to Cath Connor..	Lot 28 Harris Map 1, Precita Valley L'ds	Gift
Univ Ex H'd Ass'n to A E Peyton.....	Lots 2 3 4 5 6 7 blk 161 and lots 3 4 blk 160	3,200
Thos B Bishop to Ed Barry.....	Hays and Webster, ne corner.....	500
J C Beideman to T B Bishop.....	Same.....	225
A Holmes to William Bertha.....	Portion Precita Valley Lands.....	750
Same to same et al.....	Same.....	500
Same to G Preda.....	Same.....	500
Same to S Assalime.....	Same.....	750
Wm Kilday to James McKenna.....	Clary sw 4th, 25x80.....	1
Samuel Crim to M S Rice.....	Howard s 19th, 1:6x122:6.....	150
M S Rice to Mary Boardman.....	Howard s 19th, 61:6x122:6.....	7,050
Mary L Ivens to John Reynolds.....	Ellis e Powell, 21:9x115.....	10
H F Williams to Edward Barry.....	Grove e Webster, w line Hayes Claim.....	100
John F Taylor to Cen Pac R R Co.....	Illinois s Napa, 25x100.....	562
Same to same.....	Same.....	562
J G McEvoy to Constance G Bardet	Alabama s 23d, 26x100.....	1,252
Wm Monahan et al to L Levison.....	DeHaro s Sonoma, 166:8x100.....	4,000
F L A Pioche et al to Minna Cohn.....	Lot 14 blk 1, Noe Garden H'd Ass'n.....	500
C M Conro to John Morton.....	Jones w 87:6 n Eddy, n 50x137:6, sub to }	13,000
J A Morgan to Laura H Wells.....	2 mortgages amounting to \$6,000..... }	
	9th Av n 150 w K, w 6x100.....	100
Same to H A Cobb.....	Lots 90 to 96 inclusive blk 68 Map A.....	4,550

## Thursday, September 28th.

Tide Land Com'rs to W H Hencken	Lots 9 10 19 and 30 blk 813	\$ 150
Hillside Hd Ass'n to J H Garrett	Lots 35 and 36 blk 118	1,300
John Reynolds to Della Ordway	Ellis e Powell, e 21:9x115	Gift
D F McDonald to Georgiana Lewis	2 acres Outside Lands	400
F L A Pioche et al to E Theobald	Lot 32 blk 33 City Land Ass'n	90
H Square Hd to J H Mitchell	Lot 20	1,099
Same to same	Lot 33	1,074
Same to Mary A Mitchell	Lot 18	571
P J White to Jno J Mone	Lots 1 2 3 blk 1, map of Belle Roche City	247
Same to H F Williams	5th Ave 300 e M, 100x100	450
City and Co of S F to T M Nosler	Bay and Laguna, nw cor, n 137:6x126	Prem
Jno J Mone to Martin Kelly	Lot 1 2 2 blk 1 Map of Belle Roche City	300
City and Co S F to M Cannoxan	Portion Outside Lands	Prem
Phillip Allis to Henry Johnson	Bush and Steiner, sw cor, w 27:6x100	3,000
Margaret Garrioch to F J Thibault	Bluxome, 137:6 sw 1th, w 15:10x120, etc	800
F L A Pioche et al to Duval Penna	Lot 33 blk 54 City Land Ass'n	90
Peter McLain to Michael Radford	Sacramento w Taylor, w 5:5x137:6	500
H C Swain to Keystone H'd Ass'n	50-vara 1 blk 583, 1 2 5 6 blk 584, 3 4 5 blk 537 W A	30,600
C S Holmes to Jos Hughes	22d s 106 w Dolores, w 25x104	700
Wm Schmolz to M G Kennedy	Portion blk 781 Outside Lands	2,000
S B Land Ass'n to Emile Grisar	Portion New Potrero	500
F'mount Land Ass'n to M J Balfe	Lot 9 blk 25	665
Mary G Cohen to F Reis	Blk 26 South Beach and Water Property	1,200
City and Co S F to Wm Schmolz	Portion Outside Lands	Prem
John Davis to G Bishop	Portion lot 5 blk 94 W A	100
F L A Pioche et al to Anne Gildey	Lots 9 10 blk 55 City Land Ass'n	180
F'mount Land Ass to Simon Cline	Lot 72 blk 33	375
John Amos to Herman Levison	Bush s 137:3 w Van Ness, w 27:6x120	\$3,500
J Satterlee to Front St M & O R R	Broadway and Polk se corner	500
C L Newman to W A Etting	Mission s 75 w 3d, s 170, w 20, n 70, etc	5
W H Rulofson to J B L Patten	Hyde w 57:6 n Geary, n 25x87:6	7,000
E W Moss & wf to Albert Foster	Fremont sw 181 se Folsom, se 23:9x100	6,300
W Everson to R R Av Hd Ex Assn	Blks 19 39 71, University M d Survey	35,790

## Friday, September 29th.

Wm Monahan et al to H F Gremke	Nebraska e, 33:4 s Sierra, s 33:4x100	\$1,000
Ed McSweeney to Perry Stinson	Langton nw Folsom, nw 25x75	4,500
E A Lawrence to same	Same	1
Wm H Tillinghast to same	Same	1
T B Valentine to C L Taylor	Bush and Webster, sw cor, w 100x100	1
Hillside H Ass'n to E H Kittredge	Lot 44 blk 118	500
Samuel Brannan to W T Garratt	Beach and Water lots 368 and 375	775
F L A Pioche et al to J Fairweather	Lot 16 blk 108 Buena Vista H'd Ass'n	500
Same to Alfred J Fairweather	Lot 2 same	500
F H Christensen to I C Root et al	Lot 18 Mission blk 61	3,500
F L A Pioche et al to A Jacobs	Lot 6 blk 22 Noc Garden Hd Ass'n	500
Same to Geo H Weaver	Lot 20 blk 109 Buena Viste H'd Ass'n	500
Same to Jas C Hanna	Lot 28 blk 41 City Land Ass'n	90
E P Flint to Isaac E Gates	Sundry lots on Potrero Nuevo	10,000
Phenes Mish to Eliza Haskell	Market 200 sw 6th, 25x90	12,000
W M Jabinski to J W Hendrie	Sundry lots in Cobb Tract	8,350
Mission View H'd to Wm Monahan	Lot 23 blk 123	1
Same to same	Lot 28 blk 123	1
John Satterlee to Wm Satterlee	Jackson w Polk, 35x127:8x	5
Wm H Pierson to Harris Wolf	Fulton e Polk, 27:5x126	
E Poesby to Jane A Wilson	Lots 122 and 123 Red House Tract	2,000
M Fonda by G'd'n to G W Stevens	3d and Folsom ne cor, e 80x80	4,500
Fairmt L'd Ass'n to R Manzanares	Lot 96 blk 33	365
City and Co S F to Ferdinand Reis	Portion Outside Lands	Prem

## Saturday, September 30th.

Tide Land Com'rs to J P McKenna	Garden sw 175 se Harrison, 100x75	\$ 30
Same to Hugh Curran	4th and Welsh, w corner, nw 30x80	9
Same to Thos Connolly	Natoma se, 150 ne 7th, ne 25x75	7
Same to M V Kelly et al	Garden se Harrison, se 25x75	7
Same to Michael Collins	14th e Folsom, 75x100	30
Same to Jas Kennedy	Moss se Howard, 25x75	7
Same to Wm Broderson	Clary ne 6th, 22:6x80	7
Same to John Flizer	7th ne 90 se Folsom, se 25x75	1
Same to William S Taylor	Folsom sw 6th, 60x125	70
Same to John F Osgood	5th and Bryant, sw corner, sw 244, etc	233
Same to G F W Fahrenkrug	Howard and 7th, ne corner, ne 50x90	18
C A Uhrig to E W Corbert	Portion Outside Lands	500
Wm Wilson to R P Clement et al	Blk 308 Outside Lands	300
Daniel Harney to Jas F Glover	Glover e Leavenworth, 23x60	5
has F Lipman to E P Flint	Brannan ne of 8th, ne 103:9x275	15,000

R H Vance et al to same.....	Brannan sw 7th, 50x275 .....	7,500
Albert Newcomb to N F Smith....	Illino's s Napa, 25x100 .....	750
Hiram Tubbs to Isaac E Gates.....	Kentucky e, at inter of Tide L'd Sur, etc	2,140
City and Co of S F to H Whittell..	Greenwich and Broderick, 275x137 6 ..	Prem
Same to Hannah Birch.....	Pt Lobos Ave e 3d, 25x137.6 .....	Prem
J F McCauley to A M McCauley....	Sansom s Pine, s 40 e 103½, etc.....	Gift
J N Bissett to N T Smith.....	Illinois s Shasta, 50x100 .....	1,000
M Lockbaum to Eva Lockbaum....	Lot 946 blk 52 City Land Ass'n .....	Gift
Buena Vis H Ass'n to J F English..	Lot 25 blk 107.....	500
Tide Land Com'rs to Jas Whitney..	Perry and 4th, nw corner, sw 105 nw, etc	25
Same to same.....	Welsh sw 4th, sw 75x80 .....	24
A Phillippe to K F H O Hilling....	Lot 83 and e ½ 86 Precita Valley Lands.	5,000
Tide Land Com'rs to E F Northam..	5th ne 137.6x275.....	129
Wm Monahan et al to N Sheerin....	Vermont and Sierra, sw cor, s 33.4x100.	1,160
Tide L'd Com'rs to G P Rummelin..	7th nw Folsom, nw 24x80 .....	7
Same to L Andelfinger.....	Howard ne 7th, ne 23x100 .....	7
Same to J Bartley.....	Natoma ne 7th, ne 25x75 .....	7
Same to H Kahn.....	Harri-on Ave se Folsom, 25x75.....	9
Same to E F Northam.....	5th Ave ne, 137.6 nw Bryant, 117.6x275..	129

## Monday, October 2d.

C T Hopkins et al to A Gallatin....	Townsend sw 5th, 137.6x120; also, lot adjoining se 137.6x17.6.....	15,000
Wm Martin to Jno R Jarboe.....	Townsend sw 22:11x137.6.....	5
John Bell to N F Smith.....	Napa and Kentucky, ne cor, 55x100.....	2,000
J P N Gildmeister to J M Luce....	Kate se Bryant, se 25x50 .....	300
Peter Giannin to Peter E Croce....	Lot 11 blk 13 West End Map 2.....	1,000
Wm Mallarky to Wm Doherty.....	Silver sw 3d, 37.6x80 .....	4,000
Pleas Val H Ass'n to H J Mayne....	Lot 14 blk 308.....	131
John Hill to F S Wensinger.....	24th w Shotwell, 24x90 .....	1,300
Univ Ex H Ass'n to M Wackenhurst..	Lot 8 blk 16 and lot 1 blk 159.....	800
Mis & 30th St H Ass'n to C F Brown	Lot 85 blk 29.....	975
Silas C Field to Eugene Foubert....	Tehama ne 6th, ne 25x80 .....	3,800
R W Heut to A P Hotaling.....	Undivided one-third of one-half Clark s 100 w Drumm, w 37.6x60; also Sutter and Jones sw corner, s 110, etc. }	1,200
Wm Hollis to E S Swan.....	Townsend w 5th, w 68.9x120.....	5
L H Sage to A Hayward.....	Lombard and Octavia sw cor, w 412.6; also Octavia and Lombard, se corner s 206.3x137.6 .....	15,000
Wm Monahan to Marg O'Brien....	Lot 23 blk 123 Mission View Homestead.	400
H A Shelton to Charles Meseth.....	Union e Jones, e 23x120.....	3,500
Henry Peters to Wm Bein.....	Bluxome sw 4th, sw 25x120.....	1,850
Jno H Paton to John Reynolds....	Block 443 Potrero.....	1,000
Jno S Luty to H W Massey.....	Lots 12 blk 4 and lots 3 and 4 block 20 Market Street Homestead .....	3,000
Geo Holmberg to John Byers.....	Montgomery w 75 s Union, s 50x70.....	1,800
F L A Pioche et al to J Cleave....	Lots 29 and 30 blk 30 City Land.....	80
Same to Ellen Connell.....	Lots 27 and 28 same.....	80
James F Glover to Jno Bannon....	Glover e Leavenworth, e 23x60.....	403
Tide Land Com'rs to W Boyer et al	22 deeds aggregate amount.....	4,280

## Tuesday, October 3d.

Wm Monahan to Pat McNamara....	Sierra s, 100 e Vermont, e 25x100.....	\$ 400
Park H'd Ass'n to Jas Lippman....	Lots 49 to 52 blk 345.....	1,440
Jno P Courter to Henry Fetchan..	Dolores and Railway Ave, ne cor, 50x100	5
Hillside H Ass'n to P Reigelkaupf	Lots 40 and 41 blk 118.....	1,000
P Reigelkaupf to M Reigelkaupf..	Same.....	Gift
Pt Lobos Av H Ass'n to H F Bruns	Lots 1 2 blk 640.....	500
Same to Sol L Marks.....	Lot 36 blk 641.....	305
Univ H Ass'n to Thomas B Lewis..	Agent lot 15 blk 108.....	79
Same to same.....	Agent lots 8 and 9.....	500
Buena V H Ass'n to W P Davidson	Lot 33 blk 108.....	500
Same to A L Pringle.....	Lot 42 blk 91.....	1,002
Mission & 30th St Hd to S Fischer	Lot 124 blk 23.....	560
City and County S F to S Grosh....	Haight and Devisadero, ne cor, 275x137.6	Prem
Same to David Purcell.....	Old Cem Ave, e 21 n Post, n 80x100.....	Prem
E S Swan to Albert Gallatin.....	Townsend sw 5th, sw 68.9x120.....	3,000
Lafayette Hinckley to D Hinckley..	All property in L Hinckley's name.....	10
R E Associates to Albert Gallatin..	Townsend and 6th, ne cor, 48.3x120.....	14,000
Great Park H'd Ass'n to J E Reed..	Lot 19 blk 362.....	250
Univ Ext'n H Ass'n to J N Reed....	Lots 3 and 6 blk 165.....	800
Same to Jno E Reed.....	Lot 4 blk 175.....	400
F L A Pioche et al to A Borquin....	Lots 18 blk 41 City Land.....	90
Same to Gaspard Konig.....	Lots 19 to 22 blk 41 same.....	360
Pt Lob Av H Ass'n to A Badlam, Jr	Lot 24 blk 641.....	300
City and County S F to M Petit....	Bush w Devisadero, w 275 137.6.....	Prem
F L A Pioche et al to Anna Sullivan	Lot 30 blk 49.....	90
Same to Maggie McEvoy.....	Lot 29 same.....	90
Tide Land Com'rs to Jas Collins..	19 deeds aggregate value.....	11,613



Wednesday, October 4th

FLA. P. ...	Lot 3 to 24 blk 30 City Land ...	\$ 450
New Garden H. ...	Lot 2 blk 3	750
Sam. ...	Water lots 1st and 2nd	141
H. ...	Lot 1 blk 11	750
P. ...	Lot 2 blk 11	750
P. ...	Lot 3 blk 11	750
H. ...	Broadway & Scott 4. 1/2	1,000
N. ...	Lot 1 blk 11	50
H. ...	Lot 2 blk 11	50
H. ...	Lot 3 blk 11	1,300
T. ...	Lot 4 blk 11	2
H. ...	Lot 5 blk 11	2
J. ...	Lot 6 blk 11	2
H. ...	Lot 7 blk 11	2
H. ...	Lot 8 blk 11	2
H. ...	Lot 9 blk 11	2
H. ...	Lot 10 blk 11	2
H. ...	Lot 11 blk 11	2
H. ...	Lot 12 blk 11	2
H. ...	Lot 13 blk 11	2
H. ...	Lot 14 blk 11	2
H. ...	Lot 15 blk 11	2
H. ...	Lot 16 blk 11	2
H. ...	Lot 17 blk 11	2
H. ...	Lot 18 blk 11	2
H. ...	Lot 19 blk 11	2
H. ...	Lot 20 blk 11	2
H. ...	Lot 21 blk 11	2
H. ...	Lot 22 blk 11	2
H. ...	Lot 23 blk 11	2
H. ...	Lot 24 blk 11	2
H. ...	Lot 25 blk 11	2
H. ...	Lot 26 blk 11	2
H. ...	Lot 27 blk 11	2
H. ...	Lot 28 blk 11	2
H. ...	Lot 29 blk 11	2
H. ...	Lot 30 blk 11	2
H. ...	Lot 31 blk 11	2
H. ...	Lot 32 blk 11	2
H. ...	Lot 33 blk 11	2
H. ...	Lot 34 blk 11	2
H. ...	Lot 35 blk 11	2
H. ...	Lot 36 blk 11	2
H. ...	Lot 37 blk 11	2
H. ...	Lot 38 blk 11	2
H. ...	Lot 39 blk 11	2
H. ...	Lot 40 blk 11	2
H. ...	Lot 41 blk 11	2
H. ...	Lot 42 blk 11	2
H. ...	Lot 43 blk 11	2
H. ...	Lot 44 blk 11	2
H. ...	Lot 45 blk 11	2
H. ...	Lot 46 blk 11	2
H. ...	Lot 47 blk 11	2
H. ...	Lot 48 blk 11	2
H. ...	Lot 49 blk 11	2
H. ...	Lot 50 blk 11	2
H. ...	Lot 51 blk 11	2
H. ...	Lot 52 blk 11	2
H. ...	Lot 53 blk 11	2
H. ...	Lot 54 blk 11	2
H. ...	Lot 55 blk 11	2
H. ...	Lot 56 blk 11	2
H. ...	Lot 57 blk 11	2
H. ...	Lot 58 blk 11	2
H. ...	Lot 59 blk 11	2
H. ...	Lot 60 blk 11	2
H. ...	Lot 61 blk 11	2
H. ...	Lot 62 blk 11	2
H. ...	Lot 63 blk 11	2
H. ...	Lot 64 blk 11	2
H. ...	Lot 65 blk 11	2
H. ...	Lot 66 blk 11	2
H. ...	Lot 67 blk 11	2
H. ...	Lot 68 blk 11	2
H. ...	Lot 69 blk 11	2
H. ...	Lot 70 blk 11	2
H. ...	Lot 71 blk 11	2
H. ...	Lot 72 blk 11	2
H. ...	Lot 73 blk 11	2
H. ...	Lot 74 blk 11	2
H. ...	Lot 75 blk 11	2
H. ...	Lot 76 blk 11	2
H. ...	Lot 77 blk 11	2
H. ...	Lot 78 blk 11	2
H. ...	Lot 79 blk 11	2
H. ...	Lot 80 blk 11	2
H. ...	Lot 81 blk 11	2
H. ...	Lot 82 blk 11	2
H. ...	Lot 83 blk 11	2
H. ...	Lot 84 blk 11	2
H. ...	Lot 85 blk 11	2
H. ...	Lot 86 blk 11	2
H. ...	Lot 87 blk 11	2
H. ...	Lot 88 blk 11	2
H. ...	Lot 89 blk 11	2
H. ...	Lot 90 blk 11	2
H. ...	Lot 91 blk 11	2
H. ...	Lot 92 blk 11	2
H. ...	Lot 93 blk 11	2
H. ...	Lot 94 blk 11	2
H. ...	Lot 95 blk 11	2
H. ...	Lot 96 blk 11	2
H. ...	Lot 97 blk 11	2
H. ...	Lot 98 blk 11	2
H. ...	Lot 99 blk 11	2
H. ...	Lot 100 blk 11	2

Thursday, October 5th

[illegible]

Friday, October 6th

[illegible]

Saturday, October 7th.

Eugene McCarthy to A Gallatin...	5th and Townsend, w corner, 68:9x137:6	\$1,500
E W Burr et al to same.....	Same	12,000
Thos Ansbro to Henry Johnson...	Lot's 31 and 33 Gift Map 3	500
Rachel E S Sheppard to S Hahn...	Portion Western Addition	75
Jas Curtis to Wm F Halsey.....	Sacramento e Fillmore, 37:6x128	500
Hillside H'd Ass'n to John Eyre...	Lots 101 and 102 blk 117	1,000
Jno W Coleman et al to A Doble...	Western Addition blk 421	20,000
Henry Judice to Wm J Cady.....	California e Pierce, 34:4x137:6	2,750
John Crockett et al to C P Gibbon	Mission s 22d s 40x125	2,500
Fairm't Land Ass'n to H Wendt...	Lot 160 blk 3	495
Buena Vis H Ass'n to Wm S Ray...	Lot 24 blk 92	500
A D Hatch to Geo Mayes.....	Sutter w Hyde, 25x87:6	6,000
City and County S F to M Ward...	Portion Outside Lands	Prem
J Welch to Farmer's & Mec Bank...	Ellis e Fillmore, 33:9x137:6	3,000
R H Baurhyte to Rich Broderick...	Post sw of Jones, 22:11x68:9	5,000
R S Randall to I N Thorne.....	Portion Outside Lands	1,000
I N Thorne et al to Wm F Chase...	Same	2,000
R R Ave H Ass'n to Chas A Brown	Lot 29 blk 17	350
Jacob C Hawley to F E Stone.....	Tyler e Buchanan, e 68:9x137:6	5,000
City and Co S F to Herman Bruns	23d and Bartlett, 55x68	Prem
Jacob Jacoby to S B Dinkelspiel...	O'Farrell and Polk, 137:6x120	22,000
Market St H'd to Elizabeth White	Lot 1 blk 21	500
Andrew Kohler to Julia A F Smith	Blk 187 Western Addition	450
Samuel W Holladay to same.....	Same	250
Robt F Morrison to same.....	Same	5
Hamilton Square H'd to E Bauer...	Lot 14	1,249
Tide Land Com'rs to P Bailey et al	18 deeds aggregate value	2,070

Monday, October 9th.

Mis & 30th St H'd to W B Nichols	Lot 56 blk 5	\$ 407
T B Buckingham to G P Wagner...	Fremont Court 100 s Clay, w 49:6 s, etc.	500
Chas H Brown to Henry H Ellis...	Pine and Octavia, ne corner, 27:3x137:6	400
Geo H Piper to Hugo Hochholzer...	California e Larkin, 25x110	2,500
A D McDonald to I W Brittan.....	Mission e 8th, 75x137:6	100
Mis & 30th St H Ass'n to J Lemon	Lot 74 blk 12	487
Great Park H Ass'n to Jos A Kelly	Lot 88 blk 394	250
F L A Pioche et al to L B Webb...	Lots 20 and 21 blk 44 City Land	180
Same to Amelia M Connor.....	Lots 36 and 37 same	180
Abel Guy to J C Coleman et al....	Gough n Pine, w 17:6x275	40
Alex Ralston to W W Thompson...	Sundry lots in northern and southern portion city	14,500
Fairm't L Ass'n to E W Klevesahl	Lots 167 to 170 blk 2	2,000
Geo F Sharp to J H Turney et al...	Jackson w Drumm, 38x120	100
John Sullivan to Willett Culver...	South ½ blk 649 Western Addition	125
Willett Culver to Donald Beadle...	Same	7,500
Amanda Culver to Willett Culver...	Same; also McAllister & Lyon, 275x137:6	1
John Sullivan to Amanda Culver...	North ½ blk 649 Western Addition	125
Tide Land Com'rs to Mary Riley...	9 deeds aggregate value	85
Chas W Elliott to Geo A Morse...	Lot 46 Gift Map 1	1,220
H D Lathrop to Wm P Wilson.....	York n 24th, 52x100	1,400
Flavel S Mines to Albert Rowe...	Clementina w 4th, w 25x89	1
F L A Pioche to A A Haseltine...	Lots 27 28 and 29 blk 34 City Land	270
Camilo Martin to J Strachran.....	Lot 47 48 blk 19 of \$75 Homestead	150
Same to Matthew Harris.....	Lot 47 48 blk 19 of same	150
W A Cornwall to Geo A Pahn.....	½ acres Outside Lands	250
Louis S Levy to Moritz B Cohn...	Folsom ne 6th, ne 25x85	5,000
Elizabeth Freund to R Lowry....	Lombard and Julius, ne cor, 26x70	200

Tuesday, October 10th.

Oscar Lewis to A A Porter.....	Lot 1179 Laurel Hill Cemetery	\$ 65
Pacific Sav & H Ass'n to E Pinnix	Lots 5 and 10 blk B	52
T D Lamey to Alex Eaton.....	Mission Ave w, 180:8 s 17th, s 28x96:9	1,000
Mis & 30th St H Ass'n to F Lenet	Lot 84 blk 15	650
Same to Alice E Prady.....	Lot 86 blk 5	380
Same to Wm R Robertson.....	Lot 86 blk 29	680
A Holmes to Chas Williamson...	Columbia Ave s Precita Place 25x110	500
J R Buckbee to W G Lee.....	Undivided ½ of 160 acres Outside Lands	1
Pt Lobos Av H Ass'n to C Groves	Lot 12 blk 640	300
Aaron Holmes to S Byrne.....	Gunnison Av s Precita Place, 25x110	500
F L A Pioche to Margaret McGuire	Lot 28 blk 49 City Land Ass'n	90
Henry K Moore to Jno J Hayes...	20th and Guerrero, 76:6x105	2,000
Fairmount L Ass'n to Thos Walsh	Lots 117 and 118 blk 32	825
Thos Williams to Susan E Williams	O'Farrell e Polk, e 30x137:6	Gift
J C Beideman to John Hayes.....	Portion Western Addition	750
Buena Vis H Ass'n to A C Morse...	Lot 38 blk 107	500
Wm F Hale to J C Hall.....	Lots 1693 to 1696 Gift Map 3	1,200
Ed Barry et al to Jno J Hayes...	20th and Guerrero, 76:6x105	1,700
Tide Land Com'rs to B Doe et al...	8 deeds aggregate value	510

## Real Estate Transactions.--Alameda County.

GRANTEE AND GRANTOR.	DESCRIPTION.	PRICE
T S Tarleton to C Lindley.....	Oakland--N line 11th 50 e fr Webster, thence c 50x100.....	\$5.00
E Casserly to Bigelow & Gladding	Same--Various lots at the Point and near 14th street and San Pablo Av... }	30,000
W Power to R Dalziel.....	Same--25x94 nw cor 3d and Filbert.....	700
J F Miller to A D Pryal.....	Same--S 18th 75 e fr Jefferson, thence 75x100.....	4,700
E C Sessions to C L Bugbee.....	Same--N 1 15th 120 e fr Clay, thence 10x103.9.....	400
C G Reed to W Everson.....	Same--1 acre sw cor 16th and Filbert.....	4,000
C Burke to B Kenney.....	Same--W 1 Clay 50 s from 5th, thence 50x75.....	2,400
M Kelsey to T J Murphy.....	Same--92x115 nw cor Durant and Broadway.....	4,700
P S Wilcox to J Conlon.....	Same--100 on 21st and 22d by 300 near Telegraph Av.....	3,742
Bigelow & Gladding to F L Taylor	Same--W line--Jefferson 100 n fr 16th, thence n 25x150.....	700
J W Willey to M Bassett.....	Same--100x150 se cor 13th and Market.....	2,700
C Lindley to S Wickenham.....	Same--N 11th 50 e fr Webster, thence 50x100.....	4,500
L Stanford to Cont and Fin'ce Co	Oakland Point--35 acres.....	1
B Belloc to P Donahue.....	Same--12 acres near Centre and 8th.....	40,000
E Bigelow to A J Gladding.....	Same-- $\frac{1}{2}$ interest in various lots.....	5,370
Bigelow & Gladding to G W Dam	Same--S line Chase 110 w from Willow, thence w 80x30.....	2,025
Same to F H Blanchard.....	Same--38 and 190 on Chase by 73 and 135.....	1,000
Same to C J Woodward.....	Same--3 lots on Taylor, Willow and 8th.....	1,000
Same to W E Norwood.....	Same--2 lots on Wood and Campbell.....	4,000
R Garvenlock to J Dalziel.....	Same--140x130 nw cor Alden Av and Grove.....	1,800
F Warner to G H Huntington....	Same--50x125 near San Pablo Av.....	500
Same to J Pritchard.....	Same--50x125 same locality.....	500
O V H'd to E A Halsey.....	Same--60x99 near Lake Merritt.....	400
Same to E B Jennings.....	Same--Various lots in same locality.....	2,400
J E Whitcher to M James.....	Same--50 e line Grove.....	200
Durant and Emerson to J B Taylor	Same--25x112 near San Pablo Av.....	250
Regent St H'd Ass'n to M B Cooper	2 miles from same--150:6x120.....	740
Same to J J Scotchier.....	Same--75:3x120 and 150:6x120.....	1,110
Same to N Scheeline.....	Same--75:3x120.....	370
Same to M Newhause.....	Same--75:3x120.....	370
A J Gladding to E Bigelow.....	Same-- $\frac{1}{2}$ interest in various lots.....	17,100
H H Burrell to J N Vasburgh.....	Same--S line Seward 100 w fr Wood, thence w 11:3x70.....	5
W H Glascock to W E Norwood.....	Same--Lots 24 and 25 Center St H'd.....	5
W E Norwood to J L Barker.....	Same.....	200
P M McLaren to G H Littlejohn.....	Brooklyn--Nw line Benton 85 sw fr Jackson, thence sw 55x150.....	1,030
A Bolles to L C Williams.....	Same--Two lots.....	1
H G F Dohrman to H Malleton.....	Near Oakland N city limits--159:3x66 se cor San Pablo and Charter Aves.....	40
D Vagt to same.....	Same--66x110 adjoining the preceding.....	400
O V H'd Ass'n to C W Bush.....	$\frac{1}{2}$ mile from same--120x120 near Lake Merritt.....	840
Same to T Anderson.....	Same--Various lots in same locality.....	1,720
Same to D W Taylor.....	Same--60x115 same locality.....	450
Same to M Newhouse.....	Same--75:3x120.....	370
A W Jee to J Tucker.....	1 mile from same--S line Weston Av 75 e from Ruby, thence c 25x100.....	300
Gamble & Mumford to Oiny & Jee	Same--350x116 Weston and Moss Aves, and Gold street.....	7,000
J B McChesney to J Upham.....	3 miles from same-- $\frac{1}{2}$ interest in 10 acres.....	2,500
J Upham to C D Bonestel.....	Same--5 acres.....	3,750
T Le Ray to C Minturn.....	Alameda--Lots in Minturn Tract.....	14,000
T B Robertson to same.....	Same--225x330 nw cor Walnut st and Buena Vista Av.....	2,000
Same to B Belloc.....	Same--Lots in Minturn Tract.....	40,000
F D Atherton to J A Ferro.....	Haywood--200x300.....	400
Same to C P R R Co.....	Same--4 lots at Railroad Station.....	1
H Mosher to R Mosher.....	Near Haywood--2 acres.....	250
H N Morse to P C Hespeler.....	Haywood--211x100 with mill thereon.....	1,000
J E Valencia to A F Valencia.....	On San Leandro Creek--11 $\frac{1}{2}$ acres.....	500
C F Mills to G Schulte.....	Brooklyn T p 300x215 Seminary Park.....	1,000
A Bernal to A Selbach.....	Pleasanton--56x340.....	350
J A Neal to H Haggen.....	Same--30x150.....	175
M Feeny to C Brower.....	Near Redwood Road 2 miles ne from San Leandro Road--12 acres.....	1,591
Decoto Land Co to F Mansell.....	Decoto, near Alvarado--100x100.....	400

F Mansell to J V Cazneau	Same	\$ 450
Z Holes to R T Pope	22 miles e from Alvarado—154 acres	500
S A Balch to same	Same—160 acres	500
C F R R Co to same	Same—1,575 acres	1
A Walker to S McBurnie	Road from Alvarado to Mayhew's Landing—5 acres	300
L Rnichert to J Baird	Brooklyn T'p—25 acres	2,700
A Borel to F Garcia	Near Sausal Creek and old San Leandro Road—200x150	1,200
A W Jee to Union Pac Salt Co	Alameda Creek—Tract Tide Land	2,000
W Buckley to L M Harrison	3 miles S from Mission San Jose—88 acres	4,000
F S Spring to T Ellsworth	Decoto—Lots 12 13 14 in blk B	200
Dam & Gladding to J H Freeman	Se cor Fruit Vale Av and San Leandro Road—4 acres	5,000
J Gill to J P Rodrigues	San Leandro and Oakland R'd—5 acres	2,000
Bigelow & Gladding to E. Playter	Oakland—103:9x180, sw cor 15th and Jefferson	5,000
T J Murphy to O L C Fairchild	Same—N l 13th 75 e fr West, th e 25x100	750
J E Haw to J Warner	Same—S l 19th 50 e fr Harrison, th e 50x75	2,300
Wilcox & Rohrs to E & J Presho	Same—W line Myrtle 169:9 e from Rail- road Av, th s 100x125	1,250
F Ruchling to J E Haw	Same—75x75 se cor Harrison and 9th	2,450
E Bigelow to J McQuilkin	Same—E l Filbert 169 s fr 10th, th s 50x125	1,200
Crane & Boyd to E C Fellows	Same—S l Myrtle 200 s fr 10th, th s 50x125	6,000
Woods & Bovel to C'ct & F'ce Co	Oakland Point—Two lots	1,0 0
W Ware to same	Same—Nw cor Bay and Belle streets	6,000
J B Larue to L B Larue	Brooklyn—150x140 s cor Madison and Broadway	1,800
W F Kelsey to M Goley	Near Oakland N city limits—S l Sycamore 450 w from Grove, th w 50x100	800
O V H'd Ass'n to D Donaldson	1/2 mile fr same—61x92 n'r Lake Merritt	400
Same to G H Powers	Same—50x120 same locality	415
Same to F F Stone	Same	400
Same to M B F Stone	Same	400
H Durant to D L Emerson	1 mile from same—Int in the Mitchell Tract, San Pablo Av	500
J T Yarrington to H H Coc	Same—85x206 near Telegraph Av	4,500
W J Harney to W Harney	2 miles fr same—31x141 same locality	125
Whitcher & Alden to L Allison	Near Telegraph Av and Temescal Ck— 50x100	400
M E Brayton to L G Thomson	Berkeley—203x200	1,200
H S Fitch to J G'blin	Brooklyn T'p—2 lots 50x100 in Fitch's	400
T B Robertson to C Minturn	Alameda—Various lots in Minturn T'ct	1,000
F C C Jacobson to C C Brock	Same—S l Railroad Av 250 e fr Walnut, th e 50x217:8	700
J G Vandeeper to N Rose	Near Alvarado—8 acres	1,200
Same to J Jacinto	Same	1,200
J Sears to F Lewis	1/2 interest in 160 acres	700
M Fleming to M C LaGrange	San Leandro—Lots B and C in blk 20	930
Atherton & Wisener to A Dobbin	Near Haywood—95 1/2 acres	800
F D Atherton to J Jose	Haywood—2 1/2 acres	650
W Sherman to P M Collins	Oakland—N line 16th 100 e from Grove thence e 50x150	\$1,700
E Bigelow to J Barker	Same—N line 14th 158 e from Brush thence e 2 x 103:9	80
J Allman to C M Page	Same—2 acres w line San Pablo Ave	7,000
E Bigelow to J L Barker	Same—S line 3d 77 w from Chestnut w 50x94; w l Chestnut 94 s from 3d th s 50x127	2,500
F S Wilcox to J Holles	Same—N line Wall 125 e fm Telegraph thence e 50x300 to Walnut	1
M A Detustation to J C Hayes	Same—50x75 nw cor 5th and Alice	150
J Halles to T McCaffrey	Same—N line Wall 125 e fm Telegraph Ave thence e 50x150	1,500
G W Manchester to W T Sagehorn	Same—S line 75 e from Washington th e 75 by about 110	13,000
A Lablond to H Ansignioni	Same—50x75 se cor 2d and Franklin	3,000
P Thompson to J Dixon	Same—250x100 bounded n by 10th e and west by Filbert and Linden	,000
J L Barker to E Bigelow	Same—W line Linden 94 s from 3d th s 50x132; also, n line 3d 77 w from Chestnut thence w 50x112	2,500
H Dupont to R Gibbons	Oakland Point—1/2 int in 22 1/2 acres	2
R Gibbons to E Bigelow	Same—Partition of lands	....
Durant and Emerson to E McLean	Same—Various lots	10
McLean & Emerson to H Durant	Same—Same	5
P C Ferguson to G H Collins	1/2 mile n from Oakland city limits—N line Sycamore street 500 w from Tel- graph Avenue thence w 100x186:4	2,500
R Campbell to J Campbell	Same—S line Bay Place 520 feet e from Telegraph Ave thence e 50x118:4	....



Mason & Amerman to J T Coe.....	Same—W line Grove 45 n from 26th th n 45x90.....	455
I Crane to E Cazales.....	Same—216x275 se cor Prospect and Telegraph Avenues.....	600
O V H'd Ass'n to J M Pierce.....	Same—167x175 near Lake Merritt.....	1,600
E Bigelow to C T Bacon.....	Same—53x101 se cor Cottage Ave & Elm.....	750
M Kenney to L Brabant.....	1 mile from same—50x125 near Tel Ave.....	1,300
E Trenor to J C Tucker.....	Alameda—45x118 near Park st.....	1
Same to Alameda Town.....	Same—Strip 40x100 for roadway.....	
A Fromm to D Ganzert.....	Same—W line 2d Avenue 250 feet n of Washington Ave thence n 100x141:6.....	1,300
N K Turner to E Murphy.....	San Leandro—68:2 on Callan Ave by 150 Berkeley 43 acres.....	1,000
S H Wiley to M Z Chamberlain.....	Near Berkeley 685x280.....	7,250
E S Kelly to H Durant.....	Alvarado Lot 6 in blk 82.....	5
W M Liston to E McDavid.....	Brooklyn Tp— $\frac{1}{2}$ acre.....	100
C Peralta et al to C Galindo.....	5 miles ne from Hayward 78 acres.....	1,100
C A Mulong to M J Martin.....	Brooklyn & San Leandro Road 30 acres.....	1,100
D T Kouse to K Dowling.....	Near Sausal Creek and San Leandro old Road 150x100.....	6,300
A Borel to G Cadenazo.....	Lynn Lots 1 to 8 in blk D.....	1,100
A Mesmer to S Wilbury.....	Brooklyn Tp—An Interest in Land.....	157
F Peralta to J B Peralta.....	Near San Leandro Creek—240 acres.....	
T Peralta to same.....	Same—349 acres.....	
Same to M A Toler.....	Same—Same.....	
Same to L Ivey.....	Same—Same.....	
Same to L M Peralta.....	Same—458 acres.....	
Same to F Peralta.....	Near Mission San Jose 221 Acres.....	4,250
T Howard to S Larkin.....	San Leandro Road and Creek—100x100.....	100
M Hass to N Reichert.....	Oakland—S line 18th 295 e from Mark- et thence e 50x103:9.....	\$1,250
E Entencuer to A A Zihl.....	Same—S line 9th 150 e from Harrison, thence e 25x100.....	1,700
II P Meader to C Hoebner.....	Same—E line Market bet 12th & 13th.....	50
M A Bassett to K Glover.....	Same—N line 10th 50 w from West, th w 50x100.....	1,500
T D Dunn to J W Crawford.....	Same—100x100 nw cor 10th & West.....	3,000
S Mosgrove to T D Dunn.....	Same—Same cor 21st and West.....	1,500
C O Williams to K McMenomy.....	Same—105:11x77:8 se cor of Telegraph Ave and Durant.....	5
D McMahon to T McMahon.....	Same—95:9x75 ew cor Tel Av and Dur- t.....	5
T McMahon to D McMahon.....	Same—87x150 nw cor Webster & Lo- cust; also, 64:6x179:7 ne cor Broad- way and Locust.....	5
E Kelly to L A Fowler.....	Oakland Pt—S line Taylor 102:6 w from Campbell thence w 75x135.....	2,000
Bigelow & Gladding to E Taylor.....	Same 2 acres.....	7,750
M Graffemann to Con't & Fin Co.....	Near Oakland n city limits—54:4 s line 234x170.....	700
A J Tompkins to E Childs.....	Same—S line 210 e from San Pablo Av thence e 50x100.....	500
J Young to D Denehay.....	Same—Same.....	500
W F Kelsey to same.....	Same—13x170 near Lake Merritt.....	700
J D Millikin et al to P Curren.....	Same—Various lots same locality.....	16,000
O V H'd Ass'n to T Collinson.....	Same—Same.....	4,000
Same to O P Sutton.....	Same—50x100 same locality.....	490
Same to F M Smith.....	Same—3 $\frac{1}{2}$ acres e line Broadway Ext'n.....	5,000
C T H Palmer to E P Flint.....	Same—100x151 nw Broadway & Mass Av.....	12,000
J Fowler to W Everson.....	Same—Same.....	1
M Michelson to J Fowler.....	2 miles from Same—2 lots each 75:3x120.....	740
Regent St II'd Ass'n to A Schultz.....	Same—120x150:6.....	700
Same to C F Dohrs.....	5 miles from same—Interest in Tract bounded by Cardonices Creek and San Pablo Avenue.....	1
J Johnson to J A Mars.....	Same—Same.....	1
Same to W H Knight.....	Brooklyn—N line Hepburn 177:6 e from Antonio thence e 50x140.....	500
E C Sessions to Wilcox & Hall.....	Same—N line Abel 500 e from Alame- da thence e 24x140.....	150
Same to J Thompson.....	Same—N line Saunders 275 e from Al- ameda thence e 50x140.....	5
J Thompson to E C Sessions.....	Same—Sw line Adams 65 nw from An- tonio thence nw 25x140.....	1,200
C M Ramirez to A Howard.....	Alameda—330 n line Central Ave and n to Marsh.....	200
S L Mastick to E B Mastick.....	Same—30 acres bounded s by Rail- road Avenue west by Prospect street and n by Marsh.....	5
E B Mastick to J D La Montanya.....	Same—S 50x300, 150x300, 100x150 on Buena Vista and Pacific Avenues.....	
L Brand to M Brand.....		

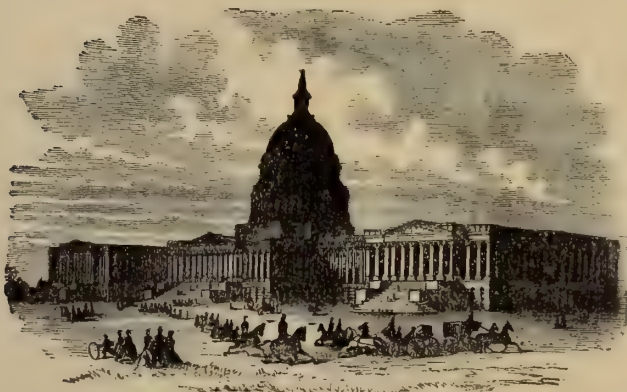
Same to L Gant .....	Same—S line Buena Vista Ave 350 w	1
J L Troth to G Cannon .....	from Oak thence w 50x300 to Pac Av	400
E K Miller et al to G H Toy .....	25 miles e from San Leandro—149 acres	300
A Borel to A Bescalzo .....	Union City—A lot .....	600
Same to L A Lastreto .....	Near Sausal Creek and San Leandro	600
Same to F Demaro .....	Old Road—88:6x130 .....	600
G W Root to F Rasmusen .....	Same—100x150 .....	600
W M Mendenhall to H Harrington .....	Same—100x15 .....	2,000
Mason & Amerman to J Hyland .....	4 miles ne from Alvarado—152 acres .....	300
Decoto Land Co to C S Coliman .....	Livermore—Lots 3 and part 2 in blk 17 .....	480
Same to J A Amerman .....	Oakland Tp. Lots 55 and 56 in block	400
J A Neal to Sesson, Wallace & Co .....	2921 Whitcher Tract .....	1,000
G F Lynde to P Williams .....	Decoto near Alvarado—100x100 .....	400
S Huff to J Quejley .....	Same—Lot 9 in blk 41 and lots 9 to 12	100
J Quejley to S Huff .....	in blk 38 .....	5
W Pierce to J E Stevenson .....	Pleasanton—Lots 6 7 and 8 in blk C .....	5
T J Murphy to A M Irwin .....	1 mile ne frm San Leandro Road near	6,500
Wilcox & Rohrs to W H Rouse .....	Sausal Creek about $\frac{1}{4}$ acre .....	1,300
H G Lamadrid to R McCrum .....	Near San Lorenzo— $\frac{1}{2}$ int in 52 $\frac{1}{2}$ acres .....	3,625
E Buteneur to J Spellman .....	Same— $\frac{1}{2}$ interest in 52 $\frac{1}{2}$ acres .....	475
L Tevis to Contract and Fin'ce Co .....	Oakland—N line 13th 150 e frm Broad-	1
E C Sessions to J Strachan .....	way thence e 37:6x150 .....	800
J B Laine to A Chabot .....	Same—90x50, ne cor 10th and Webster .....	350
E Cavanagh to J E Whitcher .....	Same—E line Filbert 146:3 n from 5th	300
C H Kelley to P T de Tourneil .....	thence n 50x125 .....	25
L Jaffee to J Coppeheim .....	Same—W line Webster 306 n from 14th	500
E Bigelow to C P Hoag .....	thence n 100x150 .....	625
O V H'd Ass'n to E L T Mayer .....	Oakland Pt—26 fm 12th near Kirkham .....	960
Same to J Dunn .....	Same—23 acres .....	410
Same to G Losckann .....	Brooklyn—50 feet on Sullivan by 140 .....	410
Same to H F Williams .....	Same—25x150 n cor Alameda & Wash'n	9,300
Same to G Faulhaber .....	Near Oakland n city limits—50x86:4 n	430
Same to Will & Finck .....	Sycamore and Grove .....	840
Same to D Cady .....	Same—Bounded by Peralta Kirk & 26th	400
G B Cady to S M Williams .....	$\frac{1}{2}$ mile from same—100x133 sw corner	1
G M Parather to W L Parather .....	32d and Etlic .....	2,500
Same to E G Miner .....	Same—50x206 near Telegraph Avenue .....	2,500
T B Bigelow to G M Parather .....	Same—120x150 near Lake Merritt .....	6,500
N W Chittenden to C B Mastick .....	Same—60x100, same locality .....	5
J W Brumagim to H C Campbell .....	Same—130x45, same .....	2,000
H Durant to J Kellogg .....	Same—Various lots, same locality .....	700
O P H'd Ass'n to C D Anderson .....	60x99—same .....	300
Same to F Dalton .....	Same—120x99, same .....	300
Same to J M Gray .....	Same—60x90, same .....	300
Same to L Blunt .....	Same—Same .....	300
Same to G Tourmaine .....	1 mile from same—200 w line Webster .....	300
G H Parker to G E Schenck .....	Same—215 same .....	1
W Barry to E Barry .....	2 miles fr same—3 $\frac{1}{2}$ acres near Broad-	1,500
C Hadsell to G Hadsell .....	way Extension .....	500
A Leblond to J L Fish .....	5 miles from same—13 $\frac{1}{2}$ acres .....	1
J L Fish to C J Deering .....	Near Tel Ave and Temes'l C'k, 200x270 .....	700
G Hadsell to P de Laisset .....	Lot 16 in blk B University Av Homestead	700
B McCormick to J Mullen .....	1 mile ne from Lake Merritt—50x100 .....	700
A Messa to S Olivera .....	Same—Same .....	1,209
The Decoto L Co to J L E Schetze .....	Same—Same .....	500
W Rollins to M Francisco .....	Near Pleasanton—9 $\frac{1}{2}$ acres .....	400
F D Atherton to E K & J C Jensen .....	Near Sausal C'k & San Leandro R'd, 2ac	1,500
R E Smith to F J Simpson .....	Same—Same .....	3,342
B F Funet to A H Griffith .....	Near Pleasanton—9 $\frac{1}{2}$ acres .....	600
C P R R Co to P Danlon .....	Brooklyn Tp—300 acres .....	4,712
John Conlin to C Boebner .....	5 miles e from Pleasanton—10 acres .....	200
Rea & Curtis to Place & Berry .....	Decoto near Alvarado—100x100 .....	2,000
E M Hall to same .....	Road from Centerville to Alvarado—10ac	4,846
S McFadden to J McFadden .....	5 miles ne from Haywood—A tract .....	600
J A Hobart to A J Gladding .....	Alvarado—Lots 2 and 3 in blk 80, etc. ....	5
P F Burke to J M Todd .....	Near Alvarado—30 acres .....	500
T J Murphy to M Kelsey .....	Near Dublin—78 $\frac{1}{2}$ acres .....	950
Q P Thomas to G Kervison .....	Oakland—N line 9th 75 e from Grove	3,100
	thence e 75x100 .....	1,000
	Same within 16th, 18th, Chestnut & Ad.	
	Same .....	
	Same—S l 13th w fm Kirkham w 52x100 .....	
	Same—150 Delzer st by 20:10 .....	
	Same—E line Telegraph Avenue 124 ft	
	from Walnut thence n 50x150 .....	
	Same—S l; 14th e from West st e 32x150 .....	
	Same—Sundry lots .....	

J C H de Tavel to M Lamaison.....	Same—50x75 sw cor Washington & 3d..	899
B F Ferris to same.....	Same—25x75 sw cor Washington & 3d..	100
B Maloon to S B Maloon.....	Same—E line Linden 215:6 s from c l line 22d thence s 50x202.....	1,700
S Merritt to M A Hezlep.....	Brooklyn—150x150 s cor Adams & Frem	2,000
W Atkinson to E Dixon.....	Same—Se line Clay 75 sw from Harri- son thence sw 25x100.....	300
W E Shipman to B Haynes.....	Same—150x150 e cor Wash'ton & Frem't	3,000
H Brooks to H Phelps.....	Near Oakland north of city limits—W line Union 55:6 s from 24th thence s 52x115.....	425
G A Brown to H A Palmer.....	Same—N line Sycamore st 100 w from Telegraph Ave thence w 50x156.....	900
O V H'd Ass'n to E P Flint.....	1/2 mile fr same—100x120 near L Merritt.	1,875
Same to J T Boyd.....	Same—Various lots same locality.....	1,331
Same to N Hastings.....	Same—50x120, 60x100, same locality.....	800
Same to J A Emerson.....	Same—273x120, same.....	1,440
Same to L S Shillaber.....	Same—120x93 same locality.....	764
Same to H F Williams.....	Same—65x85 same locality.....	400
Same to R F Morrison.....	Same—140x100 same locality.....	764
A J Gladding to D Stern.....	Same—133x200 and 100x133 near San Pablo Avenue.....	1,500
J Evoy et al to P Curran.....	1 mile fr same—50x100 near Teleg Ave..	450
H P Watkins to same.....	Same—50 Telegraph Ave by 100.....	800
Z Montgomery to P Rogers.....	Same—50x141 near Telegraph Ave.....	350
A M Dunham to C Dunbar.....	Same—50 Broadway by 120.....	30
Regent St H Ass'n to J Nelson.....	2 miles from same—753x120.....	370
Same to P Peterson.....	Same—753x120.....	370
F D Atherton to W Meek.....	Near Haywood—75 acres.....	2,570
C T Ward Jr to F D Atherton.....	Same—2 1/2 acres.....	1
J W Jamieson to E Brown.....	Same—5 acres.....	625
J D Austin to S Correll.....	5 miles e from Haywood—20 acres.....	30
G K Carter to Treadwell & Carter.....	Near Berkeley—150x300.....	750
W Sherman to C Sherman.....	Brooklyn Tp—10 acres near Semi'y Park	10,000
J W Brumagim to J Davis.....	Near Temescal Creek—94:9 Telegraph Avenue by 220:9.....	900
A H Bramson to C Pechin.....	Brooklyn Tp—7 acres.....	1,500
H L Farrer to J C Lamond.....	Lynn—Solo 31, 32, 33 in blk M.....	150
L S Trakes to J Ross.....	7 miles e from Alvarado—40 acres.....	375
D S Woodruff to W Brown.....	Pleasanton—145x100.....	425
I N Marks to D S Woodruff.....	Same—100x100.....	200
W Southward to same.....	Same—45x108.....	30
P D Shepard to G Gidley.....	San Leandro—40x170.....	700
J Schwartz to G Booken.....	Near Dublin—50x200.....	690
J Gregory to Jos Gregory.....	6 miles se fr Mission and S Jose—160 ac	500
M J Cordoza to M Sylva.....	San Leandro and Haywood Road—1 acre	300

VOL. I.]

[No. 5.

# THE CALIFORNIA



## MAIL BAG.

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DECEMBER, 1871.

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SAN FRANCISCO:

PUBLISHED BY F. MARRIOTT, 623 MONTGOMERY ST.

AGENTS:

A. L. BANCROFT & CO., ROMAN & CO., W. E. LOOMIS, SAN FRANCISCO;  
WESTERN NEWS CO., CHICAGO; AMERICAN NEWS CO., NEW YORK;  
JOHN LAW & SON, OMAHA, Neb.

ADVERTISING RATES:—\$30 a page; \$15 a half page; \$8 a quarter page.









Thos. H. Selby

## HON. THOMAS H. SELBY.

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ON Monday, December 4th, 1871, the official term of the HON. THOMAS H. SELBY, as Mayor of San Francisco, came to a close with the inauguration of his successor, the Hon. William Alvord. The retiring Chief Magistrate, whose portrait appears in our present number, took leave of the Board of Supervisors, with whom, as their President, he had been so long associated, in a valedictory, hereto appended, quite in harmony with his character and well-known progressive ideas, and which, for the cheerful outlook it opens as to the future of the city, will place us in the best light abroad. Among the audience were some early Californians, who recalled to mind that on the evening of December 4, 1851, Mr. Selby, the youngest member of the then Board of Assistant Aldermen, was chosen President of that body—the present occasion exactly and appropriately completing the round twenty years, during which, in several public capacities, he has faithfully served the city. As we propose to introduce Mr. Alvord to our readers hereafter, with a portrait and biographical sketch, a more detailed allusion to the Mayor elect will not now be necessary, unless we remark that the two gentlemen are intimate friends, both New Yorkers, both having been identified with the progress of San Francisco from its infancy, while in both instances the office sought the man. The familiar greeting which the two merchant-Mayors exchanged, as the one conducted the other to the Chair, gives assurance that the executive power, in passing from the hands which have held it for two years, goes into those of a worthy successor.

As we predicted at the outset, Mr. Selby's good influence has been felt from the day of his inauguration. The record is all that could be desired, and the city shares in the luster of the man whom all parties united to place in power. He retires with a popularity and a reputation for administrative vigor and statesmanlike views not confined to the city he has benefited, but extending throughout California. Something more, however, than a mere passing allusion seems to be called for in noticing the closing up of this term, since the late incumbent has left the impress of his character on the politics of the State.

The Fall elections of 1869, when Mr. Selby was chosen Mayor, may be regarded as a turning point in the political history of California. The dominant party was at that time supreme in State and City, controlling the offices, dispensing the patronage, flushed with recent victories and visions of continued power. Such was its prestige that as the time approached for nominating an Independent Tax-Payers'



candidate—this being the first campaign of that Reform Party—its Convention met without enthusiasm and with but faint expectation of success. No prominent man seemed willing to accept the position of standard-bearer and be the hero of almost certain defeat. After canvassing the chances in connection with the best names, the case looked hopeless, unless the weight of character and popularity of Mr. Selby could be placed at the head of the ticket. Having been nominated by acclamation, his repeated refusals were met by persistent argument, both by the Committee appointed to confer with him and by the most prominent citizens, until the point was carried. The wisdom of the nomination was soon apparent, and it was generally admitted that any other candidate would have been disastrously defeated. As it was, the general Democratic ticket, with this and one other exception, was elected by an average majority of about three thousand. The effect of the election of Mr. Selby was electrical. It was the first step in the movement which revolutionized the whole State, broke up the corrupt political "Ring" in San Francisco, and gave heart to the Republicans everywhere by showing that their opponents were not wholly invulnerable.

Upon taking his seat as Mayor, Mr. Selby seems to have adopted a line of conduct for his guidance from which, we believe, he has never swerved. It was quickly seen that a firm hand was at the helm, and that neither political, moneyed nor social influence would have any weight in shaping his opinions or directing his action. Elected by voters from all political creeds, he could exercise an independent policy without being hampered by partisan ties. His entire freedom in this respect was regarded by politicians as a refreshing though strange anomaly in official usage. During his term the veto power was used against some twenty measures, among them the resolution involving the issuance of \$6,000,000 of city bonds to the Lake Tahoe Water Company, and numerous others for the expenditure of sums from \$500 to \$30,000 in aid of private interests and special projects. In every one of these his objections were so clearly and candidly expressed, and so founded in reason and justice, that he was sustained by the Board and applauded by the press and the public. The same independent spirit governed his police appointments, which were made exclusively on considerations of personal fitness and character, and with regard for the efficiency of the department. It is well known that during his entire term he was not absent from any meeting of the Boards of which the Mayor is *ex officio* the presiding officer, including the Board of Supervisors, the Police Commissioners, the Board of Health, and numerous subordinate bodies connected with the municipal system. At the meetings of the Board of Supervisors Mayor Selby has presided with dignity and watchfulness; and that he has been perfectly impartial, is shown by the cordial personal relations existing between the members and himself. Scrupulous as a business man, he brought to the manage-

ment of city affairs his accustomed thoroughness, and was never satisfied until he had familiarized himself with whatever concerned the trusts confided to him, generally making a personal examination of the locality of important street and other improvements, and speedily obtaining an exact knowledge of the public finances and requirements. In deciding questions involving the welfare of the city he has never vacillated nor consulted popularity; and his views have stood the test of time to prove their correctness. The people of San Francisco will long remember his unselfish devotion to their welfare; and that his services have been unselfishly rendered, were proof necessary, is shown by the fact that he has never touched a dollar of the public money, having donated his salary as Mayor to deserving charities—the whole amount having been divided at the close of each year among some twenty of the Relief Associations and Benevolent Societies of the city. The labor involved has never prevented his patiently inspecting every demand on the treasury, however small, with the same care as if the bills were against himself. Undoubtedly a purer and higher political sentiment is created under such an influence, and in this point of view the actual cash gain to the city is not the only benefit reaped by the example of an executive thus conscientiously discharging his duties and exacting the same fidelity from others.

It was natural that at the approach of the State elections in 1871 Mr. Selby should be mentioned for Governor of California. In San Francisco it was felt that he was the strongest candidate whom the Republicans could put forward, drawing to himself, as he would, elements from all parties, who knew the keen-sighted intelligence and conservative sterling character of the man. What was at first casually hinted at, soon came to be accepted as a certainty. The press of the city advocated his nomination as especially fitting, and journals in all parts of the State catching the enthusiasm, became his earnest supporters. In these movements Mr. Selby took no part, merely intimating to those who addressed him on the subject that if it appeared that such was the wish of the people he would accept the nomination, believing he could carry the election by a heavy majority, and that the reforms which he had effected in municipal affairs, could be carried into those of the State. At the June primaries in San Francisco Selby delegations were triumphantly chosen from every Ward to the State Convention. It was an unanimous indorsement and mark of confidence by his fellow citizens of which any man might be proud. The enthusiasm was unbounded, and the event was regarded by all parties as conclusive. On his arrival at Sacramento, however, becoming satisfied that he lacked the requisite strength in the interior counties, where he had permitted none of the usual efforts to be made in his behalf, he caused his name to be withdrawn and retired from the field, positively refusing to allow his name

to be balloted for. The decisive promptness of this action, removing as it did the last fear of divisions in the party, was received with tremendous applause. The Republican nomination for Congress was immediately tendered him by acclamation in the Congressional Convention at San Francisco, but was declined.

For several months the name of Mr. Selby had been associated with the United States Senatorship. He was not a seeker after the position, but it may be supposed that a worthy ambition to fill a place so exalted, and which has been the aspiration of so many, turned him momentarily aside from his settled distaste for official station. The moment the possibility of such an event began to be spoken of, men of all parties saw its eminent fitness; and before he had arrived at any decision himself as to its effect upon his extensive business relations, he found himself popularly regarded as the successful man. The close rivalry between the two especially prominent aspirants left the field open to this powerful compromise candidate, who had only to formally enter the list with his characteristic energy to attain the distinguished honor. It was at this point that his aversion to further public position finally mastered every other consideration. His official experience, however creditable to him, and acceptable to the people, raised no pleasing anticipations of six years of political service, which would break in upon his business habits and delay important projects which he had long had in view. Therefore, just prior to the meeting of the Legislature, he notified the friends who had been actively interesting themselves in his behalf, that he could not, under any circumstances, accept; and with that decision, having now declined a re-election as Mayor, and the nomination for Congress, he withdrew from the candidature. This determination was received with regret, for it was felt that weight of character and connections in the Atlantic States would have signalized his usefulness as Senator in advancing the interests of this coast, particularly those of commerce, manufactures and mining, in which he is so extensively engaged; while many whose ambition for him went further than his own had thought of even higher honors as among the possibilities of the future.

Were Mr. Selby more mindful of such matters it could be shown, as we happen to know, that he inherits his peculiar traits of character through a long ancestral line. The name reaches into remote English history, in counsel and war, and is inscribed among the memorial tablets of Westminster Abbey. In the ancient Yorkshire town of that name, Selby Abbey was founded by William the Conqueror in 1069. The present estates of the Selbys, situated principally in Northumberland and Kent, date from the reign of Edward the First, and the family have figured for hundreds of years in English military and naval annals, and in the Parliament, the Bench and the Clergy. The American

branch, settling at Anapolis in the seventeenth century, were Magistrates in Colonial times, extensive land-holders, and have always been politically prominent, especially during the Revolution, when, in 1776, they were instrumental in establishing the new form of government in Maryland, served during the war and exerted their influence in maintaining the authority of Congress in counties of which the inhabitants were chiefly Loyalists. Early in the present century, Captain John Selby, the father of our Mayor, went to New York, where he married, and in the war of 1812 was noted for his daring maritime adventures. He died a few years since at a very great age, one of the old school of American merchant ship-masters, who carried the flag of our young Republic into distant seas amid trials and perils peculiar to those early times.

The same adventurous spirit and love of grappling with difficulties which has distinguished his race for many generations is exemplified in the subject of the present sketch, which, as a mere outline of an active and useful career, has scarcely touched upon events closely connected with the development of California. Indomitable energy characterizes all his undertakings. Whatever he does is typical of breadth and force. A merchant, he has been for twenty years a recognized power on the Pacific Coast. A man of progress, he creates industries and throws millions of dollars into the channels of trade. A philanthropist, he is foremost in charitable and educational plans. An originator and builder, he gives employment to thousands.

That a man in vigorous health, assured social position, a thorough knowledge of California and its wants, remarkable executive ability, an immense and increasing business so systematized as to admit of its being conducted by experienced subordinates, in short, with all that is supposed to make life enjoyable, should decline one after another the official preferments which have been tendered him, may seem unaccountable. But in this Mr. Selby acted with his usual good judgment. It was these very circumstances which reminded him of the value of home and the tranquility and the personal independence which crowns the prosperous merchant, but is unknown to the politician. He is the wisest philosopher who extracts from life as it passes all that it contains of rational pleasures. A conscientious worker, and a lover of work for itself, Mr. Selby knows how to enjoy life, and practically illustrates his tastes in that respect—holding the reins over some of the finest stock in the State, of his own raising, and, in occasional hunts, keeping bright his skill with shot-gun and rifle. With a cheerful, sunny disposition, ready conversational powers, based on a liberal education, habits of observation and a keen appreciation of humor, he is possessed of the personal magnetism which attracts friends, and is the hospitable entertainer both at his farm at Fair Oaks and at his city residence.



Our limits would forbid more than a brief glance at the enterprises by which, singly and unaided, and during a period of commercial stagnation, Mr. Selby has not only driven out Eastern and foreign competition, but boldly invades the old established centers of industry, freighting ships with products of California labor and making the nation our customers. The object of this sketch is to present him as the type of the American merchant; of those who give vitality to our country and build up the national wealth and prosperity.

#### MAYOR SELBY'S ADDRESS.

*Gentlemen of the Board of Supervisors:*—The time prescribed by law has arrived which relieves a portion of our Municipal Government from duty and inaugurates those in whose hands the people have chosen to repose the trust. Although the retiring Mayor is not required to furnish a review of public affairs, and the very complete statements contained in the published annual reports by the heads of the several departments render needless any detailed allusion to the subjects therein contained, I may be permitted to detain you with some remarks which are suggested at the close of my official term.

#### REVISION OF THE CHARTER—LOCAL ELECTIONS.

At the approaching session of the Legislature, a number of important modifications in our form of local government will be considered. The Charter, framed when the city contained one-half of its present population, is no longer suited to the public requirements. It is desirable that whatever remodeling is attempted should embrace a restoration of Municipal self-government and a relief from injurious meddling in our local affairs by the Legislature, which, while exercising its rightful sovereign authority in creating the municipal body, parted with rights of a purely local character, which are necessarily vested in the city. Infringements upon these have wrought grievous damage to our citizens. Recent judicial opinions have decided that this interference, in some instances, is unconstitutional, and encouragement is thus given for a revision, under which some guarantee may be had against further ruinous enactments.

All interests and the best elements of society have long been united as to the necessity of a change in the manner of our local elections, not only as to the relationship of the several Wards to each other, so that every Supervisor may be voted for by the people at large, but also in the election of the legislative delegation, which, under the late census will be largely increased. As regards the former, it seems reasonable that a Supervisor who may vote upon measures affecting the property of all the tax-payers should be subjected to their suffrages and become responsible to every voter in the city. The disgraceful colonizing from Ward to Ward would thus be prevented and a higher political standard be enforced.

#### BOARD OF PUBLIC WORKS—WATER SUPPLY.

A kindred subject is that relating to the establishment of a Board of Works, which, under the guidance of practical scientific ability, should originate and recommend the changing of established grades and other important street improvements, and especially have control of the subject of sewerage, upon which, more than all else, the public health depends. Street work should be passed upon by this advisory body before going to the Board of Supervisors—the former to recommend to the latter whatever public improvements they may deem necessary, and the Board of Supervisors to enact them if they think proper, by a Resolution of Intention requiring the Mayor's approval. The Mayor could stop at any measure which might inadvertently have passed both Boards, or prove, upon closer examination, to be injurious to a majority of interests. Three distinct checks would thus be placed upon all public work, and afford property owners a sufficient protection against hasty and unwise legislation. The whole subject of an increased water supply ought to be submitted to the Board of Works, with the view of making it a public enterprise to be owned by the city, so that the people may have an

unrestricted use of water without price, other than the tax required to build the works and keep them in order; and I am gratified to state that a further examination of the resources of San Mateo County has fully established the fact that enough water can be obtained on this peninsula to supply the city, for all purposes, for many years. A Board of Works vested with such powers would incur heavy responsibilities. It should also absorb several of the Commissions created by the last Legislature, and work a repeal of the onerous law passed at the same session for the prosecution of delinquent street assessments, which has not only verified in practice all the evils predicted of it, but has not subverted the interests even of those in whose special behalf it was supposed to have been enacted. Great cities in Europe and America have been benefited by their Boards of Public Works, and we have had ample time to avail of their experience to establish one for ourselves. Its usefulness would be measured by the character of its material. In unscrupulous hands it might defeat the very objects for which it is intended, and if converted into a political machine would prove a curse instead of a blessing. Municipal government, in whatever department—School, Fire, or Police—is not intended for the benefit of any particular party, but to be administered solely with reference to economy and the welfare of the people; and the soundness of the principle of separating local from national issues in our elections has been illustrated in the reforms effected under such a policy in this city, setting an example which has been imitated in a number of Eastern cities, with the best results.

#### STREET PAVEMENTS.

One of the heaviest items of expense, both present and prospective, is the pavement of streets. I would recommend an entire discontinuance of wooden pavement until an intelligent report can be prepared by disinterested parties on the pavements already laid, as regards economy and durability, and a comparison be made with other inventions as to merit. The Street Department appropriation for the present fiscal year amounts to \$160,000. This relates to public work only, and does not include the enormous sums paid by individual property holders, before the streets are in a condition to be accepted. So large an expenditure, and which soon must be doubled, as repairs are required on newly accepted streets, suggests that probably the city is not receiving the best work for the money. Wooden pavements of all kinds, once so popular, are growing into disfavor the more they are tested. The inducements for fraud in furnishing the material are so great that it is doubtful if they can ever be overcome by the utmost watchfulness. Even the best wooden pavements are liable to swell and contract in wet or dry weather, and the law requiring the use of black-heart redwood is constantly violated by contractors. I am disposed to think that the substitution of cobble stones in some localities may be found advisable. I would certainly recommend the artificial stone in preference to wooden pavement of any kind, it being proof against decay and not liable to swell or shrink. Much of the prejudice against cobble stone pavement can be removed if the stones are selected with care and properly laid, owing to its durability and the cheapness with which it can be repaired—the cost of relaying it being only one-eighth of that of restoring wooden pavement. There has been a gratifying decrease in the street work awarded. During the fiscal year ending in 1871, the actual falling off was \$1,000,000 from the average amount of the three preceding years. The city has now two hundred and thirty-two blocks of accepted streets to keep in order, about equally divided between wooden and cobble stone pavements, excepting a few blocks of artificial stone. I do not think we are fully alive to the danger which menaces the city in this matter of pavements. The alarming expenditures which have been and are still being made in that department demands the most careful consideration before we proceed any further, or the credit of the city may be swamped under the heavy burthen.

#### ASSESSMENTS—REGISTRATION EXPENSES.

The present plan of assessing property is anything but satisfactory to the taxpayers, as it is liable to favoritism and fraud. I am satisfied that the safeguards placed by law around this important trust are not adequate to its responsibilities. The duties might be more acceptably discharged, as is the case in some well-governed Eastern cities, by a Board of Assessors, to be chosen at the annual elections.

An unnecessary amount of money is also expended in registration services. The whole of the present complicated system held in the different Wards, and which has cost this year about \$50,000, might be transacted at the office of the County Clerk for about \$10,000, to be in charge of a Deputy especially employed for the purpose. The books would thus be open to the public all the year, instead of at brief periods just prior to elections, as at present. Every person would know where to go to be registered, enrolled and transferred, confusion would be avoided, and the moral effect of the change would be generally experienced. These and other much needed reforms will meet the earnest wishes of our citizens, and, it may be supposed, will, if introduced, not be rejected by the Legislature.

#### SANITARY PRECAUTIONS.

At this time the Sanitary condition of the city demands more than ordinary care. Public opinion will sanction any reasonable expenditure to provide for the cleanliness of streets and sewers, and to preserve the purity of the air we breathe. Neither quarantine, nor other prevention, however rigidly enforced, can be expected to entirely shield us from the approach of cholera, to which we are exposed by railroad communication as well as by sea. We must therefore use every means in our power to make its probable visit here next year as light as possible. Two years ago, I suggested that the sewers might be flushed from reservoirs constructed on the hills, to be filled from the bay by pumping; and in a subsequent correspondence with General Alexander on the subject, that distinguished engineer favored the idea as practicable and advisable in the lack of a sufficient supply of fresh water for such purpose. This, or some other expedient, should be adopted for cleansing the sewers, which are a prolific source of disease, and, in the lower streets along the water-front, are often choked up by the tides, and their contents forced back upon the city. The cess-pools at the street corners should be kept filled with water to prevent the escape of effluvia, and the strictest surveillance exercised over all the private sewers and drains connected with the main sewers, to see that they are properly trapped and kept in good order. The winds, the winter rains, and other natural purifying agencies, have been principally relied on for protection, but these should not lead us to neglect the precautions placed within our reach by science and experience.

#### FIRE LIMITS—THE PUBLIC RECORDS.

Without a more rigid observance of the law prohibiting the erection of wooden buildings within the fire limits, the warning furnished by the calamity at Chicago will have been lost upon us. I have repeatedly urged that the Ordinance might be impartially enforced as a measure of public safety, made especially necessary by the high winds and prolonged dry season of our climate. The destruction of the public records of real estate at Chicago also suggests the necessity of greater security for our own records, which are deposited in a building forming part of a block by no means fire-proof. A suitable Hall of Records ought to be erected forthwith, to be located near the site of the proposed new City Hall, but to be sufficiently isolated, and built exclusively of stone, brick and iron. It is needless to picture the confusion which would ensue were those records to be destroyed. Titles to real estate might remain in litigation for years after such a disaster, and permanent injury be inflicted on the public prosperity.

#### OUTSIDE LANDS AND DEEDS.

By Act of the last Legislature, the Mayor is authorized to execute deeds of conveyance of the city's title to outside lands relinquished by Act of Congress to the city, in trust, to be conveyed to parties who were then in possession; as also to lands ceded to the city from the Black Point Military Reservation, in trust for those who occupied them when the Reservation was extended. In pursuance of this duty, I have made 960 deeds to parties proving their claims before the Outside Land Committee. In many cases the Mayor has been enjoined, and great care has been necessary to justly discriminate between conflicting claimants. The above number of deeds does not represent the full number of blocks and subdivisions deeded. While in some instances only fractions of a single block are named, in others, twenty, fifty, and even a hundred are conveyed to a single person. There are now remaining at this office only ten deeds, against the signing of which, protests have

been filed. The aggregate value of the outside lands has already been very largely increased by this settlement of title. Greater stability has been given to property values, taxation has been equalized, and additional inducements are offered to make permanent improvements. I have had a carefully prepared collection of maps and diagrams of the public property bound and placed on file in the Mayor's office for reference. Of these public lands, 1,376 acres were relinquished to the city as above, and are divided into parks, cemeteries, and school, engine and hospital lots, some of which are now being improved for those purposes. These reservations should be fenced as soon as practicable, to protect them against squatters, and to avoid litigation.

#### THE PUBLIC CHARITIES.

Our Municipal charities are subjected to abuses which call for Legislative remedy. In a city remarkably healthy there are usually at the Alms House and Hospital upward of six hundred inmates, a large proportion of whom have no claim here for relief. The climate of San Francisco, and its location as the terminus of railroad and steamship lines, cause it to be selected as a general asylum; and paupers and indigent sick are continually arriving from other counties, and are thrown upon this city for support. Among the plans for the relief of our tax-payers in this respect, it has been suggested that a State Hospital and Alms House be established in some healthful locality, to be open to patients from every county. An appropriation from the State to be applied to the Hospital Fund of San Francisco might at least be made, in order to equalize this heavy tax. Unfortunates brought here cannot be left to perish; but while charity prompts us to relieve suffering humanity, justice protests against this city being compelled to carry unaided a burthen which should be borne by the State at large.

#### MANUFACTURES AND COMMERCE.

The dullness in trade, which has been felt in every sea port in the country, may, in our case, be traceable as much to local as to national causes. Within a few years great changes have taken place in our business relations. Eastern communities have come into competition with us by the completion of railroads. Mining is no longer a Californian specialty with this city as its only point of supplies. The whole State is becoming more impressed with the necessity of fostering manufactures and commerce. In the former we are successfully rivaling older communities in many articles of home manufacture, and competing with them to supply the wants of the vast populations bordering on the Pacific. The fact that the foundries, factories and workshops of San Francisco are at present filling orders from all the States of the Pacific slope, and from South America, Mexico, British Columbia and Asia, indicates the importance into which our manufactures have grown. These demands for the products of our skilled labor from so many directions, point to those regions as inexhaustible markets in the future. The geographical position and great harbor of San Francisco tend to bring commerce here, and to that end there should be a reduction to a merely nominal figure of wharfage and all port charges and harbor dues. Costly wharves and docks will avail us little if we do not by every means in our power tempt shipping to make use of them. The employments connected with ships and wharves have for some time formed the notable exception to our industrial activity. By removing the exactions which hamper commerce, and which have made this one of the most expensive ports in the world, we would attract vessels to our harbor, thus cheapening freights and enabling the farmer to realize larger profits on his produce. The present seems to be a propitious moment. The business of the American sea coast on the Pacific, from Panama to British Columbia, is setting more strongly in this direction. The decided tendency of commerce to this harbor has been observed throughout the mercantile world. Additional steamships are now being built for the China line, and the departures are soon to be semi-monthly. Shipments of Australian wool, which have hitherto reached the American consumer via England, are seeking the more direct way of San Francisco. A line of first-class steamers, it is believed, would secure a portion of the commerce of Australia and New Zealand, as well as their mail service and passenger travel. The safety of the voyage and the healthy climate through the whole route would add greatly to its attractiveness and popularity. The tea trade, with its collateral industries, is adopting this in preference to other routes. Large



consignments of teas and silks have been landed in Europe via San Francisco in less time than is possible by the Suez route, and our Atlantic cities are supplied two or three months earlier than by the old way. Sailing vessels are beginning to be used in the transportation of tea cargoes to this port. The bulk of the commerce of Eastern Asia belongs legitimately to San Francisco, which, as the nearest American seaport, is its natural highway and port of entry; and every form of industry in California and on this coast is directly interested in enabling us to make use of these natural advantages, and in procuring favorable legislation by Congress for that purpose. We must have telegraph cables to connect California with the Asiatic nations; and additional lines of American steamships, with Government subsidies, plying between San Francisco and the great marts of trade. The United States could well afford to pay \$5,000,000 annually, to first-class steamers to build up the commerce of the Pacific, thus enriching the whole nation. By adopting this policy, England has secured the carrying trade of the Atlantic; and so deeply impressed are the Colonies of New Zealand and Australia with the importance of our commerce, that the former has subsidized an American line of steamships, and the latter has voted a subsidy contingent upon similar action by our Government. These measures are not sectional, nor limited to any particular interest; they would give an impulse to trade throughout the United States. They are national in their bearing, and deserve general support as a large stride toward the restoration of our decayed American shipping.

#### ATLANTIC AND PACIFIC RAILROAD.

A grand continental enterprise, in which St. Louis and San Francisco are especially interested, is enlisting the combined efforts of their capitalists. The completion of the Pacific Railroad on the thirty-fifth parallel is one of the necessities of the times. "The trade of the East," which nations have contended for, and the acquisition or loss of which has for ages marked their rise or decline, is concentrating at San Francisco to supply America and Western Europe. Even now it forms an important part of the business of the railroad, and when the whole trade of the Pacific shall have adopted this as its port of entry, as must infallibly be the case, additional carrying facilities will be required. The latest Congressional Report on Commerce and Navigation shows that the merchandise annually imported into the United States from countries which will ultimately become tributaries to the commerce of San Francisco, amounts in value to \$100,000,000. That trade is steadily growing, and it seems clear that as the increasing transportation of California produce is added to the above, the Central Pacific Road will have more business than it can accommodate. The shipments of Australian wool amount in weight to 200,000,000 pounds per annum. A portion of this must eventually pass through San Francisco on its way to the American and English markets. It is then the duty and interest of our citizens to move toward building another railroad, by a shorter route, direct to St. Louis. There is every inducement for the immediate prosecution of the enterprise. Several hundred miles are already built from St. Louis westward.

#### BUSINESS PROSPECTS OF RAILROADS.

An idea of the probable business that will soon be done eastward over the Pacific Railroads, may be formed upon what is already known. For the two months of September and October last, the amount of tea forwarded by the Central Pacific was 7,587,536 pounds, against 473,585 pounds for the corresponding months in 1870. In the same two months the road also carried eastward 1,225,815 pounds of coffee. In the month of October, which is the last for which full returns of railroad exports have been prepared, 10,495,227 pounds of freight of all kinds were forwarded by rail from California, the leading articles of which were tea, coffee, hides, leather, hops, fish, fruits, silk, wine and wool. At that rate the present railroad freights eastward, of Asiatic and American produce, would amount to 125,942,724 pounds, equal to 62,971 tons per annum. What it would amount to under the increased commercial facilities which we have every reason to expect, it would be impossible to calculate. The relationship of the several Atlantic seaports to the railroad business and commerce of the Eastern States, differs from that of San Francisco to the immense region lying west of the Rocky Mountains, for which this must ever remain the great shipping point on the Pacific coast. The

merchants and the press of the Atlantic cities now concede that the commerce that once flowed to them by the way of the Cape, has reversed its course, and that the trade of the Orient must henceforth pass through the Golden Gate. Fully appreciating the great work that the Central Pacific Railroad is engaged in, and not sympathizing with the prejudice against railroads, which enterprises have built up our Western States, I am confident that when additional lines of steamships shall be established on this ocean, with liberal subsidies, a single railroad will be unable to accommodate the business that will be thrown upon our coast, without taking into account lines of British steamships which will probably be running between San Francisco and Asiatic countries. As is the case with all healthy competition, the traffic of the present road would be rather increased than lessened. One steamer has recently landed a cargo of 3,300 tons of tea from China and Japan at this port, weighing 2,640,000 pounds net, or one-sixteenth of the entire annual consumption of tea in the United States; and tea trains overland are becoming so frequent as no longer to attract attention. The movement of other merchandise is in proportion. These facts, so plainly indicative of the future, are full of encouragement. St. Louis and San Francisco, whose interests in this respect are identical, should bend their energies to the building of a railroad between the two cities. St. Louis, connected by her river navigation with the great Northwest and the Gulf, is also the business center and natural dépôt for the distribution of East India and China goods through the valley of the Mississippi.

The results which will follow the completion of a railroad running south of the snow line between the chief city of the West and the seaport of the Pacific, are too obvious to require illustration. Passing through some of the best agricultural and mineral regions on the continent, it would shorten the distance and time from San Francisco to New York, opening to us new markets for our produce, manufactures and importations, and thereby building up an ever-increasing local business along the line of the road. Capital and energy in St. Louis, San Francisco and other great centers of wealth, are alive to the accomplishment of the enterprise, which may be considered as among the events of the near future.

#### THE NEW CITY HALL—INJURIOUS LEGISLATION.

While wealth and population have increased in the city, there has not been a proportionate lessening of the municipal taxation, which is now levied at the rate of nearly three dollars on the \$100 of assessed property. By bringing to the management of public affairs the same rules of economy that we observe in our own, a reduction in this respect can be made. To effect this, however, every source of needless expenditure should be shut off. In retiring from office, I cannot neglect this opportunity to refer to the new City Hall on Yerba Buena Park. While I am always in favor of a liberal expenditure of money for enterprises of real public utility, I am opposed to taxing the people for the erection of these costly edifices which are more for glory than for use. In my opinion, a hall on the proposed scale, exceeding, as it will, that of any other American city, is unwarrantably extravagant. However conscientiously managed, it will have cost, when completed and furnished, several millions of dollars. The total bills of the Merchants' Exchange on California street amounted to \$187,000; and, although a hall of that size would not answer all purposes, one which would meet the public necessities could be erected for \$500,000, and would answer until, in a future generation, the city should have reached the position to require and warrant such a building as is now being constructed. At all events, a much less costly one than that proposed would be more in keeping with the existing heavy taxation. As regards this and other sources of needless taxation, it is clearly for the benefit of all California that San Francisco should be protected from injuries inflicted by illy advised legislation: for these burthens being a clog upon business, they react in the enhanced prices necessarily charged to the buyer and the consumer, whose factors and business agents we are. The interests of the sea-coast and the inland counties are inseparable, and only their common enemies would seek to create jealousy between them for selfish purposes. Hand-in-hand they will continue to advance—the prosperity of either directly benefiting and enriching the other. It is the misfortune of this city that many legislative measures of which we complain have originated with our own del-

erations, upon whom the responsibility should rest, rather than on members from distant counties who are not supposed to understand our wants as well as those especially selected to advocate them. We must look at home for the remedy. A delegation guarded against unworthy and selfish influences, and soon to be largely increased under the new apportionment, will constitute a protective power which no combination can afford to disregard.

#### PRESENT CONDITION OF THE CITY.

Experience, though dearly purchased, has taught us much. A brief summary of the present, while it illustrates what has been accomplished, must be accepted as indicating continued progress. The population, numbering at least one hundred and sixty-five thousand, embracing all nationalities and creeds, have gathered in a little more than twenty years, while thousands from here have contributed to the growth of thriving cities and towns in neighboring counties. The corporate limits embrace an area of thirty-six square miles, having ten miles of available wharf frontage on the harbor. The buildings number over twenty thousand, exclusive of the Federal structures erected, or being built, and to which the Government will, it is believed, add others: for San Francisco, although only the tenth city in the Union in population, ranks fourth in maritime importance, having paid last year \$8,000,000 into the Custom House. In the value of its commerce, this port is exceeded only by New York and New Orleans—the total amount of our foreign and domestic exports, in gold and produce, the last fiscal year, having been \$64,000,000, of which \$32,000,000 was foreign. The number of vessels arrived during the year from foreign and Atlantic ports and coastwise was 3,630. Six lines of ocean steamers connect us with the principal sea ports, north and south, and with China, Japan, Australia, New Zealand and the islands of the Pacific. During the last year we paid \$13,000,000 in Federal taxes and duties, and our Internal Revenue tax is larger in proportion to the number of inhabitants than that of any other city in the United States. The total operations of the Branch Mint in San Francisco (where, since its establishment, \$321,000,000 in gold and silver have been coined) amount to more than one-half of the entire coinage at the Philadelphia Mint since the organization of the United States Government. Occupying such a position, therefore, relatively to the national trade, finance and revenue, San Francisco may reasonably expect increased outlays by the Government. The Branch Mint, now being built, will be on a scale in keeping with the above figures. We also require larger and more commodious buildings for the United States Customs, Courts, Internal Revenue and other Federal purposes.

#### MUNICIPAL GOVERNMENT AND INSTITUTIONS.

Our Common Schools, eighty-seven in number, are liberally supported: the expenditures of that Department, last year, having been upward of \$700,000. There are forty-four large and substantial school houses belonging to the city, the remaining schools being held in rented premises. All are free from sectarian teachings, and are attended by 20,000 children. We have also sixty-three private and denominational schools, seminaries and colleges, attended by about 7,000 pupils. There are sixty-eight churches in the city, and eighty newspapers and periodicals daily, weekly and monthly are published here. A city which, not many years ago, was a by-word for violence and crime, is now noted for its progress in culture and refinement: the beauty and comfort of its homes: the variety and richness of its wares; the number of its literary and educational institutions, and its varied and thriving industries. The provident character of its people is seen by the great number who possess homesteads of their own, and in the substantial fact that the aggregate deposits in our savings banks amount to \$35,000,000 in gold. The streets, roads and avenues improved by wood and cobble-stone pavements, macadamizing and plank-ing, measure 112 miles, and are lighted at night by 3,600 gas-lamps, at a cost of about \$200,000 per annum. Under the thoroughfares, the pipes of the Water Company extend a distance of 125 miles, and there are forty miles of street railroads. Of carriages, omnibuses, cars and other licensed vehicles, there are 4,800, and probably as many private conveyances. The Funded Debt of the city at the end of the last fiscal year was \$2,624,200; from which should be deducted \$205,200, bonds of 1851, and \$311,500, bonds redeemed by the Commissioners of 1851, and canceled by the

Mayor September 19, 1871, leaving outstanding bonds to the amount of \$3,106,500. Balance now in the Treasury to the credit of the Sinking Fund, \$228,000, making the actual debt \$2,878,500. Municipal taxes are collected on an assessment roll of \$100,000,000, of real and personal property, realizing about \$3,000,000, of which nearly one-third is for State purposes—San Francisco contributing a little less than one-half of the revenue of California. For the several public charities, including Alms House and Hospital, upward of \$1,000,000 have been paid out of the City Treasury in the last five years. Of private relief and benevolent societies, several of them maintaining their own hospitals and asylums, we have about seventy, not counting subdivisions of orders.

#### THE FUTURE OF SAN FRANCISCO.

There never was a time so full of promise to the young, the prudent and the energetic, as the present. Business is receiving a renewed impulse. Increasing lines of railroads are opening new fields for the further extension of trade. The remarkable success which is attending cotton-growing, in some of our southern counties, foretells a new industry, destined to become one of the first in the State, both in the cultivation of that staple and in its manufacture in this city for home and foreign markets. San Francisco capital is being freely invested in railroad enterprises, the reclaiming of lands, the opening of mines, extensive projects of irrigation, ship-building, and whatever tends to fraternize the different sections of the State, and make them beneficial to each other. A favorable climate, subject to no extremes, invites and sustains the most diversified industry. The coming year, as regards agriculture and mining, which have already been quickened by the abundant and early rainfall, bids fair to be the most prosperous in the history of California. Seated at the gateway of the continent, and facing countries containing a third of the population of the globe, the commercial capital is assured of her position as one of the world's emporiums, if her people are only true to themselves. While practical intelligence is everywhere directed toward promoting the general interests of the State, it is for our citizens to contribute still more liberally to the same end, by stimulating manufacturing and other enterprises, and extending commercial intercourse, not only coastwise and abroad, but by an artificial highway to connect this peninsula with the main land, thereby establishing a direct and unbroken line of railroad to the farming counties and interior States, bringing ship and car together, and making San Francisco in fact, as well as in theory, the focus and western terminus of the continental railroad system. The amount of money we are lavishing on a City Hall would go far toward building such a bridge, which, resting on piers, at long intervals, could present no serious obstructions to the free ebb and flow of the tides. It depends on ourselves, whether or not the natural advantages which we enjoy, shall be made available in our time in achieving the great destiny to which the city must eventually attain.

In conclusion, gentlemen, permit me to say, that in severing my connection with the Board, it is with a deep sense of the cordial relations existing between the members and their presiding officer. In instances where orders and resolutions have been returned unapproved, it has been upon mature reflection and the belief that the public good would be thereby promoted. I have aimed to use the veto power impartially, and am gratified that your honorable body, upon a more careful revision, have sustained the Mayor in every such instance. My best wishes will always continue to be for the welfare of the community to whom we owe so much as citizens, and who have entrusted us with high responsibilities and duties.

I have now the pleasure of presenting to you my successor—a gentleman well-known to us all as having been associated, for many years, with the progress and business enterprises of San Francisco and of California, and for whom I need hardly bespeak a continuance of that friendly coöperation which has been so uniformly shown to myself.



# **ROUTES, DISTANCES AND FARES** **From San Francisco by Steamships, Railroads, Etc.**

DESTINATION.	Days.	Dist.	FARES.		
			1st Cl.	2d Cl.	3d Cl.
Acapulco, Mexico, by Steamship.....	26	1,800	\$80	\$	\$30
Auckland, New Zealand, by Steamship.....	26	5,900	175	135	100
Adelaide, Australia, by Steamship.....	38	8,100	240	170	120
Albany, New York, by Railroad.....	6		139		
Austin, by Railroad and Stage.....	2	618	47		
Aurora, by Railroad and Stage.....	2	429	37		
Battle Mountain, by Railroad.....	1	522	33		
Boston, Massachusetts, by Railroad.....			142		102
Baltimore, Maryland, by Railroad.....			137		100
Bombay, via Hongkong, by Steamship.....		9,950	490		250
Bombay, via Sydney, by Steamship.....		13,244	400	275	
Brandisi (Italy), via Hongkong.....		15,450	705	347	
Brandisi, via Sydney, by Steamship.....		16,765	600	375	
Chicago, by Railroad.....	5	2,632	118	85	60
Calcutta, via Hongkong, by Steamship.....	49	11,400	455	202	
Calcutta, via Sydney, by Steamship.....		12,900	425	300	250
Crescent City, by Steamship.....	2	280	26		15
Carson City, by Railroad and Stage.....	1	324	20		
Cincinnati, by Railroad.....			129	94	
Calaveras Big Trees, by Railroad and Stage.....		71	10		
Cape St. Lucas, Mexico, by Steamship.....	5	1,150	80	30	
Denver, by Railroad.....	3	1,504			
Elko, by Railroad.....		606	39		
Fiji Islands, by Steamship.....	20	4,800	150	100	75
Gilroy, by Railroad.....		81	4	3	
Guaymas, by Steamship.....	10	1,710	100		50
Hamilton, Nevada, by Railroad and Stage.....		688	56		
Honolulu, by Steamship.....	9	2,100	60		
Hongkong, by Steamship.....	34	6,400	305		102
Hiogo, Japan, by Steamship.....	28	5,100	295		102
Kingston (Jamaica), via Panama, by Steamship.....	19	4,000	100		50
Louisville, Kentucky, by Railroad.....			129	94	
London, overland, by Railroad and Steamship.....	17	6,786	225		135
London, via Panama, by Steamship.....	37	8,000	180		80
Liverpool, overland, by Railroad and Steamship.....	17	6,580	220		130
Liverpool, via Panama, by Steamship.....	37	8,350	180		80
Marysville, by Railroad.....		113	4½		
Madras (India), via Hongkong, by Steamship.....		9,850	452		202
Madras, via Sydney, by Steamship.....		12,724	400	275	225
Melbourne, Australia, by Steamship.....	34	7,850	220	175	120
Manzanilla, Mexico, by Steamship.....	6	1,560	80		30
Mazatlan, Mexico, by Steamship.....	6	1,480	50		20
Nagasaki, Japan, by Steamship.....	30	5,470	305		102
New York, via Panama, by Steamship.....	24	5,240	100		50
New York, by Railroad.....	6	3,489	140	100	65
New Orleans, by Railroad.....			151	106	81
Omaha, by Railroad.....			100	175	50
Portland, Oregon, by Steamship.....	4	642	36		20
Panama, by Steamship.....	14	3,200	90		40
Philadelphia, by Railroad.....	6		138	100	
Punta Arenas, by Steamship.....	10		95		40
Point de Galle Ceylon, via Hongkong, Steamship.....	46	9,338	455		202
Quebec, Canada, by Railroad.....	6		143	103	65
Reno, by Railroad.....	1	292	15		
St. Louis, by Railroad.....	5		118	85	60
Shanghai, by Steamship.....		5,964	305		102
San Luis Obispo, by Steamship.....	2	240	15		10
San Pedro, by Steamship.....	2	373	20		15
San Diego, by Steamship.....	3	458	25		17
Singapore, via Hongkong, by Steamship.....	41	7,811	405		160
Southampton, overland, by Rail and Steamship.....	17	6,600	200	130	95
Southampton, via Panama, by Steamship.....					85
Southampton, via Hongkong and Suez, Steamship.....		15,450	745		372
Southampton, via Sydney and Suez, Steamship.....		18,441	640	410	360
San José de Guatemala, by Steamship.....			95		40
Sacramento, by Steamer or Railroad.....		138	2½	1½	
San José, by Railroad.....		55			
Sitka, Alaska, by Steamship.....	12	1,951	100		50
Umpqua River, by Steamship.....	3	482			21
Victoria, British Columbia, by Steamship.....	4	753	35		15
Washington, D. C., by Railroad.....	6		137		
Yokohama, by Steamship.....	26	4,760	255	87	
Yosemite, by Railroad and Stages.....		200	20		

### Hotel Expenses and Cost of Living in San Francisco.

Now that a portion of the current of travel from China and Australasia to the United States and Europe has been diverted into a new channel by the establishment of regular steam communication, it would interest many to know the very moderate expenses incurred either in passing through or in sojourning a while in the city of San Francisco. We give, therefore, a brief statement of them, leaving the traveler to compare them with that of other places. In no city in the world is hotel accommodation of the same excellence to be obtained at so moderate a price. At the Occidental and Grand Hotels and at the Lick House unsurpassed board with comfortable quarters can be obtained for three dollars per diem. At the Cosmopolitan, one of the finest hotels in the United States, and at the Russ House, the expense is somewhat lower; while at the American Exchange and International Hotel board and lodging, with excellent table, can be had for from one dollar and a half to two dollars a day. If the traveler desires to economize, he can obtain a good bed-room for from three to four dollars per week, and can get meals at restaurants for from fifteen to fifty cents each, according to the dishes he selects. He can thus measure his wants by the length of his purse, and yet always obtain clean, well-cooked meals at a less cost than any city we have ever visited, either in the United States or Great Britain. To those who prefer a more lengthened stay and purpose going into housekeeping, we would say that provisions are very moderate in price: Beef, from 12 to 18 cents per pound, according to the joint; mutton, 10 to 12 cents; lamb, 12 to 15 cents; veal, 12 to 18 cents; pork, 12 to 15 cents; bacon, 20 cents; butter, 40 to 50 cents; flour, \$1 50 to \$2 per sack of 50 pounds; potatoes, 1½ to 3 cents per pound. All vegetables are cheap; when not in season there is, of course, an advance. Milk is 10 cents a quart; eggs, 40 cents per dozen. Dairy produce and poultry are the only things which rate higher than in the Eastern States. Of the fruits, they are at times in such abundance as hardly to pay the expense of bringing them to market. A six-roomed house in a respectable locality may be rented for from \$20 to \$25 per month and upward; one with eight or ten rooms, from \$40; ten to twelve rooms, from \$60. Traveling to and from suburban residences is not very expensive, however, car tickets being from 3 to 6½ cents each, and ferriage across the bay, to the most beautiful environs in the world, from 10 cents to 25. This, we think, concludes our list of necessities for a life in San Francisco. It is a city in which a man or a family may live as extravagantly as they may please, but where they can practice economy if they choose.

### Stages Connecting with Railroads.

FROM—TO.	Miles.	F're
Battle Mountain to Austin.....	96	\$20
Elko to Boise City.....	214	60
Modesta to Big Trees.....	80	
Galt to Big Trees, Calaveras.....	71	10
Reno to Carson City.....	32	5
Truckee to Donner Lake.....		
Colfax to Grass Valley.....	13	3
Palisade to Hamilton (Nev.).....	120	20
Truckee to Lake Tahoe.....	14	3
Sesma to Portland (Oregon).....	600	40
Stockton to Silver Mountain.....	111	18
Modesta to Snellings.....	36	4
Elko to Silver City.....	186	45
Reno to Virginia City.....	21	4
Modesta to Yosemite.....	100	
Santa Clara to Santa Cruz.....	40	2

[Additions and corrections to these tables will be made monthly.]

## ROLL OF THE SAN FRANCISCO STOCK AND EXCHANGE BOARD.

J. B. E. CAVALLIER, . . . President.	B. H. COIT, . . . . . Caller.
E. E. EYRE, . . . . . Vice-President.	H. SCHMIEDELL, . . . . . Treasurer.
FRANKLIN LAWTON, Secretary.	

Barton, W. H. . . . Mer. Ex. Build'g, 19.	Kilgour, L. . . . . 401 California street.
Black, R. M. . . . . 209 Montgomery.	Kinsey, A. G. . . . . 405 Cal'a, up stairs.
Bonyage, C. W. . . . 402 Mont'g'y, up stairs.	Lissak, A. H. . . . . 446 California street.
Budd, W. C. . . . . No office.	Loveland, L. F. . . . 418 Cal'a, up stairs.
Burling, W. . . . . 428 California street.	Lawton, F. . . . . At the Board.
Cahill, E. . . . . 406 Montgomery street.	Martin, M. S. . . . . 836 Montgomery street.
Charles, H. A. . . . 408 Montgomery street.	Marina, E. J. De S. . . 409 Cal'a street.
Child, E. F. . . . . 422 Montgomery street.	McDonald, M. L. . . . 404 Montgomery st.
Coursen, G. A. . . . 528 Montgomery street.	McDonald, M. J. . . . 402 Mont'g'y, up st's.
Cumming, John. . . 402 Mont'g'y, up stairs.	McElwain, J. . . . . 106 Leidesdorff street.
Cavallier, J. B. E. . . 509 California st.	McHarg, D. P. . . . . Out of town.
Coit, B. H. . . . . At the Board.	Noble, H. H. . . . . 428 Cal'a st., up stairs.
Crosby, F. W. . . . 528 Montgomery street.	Owens, J. H. . . . . No office.
Dixon, S. . . . . 315 Mont'g'y, up stairs.	Page, R. C. . . . . 331 Montgomery street.
Duncan, W. L. . . . 422 Montgomery st.	Peckham, E. F. . . . 413 California street.
Deane, Coll. . . . . 102 Leidesdorff street.	Perry, J., Jr. . . . . 104 Leidesdorff street.
Dewey, E. E. . . . 424 Montgomery street.	Parker, W. C. . . . 422 Montgomery street.
Everett, A. F. . . . 506 Montgomery street.	Rorke, B. B. . . . . 4 Duncan's Building.
Eyre, E. E. . . . . 424 Montgomery street.	Rogers, R. F. . . . . 405 Cal'a st., up stairs.
Ehrlich, M. . . . . Out of town.	Rose, L. S. . . . . 415 Mont'g'y, up stairs.
Ford, J. C. . . . . 420 Mont'g'y, up stairs.	Schmiedell, H. . . . 401 California street.
Fitch, J. B. . . . . 424 Montgomery street.	Schmitt, B. L. . . . 437 California street.
Fox, C. W. . . . . 406 Montgomery street.	Seligsberg, Wm. . . . 426 Montgomery st.
Freeborn, J. . . . . 422 California street.	Shotwell, J. M. . . . 334 Montgomery st.
Fenn, T. W. . . . . 4 Duncan's B'd'g, up st's.	Smiley, G. W. . . . 444 California street.
Glover, G. F. M. . . 320 Montgomery st.	Stanford, W. T. . . . 316 California street.
Grimes, N. E. . . . 418 Cal'a st., up stairs.	Strother, F. F. . . . 330 Mont'g'y, up st's.
Hall, E. F., Jr. . . . 410 California street.	Stoutenborough, C. . . 420 Mont'g'y st.
Herr, J. J. . . . . 422 Montgomery street.	Sherwood, B. F. . . . 415 California street.
Higgins, W. L. . . . 413 California street.	Sloss, L. . . . . Out of town.
Hassey, F. A. . . . 402 Mont'g'y, up st's.	Turnbull, W. . . . 418 Cal'a st., up stairs.
Heath, R. W. . . . . Government office.	Vinzent, C. . . . . 334 Montgomery street.
Henriques, David. . . 506 Montgomery.	Vogelsdorff, B. W. . . . No office.
Hill, H. L. . . . . Out of town.	Webster, G. G. . . . 304 Montgomery st.
Holt, Z. . . . . 23, up stairs, Mer. Ex. B'd'g.	Williams, H. . . . . 434 California street.
Ives, G. I. . . . . 424 Montgomery street.	Wilke, F. H. . . . . 418 Montgomery street.
Jones, J. H. . . . . 434 Cal'a st., up stairs.	Winans, J. C. . . . . 413 California street.
Jones, C. W. . . . . 418 Montgomery street.	Whitney, A. W. . . . . Out of town.
Keene, J. R. . . . . 408 Montgomery street.	Woods, F. H. . . . . 422 California street.
King, Wm. F. . . . 402 Mont'g'y, up st's.	Zinna, L. A. . . . . 414 Cal'a st., up stairs.

## CALIFORNIA MAIL BAG.

### The Sale of the Empress Eugénie's Personal Effects.

The following record of the above sale at the Louvre is from the pen of the special correspondent of the *Daily News*: In passing by the new galleries of the Louvre, facing the quay, I heard the tinkle of a bell, and the voice of a crier inviting the public to come in and buy what remained to be sold of the Empress Eugénie's personal effects. Accepting the invitation, I entered a long-vaulted chamber with a sanded-floor, which was occupied by old clothes sellers of both sexes, curiosity dealers, a few friends of the fallen dynasty whose faces I had often seen grouped around the throne of the Salle des États, some dirty students, a reporter of the *Gaulois*, attracted, like myself, by the noise of the bell, and a sprinkling of those antiquated gentlemen in white gaiters who pass their lives in hovering about the bookstands on the parapet of the Quay Voltaire and crossing and recrossing the Pont des Arts. The auctioneer was a self-sufficient sort of common-place bourgeois. He did his best to be jocular at the expense of fallen greatness. In liquidating the Imperial effects he was assisted by an old clerk, two men wearing threadbare Imperial liveries, and a strong-voiced valuer, who, contrary to the traditions of Paris auctioneers, puffed the wares he wanted to vend. To some he attempted to give a historical value. Each article he seemed to think was worth its weight in gold, if only as a relic. The dresses, laces, shawls, and mantles, had been disposed of on a previous day; and it was now the turn of the underclothing and "intimate house linen" to be liquidated. Pillow-cases of fine cambric—so fine that one wonders how they supported the elaborate embroideries and deep real lace borders—were hotly contested for by a "petite dame," a shabby Jew of the Rue des Victoires, and a party of buyers belonging, I should say, to the Quartier Breda. The little lady carried off a dozen. It "poses" one, she cried, tittering as she spoke, to press the pillow on which an Imperial head reposed. The cipher E happened to stand for her name, which she volunteered to tell one of the old friends of the fallen dynasty was Eulalie. As for the crown under it, *ma foi*, she was just as worthy to wear it as any one else! The old friend was not loth to cultivate the acquaintance of the sparkling fair one. He assented to this proposition, and volunteered to hold a pillow-case which the auctioneer had allowed her to take. The toveling was endless. Bundle after bundle of fine Saxony damask napkins, all with the E, the crown, the eagle, the busy Carolingian bee, and a profusion of laurel wreaths, were handed round the vaulted room to be examined by bidders and then disposed of. Some breakfast-table napery, the present of a king, now Emperor William's first feudatory, was bought by one of the former *habitués* of the Salles des États. He got it cheap. One of the old gentlemen, who happened to be deaf, was furious when he found that he might have had the lot at 130 francs. I do not know why the brokers and students were so jocose when an inside garment was held up by two dainty little sleeves, and the public asked to examine it, as a fair specimen of the large bale from which it was drawn at hazard. American modesty cannot bring itself to name this garment any more than it can to speak of a shirt. If Paul de Cassagnac were as good as his oft-repeated oath, he would have run his sword-cane through the profane auctioneer's showman who held the article in question up to be scoffed at by the males and admired by the women. There were *peignoirs* and dressing-gowns, clearly furnished by Chapon, the famous ladies' outfitter in the Rue de la Paix, and all wonderfully elegant, but dusty and somewhat blue-molded. The stockings of thread, silk, and Shetland wool, were of gossamer lightness. An infinity of bath and toilet sponges were knocked down at a hundred francs. They were all of the best quality. The little lady said she would have been the purchaser if the auctioneer had guaranteed that he was selling her something which had actually passed through the Empress' hands. As for the boots and slippers, they justified the eulogiums passed by MM. Franc and Lockroy in their report on Parisian shoemakers. Then there were, the ladies thought, delicious things in the way of petticoats, flannel bustles, robes de chambre, sorties de bain, and woollen wraps. Some baby's robes which, according to the salesman's legend, belonged to the Prince Imperial's *layette*, were bought by a Russian lady. A snuffy purchaser near me shook her head incredulously at those belongings of Imperial infancy. They were sumptuously got up, she admitted, but nothing would convince her that they did not belong to some distressed *bourgeoise's* *layette*, and were now palmed off by the auctioneer to enhance their price as having been worn by the Prince at whose birth, seventeen years ago, official France went into the most



excessive demonstration of delight that ever hailed the advent of a Royal child on our planet.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* offers the following remarks with reference to the sale: If these articles are being disposed of for the benefit of the poor lady, all that can be said is that her friends are not doing a good work in the pleasantest way. But if the Empress' clothing is being disposed of for the advantage of the French nation, the transaction seems rather mean. The French people can hardly have quarreled with their once admired Empress so violently as to sanction the confiscation of her pocket handkerchiefs. Even irascible Britons when they quarrel with a servant do not make such a raid upon her property. Surely the Empress should have been allowed to "send for her trunks!"

### Fallen from Its High Degree.

There was a time when to be an officer in the army of the United States was evidence of ability and a passport to the most refined and intellectual society. A graduate of West Point was a gentleman and a scholar. The society of the officers of the army was sought for as a thing desirable. A retired engineer or surgeon at once found, in civil life, prompt employment. To have been in the army and to have resigned therefrom was the highest evidence of capacity, and was the stepping-stone to the highest civil honors. Graduates of West Point were gentlemen of education and refinement. Then came the war. The value of the West Point institution was illustrated in the success of its graduates and the almost universal failure of those officers who came into the army from civil life. The army was increased from the volunteer force through the influence of politicians, a gang of uneducated trifling boys came in as lieutenants and captains and commissaries, till now the whole *morale* of the army is changed—changed in every respect. Shape and talent have given way to an awkward and ignorant squad of boorish, ill-dressed clowns. The prestige of the whole thing is gone. Our suggestion is now that there be a radical change. In time of peace there is no necessity for an army. All the country needs is a police force. Let a law be introduced disbanding the army altogether, and in its place establish a national police. Change the names and titles of officers. Let General Sherman be styled "Chief of the National Police." Let Sheridan be "First Assistant." Let the crop of Major and Brigadier Generals be styled "Detectives." As for the Captains and Lieutenants, let them be simply ministered. Let their duties be defined. They may, as now, be stationed on the frontiers to catch runaway horse thieves, and to arrest drunken Indians. Arm them with clubs and whistles. Take off the epaulets and bullion braid, and cover them with water-proof capes. Instead of giving appointments to the poor relations of politicians, let a standard of height and physical qualification be established: good, tall, broad-shouldered, resolute men, instead of short, spindleg-legged, cock-eyed youngsters. This would save our pretty young girls from being dazzled by bright buttons to marry, and thus hundreds of young women would be saved from baby-bearing in out-of-the-way barracks and military posts. All the First and Second Lieutenants of a regiment would not boil down and concentrate into one first-class officer. A reform is needed. We go for a National Police; Lieutenants to be numbered and wear a star.

— The following striking illustrations of Professor Fowler's skill as a phrenologist were unintentionally overlooked by the *Alta*, or they would have been published along with the others: (1.) In 1847 Mr. Fowler received a call from a lady, who requested him to examine the head of her infant and tell her for what pursuit in life he was best fitted. The Professor carefully felt the innocent's headpiece, and gave the opinion following: "Madam, I find the organ of benevolence enormously developed. It is as prominent as a pigeon's egg. Train up the child to give alms to the poor. He will some day be President of the Society for the Prevention of Indigence to the Starving. Madam, my fee is ten dollars." The woman paid the fee, first learning the exact location of the organ of benevolence. Returning home, she took the head of the child between her hands, applied both thumbs to the conspicuous organ and squeezed it in until the depression would have held a walnut. That child is now grown to man's estate, and for twelve years has supported his parents by stealing. (2.) In Cincinnati the Professor was asked to examine the heads of some bank employes, and describe the character of each. He did so. All were unimpeachable but one. Of him he said: "This is a dangerous person. His organ of acquisitiveness is so inordinately large that he would get up of a cold winter night to steal money from his own pantaloons. I advise his immediate discharge." "Sir," said the smiling Cashier, "that is the President of this institution." "I can't help it," returned the implacable phrenologist, "the man's a born thief." It is painful to proceed: three minutes afterward the corresponding organ upon the Professor's own head was so fearfully swollen that he attempted to thieve a neighboring church by tugging at the water-spout.

— The State of Arkansas intends making the crime of eloping with another man's wife a capital offense. That is what it is now, if she's pretty.

**Love's Expositors.**

How is it that in all the earth  
 All that is beautiful in birth  
 Or being, seems a part of her?  
 The waters seem to hsp her name,  
 Winds whisper it, and all things claim  
 To be my love's interpreter.

The birds all sing of it. The flowers  
 Must know these secret thoughts of ours,  
 The very air seems laden so  
 With music of unburdened speech,  
 That lies forever out of reach,  
 Yet follows me where'er I go.

Singing, she passed me in the wood  
 But yesterday; unseen I stood.  
 And all things stood to see her pass.  
 The wild flowers laughed beneath her  
 I thought the very earth was glad [bread.  
 To have her shadow on the grass.

Birds followed her, and all things bent  
 The way her blessed footsteps went,  
 And watched her to the very last.  
 The winds sank down and only sighed,  
 And eager daisies, open-eyed,  
 Stared after her until she passed.

**Irrigation.**

The last message of Governor Low, sent to the Assembly in 1866, was accompanied by a report from the then Surveyor-General upon a projected canal for the irrigation of lands lying along the west bank of the Sacramento River, which attracted but little attention at the time, but which is now well worth recurring to, in view of the great interest which is attaching to the subject generally throughout the State at present. We have not the report before us, but our recollection of some of the leading facts presented is sufficiently accurate to enable us to base a few remarks upon them in connection with similar works now being undertaken. The proposition had been mooted to take out the waters of the Sacramento River somewhere in the vicinity of Stony Creek, or near Red Bluffs, and carry them in a canal adapted equally for irrigation and navigation along the base of the Coast Range, debouching finally into Suisun Bay. It was to convey the requisite information as to the utility and practicability of such a scheme, that the Legislature directed the Surveyor-General to examine and report upon the project, and the result of his examination was embodied in the report in question. A computation of the rainfall for the ten preceding years throughout the district in question yielded the following remarkable results: Throughout the Sacramento Valley and the district through which it was proposed to convey the waters by canalization, the average rainfall was *six inches*, whereas at the point where it was proposed to take out the water the average was *ninety-six inches* per annum! Thus ninety inches of water, or three times the amount required to constitute a first-class rainy season in the valley, were absolutely lost and wasted, flowing off to the ocean through the bed of the Sacramento, and benefiting nobody. We have no doubt that were the statistics at hand a similar state of affairs would be found to exist in the San Joaquin Valley—only, perhaps, more plainly marked, as the mountains at the head of that stream and of its great tributaries are more rugged and higher than those of any other part of the Sierra Nevada. The report in question attracted at the time no particular attention, for the seasons subsequent to its publication were propitious and men thought very little of irrigation. The experience of the last two or three years, however, has forced the subject upon us, and the man who does not to-day realize the fact that the salvation of the State lies in a proper system of distribution of our surplus waters has not properly considered the great question which is pressing upon us. We need great irrigating works throughout the entire State, and we never can properly reap the advantages of our geographical position, our soil and our climate, until we have them. This position we consider impregnable. We do not propose to argue it. We know it is true, and we speak to those who with us recognize its truth. The question follows, how are they to be constructed? A few enterprising men, who, holding a large proportion of the realized capital of the State in their hands, are naturally most interested in the welfare of the country at large, have taken steps towards constructing irrigation works in the San Joaquin Valley; and without having said much about it, are pushing a great canal along the west bank of the river from the Tulare Lakes towards Antioch. This scheme is a noble one, and will be productive of immense good, but it after all must be limited in its scope, and unworthy of the great future that lies before us. Large as is the aggregated capital of such a company (and when we say it is headed by such men as Friedlander, Bensley, Ralston, Luning and such, its resources will be recognized as certainly highly respectable), it is small compared with what is actually required. The State should take hold of it and assist the work, and we hope most sincerely that the new Legislature will take prompt steps to lend it its aid. We want a complete system of irrigating and navigation canals for our two great valleys, and the public money or the public credit could be in no way so well employed as in being lent to the construction thereof. We cannot get or grant lands—which is the favorite, though wasteful and clumsy method of late adopted for the aid of public works; but our State credit stands high abroad, and this can be lent, and judiciously lent, will multiply the resources of the country and thereby fortify itself a thousand times. Let these gentlemen by all means be backed by the State and encouraged to develop what is now a limited scheme into a great system of water distribution, and take the word of the *News Letter* for it, a greater result will be achieved thereby for California than has been or can be worked out by all the railroads (valuable adjuncts of civilization as they are,) that have ever been projected or constructed since Whitney first broached his plan of an overland road, now some quarter of a century ago.

### Our Swamp Lands and Future Gardens.

Tide lands can be thoroughly reclaimed for less than the cost of fencing ordinary uplands.

They can be irrigated at every high tide, if necessary, without any other labor than leaving the flood gates open to allow the water to flow in from the river.

Low tide falls from four to six feet below the surface of the land, thus giving a height which is more than ample for drainage.

The tide water in the river is perfectly fresh.

This facility of irrigation enables the farmers to raise *several crops yearly*, in some instances as many as four. We saw the third crop of Alfalfa hay that had been cut on the same land this year, the average yield being over two tons per acre for each cutting or crop, or over six tons in all. In other places we saw heavy crops of volunteer hay growing since the grain was cut. In other places we saw fine fields of potatoes that had been planted after the grain was harvested. We heard of two heavy crops of hay and one of grain that had been produced the same season on the same land.

The soil is very light and ashy, and does not bake when irrigated; this character enables it to be plowed and worked without injury when very wet.

The climate is cool and healthy, with a strong daily breeze. We neither saw nor heard of a case of sickness. We saw families who, residing in the midst of the tules for many years, looked the very picture of health. This exemption from sickness is undoubtedly owing to the strong breezes that blow on Suisun Bay and up the San Joaquin River.

This land is very accessible to the San Francisco market; steamers pass along the different rivers every night, arriving in San Francisco before daylight the following morning, thus delivering the produce fresh every day without any land carriage—a very important item in the articles milk, butter, fruit, vegetables, etc., etc. Heavy freight can be sent by sailing vessels for 50 cents to \$1 per ton, delivered alongside of the vessels in San Francisco.

This saving in freight is a very important item, as it enables the farmer to send his most bulky produce to market—such as hay, straw, etc., etc.—which he could not do if he was subject to a high freight tariff. The majority of farmers in the Upper San Joaquin and Sacramento River valleys, and in the northern and southern counties of this State, have to pay over five dollars per ton freight on their produce to San Francisco, or four dollars more per ton than the rate from these tide lands. Say that the yield of each is thirty-one bushels of wheat to the acre; this is about equal to one ton, on which four dollars at least can be saved in freight, which is ten per cent. on forty dollars. This represents the difference in value of the above lands in the item of freight alone; but if the yield of the tide lands should be estimated at sixty-two bushels per acre, which is still under the average, then they are worth eighty dollars per acre more than the others.

The yield of these lands seems incredible. All kinds of fruits, vegetables, grain, grasses, etc., etc., in fact everything grows in the greatest profusion. Twitchell Island, which two years ago was a swamp as bad as any on the river, yielded this year eighty bushels of wheat and one hundred bushels of barley to the acre, besides a heavy crop of volunteer hay on that portion irrigated after the grain was harvested. A party who had been farming in San Joaquin County became convinced last May that his crops there would be a failure, came down and leased a part of the Webb tract, in order to prevent his stock from starving. In August he prepared and sowed a tract in oats, which yielded over three tons of hay, and left a net profit of over fifty dollars per acre.

If the work that is now being done on these lands for their reclamation had been done in 1852, they would have been overflowed only twice since then, i. e., for eight weeks in 1861-62, and for four weeks in 1867-68—in both cases the water subsided in time to have allowed crops to have been planted in April and May. This land would not have lost a single crop in nineteen years from flood, much less from drought. Owing to the great width of the lower San Joaquin River, which is from one to two miles wide, there is scarcely any current—even in great freshets except the ebb and flow of the tide. The high water is caused by the back-water from the Sacramento River, and there being so little current, the levees or improvements cannot be injured by it, nor the soil by a deposit of sand, which can only be kept in suspension by a strong current, and is all deposited in the upper San Joaquin and Sacramento. A large part of these lands are already connected with the main land, and any of the islands can also be connected for less than one thousand dollars, by means of floating bridges, which will give an opportunity for driving the stock off, in case of an anticipated flood, of which, by the means of the telegraph, there will be a week's notice, at least.

This land is practically inexhaustible; it is like farming a manure deposit twenty feet in depth—if the top should ever become exhausted, all that will be necessary will be to plow a little deeper and turn up a fresh portion of manure.

The question is frequently asked, what would be the effect of a flood on these lands? As before stated, the actual injury would be very little; but for the sake of argument, we will take Twitchell Island and suppose that the future will be like the past in respect to floods—in the past nineteen years we have had two floods that would have risen over the top of the present levees; we will also suppose that these two floods will destroy all the levees, improvements, etc., on the island, all of which could now be built for five dollars per acre. As previously stated these floods subside in February, the levee could be rebuilt during March and April, and the crops could be sown in May and June—as all the



land under cultivation on this island this year averaged \$36 per acre net profit, it is absurd to suppose that any damage caused by a flood would not be repaired immediately, when the cost of doing so is so little in proportion to the profit.

The remark is frequently made that this being a dry year is a favorable one for these lands; this is partially a mistake, as the only advantage a dry over a wet year, is that the produce sells for more—the yield being the same every year.

In conclusion, these lands have a rich, inexhaustible, and most productive soil, which will never suffer from drought, as they can be irrigated at pleasure; a pleasant and healthful climate, and the cheapest freight from any farming lands to San Francisco. These qualities and advantages will in a short time make them the most valuable farming lands on this coast.

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— Mr. Alexander H. Stephens edits an Atlanta, Georgia, newspaper, and is stricken with a mighty vexation because his contemporaries of the press do not give his wisdom the benefit of their circulation. If Mr. Stephens will kindly forward us his paper, we shall be most happy to reproduce his pungent four-column paragraphs, with extended and appreciative comments upon the writer's anatomical defects and facial deformities. We shall be pleased, also, if he will furnish the data, to make public the peccadilloes of his dead grandfather and lovingly embalm in congenial gall the memory of his unwholesome sister-in-law. His club-footed uncle shall receive his just measure of attention, and the peculiar squint of his sainted mother shall not be coldly overlooked. If Mr. Stephens is athirst for notoriety, we will prepare a sponge with hyssop and vinegar, and exalt it upon the point of our pen unto his parched lips, that he may drink thereof and hold his peace in sixteen closely-printed columns per day.

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— The President of the United States has issued the usual proclamation designating a day of National Thanksgiving. We do not recollect at this moment what day was selected; the turkeys are somewhat more deeply interested than we. The President is of the opinion that we ought not only to be grateful for "our careful exemption" from the evils which have afflicted our less deserving fellow mortals, but ought to invoke God's protection and kindness for those "whom in His wisdom He has deemed it best to chastise." It is our own opinion that if God deems it best to chastise anybody, the chances are that the punishment is richly deserved, and any protest upon our part would be resented as a piece of impertinence. When there is any chastisement going on, it is the prudent thing for parties not immediately interested to preserve an outward appearance of respectful acquiescence, or they may chance to feel the lash themselves.

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— The woman who knows her wrongs, and knowing dares redress, is entitled to our respectful admiration. Such a woman is Mrs. James Sullivan, of Contra Costa County—a dame of whom it may never be said that she tamely submitted to the outrage of a brother-in-law's presence at the family table. That interesting relative now sleeps in the valley, with only the ragged stump of a neck to show what he died of. Married men who have brothers liable to dine at the house would economize in funeral expenses by hanging the shot gun out of reach. It is unwise to expose a wife to the temptation of shooting a brother-in-law, unless it is desired that she should do it.

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— Some brilliant pharmacist has gone into the business of manufacturing butter from cod-liver oil. The offensive taste is so thoroughly disguised that those who eat of it will never afterward touch any other kind. In fact they won't eat much of anything afterward. Babies cry for it, and adults weep because of it. If ever we shall see the announcement of the inventor's death, we shall drop a note to our responsible editor, Mr. Satan, begging him to stew the ingenious youth in his own gravy. If it is not done we shall have to seek retribution by blackening the wretch's memory with an obituary notice, and slandering his bereaved widow.

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— We note the formation of a Loan Society to relieve the suffering farmers of the San Joaquin Valley. The society is to loan them what money they require, and be reimbursed when the farmers harvest their next crop. The interest, we suppose, will be about two and one half per cent. per month, or some such benevolent rate. We have made a free gift of nearly two hundred thousand dollars to the people of Chicago and other places. To the handful of equally needy persons in our midst we loan such small sums as we have no better investment for. "Blessed is he that lendeth to the poor, for he shall get a mortgage."—*Sermon on the Mount*.

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— The recent disaster to the Arctic whaling fleet has suggested an explanation of why ships are called "she." It is because so many of them are abandoned.



### Special Brevities.

— An important step toward railroad consolidation was accomplished recently in London by the union "for working purposes" of the London and Northwestern and the Lancashire and Yorkshire Railroads. The combined length of these two roads is about 2,000 miles, and their aggregate capital is over \$400,000,000. As they transact about a fifth part of the entire railway business of the United Kingdom, it will be the biggest undertaking of the kind in the world; and the London *Spectator* holds that "it is a great step towards a single center of management for the English railway system—the greatest reform of that nature that could well be conceived."

— Thomas Pilgrim, engineer, aged seventy-one years, died on October 6th, at Plumstead, Kent, England. For the last thirty-five years he was intimately associated with Mr. Francis Pettit Smith, and the introduction of the screw propeller. It may be remembered by some that Mr. Pilgrim acted as chief engineer of the *Archimedes*, celebrated in the history of steam navigation as the first ship ever sent to sea propelled by the screw.

— Not a quarter of a century since the Scotch metropolis was a veritable capital. She had her distinguished circles of society, and she numbered among her inhabitants men whose names were known through Europe. But the glory has departed from her. The giant limbs of London have been extending themselves in every direction with their strange and resistless attraction. London, in truth, has socially absorbed Edinburgh.

— There is no habit which is so disposed to grow upon a person as that of drinking. Even water-drinking, apparently so harmless, becomes, with some people, a pernicious habit; they cannot exert themselves in any way without drinking water; they drink many glasses of water daily between meals. This habit is an injurious one; it weakens the digestive power, hastens waste, and probably tends to produce corpulency.

— From the *Australian Israelite* we learn the interesting fact that, after erecting almshouses, the Jewish Philanthropic Society can find no one poor enough to go into them. The most suitable applicant is a man with an income of \$94 a week, and a sum of a hundred pounds safely lodged in one of the banks. If this be the poorest of the tribe, it is difficult to gauge the wealth of the richest. —*Auckland (N. Z.) Weekly News.*

— There are about three million eight hundred thousand head of cattle in Texas, one-fourth being bees, one-fourth cows, and the other half yearlings and two-year olds. Seven hundred and fifty thousand calves are raised and branded every year. All are raised on the great plains of Texas, which cover an area of one hundred and fifty-two million acres.

— A few days ago a young lady residing near Portree, while dressing on the beach after bathing, observed a large fish swimming near the shore. In she plunged, half-dressed as she was, and after several efforts managed to grasp and land the fish, which weighed no less than thirty-five pounds, and proved to be a small specimen of the sun-fish.

— Italy is in wonderful luck. Among her many other recent favors of fortune, she has just discovered a perfectly new and extensive reef of the finest coral. The *trouaille* is situated off the coast of Palmi, in Calabria, and it is stated that the boatmen of the neighborhood have already taken some capital hauls of this valuable commodity.

— The St. Gothard Railway, with a tunnel about the length of that of the Mont Cenis, will, it appears, very soon be commenced. Subsidies to the extent of 85,000,000 francs have been voted by Germany, Italy and Switzerland. It is estimated that at least seven to eight years will be required for the entire completion of the work.

— Colonel Jervois, C.B., R.E., who has been employed by successive Governments for many years in directing the designing and construction of our fortifications, is about to proceed to India, at the request of the Government of India, to advise respecting the defences of Aden, Bombay and other places.

— A detachment of the Army Service Corps has arrived at Woolwich, England, from Aldershot, with one of Thomson's road steamers, for the purpose of continuing experiments in testing different descriptions of wheels for transport vehicles.

— We hear that about five hundred of the peasantry are to be driven out of one of the Shetland Isles, and blackfaced wethers introduced instead. There have been several cases of insanity of late, one of which was caused by the evictions.

— Mr. Gladstone has intimated that the proposition for a railway from England to India must first be practically approved by engineers and financiers. It will then have the hearty support of the Government.

— It is stated that there are vast beds of ironstone of good quality in Antrim, Ireland, and in the county of Down a bed has been discovered near Dromore yielding 68 per cent. of iron.

— The armaments of Russia have made such progress that the empire is in a position to place "in a few days" no fewer than 1,700,000 soldiers in the field.

— Young female slaves are shipped by English steamers from Tripoli to Constantinople. Their price at Tripoli is £25 or £30 each.

### Concerning Petitions.

There is no easier way to get rid of an undeserving beggar than to give him alms. There is a better way, but most people prefer the more expeditious method, if they happen to have more money than leisure. This is a weakness of which beggars are not slow to reap the advantage. The most exasperating mendicant is the one who solicits, not your purse, but your signature to a petition. He commonly gets it, and you consider his taking himself off an equivalent. Usually it is not; for he will send a friend to vex you with another petition. There are men in this city who seem to make petitioning a business. They are always wanting somebody appointed in the Mint, Customs, or other public institution, and the cheek of them is somewhat astonishing. The least impudent of their feats would put the devil to the blush. It is becoming dangerous to drive along the street, lest some petition-monger should lay hold upon your horses' heads and demand your signature to a document asking an appointment for some entire stranger, whom you never saw, never will see, and don't wish to see. The chances are about even that you will get out of your buggy, go into the nearest saloon, and append your name with lamb-like docility. These only moderately profound reflections have been suggested by seeing a paper, about a cloth-yard in length, filled with the names of some of our first business men, who pray for the appointment of one Gannon as Commissary of the State Prison at San Quentin. Now, we have never been blessed with a sight of this worthy party, and, in our belief, a majority of these good-natured petitioners know as little of him as we. In fact, they know less, if they are honest, for we know the gentleman was President of a faro bank last winter at San Rafael, to the great scandal of a very decent community. What his present profession may be we have not inquired. Possibly, Mr. Gannon is a respectable person; but, if so, Webster's Dictionary is absurdly erroneous in its definition of respectability. However, we care nothing for him; the object of this article is to protest against the lavish prodigality of our business men in the matter of giving their influence. One's name should be considered as nearly sacred as one's commercial integrity, which it so frequently represents. It is very closely allied to one's personal honor, and a man ought to be as careful in lending the one as in guarding the other. There is a species of dishonesty in indorsing a man whom you do not clearly know to be, in every respect, capable and worthy. There are comparatively few men of whom you do know this, and, as a rule, they do not require your indorsement, nor anybody's.

### Very Like a Whale.

Persons who have been accustomed to oil themselves all over every morning with whale oil (we do not know that there are any such persons) will find their expenses materially increased during the next year or two. The loss of nearly our entire whaling fleet, and the return empty-handed of the remainder, is a disaster of considerable magnitude—except to those with large stocks of oil and bone on hand. These will probably manage to worry along in some way. Such a calamity occurring before the niggardly earth had been taught to yield up her hoarded store of petroleum, would have stopped a multitude of busy wheels the world over, and would have been keenly felt in scores of industries which will not now be seriously affected. The wound is not "as wide as a church door, nor deep as a draw well, but it is enough;" it will make somebody bleed. It is an ill wind, etc., but in this case the advantage can hardly be considered a compensating one, inasmuch as it accrues mainly to our natural enemies, the whales, who may hereafter flirt their flukes and snort sea-water with comparative impunity. The business of fishing (a whale is not a fish; we will say mammalini) for whales is practically dead, and New Bedford and Nantucket will wear the usual badge of mourning for something more than thirty days, unless sooner consoled. Before another fleet of forty vessels shall be sent into the Arctic Sea, Leviathan will have so increased and multiplied that one may find very good whaling lower down. It is not that the loss is in any sense irreparable, but whaling was upon its last legs before it occurred, and it will not pay to revive the business upon so large a scale. New Bedford will find it to her advantage to beat her greasy harpoon into a plow-share and go to cultivating potatoes.

— The U. A. O. D. have elected the following officers for the ensuing term: Samuel Patch, 'Normous Ass'; Thomas Bryan, Violent Ape; H. Bernstein, Imbecile Grandmother; Charles Grasslicht, Tinker; N. Levy, Stinker. If we have misstated the titles of these gentlemen they will probably see the advisability of hereafter printing them in full, instead of giving only the initial letter of each. The Uncommonly Asinine Order of Dunces are respectfully requested to hold another election and publish the result in the newspapers.

— People who admire the Paris letters of the *Call's* correspondent, "Flaneur," will be glad to learn that they can obtain them fresh in the Boston *Post*. They also appear in a New York paper, the name of which we do not at this moment remember, and, we suppose, in a Philadelphia paper, a Baltimore paper, a Chicago paper, and the Lord knows how many others. It may be urged that this is none of our business. We have never claimed that it was.

### Private Enterprise and Public Benefit.

But few persons realize the great benefit that will result to San Francisco from the reclamation of the swamp lands in different parts of the State. For example, let us take a small portion of these lands contiguous to the San Joaquin and Sacramento rivers, below Stockton and Sacramento, and above salt water in Suisun Bay. This embraces an area of over 300,000 acres of what will be the best land in the State. A large part of this is being reclaimed now, and reclamation will be finished on all within three years. Suppose that this work had been commenced five years ago, so that all the land could have been under cultivation this year of drought; this land will average over sixty bushels or two tons of wheat to the acre, and would have given a total of 600,000 tons more for shipment than we have, or WE COULD HAVE FURNISHED FREIGHT FOR SIX HUNDRED SHIPS OF ONE THOUSAND TONS EACH IN ADDITION TO THOSE THAT HAVE BEEN OR WILL BE LOADED THIS YEAR, and this can be done ANY YEAR WITHOUT REGARD TO WET OR DRY SEASON, and all this without diminishing any other products, for the land has been heretofore entirely useless and unproductive. The merchant, banker, shipper, real estate owner, etc., etc., in fact everybody in San Francisco and its neighborhood, is deeply interested in this enterprise, and hereafter, when reaping benefits from it, should not forget Geo. D. Roberts, A. G. Kimball, and Edward B. Dorsey, the projectors and promoters of this great enterprise, who by their indomitable energy and perseverance, without State or national aid, converted a dreary, useless swamp into the most valuable and productive lands on this coast, for which they should be considered *public benefactors*, as they will have created from a waste a great public prosperity. But few men have done as much to promote the solid prosperity of this coast, and for which they are deserving of our heartiest thanks as well as our best wishes for their individual prosperity. The following is an extract from a description of the tule lands, by Judge J. W. Dwinelle, as published in the *Oakland Daily News* of October 23d:—

**MODE OF TREATING TULE SOIL.**—The upper tule lands upon the Sacramento and its sloughs are brought under cultivation with more difficulty than those upon the San Joaquin. The former do not burn so deeply, and it is thought that they must first be run over with a tule cutter, which divides the surface into narrow strips, which are then turned over with the plow. But the tules on the San Joaquin are reclaimed by fire. When sufficiently dry they are set on fire; the fire penetrates under the surface turf and works along under it, burning to the depth of eighteen inches. When it has burnt out and the ashes are cold, wheat is sown broadcast, sheep are turned in and driven over it to trample the wheat in; the water is let on and then drawn off; and then comes the harvest. These tule planters are a curious set. Instead of blessing the land, they "dam it"; they irrigate it by dykeing out the water; and they prepare it for sowing by burning it up.

**VALUE OF THE RECLAIMED LANDS.**—These lands, when once reclaimed, present three estimable qualities: First. They are rich, almost beyond the possibility of exhaustion. Secondly. They can be enriched every year by letting in the waters of the river, and letting them deposit their silt—the soil which they hold in suspension. Thirdly. They can be irrigated, most of them, every day, and all of them once a month, at spring tide. They have all the advantages of the Nile-irrigated valley of Egypt, and even more; for in Egypt the husbandman must wait two months for the water to subside, and the two months thus saved in California represent a crop of some kind. It may be that once in ten or twelve years all these lands, together with their dykes, may be overflowed by unusual freshets; but even then a crop of wheat could be sown and harvested after the waters had subsided. These qualities will surely make these lands the most productive and the most reliable, and therefore the most valuable of any in California. And this region, when once reclaimed, with its mild climate and gentle winds, must become a place of great resort and residence. The San Joaquin, in this region, is not a river, but a great lake, and must hereafter be the scene of regattas and yachting, in the midst of the garden of California.

— In accounting for cannibalism the learned Dr. Schaafhausen says the unpleasant practice is partly owing to the appetizing excellence of human flesh. We shall believe this when it is proven that men eat carrion crow because they like it, that bull beef is of delicate flavor, and that mousy pork is preferable to *pate de fete grise*. Our own impression is that man-meat is stringy, rancid and unwholesome. As to woman-meat—well we like that ourselves.

— The fire-fiend has descended to petty details. After consuming some scores of populous cities, and several thousand square miles of woodland, he started in on little Hannah Gray, of Tehama, and disposed of her skin with neat alacrity. The Besom of Destruction, beloved of newspaper reporters, might find a more dignified employment than sweeping up these trifling atoms of living dirt—these small fly-specks of humanity.

— A city paper tells of a man who "died unexpectedly." Life is full of these easant surprises.



### The Ivied Cottage.

She dwells in an ivied cottage,  
Half hidden by chestnut trees,  
Whose leaves betimes when they waver,  
Have a sound like moaning seas.  
And oft in the quiet evening  
I've walked by that cottage door;  
And seen, through the open window,  
The sunshine picture the floor.

And there, in that lonely cottage,  
Lives a maiden with blue eyes,  
That seem to her artless beauty  
What stars are unto the skies.  
She walks with a grace that's nameless,  
And ne'er a moment seems lone;  
The chastened charm in her features  
Pure as a lily half-blown!

She sits by the open window,  
And plies her needle and thread;  
When winds are swinging the roses,  
And the sun is setting red.  
When the winds have swung the roses  
They ripple her dainty curls,  
That fall in a glossy cluster  
On shoulders whiter than pearls.

Near to that cottage I've lingered,  
In the long, long summer eves;  
And sighed to talk to the maiden,  
As low as the fluttering leaves—  
To tell her I love her beauty;  
But all my wishes are vain;  
My heart, my heart is the maiden's,  
Yet hers I never may gain.

—Gentleman's Magazine.

### Our Bankers Abroad.

Late files from European papers comment favorably on the appointment of the London firm of Henry Clews & Co., as bankers abroad for all foreign countries of the U. S. Government and the Treasury Department, in place of Baring Bros. It is true that no feeling but the utmost cordiality of spirit exists between these two representative banking houses. It is not true that Baring Bros. have transacted their business with the Government in an unsatisfactory manner. On the contrary, the utmost good feeling has existed from the beginning of the trust up to the present time. It is true that the Government has confidence in the house of Henry Clews & Co., and it is rather a testimonial of confidence in their manner of doing business than a reward for services rendered to the Government by Mr. Clews, that has secured the appointment of Henry Clews & Co. as our bankers abroad. This house has risen rapidly in public confidence until it has reached the Government, which nationalizes its popularity by conferring the present appointment of fiscal agents. Probity, tact, patriotism and financial power thus get a compliment. The duties of their position are such that it cannot but tend to give general confidence throughout this country and in Europe to the name and credit of this leading banking house.

### The State Investment Insurance Company.

The result of the Chicago fire is to revolutionize the whole business of insurance. Weak and illegitimate companies will be driven out of the field, rates will be increased, more property will be insured, greater precautions will be taken against fires, cities and towns will increase and improve their fire engines and their facilities for extinguishing conflagrations, buildings will be constructed of better material and water supplies multiplied. For San Francisco we suggest two great reservoirs on our highest hills, to be filled with salt water to be used for flushing sewers, sprinkling streets, and for fire purposes. We are glad to notice the formation in San Francisco of a new Company, "The State Investment Insurance Company," composed of our best and most wealthy people. It is started at a good time, under favorable auspices, and will undoubtedly prove a success. Capital, \$500,000 gold. Tyler Curtis is President, Peter Donahue to manage its finances, General Cazneau to control its marine department. A noticeable feature of the new organization is to have a Board of Directors in each county, and the funds subscribed in the counties and the premiums taken to be invested in their own locality.

— The Young Men's Christian Association are now conducting the fourth season of their free singing school. Persons desiring to hear the meek and pious Mr. Gashwiler hymning praises to the Most High in nasal notes a trifle higher, should visit the temple on Sutter street after the adjournment of the Board of Brokers.

— Whoever says that Republics are ungrateful is guilty of imaginative mendacity. In St. Louis is a man who had both legs shot away at the battle of Corinth, and he is permitted to sleep every night in an abandoned dog-house, the owner declining to tear it down until the hero shall be provided for at the Alms House.

— There is a question as to whether Kershaw's Island is an island. If it is, it belongs to the Government; if not, not. The *Sancelito Herald* says it has been occupied by a guard of United States troops. It is, therefore, an island. This may be called Government logic.



### Court Chat.

— Our American cousins, who are always seeking to make use of the privilege assigned to that peculiar tie of relationship to annoy and distress us, have just discovered that in default of heirs to the British throne the crown would revert by right to Kaiser William! The title of the present Royal Family dates from the Act of Settlement by which the crown of Great Britain was secured to the descendants of Sophia, Electress of Hanover, the youngest daughter of James I. The grandson of that prince, James II., was driven from the throne, or rather abdicated. Therefore he became not only excluded from power himself, but the exclusion fell also upon his younger born children. Then came William of Orange and his wife, eldest daughter of the dethroned king. Failing issue of that marriage, the Princess Anne, consort of Prince George of Denmark, succeeded; and failing her issue, the descendants of the Electress Sophia of Hanover came to the throne. It was a belief of George IV. that he could not in conscience, however secure in law, have become truly King of England until the line of the Stuarts was extinct in the person of Cardinal York. This was a gross mistake. The title of the present family to the crown rests upon the Act of Settlement—the compact entered into with the nation. There is, fortunately, but little prospect that the present race should become extinct, but if ever this should be the case, then, according to the Act of Settlement, the King of Prussia, Emperor of Germany, will be clearly entitled to succeed to the throne, as he is the only representative of the Electress Sophia of Hanover. Now this is the unkindest cut of all, and will be quite sufficient argument in favor of dotation of the Royal Princes on their marriage when next the subject comes to be discussed in Parliament. Can imagination picture the landing of Kaiser William on the shores of Great Britain, not as invader, but as sovereign? Can we fancy his reception with banners flying, bells pealing, and shouts of welcome, instead of with the thunders of the British cannon? No, we cannot fancy it; and yet it is all fancy, good Jonathan, rest assured of that. We have an old song about Britons being free, and we could not sing it with such a Kaiser!—*Court Journal*.

— The following letter from Napoleon III. to Sir John Burgoyne has been published: "Wilhelmshöhe, Oct. 29, 1870. My dear Sir John: I have received your letter, which has given me great pleasure—first, that is a touching proof of your sympathy for me, and also because your name recalls the happy and glorious time when our armies fought together for the same cause. You, who are the Moltke of England, will have understood that our misfortunes arose from the fact that the Prussians were ready sooner than we, and that, so to speak, they surprised us in a shameful state of disorganization. The offensive having become impossible, I resolved to put myself on the defensive, but, hindered by political considerations, a retreat was retarded and soon became impossible. Returning to Chalons, I had wished to lead the last army that remained to us to Paris, but again political considerations forced us to make that most imprudent and little strategical march which ended by the disaster of Sedan. See in few words the unhappy campaign of 1870. I think it right to offer you these explanations, because I wish to retain your esteem. In thanking you for your kind remembrance, I renew to you the assurance of my warmest regards.

NAPOLEON.

Sir John Burgoyne, Field Marshal."

— The story of the Countess Benedetti, wife of the French Minister to Prussia, is worth recording. She was once a Greek slave, landed at Alexandria by Jocoel, the celebrated merchant of Constantinople. She had been educated for sale, and was consequently full of accomplishments. One of the wealthiest of the Arab bankers in Alexandria purchased the girl to wait upon his wife, to whom he was much attached. The Greek girl, lively and amusing, diverted the *canon* of the harem, and soon became the ruling spirit there. In course of time the wife died, and the aged husband, regretting that he could not marry her, adopted her as his child and the heir to his enormous fortune. At his death the former slave inherited his wealth, and as Benedetti, at that time a young attaché belonging to the French Consulate at Alexandria, happened to present himself to the heiress, won her affections, and they were married. The old merchant's money enabled Benedetti to cut his way to a conspicuous position in diplomacy, and his wife, lovely and accomplished, reigned for a long time over the world of fashion in Paris.

— A genuine Hibernian, of somewhat colorless politics, was returned by an obscure Irish constituency, and on his arrival at St. Stephen's the whips of both parties were anxious to secure him as a supporter. Towards this end Viscountess Beaconsfield (then Mrs. Disraeli) sent him an invitation card. During the evening the company got dispersed into groups, in one of which were Disraeli and the new member, who had been thoroughly overpowered by the brilliant conversation and elegant condescension of his host, to whom, by way of compliment, he said, in the purest brogue—"I have never read your novels myself, but my daughters have, and beaded they say they're mighty clever!" "Sir," said Disraeli, drawing himself up, and looking his admirer full in the face, "that is fame."

— Herr Schulze, who represent different physiognomies by his remarkable powers of mobility of the face, writes that whereas not long ago he used to create a storm of applause by his imitation of Mr. Gladstone, while, on the other hand, Mr. Disraeli "was received very lukewarm," now the positions are reversed, and Mr. Disraeli "receives cheers and applause" in the "best society (see programme) as well as at the music halls," while Mr. Gladstone "scarcely gets a hand, not even so much as Bismarck."

— Verdi has just arrived at Milan, where he was summoned by the *impresario* of the Khedive's theater at Cairo, to receive into his hands the sum of 100,000 francs in gold pieces, as the price of his new opera to be brought out at Cairo, the subject of which is Arab, and the title *Aïdê*. They say that the plot was furnished by the Khedive himself, and inspired by an adventure which occurred in his own family. The generous payment of the opera is, therefore, ascribed as much to that *amour propre d'auteur* which doth make dupes and cowards of all men as to real admiration of the composer's music. Ismail Pasha can afford to be generous; his fortune is estimated at fifteen hundred millions of francs. He entertained at his own expense all the foreigners present at the Suez Canal celebration, the expense being more than fifty millions of francs. The backs of seven millions of poor, starving, ignorant fellahs were made to smart sorely in the cotton plantations for some time after. But what of that? The foreigners went away highly delighted with the Khedive, and that was the aim to be attained with them, and no other.

— At Tarragona, when out in the bay in a fainah, after visiting the man-of-war, the King of Spain requested to be rowed out further to sea, and when at a considerable distance from land, he rose and proceeded to divest himself of his outer clothing. General Balaguer, who was with him, much troubled, ventured to ask what his Majesty proposed doing. "I am going to have a swim," was the laughing reply of the young gentleman at seeing the consternation depicted on the countenances around. "But for Heaven's sake!" remonstrated the general, "consider the immense responsibility devolving upon me if anything should happen to your Majesty." "You may take every precaution you think proper," was the reply, as Royalty plunged into the blue waves of the Mediterranean. There was no help for it but to hurriedly order two stout oarsmen, notable swimmers, to dive in the water after the king, who, after disporting himself to his heart's content, scrambled up the side of the boat, shaking off the water like a Newfoundland pup, evidently in high glee at his brief escapade from the cares and joys of monarchy.

— "What are you in reality? By what title are you empowered to act?" exclaimed an enraged diplomatist at Versailles the other day, when Thiers, as usual, refused to answer an important question under pretense of being compelled to consult his Ministry. "Well, some people call me President of the Republic, others Representative of the Nation; but, in sober truth, I feel myself nothing more than the assignee of a national bankruptcy.

— In Baden Baden it is said the Empress intends to abridge her visit to Spain, and to return to England. Report also adds that she is about to sell her Spanish property. Private letters which have been received here from influential and well-informed quarters in France, insist strongly upon the real importance of the Bonapartist reaction—that the return of the Imperial family is but a question of time.

— The *Barnacle* is very much angered at the Insurance Companies because "the advice of the press has fallen unheeded." We are not aware that the press has a divine mission to advise men with regard to matters that are none of its business. None may gainsay its right to advise whom or what it may choose to advise; but every man has an equal right to accept or reject its counsel, as *he* may choose. In the majority of instances it will be found best to treat "the advice of the press" with active indifference. There are very few men who do not know more about the business in which they are engaged than the editor of a newspaper does. If they did not, the business interests of our country would be in a suffering condition.

— In attempting to get up to breakfast, the other morning, a man in Petaluma made an interesting discovery: he discovered that one longitudinal half of him could not get up. The gentleman's left side was paralyzed. We know a man similarly afflicted in the right side. As neither of these persons are of any account in their present condition, we have to suggest that they be bisected, and the living halves joined together, so as to make one good man, and then the other sections would make a nice corpse. There are two objections to this plan: the country would lose a vote by it and there would be two sets of people in half mourning at the funeral. These would probably fight.

— A gentleman writing from the lower Gila says that section is "literally alive with Mexican bandits." By "literally" the gentleman, like most of us who use that word, means "figuratively" of course. Even then the expression is a trifle too strong for the unaided imagination, but if one will divest himself of his clothing and sit down upon an ant-hill, he may obtain a tolerably accurate idea of the writer's meaning. The terrible devil-fish is a very correct type of the Greek brig-and; but the Mexican bandit is neatly figured by the pinching ant.

— A newspaper editor, who endeavors to hide his lack of common sense under a cloak of spiritualism, says that when our gross senses are purged by faith we shall see the air peopled with the winged souls of our departed relatives and friends. The prospect is encouraging; we shall have fine shooting in those days.

### Blackberries.

The Trees were flushed with red and gold,  
 As, in the warm September weather,  
 Among the country lanes we strolled,  
 And picked the blackberries together.  
 Standing among the russet-brown  
 And withered leaves that hid the roots,  
 I pulled the bramble branches down,  
 And watched her pluck and eat the fruits.  
 With tender, purple finger-tips,  
 That shunned the thorns with dainty skill,  
 She put them to her pouted lips,  
 And laughed, and looked more pretty still.  
 Her ringing tones awoke the air  
 To joyful echoes as she passed;  
 Each opening prospect seemed more fair,  
 Each lane more tempting, than the last.  
 And even now, when strolling through  
 The by-ways hedged with bush and bramble,  
 I pull a blackberry or two  
 In memory of that far-off ramble.

— The following is a tolerably accurate report of the conference between the Fire Commissioners and a Committee of the Chamber of Commerce, relative to the efficiency of the fire department: *Mr. Rankin*, of the Chamber, said: "I don't precisely know why I came here, but my idea is that the fire department is a machine. I think it is not a political machine; at least it would be unwise to say so. I use the word machine in a *Pickwickian* sense. There is an impression abroad that the department ought to possess greater efficiency. Courtesy compels me to say that I do not think so. The underwriters have no confidence in *Mr. Mooney*, the Assistant Engineer. It would be unbecoming in me to indorse their view before the gentlemen who retain him in power. I should be pleased, however, to see *Mr. Mooney* elected to the Legislature, or appointed to a sinecure in the Custom House." *Mr. Rosenfeld*, of the Commissioners, replied: "It is not easy to get good men without looking for them." *Mr. Rankin*—"I have heard it said that *Mr. Burkes* is a good man, but lest my indorsement should be esteemed impertinent I would wish to be understood as repudiating him." *Mr. Taylor*, of the Chamber—"Mr. Rankin speaks my opinion exactly. I have heard that the Second Assistant Engineer is incompetent, but it would be a reflection upon the Commissioners to express that sentiment here. Not even knowing his name, I am entirely unprejudiced." *Mr. Freeman*, of the Commissioners—"There is perfect harmony in the Board, and we are all of your opinion with regard to everything. It is probable that the department is not as good as it was when it was better. Our first and highest duty is to be dutiful. We are looking for a better man than *Mr. Mooney*, and as soon as we shall find him he will be discovered. We shall have an examination made, and if anybody in the department is found incompetent, that person will be regarded as inefficient. If this policy is regarded by the Chamber as satisfactory, we indulge the hope that it will meet with approval." The Committee hastened to assure the Board that no proposition of equal justice could be fairer than that, and the conference was at an end. As the Commissioners and the Committee were passing into the street, arm in arm, the reporter of the *Call* was discovered taking copious notes upon the sole of his boot with a tarred stick, and was soundly beaten and driven down a steep place into the sea. It will be a brave conflagration that dares assail San Francisco after this.

— The Rev. Mr. Dole—who the devil is he? Why don't we know him? He would a-preaching go to the benighted mariner, and would advertise himself in the *Call*. Dole—the Rev. Mr. Dole! For eighty years a missionary at the Cannibal Islands. A good record, in faith; but why is he here? Why doth he dote, and why advertise? Dole, indeed! We have a pig and his name is henceforth Dole; a dog, and Dole shall be his designation; Dole shall our cat be termed, and Dole our bullock be.... We learn that the Rev. Mr. Dole is really a very worthy person. It is to be regretted that his name has got into the newspapers.

— It was stated in the Board of Health that the consumptives at the City and County Hospital require ten pints of whisky per day. We hope the amount will not be very largely increased, for if these poor consumptives were to get intoxicated there would be no one to wait upon the patients.

— *M. Rochefort* is writing in prison a "History of Napoleon the Third."



### The Arctic Disasters.

The reported heavy losses sustained by the insurance companies in consequence of the disasters to our whaling fleet in the Arctic Ocean have been overestimated. There are good reasons to believe that a number of the vessels abandoned will survive the dangers threatening them. It is not improbable that counter winds may drive the floes and icebergs out to sea, in which event some of the vessels might be found where anchored at the time of abandonment. Their valuable cargoes of whale oil would suffer no loss, for the article would be preserved in a solid frozen mass, and the rigors of even the Arctic climate could not affect the whalebone and ivory on board. In the case of vessels being driven ashore and wrecked, the most valuable portions of their cargo, and particularly the articles last mentioned, would be found strewn along the beach without having sustained serious damage. The vessels crushed between the floes and icebergs, while a total loss, much of their cargoes would be washed ashore like drift-wood, especially the whalebone. The ivory, owing to its weight, would sink, but even much of this could be grappled for and secured. Without doubt a wrecking company will be organized here, or an additional inducement given to our present one to proceed next spring to Icy Bay for the purpose of securing the valuable products, and which will largely indemnify the parties interested. Well-informed whalers take this view of the situation. The statements to the effect that the natives would destroy any of the vessels which successfully braved the perils, have no truth in fact. Some of our contemporaries do not seem to know that Icy Bay, the scene of the disaster, is in Alaska Territory, at one of the most northern points fronting the Arctic Ocean. The native Esquimaux and the Creoles of Russian and Indian blood, who inhabit that portion of the Territory, have been to some extent civilized by the Russian Government, and are anything but rapacious and piratical in their habits.

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— Two girls of Maine have committed suicide by leaping into a cataract, locked in one another's arms, leaving their clothes upon a rock. So says the telegraph. Precisely what significance the position of their clothing may possess we are not informed; satisfied with the general result, we do not propose to inquire. And yet one cannot avoid a feeling of regret that these two guileless beings should have perished in such a manner. We are only moderately heroic, but had we been present we should have been tempted, at the last moment, to rescue one of these innocent creatures by taking her place.

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— The Hon. Tom Fitch (Brutus, too, was an honorable man) is enacting the rôle of special apologist for the Mormons. The zeal of this gentleman in behalf of the Saints is somewhat remarkable, considering that he has neither sufficient sagacity to understand them, nor a sufficient sense of justice to espouse their cause if he did. We are forced to conclude that the Hon. Tom has blundered into the right from a mistaken notion regarding his personal interests.

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— Lawrence Gorman, of this city, has been fined five dollars for assailing the partner of his joys and sorrows. When people become partners in joy and sorrow the implied understanding should be faithfully adhered to. It is evident that when the male partner wallops the female partner he forces upon her a sorrow in which he declines to participate, and grasps a supreme joy from which she is meanly excluded. It is proper that he should forfeit five dollars. In aggravated cases even six would not be too much.

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— We observe indications that the roller-skating nonsense is to have another season of popularity. We suppose there is no legal way to suppress it. Legislation against fools would—for a reason we do not care to specify—be declared unconstitutional by every Judge upon the Bench. Personal considerations, it may be added, never influence judicial decisions. It may be urged that that has no obvious connection with roller-skating. We suppose a philosopher may be permitted to digress.

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— A little boy defines snoring as "letting off sleep."—*Exchange*. [Great Scott! will that little boy never leave off defining snoring, and begin to grow to man's estate. He commenced unburthening his infant soul of that definition as long ago as we began to read the newspapers, and he is at it yet. Had his growth not been stunted and his genius perverted, he might now have been enjoying a lusty manhood in the walls of a penitentiary.]

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— In a preceding paragraph we omitted to state that the reason every one reads the advertisements in the *Morning Call* is this: They are the most interesting matter in the paper.



### The Foundation Stone of the New City Hall.

From the earliest ages the laying of the foundation stone of a building has been attended with some ceremony. Indeed the ancients regarded the act with more veneration and religious feeling than we of this more prosaic age experience. We are happy therefore to notice that the Commissioners of the New City Hall are determined to give due weight and solemnity to this, the initiatory step, in that which is destined to be the principal public building in San Francisco—a building which will be a delight to the eye and a memorial of those who superintended its erection. There will in reality be two foundation stones laid, for taking warning by Chicago, the Commissioners have resolved that the Hall of Records shall be a detached building and as fire-proof as engineering skill can make it. The New City Hall will be built to endure; its foundations will be wide, deep and strong; there will be no jobbery, no face work, glozing over cheap contracts, but good, honest, substantial masonry. Our number of the *Mail Bag* for January will contain a beautiful engraving of the City Hall, with medallion portraits of the three Commissioners and the Architect. The frontispiece of the same number will contain a portrait of Mr. Alvord, the Mayor elect. This, therefore, will be a number especially dedicated to San Francisco, whose best interests the proprietor ever has at heart. We have recently visited the New City Hall Reservation, formerly the Yerba Buena Park, and found that the work of putting in the concrete foundations of the extensive buildings for the New City Hall and Law Courts was being energetically and rapidly proceeded with, and that the stonework of the superstructure will shortly be commenced. With respect to this building we observed the other day a question mooted in the *Alta California*, by a correspondent writing under the signature of "Safety," which we consider not of very great importance, viz.: whether the building is to be constructed, as far as possible, of fireproof materials. We have seen lately in this city a notable example of the results of the "penny wise and pound foolish" system of building, in the total destruction of the Harparding block, when, if proper precautions had been observed in putting up the buildings, the fire would in all probability have been confined to one store instead of destroying the whole block. We are amongst those who are of opinion that it is high time that a proper Building Act should be passed and put in force in this city, in order to guard as much as possible against the property and lives of citizens being endangered by the ill-judged parsimony and false economy often displayed in building. If such regulations were in force here as are in many other cities, and a safer class of buildings was erected, it would shortly be found that a very great saving would be effected in the matter of insurances, as the rates could then be very materially reduced and still leave a much better and safer business for the offices. But although nothing is done in the way of controlling the construction of private buildings in the city, we should surely see that our public buildings are carried out in a proper and durable manner, and especially in the case of the costly and important structure just commenced; a structure which we are erecting for no temporary purpose, but which ought to be such as to be still an ornament and a credit to San Francisco when the city shall have increased many fold in size and population. Our new Mint is being built fire-proof under the control of the United States Government, and we trust that the city will in this instance follow so good an example. But above all let us have the very best system of fire-proof construction known—not a mere sham, which shall give us a false security, and fail us in our hour of need, as in the case of the Chicago Custom House, where the supposed fire-proof vaults gave way and collapsed before the fiery element, reducing their millions of green-backs to dust, and restoring their gold coin to its original shape of bullion. It is quite possible to construct a building which shall be, practically, incombustible and indestructible by fire. Let, then, the City Hall Commissioners instruct their architect to prepare his designs and estimates accordingly. We know, from the information and particulars we have obtained, that the sum proposed to be expended upon the buildings will not be sufficient to bear the extra cost which will be entailed by fire-proofing the whole structure, but let us know what that extra cost will be; and then we very much mistake the character of the citizens of San Francisco if they do not decide to incur the cost in order to gain the very great and manifest advantage which would thus be purchased.

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— Some scoundrels broke into a church in Savannah, Georgia, and stole a Sunday School library. It has since transpired that the ringleader was a youth of sixteen, who had been a regular pupil. He had, on the Sunday previous, taken out the first volume of a moral work, and having devoured its contents in two days, was impatient to learn the final fate of the little boy therein mentioned, who disregarded all the Ten Commandments.

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— One day last week a Chinaman employed in a saloon washing dishes dropped dead at his work. The incident is noteworthy from the fact that in gathering this Asian to his fathers God did not make use of the usual Irishman. This simple directness should be encouraged. Nobody objects to the taking off of any number of Chinamen, provided the useful Celt is not withdrawn from any productive industry to assist at it.

— If the blessed Satan ever thoroughly enjoyed himself away from home, it was at "Scudder's Church," last Monday evening, when a shepherd was elected to shear the flock, and be shorn in return. The candidates were the Rev. Mr. Thompson (with a p) and the Rev. Mr. Carpenter. After the meeting was called to a condition that was facetiously termed "order," ten minutes were allowed for electioneering and betting on the result. At this point the agony began. The old rams of the flock reared upon their hind legs and expressed their preferences in guttural staccato; the ewes exalted their shrill voices in tremulous bleatings; even the lambs shook the kinks out of their tails and relieved their anxiety by frisking in meaningless gambols up and down the aisles. You could not have heard the report of a committee of the largest calibre. The clamor and clatter and deafening din beat softly against the secular tympanum like a tempest of cobble-stones upon an iron shutter. The godless infidel fled affrighted from the house of God! The germ of conviction in the scoffer's heart budded into impenitence, and blossomed broadly into open profanity as he got his hat to go! In the dictation of the only sinner who sat it out, "'twas a mule corral talkin' politics out loud!" Knowlton was there, howling for Thompson. Barstow, of the jolly nose, warbled like a brace of fowls for Carpenter. They were appointed tellers to keep them still. At the expiration of the ten minutes, a silence so dense that it might have been molded in the hands like a snow-ball, fell upon the congregation; you could have heard a gum drop. One by one the ballots settled into the greasy hats of Knowlton and of Barstow. The result was soon apparent without counting: Carpenter had it. The Devil, who had all the while been sitting lock-legged upon the bible-cushion, slanted his fine eye downward upon the pastor elect, stuck his tongue into his cheek, executed a wink of profound significance, and then strode over to the *Town Crier*. Gravely the two clasped hands, and with tears in one another's eyes—"Heaven help him!" cried the one, and "Amen!" the other. And arm in arm they sauntered down the aisle, and passed out into the night.

— An even dozen curd-headed President-makers at Stockton have decided that a jealous wife may slaughter the object of her hate with absolute impunity, without having recourse to the tedious process of previously ascertaining whether or no the "object" has in any manner offended. It is meet that their names should be known, and their virtues recorded: J. W. Smith, a most honorable man; J. A. Golden, a party addicted to milk-and-morality; W. Shine, a thorough gentleman; M. Walthall, a profound scholar; E. R. Allard, an honest person; W. Biven, whom we respect; J. Corvell, beloved of heaven; E. Wright, whom we revere without knowing; W. B. French, a marvel of piety; J. Nightingale, who will please regard us as anxious for the favor of his acquaintance; L. W. Lashley, possessor of a thousand virtues; S. Shackelford, for whom our veneration is spontaneous and unbounded. These gentlemen having all been guilty of perjury (according to the common opinion, which is entirely erroneous), and being a set of unmitigated donkeys (as is falsely asserted by the malevolent), are entitled to our contempt (say the scoffers at virtue), and have honestly earned a coat of tar and feathers each (as the lawless wickedly affirm). We believe that every one of them would steal (if it were but right to do so), and (supposing it to be a Christian duty) we think they would not hesitate to do any cowardly and contemptible act which might be congenial to their natures.

— "Officer Hank Snow," of Grass Valley, displays a zeal for the right that ought to secure him promotion. The other day he arrested a Chinaman with certain stolen goods and chattels in his possession. Mr. Snow shrewdly suspected that he might learn something to the public advantage from this rogue, if only the latter could be induced to confess. So Mr. Snow took him into the woods, and, as is tersely stated by the *Nevada Transcript*, "strung him up several times." The strangled wretch confessed, and was then turned over to a Justice of the Peace that the law might take its course. The Justice bound him over to answer to the Grand Jury, but "Officer Hank Snow" has not been bound over to answer to anybody. We feel that the demands of justice in his case ought in some way to be satisfied: we will call him a Christian gentleman—a Caucasian—a resident of Grass Valley! If these opprobrious names do not entirely wither him, we have a worse in store—an epithet which carries with it a stigma from which there is no absolution—a disgrace as lasting as it is deep and damnable! This infamous appellation we shall hurl at him as Cambronne hurled a similar death-taunt at the British legions: we shall call him Hank Snow, and may the Lord have mercy on his dishonored soul!

— The *Ventura Signal* has discovered a mine of sponge. It is feared that the excitement incident to this important discovery may cause the farmers to abandon the cultivation of meerschaum and the manufacture of coal.

— The Health Officer reports that the births in San Francisco during the month of October were twenty-four white males and thirty-four white females. Non-sense! they were all salmon-colored.

### California Mines and English Investments.

Time was, in the old days of ignorance and inexperience, when California mines were a byword and an eyesore in the English market. Those were the times when Grass Valley was supposed to be the center of the gold region, and unskilled Directors were sent out with cumbersome machinery, which naturally proved a total failure. It took years to do away with this prejudice against quartz mining, but the truth has at length pierced even through the hard objections of English capitalists, and we rejoice to say they have no reason to regret their return to confidence. Let us take, as one instance, "The Richmond Consolidated Mining Company of London," whereof the mines are situate in Lander County, Eureka District, State of Nevada. These mines were sold to the Company by Mr. J. M. English, and *they are now netting twenty-five thousand dollars a month.* Two large furnaces are now in course of construction, indeed, are nearly completed, which will increase the net monthly product to \$30,000. This is one of the best purchases ever made by a British Company, and Mr. English deserves the thanks of the people on this coast for placing such worthy investments in the hands of foreign capitalists. Such investments as these gain the confidence of the public and pave the way for millions of hoarded wealth to be brought out in aid of the development of our boundless resources.

### Bravo, Guglielmo!

Our eloquent Premier can talk like a statesman if he pleases. Witness in his speech, on having been presented with the freedom of Aberdeen, the following passage relative to Irish "Home Rule": "Can any sensible man—any rational man, suppose that at this time of day—in this position of the world—we are going to disintegrate the great capital institutions of this country, for the purpose of making ourselves ridiculous in the sight of all mankind, and crippling any power we possess for bestowing benefits through legislation on the country to which we belong?" This tune goes merrily. 'Tis a snatch of song that might have been sung by Palmerston. Let us hope that neither cajolery, menace, or change of conviction will ever make the singer sing any smaller.—*Literary Budget.*

— Mr. Anthony Trollope, the well-known novelist, was one of the passengers by the *Great Britain*. After a stay of about a fortnight in Melbourne, he has left for Queensland, in order to spend a few weeks in that colony before the warm weather sets in. He will return via New South Wales, in a little more than a month, will make a long stay in Victoria, and will endeavor to see all the colonies before his return to Europe, by way of New Zealand and San Francisco. It is understood that Mr. Trollope, with his usual industry, managed to write a novel on board the *Great Britain*.

— The press has devoted considerable space to reporting the circumstances attending an assault by a shoemaker upon a butcher, during which the latter was stabbed. Whether he died or recovered we do not distinctly remember; we were eating an apple when the item first came under our notice. We know that apple perished miserably, but we don't know anything about shoemakers and butchers.

— Dr. O'Donnell having taken legal steps to ascertain why Governor Haight would not commission him Captain of a militia company, has ascertained. It is because Governor Haight regards him as a scoundrel. There is nothing so satisfactory as accurate and specific knowledge, but this is, we believe, the only instance in which Dr. O'Donnell has acquired it.

— One Robertson has written us, asking our candid opinion as to which is the best advertising medium in California. The *Morning Call*. An advertisement in that paper—which has a fair circulation—is pretty sure of receiving its just measure of attention. Everybody reads the advertisements in the *Call*.

— The President has appointed Mr. George Baker Minister Resident at Constantinople. We have not ascertained whether Mr. Baker is a relative, or has merely proven his fitness for the place by presenting a homestead or a horse to the appointing power. It is not important.

— To supply an enormous demand, the Piscatorial Acclimatizers have sent East for five thousand trout-eggs. They are said to be quite superior to the ordinary hen-eggs, but are so small that there is great difficulty in boiling them to an exact degree of indigestibility.



### The Value of Our Rain-Fall.

The approach of the rainy season is marked by signs of a year favorable for a large reward to the miner and agriculturist, which means a great accession of wealth to the coast at large, and satisfactory profits for dealers and those generally who handle capital with a view to its increase. Physiologists tell us that 85 per cent. of the human frame is water, and quite as large a proportion of that which serves to promote existence and external wealth seems to be of an aqueous nature. Man and animals fade or flourish in proportion to the necessary supply of rain, but it is only the lack of it which brings into bold relief the immense importance of that element of existence. In those countries where Nature deals out the rainfall with a niggardly hand, the efforts to supply it by artificial means demonstrate the great money value of that simple machinery by which Nature raises the waters of the ocean in vapors that, impelled over the land, fall in quantities very generally adapted to the demand. In the experience of California, a little excess in the average fall of rain produces damaging floods and a corresponding deficit spreads desolation where abundance was expected. In the San Joaquin region the land is of surpassing richness but the rain supply is short; the farmers are therefore driven to artificial supplies which bring forth the most amazing abundance. In Kern County an irrigated farm will be encountered amidst a dearth-desolated country, giving the most surprising crops. Such fields yield from six to eight tons of alfalfa per acre, and corn grows 16 to 18 feet high. These results have stimulated vast irrigating enterprises, which will ensure perennial crops throughout that glorious valley. The value of the water may be estimated in that of the crops it promotes; without it the land will not return the seed, whereas with it, the result is 35 bushels per acre, at \$1 per bushel—equal to \$35. The water is thus really worth \$35 per acre. The value of rain-fall on 5,000,000 acres under plow in this State is then \$175,000,000 per annum.

With the miners the effect of drouth is the same. No matter how much the placer can pan out, or how prolific the gravel claims, or how rich the quartz, if the water fails the metal defies the art of the miner to extract it. Many millions of the precious metals have been lying unproductive awaiting water, while mine owners have been seeking advances to carry them over, and all the industries of the State languish when mining and agriculture are paralyzed by drouth. In illustration of the effects of rain we may throw together several tables, the figures of which seem to have a mutual dependence upon the number of inches of rain the heavens supply during each year:

Year.	Inches Rain.	Export Grain.	Sales Real Estate.	Savings Deposits.
1863.	13.62			
1864.	10.24	\$1,660,449		
1865.	24.53	1,750,494		\$4,381,011
1866.	23.00	6,717,825	\$13,666,688	7,005,062
1867.	33.69	12,918,203	17,640,367	10,358,868
1868.	33.53	12,218,345	27,217,026	17,165,597
1869.	21.35	11,514,335	29,937,711	22,345,508
1870.	19.15	9,938,987	15,630,272	29,842,212
1871.	12.57	7,634,867	7,981,101	34,541,591

1862 was the year of flood, the two succeeding were years of drouth, which so shrunk up the grain production that there was not enough for home consumption. There was much imported and re-exported. In the year 1865 the rain fall resumed its average, and the grain surplus rose in quantity and value each succeeding year. Aided by the prosperity of the miners, the amount of capital seeking investment is indicated in the transactions in real estate, which culminated in 1869, the last year of a full rain supply. The general prosperity flowing from that abundance of natural wealth is indicated in the amount of savings deposits. The supply of water in the last two years has become less, and a corresponding depression in values and restriction in trade have prevailed. The savings deposits have shown no declension, because sustained by the accumulation of interest. At present, with the great extension of railroads throughout the State, laying open larger tracts of land, with the prospect of a high average price for grain, the enterprise of farmers has been stimulated, and the value of the water which promises to fall this year will have far higher figures and produce more animating effects than ever. We may look for an unprecedented cereal crop, for wool clips which will maintain the character of California wool and realize high prices; cattle, poultry, wines and fruits will all compensate the growers for the losses of the last two years, and the mine prospects are far greater than ever before in this as well as in neighboring States, and the same results, manifest in the above table, that attended the rains of '68 and '69, may be looked for this year in extended proportion.

— A list of two hundred books which it is proposed to purchase for the library of the Lincoln School has been referred to a committee of the Board of Education, with power to reject any objectionable volumes. As it is not probable that the members of the committee are familiar with a half-dozen volumes comprised in this list or any other, it may reasonably be affirmed that a conscientious performance of their duty will require the first intellectual labor they have ever done in all their lives. It is to be hoped the works are printed in large, clear type, with the syllables properly estranged.



### Taken Away.

AN IDYLL OF MEMORIES.

Three summers ago through the meadows Oh, would that my spirit could follow  
 We first went hand in hand : In search of my lost love again,  
 While love's halo hovered around us, On the wings of that triumph of glory  
 Like a gleam from the Golden Land. That hovered around him then :  
 Oh, merrily sang the sky-lark ! For a halo hung over that parting  
 And merrily danced the rill ! That I felt yet my words could not phrase,  
 And bright was the bloom of the heather And now, oh, it seems all the brighter  
 On the brow of the purpled hill. In the light of those bygone days.  
 We strayed 'neath the deepening shadows, For Death did not kill his calm power  
 Far down in the fern-clad dells, When it fell with a chill on his brow ;  
 While the distant chimes were mellowed And it's not all a quenchless sorrow  
 To the tinkle of fairy bells. That lies in that churchyard now :  
 And the first cold sigh of the twilight For yet he shines o'er my sad spirit,  
 Came over the wold afar, [son Like the gleam of a distant star,  
 While the night-gale's full-voiced chan- To light my dark way as I wander,  
 Was trilled to the evening star. And beckon me on from afar.  
 Oh, merrily still we wandered, Far off in heaven's glory I know it,  
 Like the fabled lovers of yore, Though my eyes are dim with tears ;  
 Till our hands forever were parted, And I'll walk by the light that it gives me,  
 And the meadows were sweet no more : 'Mid the gloom of my desolate years,  
 For the earth was robbed of its glory, And I'll cherish a truth in my bosom,  
 When the damp chill fell on his brow ; Greater than Sorrow can kill,  
 And the Past, that sowed my heart's ease, That the love that was mine in the meadows  
 Has only rue for me now. Is the love that comes down to me still.

—London Society.

A. L.

### The European and North American Railway.

On October 19th, the President of the United States, the Governor-General of Canada, and a host of distinguished companions assisted at the opening of the European and North American Railway. The line, whose partial completion was attended with such unusual *clat*, is not unworthy of its ambitious title, or of the prediction indulged in by its illustrious sponsors. The president of the line claimed that it must forever be the shortest connecting link between London and San Francisco; while Postmaster-General Crosswell promised that, when completed, it should be the chosen highway of the European mails of the United States. To this practical talk was added much in reference to the era of international brotherhood, and to the "union by an iron band" between Canada and the United States. The international character of the road is an accomplished fact, inasmuch as it already connects Bangor, Me., with St. John, N.B. Its European character has yet to be developed, since the connection between St. John and Halifax will require about a year to complete, and the necessary line of steamers between Halifax and England cannot, until then, receive a fair trial. What has been done is to bring St. John twelve hours nearer Boston than heretofore, to open up the great and fertile valley of the Aroostook to intercourse with the outer world, and to bring the entire trade of New England and New Brunswick into much closer relation than was hitherto possible. What will be effected when the entire stretch of 466 miles between Bangor and Halifax is completed will be briefly as follows: Boston will then be little more than 700 miles from Halifax, and New York will be about 950 miles. It is promised that passengers and mails can be transferred from New York to an ocean steamer at Halifax in about forty hours. A day and a half will thus be saved from the duration of the passage to Europe, and the ocean passage will be lessened by about three days. Results still more important are promised should St. John, Newfoundland, be brought within the range of the railroad and the steamships. This harbor is but 1,600 miles, or four and a half to five days' passage distant from Valentia, in Ireland, and the promoters of the extension of the scheme claim that London would, by this route, be placed within seven days of New York, eight days of Chicago, and twelve of San Francisco. The construction of the transcontinental line would give the present road a still more brilliant future in relation to the trade of two hemispheres. Meanwhile, its promoters have a fair chance of being abundantly remunerated by the trade which the newly constructed line will create in the district which it has opened up.—*Scottish American Journal*.

—Some remarks by a writer in the *Overland Monthly*, concerning the beneficial influence of the Press, have suggested into our impossible intellect the following REFLECTIONS: *Reflection 1*—The beneficent influence of the Press is most talked about by the Press. *Reflection 2*—If the Press were less evenly divided upon all social, political and moral questions the influence of its beneficence would be greater than it is. *Reflection 3*—The beneficence of its influence would be more marked. *Reflection 4*—If the Press were more wise and righteous than it is, it would escape the reproach of being more foolish and wicked than it should be. (*Reflection 5*—The foregoing Reflection is not an identical proposition). *Reflection 6*—(a) The influence of the Press cannot be purchased for money. (b) It can if you have enough money.

## Letters from London.

LONDON (Eng.) Oct. 14th, 1871.

EDITOR MAIL BAG:—When Bishop Wilkins prophesied that "the time will come when men will as commonly call for their wings as they do now for their boots," he, like Galileo before him, was probably condemned by the verdict of an unbelieving age; yet the problem of aerial motion, rising superior to scepticism and ridicule, is year by year gaining on the attention of mechanists and thinkers. A writer in the *Cornhill Magazine*, for October, has treated this subject in a most amusing and instructive manner. Whether David, in a leisure moment snatched from slaughtering the Philistine, ever devoted himself to the elucidation of this problem, or poured forth his lamentation and regret at failure in the verses, "O that I had the wings of a dove, then would I flee away and be at rest," is a question which, at this distance of time, must be left unanswered; but there can be no doubt that, from time immemorial during the history of man, to emulate the bird, and to navigate the air has been one of the most intense aspirations of the human breast. So long a period has now elapsed since the success of the balloon solved the problem of aerial flotation, that we may reasonably expect to advance soon to the second position in the science and learn to navigate what we have already learned to float. It is here that the writer in the *Cornhill Magazine* takes up the history of flying; and setting aside balloons as possible navigators of the air, for the reason that they must necessarily be so many times larger than any machine to which they can be attached (the proportion between the size of the balloon intended to carry one person, and the size of the human body is about as one thousand to one,) he boldly proceeds to consider whether buoyancy is a necessary attribute of flying creatures, or a desirable feature in flying machines. The structure of birds, bats, and insects has been supposed by some to be such as to secure actual buoyancy, to a greater or less degree; and many would be disposed, at a first view of the matter, to regard the hollow bones and the quill-feathers of birds as evidences that buoyancy is essential to flight. "But it appears to us," says the writer, "that on a careful consideration of the structure of flying creatures, the hollow portions of their bodies will be found to fulfill a purpose quite distinct from that of imparting buoyancy. If we examine a quill we find that the most remarkable feature which it presents to us, is the proportion which its strength bears to its weight. In the hollow bones, again, we see the same association of strength and lightness. Precisely, as a tubular bridge, like that which spans the Menai Straits, is capable of bearing far greater strain than a solid metal bar of equal weight and length, so the hollow bones of birds are far stronger than solid bones of equal weight would be. We see, then, that *lightness* is secured in these parts of a bird's structure. But *lightness* and *buoyancy* are different matters." As his incapacity to carry the requisite extent of supporting surface has been regarded as the greatest difficulty in the way of man's attempts at flight, one is led to inquire whether a smaller extent of wing-surface than has hitherto been deemed necessary may not suffice for him. We shall assist our inquiries in this direction by observing the relations between the weight and the supporting surface of different winged creatures. M. de Lucy, of Paris, asserts, that the smaller and lighter the winged animal is, the greater is the extent of supporting surface; and that the crane of Australia, which weighs three hundred and thirty-nine times more than the sparrow, has a relative wing-surface seven times less. After all it is to our neglect in observing the difference in strength between the breast muscles of a man and those of a bird that our failures in the art of flying have been hitherto due. Man's breast muscles are far less powerful than those of a bird, and yet they are alone called into action by affixing pinions to the arms. M. Besnier was fully aware of this; and a notice of his experiments here transcribed is instructive as well as amusing. "He (M. Besnier) at the close of the last century, employed, in his attempts to fly, those powerful muscles of the arm which are used in supporting a weight over the shoulder (as, for instance, when a brick-layer carries a hod). In his method a long rod passed over each shoulder, folding pinions being attached to both ends of each rod. When either end of a rod was drawn down the descending pinion opened, the ascending pinion at the other end closing; and the two rods were worked by alternate downward pulls with the arms and legs. The downward pull with the arms was exceedingly effective, but the downward pull with the legs was feeble. Yet, even with this imperfect contrivance, Besnier achieved a partial success. His pinions did not, indeed, serve to raise him in the air; but when, by a sharp run forward, he had brought that aerial supporting power into action, of which we have spoken above, the pinions, sharply worked, so far sustained him as to allow him to cross a river of considerable width." Of course it is an enormous mistake to imagine that a man by mere free will and the addition of some contrived apparatus can, at his first attempt, balance himself in the air. This would be a miracle, and the age of miracles is past. But on the other hand, the age of science is young, and the grandchildren of the men who invented the railroad and the steamship may not unreasonably expect to navigate the air. From the foregoing, the truth of the principle of your *Avator* is corroborated. Now I am once on the subject of magazine literature, I must mention the termination this month of the experiences of a "Victim of Paris and Versailles," which were commenced in *Macmillan's* of September. An editorial note to the first article assures the world of the good faith of the writer, but adds that for obvious reasons his name cannot be divulged. I have been made acquainted with the facts of the case, but am not permitted to say more than that the writer is a mere boy, the son of an English gentleman of good position, who borrowed five pounds and went to Paris for "a spree." He arrived, as he relates, on the 29th of March, 1871, and on the 10th of April, having no pass-

port to prove his identity, he was pressed to serve the Commune, in whose service he remained until the capture of Paris by the Versailles troops, by whom he was made prisoner and sent to Brest. Here he remained at the hulks until the influence of his relatives procured his release. His revelations are so startling and his evidence so circumstantial, that he would have been an important witness at the Courts Martial at Versailles. Indeed, by his own account, he spoke to the officer of the Commune who was in the act of firing the Mairie. A notable fact in his narrative is his utter disbelief in the existence of the so-called *pétroleuses*, who existed simply in the over-heated imagination of the Parisians. Yet this imagination cost dearly the wretched women who were "publicly disgraced" and brutally murdered—for a name. The Rev. T. Selby Watson has published a very powerful edition of "A Lesson for Wives." The following is his own account of the drama: "In a fit of fury I have killed my wife. Often and often have I endeavored to restrain myself, but my rage overcame me and I struck her down. Her body will be found in the little room off the library." As Mr. Watson is not only a venerable clergyman, but also a distinguished author, his crime is likely to infuse an interest into the daily papers. Yours,

LONDON (England), October 21st, 1871.

On Tuesday last, October 17th, the anniversary of the day—just seventeen years ago—on which Sir John Burgoyne, as Chief of the Engineering Staff, decided on the bombardment of Sebastopol, his remains were followed by a brilliant cortège of mourners to their last resting place within the dingy precincts of the Chapel of St. Peter ad Vincula, in the Tower of London. Besides General Hardinge and Sir William Knollys representing the Queen and the Prince of Wales, M. Van de Velde was present on behalf of the King and the Belgians. The excitement of the day is a reported conservative alliance, offensive and defensive, with the working-men against the government of Mr. Gladstone, whose iniquities seem to have wearied the patience of men on earth and God in Heaven. Adversity is said to make us acquainted with strange bed-fellows, but a stranger shaking-of-hands than this was never seen between the ermine and the fustian, the strawberry leaves of the Duke and the sprouts of the coster-monger. It is just possible that this league, if league really exists—has been cemented with a view to future events and the march of progress, so that when the workman emits the Egyptians—in other words, when the aristocracy come to be "improved" off the face of the earth—these Israelites may show the covenant on their door-posts, and the Destroyer may pass them by on that day. The *Kreutz Zeitung* reports from Heligoland that there have recently arrived in that island from England several twelve-pounder Armstrong guns and one forty-pounder. This is rather startling intelligence. Heligoland, as your readers are aware, is an island belonging to us in the German Ocean, a few hours steam from Hamburg, where, on the principle we habitually exercise of shutting our eyes to what is naughty, we have established an excellent hell. I should say the gaming establishment is a principal feature there, its croupiers and the functionaries of the *Etablissement des Bains* constituting the population of the island. Fortifications—there were none when I was in Heligoland, but an old gun planted in the Governor's garden exerted a certain moral force. Indeed, in 1863, when a Prussian corvette and a Danish frigate were about to engage in close proximity to the island, i. e. in British waters, the Governor, with the help of his servant, let off this ancient piece of artillery as a warning to the belligerents, who immediately sheered off in dismay. As London fills by little and little, theaters are beginning to put on less the appearance of East-End Churches, and managers, with whom hope is always superior to experience, are competing with one another in producing novelties in anticipation of the winter season. The deplorable suicide of Mr. Walter Montgomery, after a short but disastrous management of the Gaiety Theater, when Shakespeare was the piece de resistance, is likely to deter other managers from trying to "purify and elevate the tone of the British stage," and will impress upon their minds more firmly than before that "Byron spells ruin and Shakespeare bankruptcy." Indeed, when I mention that Barry Sullivan made £18,000 in Bourke street, Melbourne, and lost the same sum by equally good performances in London, you may judge that the supremacy of the "Burlesque" over the "Beautiful" is too powerful to be easily resisted. Zoology, in the shape of Circuses, has always numbered many patrons in this country, and Mr. Hengler has now opened a new establishment for equine amusements in the building that for some inexplicable reason has gone by the name of the Palais Royal, in Argyll street. Miss Hengler, no doubt, forms the chief attraction, and, from what I have heard, it seems not improbable that "a youthful scion of a noble house" may soon succumb a willing captive to the prowess of this fair Amazon. *Hanna: or, The Child of Fire*, in the fair person of Mlle. Pitteri, is now airing her graceful proportions in the congenial atmosphere of the "Circo" at Madrid. Across the "silver streak of sea" comes the murmur of a "storm in a tea-cup" in Paris at the production of the *Viète des Noces*, by M. Dumas' fils. The Parisian journals are indulging in the habit the "Devil when sick," etc., and are going in largely for remorse. *L'Union* (a Paris journal) says the play in question "contains enough immorality in one act to make a Zouave blush." Fancy the modest Zouave! Figure to yourself the bashful Turco! After all it is a dish that has been often set before the Parisian public, the principle being the embodiment of the well-known determination of Mrs. Haller: Quoth she, "I'll remember the words of my Bible: My husband's a stranger and I'll take him in." In exemplification of the sterility of the times, Mr. Punch is represented in the journal of that name for this week, spurning with indignation the various daily and weekly papers which are scattered at his feet, while underneath the cartoon is written, "Nothing in the Papers." Yours, B.



### The Streamlet.

With thankless toil,  
With wild turmoil,  
Harassed, dejected, weary,  
I sought this glen,  
Remote from men,  
This refuge bright and cheery.  
This verdant mound,  
With daisies crowned,  
Repose and peace will yield me.  
Kind nature, smile,  
My cares beguile,  
From ev'ry sorrow shield me!  
Deep, peaceful calm,  
The spirit's balm,  
Here quells all thought of sadness.  
A merry stream,  
Like some bright dream,  
Contents the heart with gladness.  
A blithesome song  
It pours along,  
Each wave instinct with pleasure;  
Dull, earthly mind,  
How mayst thou find  
Such rare and priceless treasure?  
Through woodland shade,  
Through mossy glade,  
O'er rocky barrier springing,  
It winds its way  
To outer day,  
The forest-perfumes bringing.  
Along the fields  
Whose beauty yields  
Delights forever teeming,  
Through summer days,  
Content it strays,  
In mellow sunshine gleaming.

Upon its breast  
No stains may rest,  
No shadows make it dreary;  
But, pure and bright,  
In flashing light,  
It gambols, never weary.  
Bright stream, teach me  
Thy laughter free;  
Make known thy secret story;  
Reveal me lays  
Of cloudless days,  
And moonlight's silver glory.  
The echoes die!  
No soft reply  
Ascends in blissful greeting.  
The happy rill  
Glides onward still,  
The unknown song repeating.  
Yet earth and air,  
And streamlet fair,  
Glad tidings are revealing.  
All nature's face  
Is full of grace;  
Her smiles are full of healing.  
Yet not in vain  
I've musing lain,  
To dreamy fancies clinging;  
From all around  
There breathes a sound  
Of tuneful voices ringing.  
Remote and deep,  
As thoughts in sleep,  
Are all these mystic voices;  
But in the light  
Of spirit-sight  
My grateful heart rejoices.

—Appleton's Journal.

### The Price of Muscular Culture.

The sins appertaining unto the musclemen of the Olympic Club are being visited upon them with a woful vengeance. Anarchy reigns supreme among them: they are engaged in a lively clapperclawing, the cause and motive whereof no outsider can hope to understand, and the sense whereof he needs not expect to discern. This animated wrangle has gone to such a length that suit has been brought by certain of the disaffected to dissolve the concern and compel a division of the assets. We have taken frequent occasion to warn these brawny young gentlemen that nature's laws might not be violated with impunity; that dumb-bells, clubs, parallel bars and such like vanities tended to the development of the muscles but the discouragement of the brain. Our voice fell upon long but unheeding ears, and behold the result: a brood of athletic giants and intellectual pigmies—a bevy of shapely young men with knotted muscles, arms of iron and nerves of corded steel, and without sense enough to manage their own affairs. The evil is of a character to correct itself if you give it time. The dissolution of the Club will compel each individual member to contort and musculate upon his own private hook, and without the advantage of a gymnasium. The results will be temperate contortion and imperfect musculation. Then the dormant brain will gradually resume its sway, intellection will set in, and in a few years these young gentlemen will again know enough to go in when it rains.

— The reputed publisher of the *Alaska Herald*—a cheerful party, whose name, by a rather significant coincidence, signifies "skunk"—accuses certain gentlemen of having tried to "blackmail" him. This is true to the following extent: Mr. Sk— (we beg pardon for the insult we were about to repeat upon a comparatively inoffensive animal) went to the gentleman alluded to, and offered to burn a damaging document he had freshly forged if he were paid three thousand dollars for the match which it would be necessary to consume. "Sir," said the gentleman, rising from his chair, "money is no object, but I decline to treat with you upon that basis. Pardon my allusion to what must be a delicate subject, but I perceive you have a nose—a nose of peculiar configuration and singularly fascinating aspect. Now, it never could have been intended by nature that you should have a monopoly of that organ; we must enjoy it in common. Preliminary to any negotiation I must be permitted a tweak at that snout." As this proposition was rather hastily declined by way of a convenient back door, the matter remains *in statu quo*.



### Special Brevities.

— Mr. George Potter, the notorious trades-unionist, writes to the London *Times* on Monarchy, Republicanism, and Democracy. He states that while a great number are in favor of a Republic, he believes that if certain broad measures were passed it would stall off the necessity of a change of government. The first is a retrenchment in the Civil List; secondly, a thorough reform of the Upper House; next a readjustment of the electoral suffrage, to depend for its extent on the success of the ballot; then a complete disestablishment and disendowment of the English Church—his two last points being headed the land question and the claims of the people. Mr. Potter contends that the American Republic is cheaper than the British Monarchy; and speaking of the land question, he insists that true justice will never be done until every man is bound at death to divide what he has equally between his wife and his children. In conclusion, the writer believes that the just claims of the people will never be understood until in Parliament they may be explained, advocated, and defended, with the assistance of representatives from among themselves. The *Times* thinks the letter, on the whole, will be read with satisfaction, as reflecting a point of view widely remote from that of Continental anarchists.

— What is amber? At a remote epoch of creation, classified by geologists as the Tertiary Period, a mighty pine forest covered vast portions of the northern continent. A resin, so rapid in its flow as to catch forms of insect life in every moment of action, exuded from these pines, and congealed as rapidly. By some natural-historic process not yet fully cleared up, these masses of resin were detached from their parent trees, and became submerged under the great Tertiary sea, where a stratum of bluish clay formed round them. Then came the subsequent strata of diluvial and alluvial periods, and the peninsula of Samland, rising gradually from the waters, held buried under it a portion of the amber treasure, while other portions of it stretch beneath the basin of the Baltic from Memel to Pillau.—*St. Paul's.*

— A late London letter contains the following gossip about Americans in that city: "Miss May Alcott, of Concord, Mass., sister of the author of 'Little Women,' has taken up her residence in London for the study of pictorial art. Many of the best illustrations of the London illustrated journals and magazines are from drawings by Mr. Hennessey, an American artist, who came to this country last year and has settled at Vine House, Chiswick. The drawings are admirable, but they are merely episodes of much more serious tasks. Mr. Hennessey is engaged upon a picture of Walt Whitman strolling by the shore of New York Harbor, which is to appear in the new Oxford monthly."

— It is reported from Ningpo that the Chinese authorities are showing great activity in fortifying the approaches to that port. The crest of the hill above Chin-hai is covered with houses for military officers; while in a sheltered place in the low ground arrangements are being rapidly made for a camp of 25,000 men. A gentleman who had recently sailed up the river Yung counted eight double sets of forts between Chin-hai and Ningpo, commanding the river from either bank and with converging fires. From the same source the Shanghai *Courier* hears that a camp of 50,000 men is to be gathered near Shanghai—in the neighborhood of the Arsenal, it is said.

— In England it is notified that passages to New Zealand—the future Great Britain of the Pacific Ocean—can be obtained on as favorable terms as to the United States. New Zealand is larger than Great Britain. Its climate, in the northern parts, resembles that of the south of France; while in the more southern portions it may be compared to the south of England. New Zealand has no long winters with their bitter frosts and deep snows to stop agricultural operations for four months of the year, and reduce the laborer to live in the winter on the savings of summer.

— John Bull sends forth a loud and ominous growl from China. His "life and property" are insecure in the Central Flowery Land, and he demands protection and redress. The truth is that Hindostan is not big enough for "John." He is eager to get a firm foothold inside of the Great Wall, in order that he may go to work building railroads, opening mines and exploring generally in the Orient. Civilization would be benefited perhaps by his success; but it is a very difficult matter to make the Chinese think so.

— A street car dummy is to be tried in Detroit. The car is so arranged that the engine consumes its own smoke and steam, and moves along the street noiselessly and smoothly. The cost of running it is four-fifths less than by horsepower. One dollar per day will keep it in fuel, and two men can run it. It is so arranged that the engine only occupies surplus room under the floor of the car, it being somewhat higher than ordinary cars.

— Mr. Holloway, the famous purveyor of ointment and pills, intends to devote part of his enormous fortune to charitable purposes. He is now looking for a suitable site upon which to found, at a cost of half a million, an institution for some class of persons in need of assistance. Mr. Holloway intends to become a second Peabody. This large fortune has been made entirely by the force of advertising.

— The ratio of suicides has been established by M. Decaine recently before the French Academy of Sciences. It is in London only 1 in 175 deaths; in New York, 1 in 172; in Vienna, 1 in 160; but in Paris it has reached 1 in 72. The number of suicides from drunkenness, which in 1848 was 141 for all France, reached 401 in 1866. We doubt the accuracy of all these figures.

— The efficacy of the mitrailleur as a weapon of defence, we hear, has been very much increased by an invention of Captain C. P. Stone, late 77th Reg't, R.A., in which atmospheric pressure is used as a motor for giving it an elevating and depressing action above and below the parapet, characteristic of the Moncrieff principle. He proposes also the application of this principle for the treatment of heavy guns, a proposal which offers many novel advantages. The same inventor has also discovered a method by which submerged torpedoes may be destroyed without hazard to the operator. Capt. Stone has hitherto refrained from submitting his plans to the Government, in order that they should first pass the ordeal of a rigorous scrutiny by certain high mathematical authorities, whose verdict has been given very decidedly in their favor.—*London Overland Mail*.

— An important step toward railroad consolidation was accomplished recently in London by the union "for working purposes" of the London and Northwestern and the Lancashire and Yorkshire Railroads. The combined length of these two roads is about 2,000 miles, and their aggregate capital is over \$400,000,000. As they transact about a fifth part of the entire railway business of the United Kingdom, it will be the biggest undertaking of the kind in the world; and the London *Spectator* holds that "it is a great step towards a single center of management for the English railway system—the greatest reform of that nature that could well be conceived."

— Charles Lefevre, the popular French gentleman who races under this assumed name, has just come in for a fortune of over half a million sterling, left him by a cousin whom he never saw in his life. The gentleman in question died in America, whither he emigrated many years ago with the sum of £500, which Mr. Lefevre's father lent him when all his other relatives turned their backs upon him. He settled in that country, and amassed the great wealth he has left to the son of his benefactor, who has had to pay the bagatelle of £1,200 for legacy duty.

— It is said that there are two fig trees standing in a garden, on the banks of the Tuolumne river, near the town of La Grange, which measure  $7\frac{1}{2}$  feet in circumference, and are about 40 feet high. These trees stand only eight feet apart, and mingle their redundant branches as in one tree. These twin trees are thirteen years old, and are of remarkable thrift and beauty.—*Sacramento Union*.

— It is now stated that electricity will correct the hue of a ruddy nose, tempering it to a delicate pink, or blanching it to the semblance of cream cheese, according to the strength of the charge. This is probably the reason so many people go about the house with "a brow like a thunder cloud"—they are bleaching their snouts.

— One firm in Philadelphia employs three hundred hands in making four million artificial teeth per annum. This is the largest manufactory of the kind in existence, and the products of the concern are exported to every part of the civilized world where the arts and sciences have made any progress.

— Recent developments made by the aid of telegraphic communication proves that San Francisco was four minutes further west from Greenwich than had heretofore been supposed—the old calculation being 8 hours 9 minutes 34.19 seconds, and the present being 8 hours 9 minutes and 33.13 seconds.

— The total product of gold and silver in the United States for the year 1870, as estimated by Mr. R. W. Raymond, United States commissioner of mining statistics, reached \$66,000,000, California contributing \$25,000,000 and Nevada \$16,000,000 to this amount.

— Last month the value of beer and ale exported from England was £118,799. The largest quantity was dispatched to India, and the next best supply to Australia, where, in the last nine months, beer and ale to the value of £241,263 were forwarded.

— Mr. Ramrao Govind, extra assistant commissioner of Bassein, Hindostan, has been fired at, and his establishment of three karkoons have been wounded by the sword of a police sepoy in the character of an aggrieved suitor.

— The American Treasury Department decides that a vessel built in the United States and sent to England to receive her engines, must be considered as entirely foreign built, and not entitled to American registry.

— Mrs. Alfred Gatty has got hold of a capital subject, "Sundials," and will shortly publish a volume upon them, containing a large number of examples and inscriptions, with illustrations.

— The *Liberté* states that the Bank of France is about to put into circulation a sum of 35,000,000 of francs in silver coin, and to afford additional accommodation for the exchange of notes.

— Mdlle. Schneider, who is in Paris, has just been presented by an unknown gentleman (who is said to be an Englishman), with a magnificent gold and diamond comb worth £8,000 sterling.

— From July 1st to November 1st, our internal revenue receipts were \$48,900,730; that is at the rate of \$12,225,182 per month, or \$146,702,204 per year.

— We have no respect for the man who endeavors to justify the murder of his wife by the shallow plea that "everybody does it." It is not true.

— Great Britain exported during the first nine months of 1871, 2,570,000,000 yards of cotton piece goods of the value of £40,000,000.

— The Bank of England has reduced the rate of discount from 5 to 4 per cent.—an indication of an easier turn to the money market.

### An Autumn Reverie.

Shrill through the russet trees  
Whistles the autumn breeze:  
Summer is dead.  
Leaves from the boughs around  
Wither, and on the ground  
Lifeless are shed.

Rich is the autumn glow;  
But the wind whispers low  
Of winter near.  
Winter will pass away,  
Darkness gives place to day,  
Once more the summer ray  
Gladdening the year.

Day follows nature's night,  
Sorrow may breed delight,  
And from above  
Sunshine may soon restore  
Winter's thefts—never more  
To me, my love!

Flowers they may bloom again,  
Washed by the vernal rain,  
On sunshine fed;  
Earth may regain her hue,  
Summer cannot renew  
Love that is dead.

—London Society.

### Book Notices.

We have received from A. Roman & Co. a beautifully gotten up Red Line Edition of "Burns Poetical Works," with thirty-two illustrations, published by Lee & Shepard, Boston. Also, from the same publishers, "Dramas and Dialogues," from Dickens; arranged by W. Eliot Fette, A. M., and well adapted for school purposes and parlor theatricals.

"The Spark of Genius; or, The College Life of James Traiton," by Elijah Kellogg, author of the "Elm Island Stories."

"Fire in the Woods," by Professor James de Milles; the fourth volume of the "B. O. W. C." series.

Any of these volumes will be highly appreciated by the boys at Christmas. For the girls we have three new volumes of the "Kathie Stories," by Miss A. M. Douglass, finely illustrated: "Kathie's Soldiers," "In the Ranks," "Kathie's Harvest Days."

In addition to these we have received "The Children's Sunday Album," by the author of a "Trap to Catch a Sunbeam," etc.; and "The Children's Album," by Uncle John. These two volumes each contain over 150 illustrations, and are published by Lee & Shepard, of Boston. Their handsome binding, elegant engravings, and excellence throughout in anecdote, moral and story, will be a perfect delight to the little folks, and a capital gift for the holidays.

— The present year has been a bad one for ecclesiastical impertinence. The American and English evangelickers who attempted to instruct the Czar relative to certain defects in his government, were frostily cut by that potentate, and returned like the vagrant sheep of the youthful Bo-Peep. Moussegneur Frauche, whom the Pope lately dispatched to Stamboul to teach religious toleration to the Sultan, has had no better success: the Sublime Porte got himself astride the high-horse and declined an interview. Apparently the effete monarchs appertaining unto the crumbling despotisms and tottering thrones of the Old World have conspired to maintain for a brief season longer an attitude of godless indifference to the wishes of the foreign faithful. Let us comfort our Christian souls by praying that the selfish scoundrels may be mercifully forgiven.

— A gentleman who is suspected of insanity has been committed to the Asylum. His idea is that the devil is in him, and he wishes to find the Virgin to cure him. It is just as well that he is gone to the Asylum: it is not likely that in San Francisco he would find any virgin of sufficient age to undertake his restoration to health.

— The present French Government has been guilty of several grave offenses against humanity, but it cannot be taxed with vindictiveness. Some thousands of Communist prisoners, who might easily have been put to death, have been mercifully confined in hulks, and permitted to perish of typhus and scurvy.

— We are glad to know that among the young people of Oakland the religious interest is deepening and spreading. — *Pacific*. [Our contemporary is correct; no longer ago than last year we saw a bevy of young Oaklanders contending for the possession of a candy angel.

— At what time does a pig resemble ice?—When ham. Why is pedestrianism like new milk?—Because it strengthens the calves. Is a pawnbroker a man of principal?—Yes; it is his interest to be so. Why are Cashmere shawls like people who are totally deaf?—Because you cannot make them here.



## European Pyrotechnics.

**FUN'S SHORTHAND NOTES.**—Mountain railway up the Rhigi. A Rhigilar success. —Mr. Disraeli advocates the claims of needle-work. Quite a Sew-crate utterance. —Trial of copyright in a music-hall song. Witness said "it required no ordinary genius to meet the popular taste" in writing these things. True! It requires no genius, ordinary or extraordinary. —Witness on Hampstead Hospital Enquiry said that when he went in there was no bed vacant, and he was told to wait till a man died, which he did in half an hour, thus creating a vacancy for the new patient. And yet they say paupers are obstinate and disobliging! —Peace Congress at Lausanne comes to blows, and members challenge one another! Where else could one look for logger-heads! —Brigham Young has been taken up for having sixteen wives. Let's see: that would be sedeciegamy, or wholehogamy. —A member of a Teetotal "Vigilance Committee" fined for hiding himself in a publican's house, and knocking a hole in a hog'shead of beer. Good! he should be taught to "totally abstain" from trespassing, and to be "temperate" in destroying other folk's property. —More noodles, encouraged by interested quacks, resist vaccination. We'd inoculate them with common sense—on the back with a cat-o'-nine-tails, these quacks! —Terrible fire at Chicago, and consequent destitution and distress. This sort of thing ought to be chequed. —Suicide blew the top of his head off. Served it right for not containing brains enough to prevent the rash act. —Raid of Police on Refreshment-house near Cheapside, and large capture of book-makers. Bad news for literature! —Police magistrate said that slander sent on a post-card is not a libel. Evidently been running his head against a post! —It hasn't done him any good, to the confusion of homœopathy! —Alleged appearance of Sea-serpent off Kilkee. We Kilkecelate it was an Irish bull. —Papers beginning to have a "standing head" for "Strikes" as for "Births, Deaths and Marriages." Shows the time of day! —Dancing licenses refused to Cremorne and Highbury Barn. This has been an unusually trying seasons for hops.

## ON A BLATANT BARD.

Coy Fame, plague upon her,	And the fruit of your calling
Is harsh as she's fair;	Can soon be forestalled;
The more you win honor	The more you get bawling,
The more you lose hair.	The more you get bald. —Fun.

— Does a cow become landed property when she is turned into a field? Are acrobats unprincipled men because they poise on each other? How to get a long well—Dig it deep. Mummies do not look as though they were in a hurry, yet it is certain that at first they must have been pressed for time. A Fizzing Joke.—What is the difference between a champagne supper at Cambridge and the Autumn Maneuvers? One is a Cam champagne party, the other a sham campaign party.

— Tew kure the gout, live on Boston krackers, and saw wood for twenty-five cents a kord. Tew make goose good eating, bring her up tenderly. Tew keep kats from being et up bi rats, muzzle the rats. Tew kure the bight of a krab, soke the krabs feet in bileing hot water. Rye duz best on a dry and thirsty sile, especially old rye; too much water will drown out old rye. Tud stools will do well on a wet earth; so will tuds; but woodchucks must have a gravelly soil.

— HAD HIM THREE!—*Mr. Benjamin, Boat-proprietor and Waterman*!—"Wot! yer won't take them eels to 'Ampton Court for me for a shillin'! You're a pretty chap! Won't turn an honest penny now, but as soon as November comes, yer'll go into the workus to spend the winter!" *Independent Loafer*:—"Yes! and wot's more, if yer don't pay the poor-rates to keep us there, we'll sell yer sticks!"

— The following lines are carved on an ancient sun-dial at the Church of St. Mary Collaton, Devon, England:

If on this dial fall a shade, the time redeem,  
For lo! it passeth like a dream;  
But if it all be blank, then mourn the loss  
Of hours unblest by shadows of the Cross.

— "That is unremitting attention," the student said, when his father forgot his usual allowance. Fee simple—Money given to a quack doctor. Query.—Colonel Hoggs having got in for Truro, will Mr. Gladstone now look upon him as a great bore? What part of the proscenium of a theater is like the wreath of a conqueror?—Why, the green baize (bays), of course.

— Effects of Drinking.—He who takes too many glassess will likely become a tumbler. To have connection with horses, should you be of a stable mind? They answer neigh. A Misnomer.—In view of the incompetcnce displayed in the recent maneuvers, we are clearly of opinion that the Battle of Hog's Back ought to be called the Battle of Fig's Head.

— Scientific men have declared the Mont Cenis tunnel to be a clever piece of engineering, but Judy says she couldn't see anything in it. Are auctioneers naturally a forbidding class of men? Labor in Vein—Working in a coal-mine.

— A new drum has been invented, in which the head is made of steel instead of parchment. There is a fitness in this. Cold steel is more appropriate for so martial an instrument than the skin of the peaceful sheep.

— A brute, who was brought up the other day for knocking all the skin off his wife's nose, alleged that as all flesh is grass, he has a right to graze what is his own!



### A Story of the Mines.

[From London Fun.]

"Did you ever make any grand *coup* at the mines?" I asked of a Californian—Milton V. Harbur by name—whose acquaintance I had made as we were traveling "on the cars," as he described it, between London and Liverpool.

"Well," said he, "I guess I was pretty near it once. The nearest chance that I can remember was when a lot of us clubbed together to invest in some new mines that had just started up the country, and promised mighty well, and what's more, stuck to their promise as it turned out afterwards. That was when I was located at the City of — on the coast, about which, by the by, a countryman of yours sent me a very pretty epigram for the paper I edited there.

"This country of perennial fruits,  
Grapes, melons, strawberries, and taters,  
Outstrips the old world's seven-league boots  
With Golden Gate-ers."

"You may not be aware," continued the Californian, "that what you call boots over here we call gaiters."

I admitted the epigram was happy, and he went on with his story.

"There were six or eight of us connected with various papers there that used to meet pretty often, and pretty much constituted a little society all to ourselves. Well, we talked over these mines together, and most of us were anxious to get on that speculation. Some weren't worth very much, and none of us was worth any great pile; but we settled it that we'd get our dollars together, and that one of us should take the heap, and go to the mines, and see for himself. If things didn't look like a rich find, he was just to make tracks back again, but if it panned out well he was to go the pile. We fixed a day for handing in the dollars, and for very obvious reasons—some of us having got to get the dollars—we fixed the very day when the vessel sailed that was to take our man over the bay. We chose Washington P. Blaine, of *The Pioneer*, for our delegate, partly because he was popular amongst us, and partly because he knew something of the mines up country. It was agreed we were to dine together on the night before he started; and so when the time came we met and dined, and sat with him until about midnight. The ship was to sail between one and two in the morning.

"At twelve we separated, having handed over to Washington the sum we had put together—and almighty smart work it had been for most of us to get up to time. Anyhow, we had done it, and there was the produce of our labor deposited in Washington P. Blaine's pocket-book; and we all looked forward to the day when it would return considerably multiplied and increased, in that same receptacle.

"I didn't sleep much that night, and when I did close my eyes it was to dream of striking it rich at the mines. I was up pretty early, for I couldn't lie in bed. Well, the very first person I met on the street as I turned out was Washington P. Blaine, coming along the sidewalk, whistling softly to himself, and looking as fresh as a penny. "Hullo, Wash." I sung out, "what's on? Missed the boat?" "How are ye, old hoss?" said he, "let's liquor!" So we turned into the nearest bar, and Washington called for two drinks, and then I noticed he gave the bar-keeper the wink to chalk it up. "Well," said he, turning to me after he'd tossed off his drink, "you fellows left me too soon last night. I'd got more than an hour before the boat started, and as I was strolling along Hostetter street, I just looked in at Clancy's. —Clancy's was the biggest of the many gambling saloons that were open all night—" Well, what then, Wash?" I asked, "what about the pile?" "Why, I put it all on the ace," said he; adding, after a moment's pause, "and she didn't win!"

"By Jove!" I said, staring at my Californian in wonder; "what did you fellows do to him?"

"Wal, stranger," he said, very deliberately, "I guess we huffed—some!"

—The spectacle of Mr. Brigham Young, by the grace of God Prophet and Patriarch, moving solemnly southward with his doughty men-at-arms, is a moderately touching one. As was neatly observed by Mr. Mark Antony: "If any party happens to have on hand a surplus of tears, he will hardly find a fitter occasion than the present for emitting them." To refuse to flood the sympathetic eye with a wealth of weep is niggardly to the verge of meanness. The writer of this is himself tolerably mean, but not to that extent. He can gaze unruffled upon the flurry of a stricken whale, and withhold his heart from an elephant tortured with the pains of colic. The writhing incident to the bisection of an earth-worm fails to provoke his sympathy, and the shrieks of an infant undergoing the maternal palm do not impress him. But this prophet of the Most High, streaking it across the border with the keys of Heaven jingling merrily in the tail pocket of his coat—this revealer, expounder and enforcer of the Divine Will, shinning over the sage-brush country in terror of a human writ—this is enough to draw salt water from the eye of the most stoical potatoe, and make a wooden Indian to burst into his handkerchief. If we do not blubber it is because history has made us familiar with so many similar instances, that we have become a trifle callous of soul.

—It is reported by telegraph that the cholera in Constantinople is spreading. We are happy to correct this painful statement: the cholera has invested the city and is closing in.

**Empty Arms.**

God's blessing on the stalwart arms  
That hold their labor duty,  
And bear the burdens of the hour  
With cheerfulness and beauty!

All honor to the willing arms  
That lift the poor and lowly,  
And teach us by their kindness  
A lesson pure and holy!

And raptures for the glowing arms  
That clasp, with loving sweetness,  
A world of joy and tenderness  
In beautiful completeness!

And rest unto the weary arms  
That after pining sadness  
Twine round our dear returning ones,  
And thrill again with gladness!

But sorrow for the longing arms  
Where hope, like birds, have nested:  
God's pity for the empty arms  
Where darling ones have rested!

—George Cooper.

**Tweed's Guilt.**

Mr. Samuel J. Tilden has brought Tweed's guilt home to him by a remarkable piece of work. The Ring got inserted in the charter a clause creating a county "Board of Audit," composed of their precious selves. The "Board" met once for but ten minutes, and turned the whole "auditing" business over to Tweed. This sounds like a joke, but is true. Tweed then went to work, and "audited" as hard as he could, Garvey and other scamps bringing in the raw material in the shape of "claims," and he never stopped till he had "audited" about \$6,000,000 worth. Connolly's part in the little game then came in, and that worthy citizen drew his warrants for the money, which that simple-minded "scholar and gentleman" the Mayor indorsed, without having the least idea what was going on. Another citizen named Woodward, holding a subordinate office in the Supervisor's office, but living in luxury at Norwalk, Connecticut, then took the warrants down to the Broadway Bank, having forged on the back of them any names of which his own or Garvey's graceful fancy had suggested the insertion in the body of the document. Here he divided up the sum among the confederates by making deposits to their credit. Unluckily for Tweed, he, Garvey and Ingersoll kept their accounts at the same bank as Woodward, and Mr. Tilden, getting hold of the books of the bank, "decomposed" the deposits, as he says, and brought Tweed's share of the plunder home to him—about \$1,000,000 in all. The Joint Committee have reported on the condition of the city's finances, and declare that the discoverable stealings of three years are \$19,000,000, which is probably only half the real total.—*The Nation of November 2d.*

— From late advices by the *Moses Taylor* we learn that in Australia the revelation concerning the threatened burning of the world by one Summerfield, with a combustible pill, is regarded as a hoax. It seems impossible that so intelligent a people as the Australians can be so stupidly incredulous. The story originated in San Francisco, and we can solemnly assure our Australian friends that it is absolutely true. It having been falsely stated that the diabolical plot was discovered and exposed by W. H. Rhoades, of this city, we hasten to correct that error; the credit is due to the Rev. Mark Twain, of Hartford, Conn., as is clearly established by the following note received by us: "Dear —: I hear that Rhoades is claiming to have brought out that Summerfield yarn. I feel this very deeply! Just before my sainted mother breathed her last, she called me to her bedside and took me tenderly by the ear: 'Child,' said she, 'you are about to be left a half orphan, with no legacy but your spotless reputation as a liar. Cherish that vital spark of mendacity, and never let anybody get ahead of you in lying. If you don't I shall come back and kill you.' And with a long, sweet smile, she let off her soul through her nose. I've told you this before, and you know how sensitive I am. I am your benefactor, too: I used to loan you Bowman's money to get drunk on, and then hunt up Harte and get him to bail you out of the calaboose. Why do you permit 'Caxton' to snatch the laurels from my brow? Why don't you brand him as a fiend? Do you want me to set my dead mother after you? P. S.—What kind of a lie is it, and what is it about? Say I wrote it. M. TWAIN."

— BOY, IN HAT—"I say, what's the time, boy, is it twelve yet?" 2D BOY—"T can't be no-ore." 1ST BOY—"What d'you mean; is it one yet?" 2D DITTO—"T can't be less." 1ST DITTO—"H'm, they want a fool down at the George, you'd better go for the situation." 2D DITTO—"Oh! beest thou gwine to leave, then?"

— Is a duellist a paradox because his first consideration is for his second? A sweetly pretty thought—It is impossible for celebrated actresses to live to an old age, because those the *gods* love die young. It is strange that neat spirits should lead any one into untidy habits. Elevated buildings—Castles in the air.—*Judy.*

### Court Chat.

— The *Post* says that on Wednesday, October 25th, in addition to the fog, a strong rumor prevailed in London that in consequence of the serious illness of the Queen a regency was to be established, or that at any rate the heir to the Crown was to be associated with her Majesty in the exercise of the Royal prerogative. Nay, so far did the omniscience of the seers in the dark extend, that they knew that only one difficulty presented itself, which was monetary. The Sovereign would not consent to forego a portion of the Royal income. The fog had its day, and vanishes. The rumor has been promulgated by the classic thousand tongues, and fades and disappears. The health of the Queen has been a subject of an iety and lamentation, but it is not in any sense a matter for serious alarm. The character of her Majesty is well known. So long as the power to fulfill her functions remains to her she will not abate one jot of her duties, or delegate a single responsibility of the Crown. The story therefore disappears with the annual harvest of autumnal fictions. At the same time, it is undeniable that while the public are deeply concerned about her Majesty's welfare, they are also not a little vexed at so seldom seeing the sun-shine of Royalty. They yearn for the outward appearances and trappings; they like to be spectators of hospitalities and regal entertainments. Unless this ardent desire be gratified there is reason to fear that, in the presence of the many new and revolutionary theories which are every day promulgated, men's minds may take too easily to a set of ideas which are in little harmony with the traditions of this country. It seems strange, perhaps, to set so much importance upon a lady driving round the Park, or presiding at a ball, or smiling on a huge Crystal Palace assemblage; but such is life, and upon smiles and appearance hang the love, if not the allegiance, of thousands. No one can take the place of the Queen.

— Another Burman Embassy will start for England next month. According to the *Rangoon Times*, "the *Ku Wundouk* will be dispatched to Europe with letters and suitable presents for the Queen. Three viss of gold were given out one day three or four weeks since, to make a necklace for her Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria. Fancy the Queen wearing an ornament weighing some nine or ten pounds on her neck. The real ambassador in the present case will be a good specimen of a really clever Burman Minister, who will be able to explain himself through an interpreter to Mr. Gladstone, or to the Queen, or to any person feeling an interest in the affairs of Burmah. The embassy will be suitably composed of men who will be no disgrace to the King or State of Burmah. His Majesty yet dreams that Pegu will be given back to him, but let him remember the language used by the late Marquis of Dalhousie, when the last embassy visited Calcutta: 'Tell your King that so long as the sun shines in the heavens, so long will the British flag float over these possessions.'"

— The *Journal des Débats* gives the following description of the ceremony of passing round the loving-cup at the Mansion House: "The loving-cup is a great golden vase with a cover, and filled with a mixture of champagne, claret, and spices. The Lady Mayoress turned to the left side, holding the cup with her two hands. M. Leon Say raised the cover while she drank. He then took the cup in his turn, and, turning to the left, received from his neighbor the same service while drinking. The round of the table was thus made amid the grave salutations of those passing the cup. The ancient usage wills that three persons be always standing at the same time—the one who drinks, the one who holds the cover, and the one who is to hold the cover next. It appears that the office of the third person standing is to watch over the two others that they may not be knocked on the head while they are drinking."

— The ex-Emperor Napoleon has returned to Chiselhurst from Torquay. The *Western News* relates the following anecdote of the ex-Emperor, who had been made exceedingly comfortable at the Imperial Hotel. A few days ago he expressed a wish to see the cook—a Frenchman—and on his entering the room, said he wanted to tell him in person how much he had been pleased with the cooking. "I have not enjoyed my dinners so much anywhere since I left the Tuileries," said Napoleon. "Sir, I am honored," was the reply; "but will your Majesty permit me to mention that I have had the honor of cooking hundreds of dinners for you and the Empress: I was cook at the Tuileries until two years ago."

— The *Journal of Naples* states that the Queen of Holland, on October 17th, made the ascension of Mount Veanus from Resina. Her Majesty, who was accompanied by a lady of honor, a chamberlain, and the Dutch Consul, was conveyed in a sedan chair. Professor Palmieri, director of the Meteorological Observatory, attended the Queen, and had afterwards the honor of showing her Majesty over the Mineralogical Museum.

— The Queen of the Belgians has (says *Galignani*) been summoned by a dress-maker to pay her bill, amounting to 67,000 frs. Her Majesty refuses to discharge it on the ground that the prices are exorbitant.

— "Noblemen and gentlemen" and "skilled workmen" have endeavored, by the publication of separate statements, to set themselves right about the new social movement.

— Sam Brannan has presented Vallejo with a fire-engine. Sam does not care for fire-engines, and has nothing in common with them. Yes—there is one point of similarity: neither will work without fire-water.



### Shrunken.

We are deceived; we have been deluded; we have written lies about the land of our adoption; we feel mean; we are an impostor, a fraud; have disgraced the map of the world; our credit is shaken and our colonization schemes destroyed. We have always said and urged and written in books and emigration circulars that we had an area of 188,981 square miles to offer to the settler, whereas it is now discovered that we have only 153,000. What stupendous swindle has walked off with the odd 36,000 square miles? Have the Sierras and the Coast Range been closing in upon us, and are we like the man in the story, gradually to be crushed between two advancing walls of granite? We trow not, and only are convinced of the existence of a blunder somewhere. Henceforth we shall believe no longer in gigantic squashes, enormous beets, prodigious yields; we shall go back on our gold fields, deny our big trees, be silent about our climate, ignore the meridian of Mt. Diablo, and believe only in chaos and utter confusion of truths practical, historical or geometrical.

— The good people of San José are represented as mildly exasperated at the lateness of the hour at which the San Francisco mail arrives. Let us see: The distance from San Francisco is some seventeen miles. Fourteen miles of this must be made by steamer, and three—from San Quentin up—by rail. The steamer, with favoring wind and tide, can make her part of the distance in one hour. If there are no cows loafing on the track, the train will run up in ten minutes. Allowing five minutes for the transfer at San Quentin, we have the whole trip in an hour and a quarter. It is very evident that the mails cannot arrive any earlier (we do not know at what hour they do arrive) unless they are started off earlier. It may be objected that our explanation applies to San Rafael instead of San José. We can't keep track of *all* the mail routes.

— Commenting upon the case of Mrs. Sullivan, who recently rose from the dinner table and shot off the top of her brother-in-law's head to avenge an alleged familiarity, the *Contra Costa Gazette* says: "It is not our province, but that of the jury by whom the case will shortly be tried, to determine, upon the evidence, direct and collateral, whether or not the homicide was justifiable; and we withhold any expression of opinion or comment that might tend to influence that determination, only remarking that even human life is not so precious as womanly honor, virtue and self-respect; nor should it be more scrupulously guarded by the sword of justice." To us it appears that the sword of justice needs not be very loudly called upon to guard that which has already been very adequately protected by a shotgun.

— The following exquisite story of Anna Dickinson is upon its regular autumn tour. "While traveling West she was asleep in a car at night, with her head resting upon a ruff on the back of a seat, when a man sat down beside her and pressed her foot with his. Miss Dickinson awakened instantly, looked him full in the eye and said: 'Do that again and I will call the conductor and have you put off the train.' The man went into another car." It is a pity to spoil so excellent a tale, but candor compels us to explain that after the man had gone, Miss Dickinson was overheard to mutter "The coward!"—meaning thereby to express her contempt for a man who had not the courage to continue his advances, like a moving body, in the line of least resistance.

— We have but an indifferent respect for the man who will bore the vitals of his female with an anger, and none at all for him who drives tenpenny nails into the heads of his young. A person in one of the moral communities beyond the Rocky Mountains has been detected in the latter iniquity, and we tell him plainly that we don't like him. He will please regard this as implying that he needs expect no favors from this establishment, and may spare himself the trouble of trumping up the shallow justification common in such cases; namely, that he was putting in the nails for the children to hang their hats on. This excuse is neither newer nor better than the plea of insanity.

— O Lord, we pray thee that Thou wilt send unlimited wetness upon the thirsty earth. Grant, O Lord, that the clouds may spout water like aerial whales, and the atmosphere perspire as a fat gentleman in a street car. Vouchsafe, we pray Thee, a season of exceeding dampness, to the which end we prostrate ourselves before Thee that our humility may be rewarded with humidity. Nevertheless, O Lord, if the barometer is up, and the wind wrong, not our will but thine be done. Amen;

— The San Francisco Preachers' Meeting has been discussing for some weeks the question, "What shall we do to promote a revival in our churches?"—*Advocate*. [Rant. Roar. Jump up and come down hard. Pound the Book. Lie. Talk up a collection.



## Great Discovery of Petroleum in the San Fernando Range. Los Angeles County.

**EDITOR MAIL BAG:**—Valuable springs of petroleum were discovered in 1864 by Mr. Wiley. Immediately after that discovery there was a rush of prospectors, who went upon the spot, took up a great number of claims, and formed several companies, some of which set to work and commenced boring, and sinking wells, and making tunnels, which, together with natural springs, have produced a great quantity of oil. In 1865 a large quantity of oil was sent to the San Francisco market, which realized 30 cents per gallon. A Los Angeles company established a refinery in the same year, which worked very well for several months, and the engineer was convinced that the company could get a fine quality of oil. The distance from the springs to the refining works was 35 miles, over a good road, and the petroleum was put into 40 and 60 gallon barrels. As soon as everything was in a prosperous condition, and when the company was in expectations of realizing some profit for their labor, the refining works, with all the machinery and oil which they had on hand, was burnt by a fire that occurred. This disaster caused a general panic among the shareholders in the district, and caused them, or the major part of them, to lose confidence and become downhearted. A meeting was called, and it was resolved that each claimant, in order to preserve his right, had to work three days in every month, and be furnished by the Receiver of the District with a certificate wherein it would appear that such work had been performed. This is the method that has been observed by those who at present hold their interests, and which has cost them a large amount of money. The result of their labor has been to bring the enterprise once more to life, with a more brilliant prospect than ever. The natural course of events has caused the resounding echo of the Southern Pacific Iron Horse, which is destined to fly over the narrow gauge tracks to pass over some of these rich claims, and probably this will be recorded in the course of some fifteen or twenty months, for it has already been determined by the superintendent of the surveying party that this is the only practicable pass for the railroad.

The American genius has made great discoveries during the past six years, as much for boring into the earth as for refining the oil of petroleum, or whatever other liquid substance that may be obtained therefrom, and turning the markets of the world with abundant quantities for consumption. The great monopoly of standard travel along the coast, which has been the great drawback for years to the advancement and progress of the southern counties of Los Angeles, Santa Barbara and San Diego. I will say Los Angeles, in particular, for its fine climate, for its fertile valley, for its delicious and golden fruits, as, for example, the orange, the lemon, the citron, the walnut, the almond, the olive, etc., its abundant yield of wine, brandy, whiskey, and for its extensive vineyards. To the north of the flourishing city of Los Angeles is the high and majestic range of mountains called the Tuleman Range, and contains a great quantity of minerals of all kinds. Gold was discovered in La Sociedad and Asosa by the Indians, in 1826, before General Sutter had any idea of coming into California. But, according to the tradition which we have from old residents, it is said that the Indians who first found this precious metal took samples to the priests at their respective missions and were informed by them that the place whence this metal was taken was the abode of the evil spirit, and if they were desirous of saving their souls, they must never take any of these stones, nor divulge the fact to any living person, as they were of no value whatever. These same gold mines have been worked for the space of twenty-one years, and are still being worked, especially during the rainy seasons, there having been extracted therefrom many thousands of dollars.

The ores of silver, quicksilver, platinum, zinc and tin have likewise been discovered in the above mentioned range, and at present the famous zapata silver, from which native silver has been obtained is still being worked by Dr. Winstan of Los Angeles. This wealth, which is deposited in the heart of these mountains, awaits the welcome arrival of the industrious and laboring man, aided by capitalists and those who desire to gain a fortune by enterprise and risking a limited quantity of the means which they have at their disposal.

Happy, indeed, will the time be when the brilliant sparks of fire will fly from the smokestack of the railroad engine as it passes over these luxurious valleys and through these rich mountains, carrying along with it the great treasure which has for ages been awaiting the arrival of industry and progress.

There is room for everybody who may wish to come and try their fortune. The county of Los Angeles invites all. Your most obedient servant,

V. GELICH, M. D.

— The public's most obedient servant "Veritas" is out with an amazing publication concerning the wrongs of the hyperborean Alents at the hands of the Alaska Commercial Company. Mr. "Veritas," it seems, "has long been a resident of the bottom of a well." Relying upon the well-known proverb we had supposed he resided at the bottom of a well. If we succeed in ascertaining his real name he will wish he did.

— The agent of the Rubber Clothing Co. has received a large shipment of Fire Hose, which will shortly be tested by the Fire Department. This hose is considered the best and cheapest made. It is used very extensively in Eastern cities, and long experience has fully established the fact that there is no hose equal to it. The company guarantees it to stand a pressure of 400 lbs. to the square inch.

**Rosalie.**

Oh! love is like the rose;  
And a month it may not see,  
Ere it withers where it grows—  
Rosalie!

I loved thee from afar;  
Oh! my heart was lift to thee,  
Like a glass up to a star—  
Rosalie!

Thine eye was glassed in mine  
As the moon is in the sea,  
And its shine was on the brine—  
Rosalie!

The rose hath lost its red,  
And the star is in the sea,  
And the briny tear is shed—  
Rosalie!

**Fur Seals and Ivory.**

For some months there has been published in this city an obscure sheet, half in bad English and half in excellent Kamschatkan, called (for no obvious reason) the *Alaska Herald*. The editor, who rejoices in the bewildering appellation of Agapius Honcharenko (and whose name we therefore suppress), with a singleness of purpose that would be creditable in a famished hen camping upon the trail of a corpulent grasshopper, has devoted his wealth of time and his want of talent solely to the hopeful industry of extorting money from the Alaska Commercial Company—whom we hereby apprise of his presence and design. His genius has not as yet been suitably rewarded, except in a few instances when he has been soundly beaten for no apparent cause other than that his existence seems to be regarded by his oversensitive countrymen as of the nature of an insult. It is probably from these repeated drubbings that has arisen a rumor that he was about to abandon the newspaper business, and prosecute the correlative one of thieving acorns from blind pigs; though, indeed, the more congenial character of that employment may have given birth to the report that he intended to turn his back upon journalism. At any rate it is untrue: he has so seldom turned his back upon anything without getting it kicked that he feels discouraged, and will probably continue to sin in the direction in which his toes are now pointed until such time as the good devil shall claim his own. Had we any influence with the latter gentleman we should beg him to postpone the evil day as long as the furnace can be kept comfortably warm without too expensive a consumption of coal; for we have it in mind to plague Mr. H. with a more exquisite misery than Mr. Satan's old-fashioned appliances are capable of inflicting. Whenever he shall be adequately toasted to a delicate brown, let us be served with an infernal writ of *habeas corpus*, and it will afford us pleasure to "turn him over." Lest our polite dislike to this guileless Russian Tartar should be construed as evidence that we know him, we hasten to explain that it is due solely to professional jealousy and the needs of trade. In so small a village as San Francisco, there is no room for more than one thoroughly disagreeable journal, and this niche we have always contrived to occupy with credit to ourselves and profit to the community. We have striven to be as generally disgraceful as possible, but when we contemplate the broad and varied infamy of the *Alaska Herald*; its minute, conscientious and elaborate mendacity; its profound and unspeakable vulgarity; its freedom from all taint of honor and all suspicion of righteousness; its unswerving iniquity, conspicuous lack of sense, and the devilish ingenuity of its methodical madness; its opulent inanity and profundity of malice—we are consumed with envy and goaded into truth!

— The elderly gentleman who has recently arrived from the cow counties, and is doggedly preparing to return, assures us with somewhat unnecessary emphasis that upon all future occasion, when he retires for the night in San Francisco, he will rigorously abstain from blowing out his gas, and will scrupulously turn it off. The elderly party is quite right. The peculiar huskiness of his voice, the pallor of his cheek, the tremor of his limbs, and the general dejection of his demeanor plead eloquently in favor of this method. We feel convinced that our friends from the country will never thoroughly enjoy tarrying in San Francisco until they shall consent to give it a trial.

— Men of uncertain temper ought not to keep double shotguns in the house. An old Wisconsiner has just illustrated the folly of this fascinating custom in a most striking manner. He took down his ancestral blunderbuss, and with one barrel of it he wrought a grievous ill upon the brain of his wife. With the other he displaced his own. Now had this weapon possessed but a single barrel, the task of reloading it would have afforded time for the gentleman's good humor to assert its sway, and society would not have incurred any loss. "The woman!" Ah! did we mention any woman? True. Well, the woman ought not to have offended her irritable friend.

— The coroner of Oakland has been unable to determine whether the body of Mr. McFadden, which was found floating in the water, was purged of its soul by accident or design. This is a question in which neither Mr. McFadden nor the community is very deeply interested. It might be a trifle more agreeable to the former to get the credit of having been assassinated, but the latter will be perfectly content with the theory that he got drunk and toppled into the damp.

— We have received the first number of a monthly publication entitled *The West*. It is published by "The Dial Company," and it appears that the overwhelming popularity of the former sheet (of the existence of which we have never before been made aware) has inspired this new venture. We welcome with open jaws this new nigger swimming hopefully upon the bosom of the journalistic Nile. We drink his health and him. *Music*—"Dear father, come home!"

— With all due deference to the *Chronicle's* reporter, we must affirm our entire disbelief of his statement that during an interview with Joaquin Miller the latter glued his eyes to a mirror. We believe that the necessities of his calling may impel a poet to perform a great multitude of ridiculous actions, but we do not believe that any man of genius would use glue in such a case as this, when paste would serve his turn with equal utility.

— It is strange that a man respectably connected and decently brought up should leave the path of blameless rectitude and wander in the devious and uncertain byways of crime. A gentleman of that character residing in Montana has been convicted of murdering his partner in mining. We implore that his sentence may be a light one, for this seems to have been his first offense. He had previously murdered only Chinamen.

— An Oakland person, named Nelson, fractured his ankle while wrestling with some other simpleton. If it is criminal to kill a man in a duel, is it not proportionately wicked to fracture a man's ankle in a squabble. Yes; but the former crime is so venial an offense that the latter is too trivial to take note of. If Mr. Nelson had had his back broken, his conqueror might justly have been kicked or compelled to play base ball!

— The *Pacific*, a religious weekly of this city, is responsible for the following bit of probably unconscious satire: "It is a rare gift to be able to tell the truth about people in such a way that they shall enjoy the reading of it." It is a gift that we do not possess: we have for some years been telling the truth about the *Pacific*, and the editor of that sheet does not like it at all. This is a powerful incentive to falsehood.

— Early last Tuesday morning, a muscular indigent attempted to rob a letter-carrier, and being remonstrated with upon the absurdity of such a proceeding, manifested his desperation by explaining that he would plunder the Savior if the latter were present. It is hardly likely that the latter will visit San Francisco this season, and if he did he would be crucified before this villain could get a chance at him.

— A dispatch from London informs a waiting world that "Dr. Livingstone, when last heard from, was slowly making his way toward the coast." If the tide is not against him, and he do not meet with baffling head-winds, he may be expected to arrive out about the middle of Nextember. In view of his expected advent the British Government has taken the precaution to pension his children.

— Anne Dockrell, a poor woman, was found dead in a shanty in New Brunswick, N. J., yesterday, with her head nearly eaten off by rats.—*Telegram*. (From the fact that none of the bodies of the rodents were discovered, it is apparent that there is at least one kind of ratsbane that has not the virtue of making these animals "come out of their holes to die.")

— An English clergyman, who was engaged in writing a history of the Popes, varied his labors by beating out the brains of his wife. Men are frequently incited to heroic actions by the contemplation of similar heroism in others. It is probable that if one were to undertake a history of the Patriarchs, he would end his researches by plausibly cheating his grandmother.

— A contemporary has been at the pains to compile several interesting accounts of kleptomaniacs, among others that of a very respectable clergyman who had an incurable weakness for stealing bibles and giving them to the poor. We can very easily credit the story of the thieving, but—well, it is at least very unusual for a clergyman to give anything to anybody.



### Let Us Irrigate.

Reclamation from drought and from overflow is the first question of the day to all Californians, and men of every class in city, town and country have to-day "water" on the brain. The San Joaquin and Sacramento farmer who sowed his seed-wheat two months ago, and the great stock owner who, a month ago, had to bring his flocks and herds from their green pastures amid the heights of the Sierra Nevada down to the plains again on account of frost and snow, are watching anxiously for the rains, and they come not. The drought has perished nearly every green blade, and even the tules and the salt grasses have been eaten to their roots, and the cattle are dying everywhere in numbers, and should the rains be much longer deferred, even the city markets will only be furnished with lean meat. The impoverishment of the agricultural districts brings hard times to the cities and towns, and from day to day we can see an increasing worry and anxiety regarding the weather and its sequences filling the minds of all men. Now, we would ask, why should this state of things exist? Is it that since the American occupation of California similar seasons of severe drought have not occurred? or is it that the old residents of California have never yet been able to realize from past experience the fact that the rain-fall in these plains is precarious, and that cycles of drought have never failed in appearing every third or fourth season with more or less severity? If California, in climate, soil and natural resources, is worth but one cent of the value generally believed, then let its inhabitants be up and doing something to prevent such recurrences of drought, if prevention be possible. Are there no "Pelegs" in this land of promise who can devise and organize means for storing the undoubted rain and snow-fall in the mountains, and divide these California lands into perennial water courses and rills, so as to make the present pastures of the wilderness to spring forth, the trees to bud, and the fields to stand so thick with corn and grain that all who dwell in the country and in the city may laugh and sing and be satisfied? We read in the oldest history of the world and of man, how that Peleg, the great-grandson of Shem, was the first irrigator and the first among men after the Deluge to divide the land of Egypt and Mesopotamia into water courses. We say let some of the sons of Shem and of Japhet now in California go and do likewise.

If California had to-day a population equal to that of Europe or the far East, famine would have repeated the terrible lesson it has taught in India and in Asia generally—men would have died from sheer starvation, just as we see, all around, the cattle are dying. We believe that if the entire community would cooperate to inaugurate a general system of reclamation from drought and flood, throughout the vast plains of California, from the Tejon Pass to Red Bluffs—that within five years this entire country could be secured from these cycles of drought, and from such debacles as those of 1861-62 and 1867-68. There can be no question that the work of reclamation of lands from drought and flood, to be of any permanent and general advantage to the country, must be done in a skillful and comprehensive manner. The present system of leveeing, in which there is no continuity or any adherence to the principles of hydraulics, is an injury rather than a benefit to the country, and a waste of time and of dear capital. We believe that California, more than any other State in the Union, has paid dearly for experiments in one way and another; and what she now requires is practical skill and cheap capital to ensure success in the future. If rules and regulations regarding the construction of levees and the proper drainage to irrigated lands are not strictly enforced by the State or the public, California may become in almost a worse state than it is at present—for malignant fever and chills will prevail, as they have done this season at Bakersfield and elsewhere, consequent on the want of drainage and of properly arranged irrigation. California has good and able engineers in General Alexander, Bryan, Baker, Stangroom and others, who are competent to advise the public in these matters, and what it requires is the way to obtain cheap capital. There can be hardly any question that a complete and proper system of water conservancy and of distribution will make our Californian plains full of pleasant homesteads, smiling corn-fields, evergreen pastures, and belts of timber; but a neglect of such a system will only cause general dissatisfaction and a want of confidence in the public mind regarding reclamation. Holland, France, Germany, England, India, Egypt, and the Mississippi States, can show us clearly what to avoid and what to copy. Let the people be wise in these matters, and let the rulers of the State take council together to secure throughout the length and breadth of the land, the full blessings, and none of the evils attending the use of water for agricultural purposes.

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— We note with pleasure that the Rev. Albert Williams has been divesting his soul of some exterior piety before the California Prison Commission, of which he is a member in good standing. The precise nature of the reverend gentleman's remarks we did not learn, but we presume he gave his views upon the morality of leasing city property for unholy purposes, and selling a communion service belonging to a congregation, for private emolument. The intensely wicked and besottedly secular have long accused the Rev. Albert of these practices, and inasmuch as he has never publicly denied them, it is only natural to suppose that he would take occasion to defend them. It is basely asserted by scoffers that if the Rev. Albert had his deserts he would not direct the benevolence of the Prison Commission so much as he would require it. As for us, we know nothing at all about it.



### Personal Liability.

Are the editors of California the priests or the ministers of public opinion? Do they claim to be a hierarchy, holding by "divine right" the sole prerogative to dictate what the people shall believe? Is it permitted only to an editor to think or utter an opinion? Must the people cease to understand their own business, forgo their rights of petition and instruction, abandon their right to free thought and free speech, for fear of the editorial rod, ever ready to lash them into submission at the feet of a clique claiming exclusive rights to dictate to others how they shall manage their own affairs? The lawyers, merchants, and capitalists of San Francisco, after experiencing for twenty years, the delusive "protection," so-called, offered to creditors of corporations by the Constitution of the State, in the shape of personal liability of stockholders, and the disabilities imposed thereby upon the investment of capital in corporate enterprises, have, with one accord, determined to petition the Legislature to inaugurate the amendment of the Constitution by striking out the obnoxious clause. The Chamber of Commerce has taken the lead in this movement. By a committee of its ablest members, they have fully investigated the subject, and adopted a report, enumerating a dozen valid reasons why this relic of barbarism should no longer impugn the common sense of our people. One would suppose that the journalists, who live on the patronage of the members of the Chamber of Commerce, would see the propriety of ascertaining their views, and respecting their opinions on a matter peculiarly within their province, before giving vent to their own crude notions of a matter wherein they are most conceitedly ignorant, as well as supremely disinterested. In fact, it may safely be presumed that the majority of these self-constituted *makers* of public opinion never owned a share of stock, never held a claim against a corporation, and could not scrape together money enough to represent even a cipher on the left-hand of the millions represented by the Chamber of Commerce. But have they brains enough to see this little point? Do they remind you, gentle reader, of anything but a pack of neighborhood curs, barking at the moon as she mounts the heavens? At first all are silent, as her first rays gild the edge of the horizon. Each listens for the others. At length one gives a little yelp. No. 2, encouraged by the sound, yelps a little louder. No. 3 responds with more confidence. Another and another chimes in; until, by the time the full-orbed luminary reaches the zenith, the whole pack are convulsed with their frantic efforts to rival the light with their hideous noise. Did you ever understand why the dogs bay at the moon? *It is because they fancy their barking makes the moonlight!* Oh, for an editor in California that really knows something! Oh, for some printer's devil, from New York or Chicago, from the skim-milk of whose real ideas our editors could steal the material of first-class editorial butter and cheese! When the blind lead the blind, shall not both fall into the ditch? How fortunate, that our newspapers are not in demand *outside* the State! Else should the blood mantle the patriotic cheek at the nasty show the monkeys make who climb highest on our editorial staff!

— The celebrated Black will case has again terminated fatally in Marin County. This is the third time that the jury has failed to agree, and this tedious suit will have to be tried all over again. Several San Francisco attorneys, whose practice has made them familiar with the details of the case, have disposed of their city property, and are about to remove with their families to San Rafael. Newspapers are rigorously excluded from families up there, lest the children should read comments upon the case, and be disqualified from serving as jurors when they grow up. The prosperity of the county depends largely upon the disbursements incident to the annual trial, and a change of venue would work a financial crisis. There is but one inconvenience attending all this: every person who acquires a residence in the county becomes, by virtue of that act, either a witness or a juror, and is immediately put under heavy bonds not to leave. Even transient visitors are narrowly watched. The last jury stood eight to four, and some people—outside the county—indulge a hope of having the constitution so altered as to permit the next jury to consist of either eight or four men; hoping to thus secure unanimity. This is vigorously opposed by people inside the county, who do not desire unanimity. If the property holds out, posterity, in Marin County, will have an assured income.

— A friend in Baltimore, formerly a journalist in this city, sets down in a private letter his estimate of the people among whom his lot is cast, in the words following: "This folk is so impenetrably thick-skinned and fat-brained that it irks me. Its self-esteem is transcended only by its ignorance. Yagh-agh!—with what yawns of rage and scorn could I berate it. If I had but the time and apt occasion." It is our impression that that youth would better have a care how he shall execute any similar yawns in future, or it may chance that we shall twitter his name. A word from us and this "bright jewel from the mine" will be flung before the poking snouts of the Baltimorean pachyderma, and, faith, they'll crunch him! Better shine with pellucid modesty in an *Ethiopian's* ear.

— It has been discovered that the popular sentence, "In the midst of life we are in death," is not in the Bible. Then it is not true.

### We're a Great Country, Sir.

The first wish of the average American is to overturn a despot; the second is to be permitted to take one by the hand. He will go to almost any length—even to the length of his ears—to assist some person to cast off the monarchical chain, and all the compensation he asks is that the person so favored shall present him at court. A king, a prince, or even a simple noble, in his own land is an object—to the American in his—of deep dislike and ridicule no end. Transport Mr. Presidentmaker to the other gentleman's country, and he becomes an enthusiastic admirer. Transport the other gentleman to America, and Mr. P. blossoms into an intense and persevering sycophant. The visit of the Russian Grand Duke illustrates the latter proposition quite as well as—as a former visit of an English Prince. We are not inclined to cavil at a decent respect shown to our very distinguished visitor; the relations of the two countries, owing to the impossibility of any rivalry between them, are of an amicable nature, and Russia did the handsome thing by Admiral Farragut and Marcus Twain. It is therefore proper that we should wreak some small sweetness upon Alexis; whom we believe to be a very worthy young man, behaving himself in seven languages. But of course any man who has mingled much in European society (we have mingled much in European society) as well as any one who knows how to deport himself at home (we know how to deport ourself at home) must experience a qualm of temperate disgust at the conduct of New York the time the Prince arrived. The unpleasant details having been so recently "flashed across the continent," it is unnecessary to here specify in what they consisted. It is enough that our representative city has not disappointed our lawful anticipations, but has made an ass of herself and us in the time-honored and characteristic way—but with a want of completeness that gives promise of more asininity to come. Had Prince Alexis come upon some important mission, or any mission at all, a part of this gorgeous pageant would have been in good taste. But inasmuch as he is a simple gentleman traveling for pleasure, and his visit to the United States, so far from having any public significance, is but an incident of his tour, the reception and welcome business is pretty much all of it snobbish and vulgar. He might have passed through any half dozen European countries and no one would have even stared at him. There is one thing that we cannot suffer to pass unnoted. That is the address of welcome that was spoken at His Royal Highness by General Shoot-him-on-the-spot Dix. We have patience for the whole speech, but room for but a single extract: "We are not so old as some European nations" [indeed!] "as our civilization dates back but one hundred years" [when we broke with Great Britain, your highness] "but among our institutions and customs you will no doubt find many things to admire" [a great many things, we flatter ourselves] "and carry back to your own country." Just so; it is no trouble to show goods. There is a fine democratic ring about this—a characteristic flavor of the republican shop—a real American aroma! It seems, however, to have been wholly lost upon the Prince, who received it in stolid silence, probably wondering what the mischief it was all about. It is probable that the young gentleman is more desirous of carrying back a few buffalo pelts, Indian curios and the like, than any institutions or customs whatsoever. Of course he is to visit California; at least if he does not he is not the man of taste and culture we take him to be. It is to be regretted that he has not as yet signified this obvious intention; but it must be remembered that nobody certainly knew that he was coming to New York until he came. Grand Dukes are apparently not ceremonious when they would a-hunting go.

— How few of our young men have a proper understanding of the duty which they owe to themselves and society.—*Call*. [And how few shallow moralizers have a proper understanding of the meaning of the language they use, when they talk about a man owing anything to himself. If one should say that a man was indebted to himself in the sum of one dollar and seventy-five cents, the absurdity of the statement would be apparent enough; but speak of owing duty, or respect, or some such thing, to oneself, and nine of every ten of your auditors will think you have expressed a definite idea, when in fact you have uttered only a certain number of meaningless words—and of such is the kingdom of sermonizing. In conclusion we may remark that if the duty most young men owe to themselves or others is an *ad valorem* duty, it may be assessed at one hundred per cent. without amounting to any very stupendous sum.

— Garibaldi is said to be greatly depressed by the political outlook in Europe. Garibaldi is now an old man, and if he permits himself to worry about trifles of that character he will certainly die. Moreover, he ought to die. Furthermore, everybody who worries about the condition of his fellow beings ought to die. These are the wretches whose meddling causes all the trouble. Our respect for the earnest souls who burn with zeal for the good of mankind—as they happen to understand it—grows marvelously less the longer we live. We yearn for a law making patriotism a felony and philanthropy a capital offense.

— It is estimated by the Lonisville press that three hundred thousand hogs will be packed in that city this year. It is estimated by outsiders that this will include a fair quantity of citizens.

### California a Cotton-Producing State.

California gives bright promise of becoming a great cotton-producing State. Energetic and hopeful men have entered into the enterprise. The experience and result of their labors give them most sanguine hopes for future investments. They have practically demonstrated that cotton of an excellent quality can be raised in all our magnificent valleys, from the Sacramento to the Kern River country. The *Sutter Banner*, published at Yuba City, says that "Wm. Mason, on Butte slough, in this county, has cultivated the cotton plant with great success for the past two seasons. There is no question about the success of raising cotton in this valley. We look forward to the time when the Sacramento River will be planted on either side in large cotton fields. With our advantages of climate we can compete with the cotton States of the South, and allow a higher compensation for labor. Now that we have triumphed in wool-growing, and in the manufacture of woollen fabrics, let us also engage in the cotton business and hasten the day of cotton mills." The Kern County *Courier* (Bakersfield), in reply to the croakers who discourage the enterprise in that part of the State by saying the season in the valley is too short for the production of cotton, silences them by stating that "after a five years' experience of this climate, if any objections could be raised to the culture of cotton here, this should be the least tenable. It is to be remembered that previous to the late experiments of Major Strong, the most successful one in the State was conducted here, and that a farmer from one of the cotton States raised it successfully a number of years for his own use. This should be conclusive, but there are some facts brought under our notice the past year which establish the fact that our seasons ought to be long enough for anything. Two crops have been taken by many persons from the same ground, and we have had under our daily observation a cornfield of twenty acres, planted after the Fourth of July, which has matured a crop of not less than sixty-five bushels to the acre, the variety being the ordinary hoosier or dent corn of the Western States not remarkable, as is well known, for attaining its growth in a short period." The Stockton *Independent* learns that the cotton crop raised by Buckley, Strong & Co., on the land of H. F. Buckley & Bro., at Hoppton, Merced County, is turning out quite as well as was anticipated. The crop covers about sixty acres of land, which, it is believed, will yield not less than a bale to the acre. The amount already picked is about 55,000 pounds, and the second picking is not yet finished; and before the work of gathering the crop is wholly completed it will be necessary to go over the place the third time. Cotton growing is a pursuit that promises to be a great future source of wealth in the San Joaquin Valley. The San Joaquin Valley *Argus* adds that "some idea may be formed of the productiveness of the far-famed cotton crop of Major Strong by examination of specimen stalks and branches hanging in our office. We have a small branch of a bimb in our possession which measures fifteen inches in length and contains seventeen bolls, all but four of which are well grown. This crop of itself is of very great importance, not only because of its value to the producers, they having made a large profit upon their investment this year—but also on account of the impetus their success this season will give to the cultivation of this valuable staple hereafter. Already we hear men speak of entering into the cultivation of cotton next year upon a scale that would surprise the most extensive operators in the old cotton States, and we doubt not the acreage in this county next season, of cotton, will be computed by the thousands." It will thus be seen that a portion (patch) of this State, from Marysville in the north to Bakersfield in the south, embracing an area larger than several of the New England States, is admirably adapted to the cultivation of cotton. With the impulse already given to the production of this staple of universal use, and the continued energy of such enterprising and large-hearted men as the Stronges, Buckleys and Masons, California will soon rank among the leading cotton producing States of the Republic. The *News Letter* heartily congratulates California's pioneer cotton planters upon their splendid and auspicious triumphs, and anxiously awaits the development of this, at present in embryo, vast interest.

### The New City Hall.

There is an evident disposition among a portion of the press to find fault with the management of the New City Hall building. Yet the closest investigation of this affair compels them to admit the ability and sagacity of the Commissioners. Their integrity has never been questioned even by their most malignant opponent. The *Bulletin*, in a long, well-considered article on the new edifice, which will be the glory of the city, shows that the charges about corruption and bad workmanship, made by a few disappointed, ill-conditioned architects, contractors and mechanics, are entirely baseless, and shows that no radical mistake has been made by the Commissioners, and that no radical improvement could now be suggested by anybody whose opinion is worth listening to. We believe that for the time and attention given to this stupendous undertaking, the three gentlemen appointed to superintend it, and who are directly responsible for its success, are worthy of our warmest commendation. It gives us sincere pleasure to be able to say this conscientiously. To supersede any of these Commissioners, or give the superintendence of this great work to any other body of men, no matter under what name they may go, would be to work an irreparable injury to the city, while it might oblige a few hungry politicians.



### The Ghostly Maid.

Sir Gerald couched his lance in rest,  
And rode to the king's behest,  
Down a green glade with flowers besprent,  
And ever as he onward went,  
He heard a sighing voice which said,  
"Ah me! oh most unhappy maid!"

Sir Gerald look'd to right and left,  
He poised his lance, with action deft,  
To pierce the traitor who should dare  
Drive such sweet captive to despair,  
And make her wail with many a sigh,  
"And most unhappy maid am I!"

But though with cautious step he stole  
Round yon green oak's gigantic bole,  
To seize the villain unaware—  
No captive and no knight were there!  
He only heard among the leaves  
Faint sobbing, as of one who grieves.

He thrust his shining lance between  
The matted creeper's verdant screen;  
He turned aside the ivy veil  
Which swathed the hollow tree; the frail  
And trembling willows seemed to hide  
Some secret in the sluggish tide.

But look where'er he may, in vain  
Are all his toil and all his pain;  
Only a voice among the leaves,  
And sobbing as of one who grieves,  
Answer his call. "Alas! ah me!"  
The plaint responds incessantly.

Since then, Sir Gerald, bravest knight  
Of any in the noon-day fight,  
Seems all distraught, his blunted lance  
Seeks hungrily that fading chance  
Of pricking in that tangled glade  
The knight who grieves a captured maid.

Oh wasted lance! oh man undone!  
Come out beneath the wholesome sun,  
And leave the fatal lure. They say  
No knight but came to rue the day  
On which he followed unafraid,  
The wailing of that ghostly maid! —*St. Paul's Magazine.*

— At a recent meeting the Academy of Sciences condensed as usual. Professor Fieldsquash took the chair, and all the rest a drink each. Dr. Schwackenheimer, of the Imperial Academy at Auesgpeilhausen, was elected an active life-member, and assigned to the duty of collecting contributions of red herrings from the poor for the advancement of science. Professor Thumbscrew read an interesting paper upon ditch-fish, and their relation to the potato rot in sheep. The Professor's impression is, that this disease is purely pathological and indigenous. It therefore is. Dr. Mudcrust presented specimens of the *psora* beautifully developed, and enlivened the proceedings with a scientific performance upon the Gaelic violin. A letter was received from Dr. Towne Cryer, declining to become a member of the Academy. It was stated by an insolent academist, that no one had asked him to, which was true, but unscientific. The letter was referred to the Committee on Snakes. Dr. Cobweb said that a friend of his had forwarded a nest of bald-headed hornets, which he would now open and— whereupon Dr. Cobweb was promptly knocked over with a relic of some former age. The Secretary begged to introduce the learned Dr. Spiggotwinger, of the Tierra del Fuegan Academy of Common Sense. The request was unanimously refused, and loud calls were made for some new variety of oyster. As if by magic, but really by collusion, Mr. Muckwallow pulled out one, which he said differed from all known varieties, in that it was a univalve. It turned out to be the old thing, an oyster on the half shell, and was contemptuously devoured. Dr. Doughnuteater was of opinion that more attention should be given to the study of the genesis of toads, and how they managed to avoid the pollywog state. Professor Treaclecheck thought that the pollywog condition was a sort of purgatory from which toads were exempt on account of their blameless lives. He was dragged off the stand by Prof. Pinvision, who contended that toads were really frogs, and *vice versa*; the popular nomenclature being one of those vulgar transpositions for which the unscientific are notorious. That disposed of the pollywog question completely and characteristically. After some desultory cracking of peanuts, it was moved that the Academy adjourn. The motion being lost, a member was sent out to see if there was anything worthy of attention in the moon. He returned in an hour, and reported that the moon was just setting. Dr. Beefnoddle wished to know if any one present had investigated the almanac; it was his opinion that the moon was at least fifteen minutes ahead of time. This proving to be the fact, it was unanimously resolved that the moon was not setting. Perceiving that it was, Dr. Leatherbelly gave notice that at the next meeting he should move a reconsideration of the vote. The reporters of the press having their note-books filled, declared the meeting adjourned till the next eclipse of Tucker's clock. At that time there will be an interesting debate upon the red corpuscles in snail-slime, and what in thunder they are doing there.

— In the southern part of this State they practice singular methods of identification. A Sheriff having offered a considerable reward for the capture, "dead or alive," of a desperado noted for the peculiar configuration of his feet, that person was duly killed, and had one of his feet cut off and sent in as proof that the usual mistake had not in this case been made. Two weeks later some persons discovered the remains of his starved wife and babe, and thoughtfully removed their scalps for the use of the Coroner.



### English Capital and Californian Resources.

We welcome with real pleasure the arrival from England of the Right Honorable Edward B. Eastwick, C. B. M. P., accompanied by J. F. Dalrymple Hay, Esq., the son of Admiral Sir John Hay, M. P., and W. S. Campbell, Esq., for eighteen years a resident of Holland. We have purposely mentioned the status in society of these gentlemen, not as a matter of parade, but in order to show, when the object of their visit to California is declared, how the intellect and capital of England is directed to these shores. Mr. Eastwick represents as many millions of dollars as he may deem advisable to invest. Mr. Dalrymple Hay has the experience of travel in many lands, and Mr. Campbell has passed his life in the study and superintendence of the dykes that guard Holland. These gentlemen commenced by investigating the swamp lands of our State and have just returned from Vallejo after an exhaustive survey. We cannot say where their steps will next be directed, but we are happy of one thing, that they are in good hands. These gentlemen are not mere holiday visitors; they have come here to survey our land and all substantial interests that offer reliable security for investment, and it is earnestly to be hoped that they will not fall into the clutches of unscrupulous, designing schemers. There are sufficient solid men of business among us who have their reputation at stake as well as that of our State, whose pleasure and pride it will be to afford reliable information; for these men, independently of the natural integrity of their character, know full well that any injudicious investment, entered into with their advice or connivance, would be prejudicial to the best interests of this coast. We cannot sufficiently insist on the importance of affording all truthful information and advice to these visitors. Their success is our success; their gain is our profit, and the more inducements we can offer them by a fair exhibit of the advantages that California affords to the investment of foreign capital, the greater will be its influx. For, indeed, the great need of this State is the development of its unbounded wealth; therefore it is that we cry more! more!! more!!! of that which *we so much need*—namely, capital. For every million that is invested in the country, millions are returned; therefore it is that we welcome the foreign capitalists; and, whilst urging the utmost openness and candor in our dealings with them, at the same time feel an unbounded safety in the shrewdness of such men as Mr. Eastwick, who has gained experience by dint of hard thought and much knowledge of the world, and has a clear eye to distinguish between the tinsel of the many, very, very *disinterested* friends who will swarm around him, having all to make and nothing to lose; who are here to-day and no where to be found to-morrow, and the honest man who sees California's prosperity in her integrity. There is capital seeking investment in Europe that would flood in here were it assured of that profit which many of us know is certain. It behooves us, then, to encourage that flow by actual proof and fair-dealing; and, as we said before, the Honorable Mr. Eastwick and his friends are in good hands.

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— "We, the undersigned jurors empaneled to inquire into the cause of death of Yip Kow, do find that deceased was a native of China, aged sixty-five years, and that he came to his death from the automatic action of a pick-ax in the hands of Patrick O'Rafferty, and was afterward chewed by a self-winding bull dog belonging to the same party, and that the whole thing was a mistake: Samuel Gospler, Michael Snowskin, Christian Singpsalm, Henry Speakpiece, Teddy Hodporter."

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— Multitudinous and beautifully varied are the methods of accommodating a conjugal difference. Probably the most effectual is that adopted by Mr. John G. Clinton, of Lynn, Massachusetts. He first argued the points in dispute with a blunt instrument, then he enforced conviction with a can of kerosene oil, and finally soothed the resulting agitation with a lighted flambeau. A man has to pass through but one such domestic broil in a lifetime: afterward he broils elsewhere.

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— That cheerful aggregate of human bees, the International Society, is endeavoring to set up its incendiary banner in San Francisco. The question of admitting Chinamen to membership has caused a hitch in the proceedings; though we have heard of no one objecting to the admission of thieves and vagrants. There needs be no trouble about this matter: there are no Chinamen who wish to join, and no thieves and vagrants who do not.

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— A social evil of St. Louis has contributed two hundred and seventy-five dollars to the Chicago fund. "This money," says she in an explanatory letter, "many would refuse to receive." Perhaps so; but we do not happen to have met them. Perhaps the lady merely means that many would refuse to receipt for it.

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— The widow of the late Walter Montgomery is to give a series of public readings. This talented lady would give better satisfaction as the central figure in a series of public whippings.

### Are Men to Fly?

An article with the above title appeared the end of last month in the *London Spectator*, and demands more than a passing notice from the fact of the writer's conclusions being based to a considerable extent upon the principles that were applied to the construction of our California *Aviator*. The article begins as follows:

"It is, indeed, a somewhat strange circumstance that hitherto so little attention should have been paid to the significant teachings of the storm. Sir John Herschel tells us that air moving in the hurricane, at the rate of ninety-two miles per hour, 'produces universal desolation, sweeping away buildings and tearing up trees.' The same force which can thus whirl the solid materials of buildings through the air is capable beyond question of supporting contrivances specially adapted for aerial navigation. But in what respect does the air in a hurricane differ from still air save in its rapid motion? And what difference can there be in the supporting power of the hurricane air and the supporting power of still air, when this latter power is called into action by rapid motion through it? The boy with the toy kite can answer this question for us; for in calm weather he can, by running, cause his kite to rise as steadily as though wind were blowing."

In the last paragraph lies the primary axiom of aviation. Let us for a moment reflect what it is that causes a kite to rise. It is the action of the air upon a plain surface, which is made resistant to, and consequently heavier than the air by a motive power, or dynamic force. This resistant force is the string, which is attached to or held by a body superior in strength to the force of the wind. A kite might be made so large that a boy could not hold it at the same time that it might require a gale of wind to make it mount. We should then have two opposing forces acting in increased ratio. The proof that the kite must be made heavier than the air by mechanical means is, that if you cut the string, the kite, released from the attached weight, falls to the ground. Now suppose that instead of a string *pulling* the kite forward against the air, a propelling power were placed at its back, the result would be the same, only the kite would be *pushed* forward and not dragged through the opposing medium. Now this last is the principle of the California *Aviator*, which may be summed up in two words, power and planes. The writer says, further on:

"If we can only urge aerial machines through the air at the rate of seventy or eighty miles per hour—no matter how this velocity is obtained at starting—we need not fear that either the supporting power of the air will be unequal to the task of sustaining the machine, or that there will be any insuperable difficulties in maintaining or increasing that velocity."

Here, again, the true theory is plainly laid down, force opposed to matter. Force creating weight, and that weight creating the power that rides on the wings of the storm or turns the machinery of the wind-mill. It being, however, never forgotten that sailing *through* the air is not like sailing *on* the water. In the one case we are surrounded by ether, in the other we are supported on the surface of a body denser than air. A ship floats by an involuntary action of a law of Nature; an aviator takes its course through the air by a mechanical action opposing the natural law of gravitation. Velocity alone makes the air to all intents and purposes as heavy as water.

Further on we find: "Darwin tells us that in the upper regions of the air, near the summits of the Andes, vultures may be seen floating onwards for miles upon motionless wings. What is the secret of this flotation? Gravitation acts as forcibly on the substance of the bird as on that of the animal. Nor can we believe that there is any buoyancy, properly so called, in the bird's body or wings. Those, indeed, who misunderstand the action of the gas which supports a balloon, and imagine that a sufficiently large quantity of that or some other gas compressed within the body of the bird might give this mysterious power of flotation (for the phenomenon witnessed by Darwin is undoubtedly perplexing). But it need scarcely be said that it cannot be in this way that the bird floats. The rarest hydrogen has a much greater raising power than the most compressed; and a space equal to the whole content of a bird's body, if filled with the rarest hydrogen, and near the sea level, where the air is densest, would not be equal to the support of a tithe of the bird's weight."

Once more is the plane theory forcibly illustrated. The great condor of the Andes spreads his broad wings, and with very slight modification of their angles to the line of the earth's surface, can sail on its motionless planes either with or against the wind. There is something majestic in the aerial sweep of this immense bird, the very image of the calmness of power. The idea of any gas whatever aiding this flotation is contrary to the law of aviation and to the fact, for if you make a body lighter than the air, you proportionably decrease its power of resistance, and if you shoot a condor when on the wing, he falls to the ground. The sooner the fallacy of moving a balloon against the wind is exploded, the better. Let us for one moment fancy a balloon attached to a railway train going only forty miles an hour, where would the unwieldy monster be? Flapping and beating about to get away from the current of air created by motion. Place a large platform in front of the cars, raised at a slight angle with the earth's surface, and as it rushes through the air it will nearly lift the carriage from the rails. To conquer the air, the air must be compressed under us, and that compression can only be obtained by power and planes. The writer concludes:

"The point to be chiefly noticed is the fact that a heavy body—for the vulture is no chicken, so to speak—can be sustained for long distances merely by the support-

ing action of the air. There can be little doubt that it is only on account of the perfect steadiness of their motion through the air that they are thus supported. The efforts of aeronautical mechanicians must be directed to secure a similar steadiness of motion for aerial machines. Granted this, there can be no reason why the powers of steam and iron should not avail to secure an aerial motion even surpassing in rapidity the flight of the swiftest birds. Unless we are willing to believe that birds fly by some power distinct from any which physical science deals with, we seem justified in believing that the bird may be matched or surpassed by the flying-machine as surely as the swiftest animals are surpassed by the locomotive."

That is just it, nor are we willing to believe that the bird flies by any power that cannot be mechanically imitated. All we want is power, but that power must be given by machinery lighter than that generally in use, and the great problem will be finally solved when the motor and the generator will be so much specifically lighter than at present, that the great weight will be that of momentum, that is, the impinging of a rapidly driven plane against a resisting current of air. It is but the boy's kite after all. Up to this time, however, the use of gas as a corrective to the attraction of gravitation has been found necessary; no driving engine of sufficient lightness having yet been constructed. The California Aviator used gas, not for the purpose of elevation, but simply to counteract gravity. This same machine, in addition, was singularly well adapted by its peculiar formation for overcoming the resistance of the air. It was cylindrical, or rather, cigar-shaped, and when fully distended, looked like a huge chrysalis. On either side of the inflated cylinder stretched the planes, forming in fact with the intervening lower part of the gas holder, one immense plane under the whole machine. We have said that gas was only used to counteract gravity, that is, the machine was inflated with sufficient pure hydrogen to rise from the ground the moment that the steam-power was exerted on its propellers. The machine was actually and necessarily a trifle heavier than the air, the instant the propellers began to revolve, it became much more so, but, then, the action of the planes came in and the Aviator gracefully breasted the empyrean. The projector of the Aviator will gradually reduce the gas-holder in proportion as he reduces the weight, and increases the power of his driving engine. Meanwhile he begs to assure the now-increasing list of believers in the accuracy, development and application of Aviator principle, he will ere long secure to California the merit of having successfully solved the problem—"Are men to fly?" with the everlasting response of "Yes!"

### Gigantic Canal Cutting.

It is to be wished that the Government would stop the ship canal foolery at the Isthmus, and expend any surplus funds it may have on hand, after setting apart enough to pay the national debt, in some more useful manner. Each expedition that has been sent to survey a route has rendered it only the more apparent that there is no route. It is true, Commander Sedgwick has just demonstrated the entire feasibility of the enterprise, as most of his predecessors had done; but it may safely be predicted that within two years another expedition will be sent out to fill in the details of Mr. Sedgwick's necessarily imperfect survey, and will find that the route presents insuperable obstacles which were at first overlooked. In fact, if Mr. Sedgwick's discoveries have been correctly reported, it will hardly be necessary, except as a matter of official form, to send this supplementary expedition at all. The report that it will be necessary to cut a tunnel some miles in length, the number of miles is unimportant: one will do, and one hundred and fifty feet in height, may be regarded as "demonstrating the feasibility of that route," pretty conclusively. It is difficult in this age of magnificent engineering to define the limit of possibility in this kind of work. With the Overland Railway, the Suez Canal, and the Mont Cenis Tunnel, before his eyes, he is a bold man who shall say to the modern engineer, "Thus far shalt thou go, and no farther." But, after all, this doubtless if there has been any notable advance in practical engineering since the dawn of history. There is not a people on earth that can duplicate the Pyramids, or furnish a parallel to the Great Wall of China; and compared with a Darien ship canal, these are but children's toy-houses. It is a maxim of engineering that with time and money anything may be accomplished, but there is a strong good sense in the human head which does, and always will, set a limit to both these factors. Men are prone to argue that a work by which posterity alone can be benefited, may justly be left for posterity to begin; and that dispose of the question so far as regard time. As for money, nearly all civilized nations are, and apparently always will be, hopelessly in debt, and need to carefully husband their immediate resources to prosecute wars by which to increase the balance against them. It is not impossible that there will some day be a ship canal across the Isthmus of Darien, but if any gentleman now living desires to sail through it, he would better put himself into hygienic training in order to insure a very ripe old age.

—The Pacific Coastors in Congress will move an investigation of Indian affairs, in order to ascertain if Mr. Colver's peace policy has proved successful. It has; eminently so. Under it the Indians have exhibited a meekness and tractability unparelleled. It is now almost impossible to distinguish an Apache from a peaceful White. About the only difference is that the latter has no scalp and the former has two.



### A Birthday.

Another year has passed away—so soon!  
 For soon it seems, although my calm life keeps  
 The sameness of a shadow-line that creeps  
 Down a blank wall from early morn to noon.  
 I still am waiting vainly to be taught,  
 By some dream realized, how much more keen  
 Is real joy than that which is but seen  
 In visions fashioned by too idle thought.  
 Still, sadly wishful, every year I build  
 Some scheme by which, before the next is gone,  
 An eager crowd of hopes may be fulfilled.  
 Shall I in very fact ever ascend  
 The dreamed-of heaven or half content pass on  
 Until some silent day shall bring the end? —*Cham. Journal.*

### European Pyrotechnics.

**FUN'S SHORTHAND NOTES.**—Dialectical Society's report on Spiritualism leaves the question just where it was. Just what we expected! The combined braying of all the donkeys since creation would never throw any light on the conjuring of Hermann. —Potato disease has appeared in the West of England as well as in Ireland. We fear it is a rooted evil. —Great excitement in Spain about the Sagasta manifesto. Pity they don't manifest more sagas'tly. —Bradlaugh, "interviewed" by Yankee, implied that "Gladstone and I" ruled the country. Evidently thinks himself some pippins—"how we apples swim!" —Metropolitan Railway prosecutes and persecutes smokers. Well, we would rather inhale the fumes of the worst tobacco than have a whiff of the natural atmosphere of the line.

—**MUCH HE NOSE ABOUT IT.**—The other day a youth, who had just entered a mining office as clerk, was observed to be holding a specimen of tin ore to his nose, and sniffing at it with perseverance and vigor. Being asked by his employer what he was engaged in doing, he said that he had heard frequently that Cornish and Welsh people *smelt* ore, and that as they made money at it, he thought he would have a try too!

—The musical critic of an American paper says: "Then silence came like a poultice to heal the bruises of sound." The presentation of a diamond ring to a Cincinnati actress, the other day, gave a gifted reporter of that city the opportunity for this remarkable outburst: "It was a trifling tribute from an humble admirer of the noble drama to a brilliant beacon upon the shot-tower of histrionic genius."

—The following epigram was made by a distinguished English scholar at the opening of the Mont Cenis Tunnel:

"Woe to Italia! that a way hath through  
 The caverned Alp to what is hollow too.  
 For hollow France will first rush out to sack,  
 And gorged will be the last to hasten back.  
 Thiers through one hole spies and ogles Pope,  
 Whose glance at t'other hole fills him with hope.  
 Quick! stop the holes; Italia, for the gaze  
 Of such weird eyes may see thee end thy days."

—A Yankee in England being annoyed by the constant boasting as to the superiority of the English girls, finally silenced laudation by declaring that "they had a gal in Boston only eleven years old who could chew gum in seven different languages with her eyes shut."

—A COINCIDENTAL COGNOMEN.—Singleton Civilian, Esq., of H. M. Stationary Department—"Now, boy, out of the way." Boy—"Yer! who a you a-shoving-of? Yer thinks yerself somebody, I suppose—yer—yer stick o' salary!"

—**DICKERY, DICKERY, DOC.**—We have become accustomed to see "No cards" at the end of the announcements of marriages; but the novelty and originality of this notice of a birth in the *Standard* last week are remarkable:

Sept. 3d, at Windsor, the wife of William Talley, Esq., Solicitor, of a daughter. No doctors.

We trust in the interest of the medical profession this practice will not extend to the column of "Deaths." It would look queer for the physicians to see: "On the —th instant, at —, —, Esq., after a short illness. Six doctors!"

—A WEIGHTY ARGUMENT.—*Lean Passenger.*—"H'm! Pity they don't charge by weight in these 'buses." *Stout ditto.*—"Think so? Why, if they did, they'd never stop to pick you up!"

—A Home Rule Club is about to be started in Dublin. The Irish rule must be thirteen inches to the foot, and England and Scotland be satisfied with twelve.

—It is pleasant to observe that Charles Commerfield, has been assailing and battering that legal fiction, John Doe. Mr. Commerfield's victory may be regarded as a triumph of the real over the ideal.



### Special Brevities.

— The Prussian War Department has given orders for enlarging the Small-arms Factories at Spandau, Erfurt, Dantzig, Sommerda, and Suhl, so as to enable them to manufacture 100,000 rifles a year instead of 30,000 as hitherto. What the future German rifle is to be is not yet settled, but it is believed that a decision on this point will be arrived at very soon. If the Werder rifle is selected, the Bavarian Government Factory at Amberg, which has lately been enlarged, and can turn out from 30,000 to 40,000 rifles a year, will also be set at work with the Prussian factories. It is also proposed, in order to hasten the arming of the German troops with the new rifle, to make contracts with private manufacturers both for entire rifles and parts of rifles. The side-arms for the North German Army have hitherto been provided almost exclusively from the factory at Solingen, but now that the celebrated factories of Klingenthal, in Alsace, have passed into the possession of Germany, they will be used for the production of these arms for the German troops. It is not proposed to establish any Government manufactory for cartridges, although one has been introduced on a limited scale in Bavaria, as it is thought that the necessary quantity may always be supplied by private manufacturers.

— There is a very good story of the origin of the custom of charging for the insertion of marriage announcements. At first these were published freely, as they still are by many provincial papers. But in the early days of the *Times* it was the custom in announcing a marriage to state the amount of the bride's dowry—£20,000 or £30,000, whatever it might happen to be, and in looking through the ladies' column one morning at breakfast, Mr. Walter threw out the suggestion that if a man married all that money he might certainly pay a trifling percentage upon it to the printer for acquainting the world with the fact. "These marriage fees would form a nice little pocket money for me, my dear," added Mrs. Walter, and as a joke her husband agreed to try the experiment. The charge at first was but a trifle, and the annual amount probably not much; but Mrs. Walter, at her death, passed this prescriptive right of hers to her daughter, and when a few years ago the right was re-purchased by the present proprietor it was assessed at £4,000 or £5,000 a year.

— The *Malta Times* says: "While people are talking of a railroad to India direct, to accomplish the passage from London to Calcutta in five days, the Viceroy of Egypt has actually commenced one of the most gigantic undertakings ever attempted in his territory—that of connecting Upper and Lower Egypt by rail. At the terminal point of all ancient and modern conquest, where the mighty Persian and Roman invaders found the desert an impassable barrier, the Khedive, assisted by an army of English engineers and navvies, will, unless stopped by the jealousy of the Sultan, drive an iron road and a team of iron horses, not only to the very confines of Nubia, but into the heart of Africa, opening up new fields for commerce, and perhaps bringing Livingstone home first class. When it is considered that the line, commencing at the Second Cataract, is to be six hundred miles long, some idea may be formed of the amount of labor required to complete the work."

— A brave-hearted woman saved the lives of an American family recently by an act of heroic self-devotion. On the road from Ramsgate to Broadstairs a wagonette belonging to our countryman, Major Eccles, was quietly pursuing its way, when a portion of the harness got loose, and the coachman descended from his seat to set it right. He had scarcely touched the ground, when the horses took fright and set off at a furious pace. They were met by a Miss Howard, of London, who happened to be walking in the direction of the North Foreland. Without a moment's thought she rushed forward, seized the reins, and was dragged along the road a considerable distance, but she had the satisfaction of turning the horses' heads, and thus preventing the whole party being dashed over the cliff. We are sorry to say that Miss Howard has received several severe contusions, which will confine her to her bed for some time. There are many of her sex who will envy her her injuries.

— Some very remarkable concretions of chalcodony have been recently discovered in Brazil, by H. Rosenbusch. In the valley of the Jahu, a tributary of the Tiète, in a bed of marl, he observed long cylindrical tubes, which on extraction he found to be chalcodony. They are some of them 2 inches long by  $\frac{1}{4}$  inch in thickness, are for the most part well rounded and hollow; the interior being coated with red ochre, containing much organic matter. Some of the flattened tubes are clearly formed by the junction of smaller ones. The tubes when found were coated on the outside with quartz crystals, these were in turn covered with a layer of chalcodony, and outside this, in contact with the marl, was another layer of quartz. It is scarcely to be doubted that these remarkable formations have an organic origin, being exceedingly similar in general structure to the indusial limestone of Auvergne.

— The King of Burmah is a lucky monarch. He possesses a family of missing links, hairy human subjects with the *oe coccygis* unusually developed. The mother is 45 years of age, her son 20, and her daughter 11; and all three are covered in every part of their body, faces included, with hair varying in length from three inches to a foot, and exactly the color and texture of that on a Skye terrier. The King, it is said, sets great store by the monstrosities, and thinks the King of Siam's white elephants are very poor in comparison. The King of Siam, on the other hand, pooh-poohs the shaggy family.

— The *Athenæum* records the discovery of what it describes as the largest diamond yet found in the South African diamond fields. In July last two adventurers are said to have discovered, on the first day of working their claim, a diamond weighing 124 carats.

— There was a meeting of Ultramontane cardinals at the Vatican, when it was decided that in the event of the Pope's death they would proceed to the choice of his successor without taking notice of the other party in the Sacred College. I hear in the best informed circles that the successor they have selected is Cardinal Capalti, Cardinal Patrizi having already refused the tiara. If Cardinal Capalti should be elected, there is no chance of his transgressing so far as to make any conciliatory advances to Italy.

— The *Army and Navy Gazette*, London, hears that officers have sent in their papers "by hundreds and hundreds." In one cavalry regiment one major and six captains and several subalterns seek to retire. The Dublin Brigade Office is reported to have had 400 applications to retire, and we are afraid to mention the number reported to have been received at headquarters. There is, indeed, "an ugly rush" to get out of the army.

— The French journals publish a curious statement, said to have been prepared from authentic statistics, showing that during a year's occupation of Champagne, the German army of occupation consumed no less than \$2,550,000 bottles of the famous vintage of that country. Of that quantity Rheims supplied 1,884,000 bottles, Epernay 483,000, and Aï 272,200.

— The Yale College exploring party, under Professor Marsh, has arrived at Portland, Oregon, from eastern Oregon, where they have spent the last six weeks in geological investigations in the Blue mountains and John Day valley. Interesting discoveries were made, including many new species of extinct tropical animals of the tertiary period.

— The Japanese Government has issued a decree wiping out the position of Daimios. This reduces people who have been rulers for over three hundred years to the position of the common people, and immediately annexes their territories to the Government. There is no longer any aristocracy or religion except through the Mikado.

— The Commune refugees in London have started a paper called the *Qui Vive*. It declares the conversion of the English working men to Internationalism to be hopeless.

— Mr. Parker Gillmore (known to sporting readers as "Ubique") has in the press two volumes on "Prairie Farms, and Prairie Folk."

— The remarkable article on "Spiritualism and its Recent Converts," in the *Quarterly Review*, is from the pen of Dr. W. B. Carpenter.

— For the foundation of the new City Hall there are required some six thousand tons of broken stone—"egg size." The contractor is furnishing the article precisely as specified; but it pains us to observe that he construes the stipulation as requiring him to furnish stones of the size of a roc's egg. The gentleman is too careful a student of the *Arabian Nights* to make a good contractor.

— A lot of clerical incurables at Petaluma have passed a resolution pledging themselves to discourage wine growing in the district afflicted by their presence. It is quite unnecessary to take any active measures for this purpose: their existence is sufficient to produce discouragement in a general way; and the aspect of their vinegar visages will prevent the grapes from ripening.

— The complaint against one George W. Tyler, who so misbehaved himself in the Police Court as to cause a hasty adjournment, was dismissed. Justice seems to be sufficiently sharp-sighted concerning what occurs in the byways of the Barbary Coast, but she is blind indeed to what is done under her nose. But she might have smelled Mr. Tyler.

— An advertisement in the dailies reads idiotically thus: "O, knock me down, Across the Continent!—California Theater." If this extraordinary request is made by Mr. Oliver Dowd Byron, "the juvenile star," we should be most happy to comply, as nearly as possible, by knocking him down, and kicking him across the continent.

— No man ever achieved greatness who was not industrious and persevering in some honorable pursuit.—*Call*. [Nonsense; a man may become a great idler without either; and perseverance alone will make a great dunce. The editor of the *Call* is a bright and shining proof.

— The blood-stained bedding upon which President Lincoln expired is offered to the Government at a reasonable rate. It is to be hoped the Government may decline to purchase; Congress has neglected to make any appropriation for laundry expenses.

### Ford, the Fireman,

Who saved Six Lives, and Lost His Own, at a Fire in the Gray's Inn-road, on  
Saturday, the 7th of October, 1871.

Why glints the autumn sun on glittering helms?  
Why the Dead March with its funeral beat?  
Why this vast crowd, whose silence overwhelms  
The roaring of the street?  
The marching column has a martial air;  
Its tramp is timed like tread of well-trained troop;  
Is it some famous Captain that they bear  
To where the dark yews droop?  
A common man!—a fireman!—what, no more?  
Why tears? Why sobs? Why grief on every face,  
As though it were some hero that ye bore  
To his last resting place!  
Not always, true, are purest laurels won  
Amid red carnage in fierce battle's strife,  
But earned by humble duty, bravely done,  
In saving human life!  
This *was* a hero! Yet he never strove  
To win distinction for his simple name.  
His way through flame and stifling smoke he clove  
For duty—not for fame!  
With single purpose acted he his part,  
Conscious of living in his Maker's ken;  
And well the lesson had he learnt by heart  
Of Him, who died for men.  
'Twas so he died! From out a fiery grave  
He snatched the helpless, weak with wild despair,  
Then in his wonted work's performance, gave—  
Freely—his life for theirs!  
Before that plain deal coffin, bow the head!  
That land's secure which may such heroes boast;  
Write Joseph Ford among the honored dead,  
Whom England prizes most!

—Fun.

### Court Chat.

— There is a pleasant story told of M. Casimir Périer when he was a diplomatist and Louis Philippe was King. Just before the new year the Austrian Ambassador, who was to have complimented the citizen king, was recalled, and the task devolved on the Russian Ambassador as senior representative. When the Emperor Nicholas, who never could tolerate the younger branch of the Bourbons, learned this, he ordered Count Palen to repair to Moscow for instructions. As there was nothing stirring in Europe at the time, the affront was unmistakable; and M. Guizot determined to revenge himself. His first idea was to recall the French Ambassador, but unfortunately M. de Barante was on leave of absence at the moment, and could have only been recalled from Auvergne. M. Casimir Périer was First Secretary at St. Petersburg, and M. Guizot sent him a violent dispatch, insisting on the necessity of upholding the honor of France, and instructing him to catch a violent cold in the head, and to refrain from attending any Court festivity. M. Casimir Périer obeyed, and, as the chronicler remarks, his pocket handkerchief became *le drapeau de la France*. For two months the unfortunate First Secretary was confined to his room, not daring to show his nose outside the Embassy till he received permission from his Government. During his confinement he was constantly receiving dispatches on the necessity of maintaining the honor of the flag, and making the Czar feel that France was not to be insulted with impunity.

— Bismarck is resolved to let Benedetti go the full length of his tether. The latter was evidently ignorant of the source from whence the Chancellor obtained the grounds of accusation against him. By a turn of that singular good luck which has hitherto followed the Prussian statesman all through his career, the papers proving the truth of his assertions, containing the whole report, in short, of the affair of Luxembourg and the annexation of Belgium, were found by a curious chance at M. Rouher's chateau at Cerçay. After the first wholesale search had been made by the Prussian soldiers, the commander sat himself down at Rouher's own bureau to write a dispatch to headquarters. The chair was high, the commander short and puffy; he asked for something to raise his feet, and one of the men dragged from beneath the bureau a flat wooden box, which was made to answer the purpose required. The box had a suspicious appearance to a diplomatic eye; it was forced open, and sure enough its contents were found to be of the highest importance. Needless to say the commander immediately sat down again to write another dispatch to headquarters, this time without the aid of the box to rest his feet upon. He already felt taller by many inches after the discovery.



— Gordon, the Scottish painter, used to tell this story of Lord Palmerston: "I had exhibited for several years, but without any particular success. One year, however—the year before I painted 'The Corsicans'—Lord Palmerston took a sudden fancy to my picture, called 'Summer in the Lowlands,' and bought it at a high figure. His lordship at the same time made inquiries after the artist, and invited me to call upon him. I waited upon his lordship accordingly. He complimented me upon the picture; but there was one thing about it he could not understand. 'What is that, my Lord?' I asked. 'That there should be such long grass in a field where there are so many sheep,' said his lordship, promptly, and with a merry twinkle of the eye. It was a decided hit, this; and, having bought the picture and paid for it, he was entitled to his joke. 'How do you account for it?' he went on, smiling, and looking first at the picture and then at me. 'These sheep, my Lord,' I replied, 'were only turned into that field the night before I finished the picture.' His lordship laughed heartily, and said, 'Bravo,' at my reply, and gave me a commission for two more pictures, and I have cashed since then some very notable checks of his, dear old boy!"

— The *Daily News* says that the discourses about the peers and the working men serve, if for nothing else, to prove that there is a new-fashioned Toryism which is very like old-fashioned Radicalism. This new Toryism, wherof Mr. Disraeli is the natural representative, has a full flavor of Socialism, and a clearly perceptible soupçon of Rousseau. But how is this to get along with the old-fashioned article which is still in existence, and never perhaps showed a stronger and finer quality? Ludicrous as the new social alliance may have proved itself, yet it probably threw a light on one of the imminent contingencies of the future. It has made it clear that there are Conservative peers and leaders—probably Mr. Disraeli is among the latter—who would readily listen to any plausible scheme for securing the alliance of a section of the working men. The *News* fails to see how the Tories with ideas and the Tories with convictions are to continue to hold together under the influence of such powerful solvents as these. It seems to be very much distressed about Tory affairs, and vexed at the union of aristocrats and workmen.

— Once on a time, Lord Russell (whom then we used to call Lord John) called a cab in the evening to carry him from the House of Commons to Chesham Place. To the cabman he gave a coin; but when, with proper care, he balanced his accounts at night, he found nineteen shillings short. He rightly concluded that he had given his driver a sovereign for a shilling. On the following day he asked the waterman in Palace Yard whether he remembered the cabman. The cabman was found; Lord John reminded him of what had occurred. The cabman knew all about it, and acknowledged his rascality. Lord John suggested the immediate return of the money. "Can't be done, your Lordship," says the cabman, grinning. "Can't! why not?" rejoins the immortal Whig. "Why, my Lord, I thought a great nobleman like you of course meant to give me the money as compensation for the honor of driving you. So, as my boots were blessed old, I went and bought a pair, and here they are," pointing to his somewhat shapely legs. "They're very nice boots, my Lord. Some calls 'em Wellingtons; I calls 'em Russells."

— The long-disputed question of the "works of art" sent over to New York by the astute manager of some lead works in the South of England, is at length decided in favor of the "arts," to the great amusement of the public. The long and melancholy array of tall thin leaden statues, all with hanging nether lips and trumpet noses, has disappeared from the Custom House wharf, where they were landed last August. The story of these statues is curious. The duty on lead is heavy—works of art are admitted duty free—so the lead works in question, by causing their consignment to be melted down into statues of Lord Brougham, escaped the duty. Four and twenty Lord Broughams have been standing all this while in a gloomy line awaiting the decision which should pronounce them works of art or blocks of metal. The excitement has been so great that when the law had decided in favor of their "artistic origin," many of them were sold at a high price as curiosities and mementoes of the strange dilemma into which the lawyers had been thrown by the cunning of the Britishers.

— The rumor of the determination on the part of the Emperor Francis Joseph to abdicate is gaining ground in all the European chancelleries, where the subject is openly discussed. It is said that the Emperor draws back dismayed at the difficulties which lie in his path, and acknowledges himself incapable of grappling with them. The terrible stab received in the neck some years ago has always grown troublesome in its effects toward the autumn season, and this year His Majesty's nerves are so much shattered by the political anxieties which beset him, that it is said the doctors advise absolute retirement from public affairs. The old Palace at Buda is already fixed upon as his retreat.

— Germany has not become drunk with her victories, or if there be drunkenness, it arises from lager beer. That is the drink preferred even by Prince Bismarck himself. At his soirees, which are now to be resumed, little casks of lager beer from Vienna are never missing. They are brought in after the champagne, and the beer is drawn from the tap as soon as the ladies have left, or even before. The Prince has only publicly sanctioned what was a habit privately indulged in by gentlemen before.

— The hearing of the Tichborne case will commence on the 7th of November. The claimant of the Tichborne baronetcy and estates is in the West of England. At Plymouth he visited an equestrian performance, which is conducted by an old friend of his. He is now staying with a friend in Cornwall. It is alleged by his adherents that the first person he will put into the witness-box, on the resumption of the trial, will be Arthur Orton.



### A Mexican-American Steamship Enterprise.

The Mexican Government has granted a steamship contract to one of its prominent citizens, Don E. N. Zerman, formerly an officer in the Mexican naval service. The contract specifies that two lines are to be established, one running along the entire Mexican coast from Ventosa, Tehuantepec, to Guymas, Sonora, and a connecting line between Mazatlan and San Francisco, the latter to make twenty-day trips. Both lines are to be free from all duties in Mexican waters, and in addition to these exemptions the coast line receives a subsidy of \$72,000 per year. The vessels are to be of substantial build, 500 tons burden, and must fly the Mexican flag. This reads well on paper, but will not work in practice. There is no regular trade between Ventosa and Guymas, and no material out of which to create it. The insignificant commerce of the entire Mexican Pacific Coast is done by a few small schooners. An attempt was made some two years ago, by Messrs. Holladay and Brehm, to establish a permanent steamship line between Mazatlan and Acapulco, but the enterprise had to be abandoned after great loss. The forty-day line of the North Pacific Transportation Company, now running between this city, Mazatlan and other Mexican ports on the Gulf of California, barely pays expenses, and could not exist if owned by a less powerful company. It is not at all probable, then, that the new twenty-day line could meet with the shadow of success. As to the subsidy and the freedom from port charges in the Mexican waters, it is not likely that the subsidy will be paid, and the duties would certainly be collected whenever the State Governments found their finances depleted. The greatest danger threatening this proposed enterprise is the revolutionary spirit which, like a volcano, has its periodical eruptions at all important points where the line would touch. The first revolutionary chief who could would seize or destroy the steamships of the Company, knowing that they were substantially the property of the general Government. But notwithstanding all these obstacles, the spirit of this proposed Mexican-American Steamship Company illustrates the fact that the Mexican Government and people are ambitious and far-seeing enough to grasp at a project which, however dubious to-day, must in the future become one of the most important commercial enterprises on this continent.

### Notice to Mariners.--U. S. of America, California.

LIGHTHOUSE at TRINIDAD HEAD, CALIFORNIA. Notice is hereby given, that a revolving red light, of the 4th order, of the system of Fresnel, will be exhibited for the first time on the evening of December 1, 1871, and on every evening thereafter, from sunset to sunrise, from the tower recently erected on the southern slope of Trinidad Head. The illuminating apparatus is so arranged as to produce a red flash of 5 seconds duration, a partial eclipse of 5 seconds, a total eclipse of 45 seconds, and a partial eclipse of 5 seconds: the time from one red flash to the next one being 1 minute. The tower is of brick, painted white, except the dome and railing, which are red. It is 18 feet from base to focal plane. The light is elevated 198 feet above mean sea level, illuminating an arc of 360 deg. of the horizon, and should be seen in a clear state of the atmosphere from the deck of a vessel 15 feet above the water, at the distance of 20½ nautical miles. The keeper's dwelling is a two-story wooden building, painted white. It has a brick foundation. The building is situated about fifty yards to the N.E. of the tower, and about on the same level with it. The usual out-houses are to the rear of the dwelling. The geographical position of the lighthouse, as shown by the Coast Survey Chart, is latitude 41 deg. 03 min. 07 sec. North, longitude 124 deg. 08 min. 21 sec. West. The magnetic variation is 17 deg. 38 min. East. From this light the following are the magnetic bearings to the headlands to the northward and southward: To Cape Blanco lighthouse, N. N. W. ¾ W., distant 106 miles; to Crescent City lighthouse, N. by W. ¾ W., distant 42 miles; to Humboldt lighthouse, S. ¾ E., distant 17 miles; to Cape Mendocino lighthouse, S. ½ E., distant 39 miles. The angle of visibility over the water is 214 deg. 30 min., being from N. W. by W. to E. N. E. ¾ E. By order of the Lighthouse Board:

JOSEPH HENRY, Chairman Lighthouse Board.

TREASURY DEPARTMENT, Office Lighthouse Board, Washington, D. C., November 2, 1871.

— Mr. Honcharenko, of the *Alaska Herald*, is of opinion that the Russian Government is trying to assassinate him. We do not know why the Czar should seek to crack this louse upon another man's head.

— A New York farmer killed himself by lifting a barrel of potatoes.—*Exchange*. (Many a man has killed himself by lifting a jug of whisky. Why publish incidents without any moral insignificance.

— It is stated as an evidence of advancing civilization among the Indians that wives among them are no longer sold; they are given away. Civilization, it would seem, has a tendency to make women worthless.

**Weariness.**

O little feet that such long years      O little hands! that, weak or strong,  
Must wander on through doubts and fears      Have still to serve or rule so long,  
Must ache and bleed beneath your load!      Have still so long to give or ask!  
I, nearer to the way-side inn,      I, who so much with book and pen,  
Where toil shall cease and rest begin,      Have toiled among my fellow men,  
Am weary, thinking of your road.      Am weary, thinking of your task.

O little hearts! that throb and beat,  
With such impatient, feverish heat,  
Such limitless and strong desires!  
Mine that so long has glowed and burned,  
With passions into ashes turned,  
Now covers and conceals its fires.

—Longfellow.

**Leaves from a Lady's Diary.**

Nov. 18.—Went to Vallejo. The trip there along the Bay is delicious, but I hate small provincial towns. There is an affectation of the great city about them, and a would-be gentility that is the more vulgar on account of the utter want of necessity for the disguise. Cities like San Francisco or New York have their silly, vain people, but they are unheeded in the crowd. The towns that I avoid are those containing ten or twelve thousand inhabitants, with a Mayor, Town Council and two newspapers, whose editors spend their time in vilifying one another. These pigmy cities sit like so many Jeremiahs by the shores of the Bay, prophesying the fall of Babylon. The natives are to be seen between nine and ten in the morning swarming up from the neighborhood of Broadway Wharf, and arriving from Napa and Petaluma and the various townlets in Sonoma Valley. The men look uncomfortable and the women indulge in strange colors. They strew themselves along Montgomery and Kearny streets, and rejoice in the White House and Bradley & Rulifsons.

Nov. 19.—Had to stay here till to-morrow, Sunday too, when one could not go out. Bought Charles Reade's "Terrible Temptation," and quite agree with the critics. It is unpleasantly immoral. The French writers manage these things better. There is a charm in their most improper books, in the same way that there is an elegance in their amours. If an Englishman has an intrigue with a woman, he is sure to compromise her by some gross act or other, however well-bred he may be, whereas a Frenchman sins so gracefully, at the same time without any lack of ardor, that although one may be offended, one is never disgusted. It is the same with this book of Reade's. He has aimed to be French, and has become broken English. He enters into details that are dirty without being sensuous, and describes scenes that are grossly horrible and not exciting. The book will be read on account of the abuse it has had.

Nov. 21.—Got home last night. Was tired this morning. So spent the day arranging a secretaire full of papers. Nothing is so attractive, and passes away the time more quickly, than looking over old letters and scraps. One lingers over some and ponders over the meaning of another, until it brings up a crowd of lost memories, and then one comes to a bit of one's own composition, and it reads better than we thought it did when we put it aside, and one dwells longer on one's own writings than on those of others; just in the same way that I have seen both men and women rest with a fond, searching gaze on their own photograph in an album, especially if they think that no one is looking.

Nov. 22.—Henry has bought tickets for the Bianchi Opera season. I am so glad I never intended to ask him, although Lucy was always teasing me about it. Jessie's husband won't let her have them, and in truth, I am not sorry, for she always puts on so many airs. Henry won't want to go every night, and I can choose my cavalier, H., for example. *Quien sabe?*

**The Russian Wheat Crop.**

A press correspondent says of the harvest in Russia, under date of St. Petersburg, October 2d: Russia has a small wheat crop. It is counted that there is not more than half the usual yield; but the quality of wheat we have is excellent. For twenty years the grain has not been so fine. At St. Petersburg the price will not be less than one ruble and seventy kopecks per pud (forty pounds), and this at present exchange would make the price about 5s. 4d. sterling for forty pounds, landed in western Europe—a price at which no shipments can take place unless scarcity greatly raises the price in that direction. For the price I give at St. Petersburg a large part is to be counted as paying the transportation to that point. Wheat, of course, is much cheaper where it is harvested, and this is to be kept in mind as a circumstance likely to favorably affect the price of what goes by the Black Sea. But against this again comes the fact that in those districts have been the greatest losses. In several provinces on the Volga the crops were altogether killed by a dry summer, while in one of them, Saratov, a quite unexpected frost, which occurred late in May, did a great deal of harm. In some parts of Kostroma and Nijni Novgorod, there is an average crop, but these are exceptions. In Orenburg and the neighboring Kirghiz steppes the prospects were good in the early part of the year, but were spoiled by the drought of June and July. In some of the

**Above All Price.**

How dear does mother hold Her bonny little one!	How fair does mother think The darling at her breast?
Just as dear as the jostling clovers Hold the merry sun.	Just as fair as the fleet white sea-bird Thinks the wave's white crest.
How hard would mother try To please her pretty lass?	How long will mother's love For her treasure last?
Just as hard as the pleasant showers Try to please the grass.	Just as long as her heart keeps beating— Till her life be passed.
How much will mother's love Change from warm to cold?	
Just as much as the mountain changes, Or the ocean old!	

—Edgar Fawcett.

**Religious.****MR. VOYSEY'S FIRST SERVICE.**

"A Stray Sheep" in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, giving an account of Mr. Voysey's first service, says: "I have for some time been anxious to discover a preacher who should satisfy my notions of what preaching ought to be. I am not particular as to the creed; the Dissenting minister or the Catholic priest would be almost equally welcome. But I dislike humbug, and I abhor twaddle. These two elements enter so largely—by some strange infelicity in my geographical position—into the sermons delivered from neighboring pulpits, that I have decided to go further afield. I can listen with pleasure to anybody who speaks like an honest man, who has some moderate faculty of utterance, and who is not too great a fool." \* \* \* Mr. Voysey spoke out like a man. He is no great orator, but he affords the rare and pleasant spectacle of one who has really something to say which he believes to be of the last importance, and which he says without reservation or equivocation. Indeed, his plain speaking makes one regret the strange subterfuges to which so obviously a sincere man had recourse in order to retain his ministry in a Church whose doctrines he denounces. A "pure Theist" insisting upon his right to use the Athanasian Creed seems just a little out of place. In St. George's Hall Mr. Voysey could denounce "popular Christianity" (the epithet seemed scarcely necessary) to his heart's content. He denounced the doctrine of the fall of man, which implied that the primeval man was perfect instead of being in "the lowest rank of savages," or, as he might have said, a monkey. He denounced the whole doctrine of the atonement—the belief, on his interpretation, that God had damned countless millions of the human race for no fault of their own, and pardoned a few in consideration of the punishment of an innocent sufferer. He denounced as "only less noxious" than these cardinal errors so long a list of doctrines that one asked half nervously where he was to stop. A single sentence was enough to abolish the devil, eternal damnation, the doctrines of the Trinity and the Divinity of Christ, the Sacraments, the spiritual authority of the Church, and sacerdotalism in every shape and form. The destruction of these superstitions is to be the work of Mr. Voysey and those who agree with him, and especially the destruction of the belief that erroneous opinion can be a cause for eternal punishment. That cowardly doctrine, so he held, was the chief cause of the bondage of modern Englishmen; but he looked forward to its being swept away even in this generation.

**A FOREIGNER ON ENGLISH RELIGION.**

M. Taine, in his "Notes on England," gives a very fair picture of our field preachers, whom he characterises as "private persons who experience a want of communicating their religious ideas to the public." He approves their exertions on the following grounds: 1st. They give vent to a strong passion, an intense conviction which, if deprived of an outlet, would turn to madness, melancholy or sedition. 2d. They are moral, and may take a good effect upon some consciences. 3d. They keep fresh in the minds of the general public the persuasion that there are august ideas, serious beliefs, sincerely zealous souls. The average Englishman is, according to M. Taine, essentially religious. He believes in God, in the Trinity, in hell, though without fervor. The Protestant dogma accommodates itself very well to the serious, poetical and moral instincts of the race. No effort is required on their part to keep it; an effort would be needed to reject it. An Englishman would be very sorry not to believe in another life; it is, in his eyes, the natural complement of this; in all great crises his thoughts become solemn and lead him to the vistas of that which lies beyond. He owes a grudge to the troublesome persons who would unsettle the opinions he has formed on the subject. They are formed, fixed, rooted; they are a part of his education, of his traditions, of the great public establishment to which he belongs. He accepts Protestantism and the Church in a lump with the English Constitution. He sees in Protestantism a rule of conduct, an exhortation to righteousness, an appeal to inward self-government. He sees in the Church an auxiliary of the State, an establishment of moral hygiene, a good rule for souls. Owing to all these causes, respect for Christianity is imposed on public opinion as a duty, and even as a matter of decorum. It is unwillingly admitted that a sceptic may be a good Englishman and an honest man. He is blamed who, having had the misfortune to lose his faith, tries to shake that of others.



## Letter from Mexico.

Mexico, October 24th, 1871.

DEAR NEWS LETTER:—My news will probably be stale, but other parts of my letter will be perhaps of some interest; besides, judging from the accounts we used to get from Mexico when I was in California, the source from which they came must have been very unreliable, as I shall show by one isolated fact. The opinion promulgated, and generally believed, was as to the Presidential election, for instance, that Juarez was very popular and would be reflected by acclamation, whereas the truth that from Manzanilla to Orizaba, the whole breadth of the Republic, with the exception of the distance from that place to Vera Cruz, I did not hear one person have a good word to say of him. There is no doubt in my mind but that Juarez is the best man they can get, if it were only that thus far he has been enabled to stifle revolutions better and more promptly than any of his predecessors; he possesses, however, other qualities besides that one. But it must be borne in mind that Juarez has occupied the Presidential chair fourteen years, and no people will tolerate any officer, after such a long term, insisting on retaining his office whether they like it or not. If Juarez had gracefully announced his intention, at the approach of the election, of resigning his office, which was all that was required or expected from him, there is little doubt that he would have been renominated and returned from an overwhelming majority, but instead of adopting that popular course, he insisted on retaining his office, and to effect that object at the election, he has resorted to bribery, corruption, coercion and violence; in short, he has used all the appliances within his reach, and having set that pernicious example, Lerdo and Porfirio Dias have followed it to the extent of their means. The result has been that the people were so disgusted that, notwithstanding all the efforts of Juarez and his minions, he has been returned by but a very small majority, if by any majority at all, in spite of suppressed and garbled returns. As a natural consequence, pronunciamientos are expected; indeed, the first took place about three weeks ago. Two scoundrels by the name of Mayer (smells Dutch) and Armendaris let loose four hundred felons from the jail, and with them and others took possession of the citadel of the city of Mexico, in the name of Porfirio Dias (with or without his sanction is not known), but Juarez, with his famous general Rocha, took the place by storm, and report says that in the action three hundred government troops perished and four hundred rebels, many of whom were also taken prisoners, and they say all above a private in rank were executed (the only way of suppressing such revolutions). The Government keeps everything as quiet as possible, but the belief is that there will be a general uprising. There is a rumor here—on what foundation I cannot learn—that the American Government has agreed, in case of need, to furnish all the aid necessary to sustain Juarez and his party. *Quien sabe?* I will now give you my impression of the general aspect of the country after an absence of seventeen years from it. You remember I came here by the way of Manzanillo, which is a tolerable little harbor, but a very small place, the principal business of which is the export of valuable timbers, which abound in great varieties and can be shipped with great facility, as they are very near the shores. This business is in the hands of two German houses, who have shipped thirty cargoes between January and July. There is a lake a few hundred yards from the town forty miles long, navigable only in the rainy season; I performed the journey with difficulty in a boat. At the head of the lake I found a very small steamboat, but there was not water enough for her to run, on account of the obstruction from the weeds with which the bottom of the lake is covered four feet deep. From the head of the lake to Colima there is a good road. Colima is quite a large place, but as dead as ditch water, everybody complaining of the stagnation of business. From that place to Zapotlan is about twenty-one leagues, so you see I had to go fifty leagues before I could take the stage. Zapotlan is another miserably dull place, and how the people live is a mystery; I believe most have a small patch of corn on which they are chiefly fed. From this place I took the stage for Guadalajara, about thirty-eight leagues, and although I had become accustomed to the sight of dilapidation of towns, villages and haciendas, I was unprepared for the terrible change that I perceived in that large city. In 1849, when I remained there some time, it was quite an active, flourishing place, but now so completely used up that the people are actually leaving it in large numbers. The same decadence, to a greater or less extent, was observable in most other cities. The most flourishing place along the whole road is Leon, where they devote themselves to manufacturing. Resting one day at Lagos it took us seven to get to Mexico by the stage—fare, \$45; hotels, \$21; baggage, \$30 per 100 lbs. On perambulating the city, I was much pleased to see the many improvements that had taken place, chiefly in consequence of the sale of the church property; several new streets have been opened, and the houses built on them, as well as many rebuilt ones, are of a superior style of architecture. Side-walks have been widened, and a beautiful garden made in the great square between the cathedral and the palace; one convent is converted into a public library, the dimensions and beauty of which throw that of your bragging San Franciscans completely into the shade, besides, the metamorphosis may be aptly called converting darkness into light. A monastery is turned into a livery stable where horses are boarded; much better to have stalls for them than cells for a few greasy, lazy monks, who spend most of their time (all their nights) away from the monastery. I could but observe the superior bearing of the military folks; the valor of Mexicans generally has wonderfully increased since the war with the French; the soldiers fight like devils now and have good arms, and duels are of frequent occurrence among civilians. But business is nearly as dull in the capital as in the provinces; there



is a total want of confidence, and there can be but little enterprise because the capitalists are leaving and taking their funds with them, as they were all exposed, to be seized at any time by a gang of ruffians called *plagiarists*, and carried off to some cavern, where they would be kept until they paid a heavy ransom, if they were not murdered before it arrived. This fashion, they say, was introduced by the Spaniards. What country can possibly prosper with such a state of things?—and we are told they are positively connived at and even participated in by certain persons occupying the highest posts in some of the States! The foreign debt of Mexico presents a very interesting problem to solve. The nations to which Mexico was indebted on the accession of the empire ignored the republic, and took the guarantee of the new government for their respective debts, and the question is, now that the empire has fallen, can they fall back on the Republic? I should say certainly not, but the present government is disposed, I understand, to enter into arrangements with some of them, the English among others. A large amount of the British debts (and no doubt that of other nations) is fraudulent; besides, the English have already received more than the Mexicans ever really had from them, without taking into account the amount of revenue on the export of precious metals, believed here to have been unjustly seized by British men-of-war. [Our correspondent writes as the agent of one of the largest haciendas in Mexico. Ed.] Some enterprising Frenchmen have closed up most of the slow-coach English houses in the capital, and the German houses will have to follow suit. These Frenchmen work on the principle of low charges, large and prompt sales with small profits. They have contracted for all the cotton and woolen goods manufactured in the country, the quantity of which is very considerable, and importers cannot compete with them, besides which they import largely and undersell their competitors. The railroad from the capital to Puebla (another large but declining city) has been completed long ago, and there are only 27 leagues to complete between Orizaba and Vera Cruz, which is to be done this year. The hiatus between Puebla and Orizaba, I am told, is to be finished by the end of next year, or the actual contractor will have to forfeit the job to an American company. This railroad has been another English swindle; the company has received much larger sums from the government than the contract called for, and they have not performed their part of the contract by a long shot. The poor Mexicans are much more sinned against than sinning; everybody takes advantage of their necessities and weakness. You may infer from the foregoing facts that Mexico has but a gloomy perspective, and its future seems to be inevitable anarchy, something like that of San Domingo. Its population cannot increase with its constant decimation by revolutions, and instead of any augmentation by immigration, a diminution of the most valuable part of it is constantly taking place by emigration. It is most deplorable to think that a country which the Almighty has made one of the finest on the face of the earth, and full of numberless resources of the richest and most varied description, should be converted by the perverseness of man into (comparatively speaking) a desolate wilderness; but such, alas! is the case. With the immense extent of the Republic and the unfortunate peculiar composition of its inhabitants, it would puzzle the wisest political economist to suggest a practical and feasible remedy. Education, it is true, is making great progress, but of course it can only extend to a very limited number. Lo! the poor Indian.

VIATOR.

—The observance of Thanksgiving has been the fruitful theme of much good satire from the turkeyeaters. They have exuded ridicule no end upon the theory that gluttony is an equivalent for blessings divinely conferred. This is all wrong; there is a subtle but potent relation between the gratitude of the spirit and the stuffing of the flesh. We have ever taught the identity of soul and stomach; these are but different names for one object considered under differing aspects. Thankfulness we believe to be a kind of gas evolved by the action of the gastric fluid upon rich meats. Like all gases it ascends, and so passes out of the esophagus in prayer and psalmody. This beautiful discovery we have tested by convincing experiments in the manner following: **EXPERIMENT 1st.** A quantity of grass was placed in a large bladder, and a gill of the gastric juice of a sheep introduced. In ten minutes the neck of the bladder emitted a contented bleat. **EXPERIMENT 2d.** A pound of beef was substituted for the grass, and the fluid of a dog for that of the sheep. The result was a cheerful bark, accompanied by an agitation of the bottom of the bladder, as if it were attempting to wag an imaginary tail. **EXPERIMENT 3d.** The bladder was charged with a handful of chopped turkey, and an ounce of human gastric juice obtained from the Coroner. At first nothing but a deep sigh of satisfaction escaped from the neck of the bladder, followed by an unmistakable grunt, similar to that of a hog. Upon increasing the proportion of turkey, and confining the gas, the bladder was very much distended, and appeared to suffer great uneasiness. The restriction being removed, the neck distinctly articulated the words "Praise God from whom all blessings flow!" Against such demonstration as this any mere theological theorizing is of no avail.

—The *Bulletin* has an extremely probable story of a convict in the State Prison, "whose heart has fallen into his stomach," but who experiences no sort of inconvenience from it, except a pain in the left leg! It is not stated whether the heart came up and went into the mouth, and so passed down the throat, or whether it clumped through the side of the stomach like a brick through the head of a drum. We presume that when the vagrant organ shall have digested, the man will get well.

### Land Monopoly in California.

One of the most important and serious problems which the people of this State are called upon to solve is the question of land monopoly. The owners of the soil are the rulers of nations, the producing powers which furnish humanity with the bread of life. It is to be lamented that in the State of California, which contains a population of only some 600,000 souls, the tenant system prevails in the interior to an extent which is almost incredible. To this population the area of the State in round numbers is estimated at 160,000 square miles, or 100,000,000 acres. Let us estimate the renters at 5,000, who lease from 40 to 160 acres of land each, for which they pay on an average from \$10 to \$20. Sometimes they rent their farms on shares, but in the end the result is substantially the same. In the very nature of things these renters can take no deep interest in the welfare of the State, they merely exist by suffrage, and quickly exhaust the soil in procuring therefrom its richest yields at the least possible expense. They build no comfortable homes for themselves or families, plant neither shade trees nor orchards, build no roads or bridges unless compelled to do so by dire necessity, take no interest in the establishment of schools or houses of worship, and in fact become shiftless in their habits. It is the desire of these men to do the very reverse, for the man who loves and tills the soil as its owner is the very best citizen. But such men do not own the soil, and it is not in human nature, as we have said, for them to take a deep interest in that which they merely hold by suffrage. In telling contrast with the renters are the great landed proprietors, few in number, who own vast areas of territory, but never till an acre of it. According to the *Stockton Republican*, one private individual owns, in the San Joaquin Valley, 350,000 acres, and twelve men own 2,735,000—an average of 174,000 acres each. Other individual men in this city and elsewhere throughout the State own square miles and townships, which in the East would be considered large counties. It is needless to denounce these men as "land grabbers," cormorants and sharks. How they came into possession of their vast landed estates is not now a pertinent question, it is sufficient to know that *they have legal possession and good titles*. The great question to solve is the manner in which these vast estates may be justly taxed, so as to bring in the State the revenues now evaded through our mistaken land policy, or else so legislate that the proprietors will be forced to sell to immigrants tracts of 160 acres, more or less, at reasonable rates. These landed proprietors cannot be robbed of an acre of their immense domain, any more than they could if individually they possessed only a town lot. Public opinion expressed through the Legislature is the only legitimate way of procuring a solution of this all-important subject. The press and the people, the best interests of the State and of the entire country demand that this problem should meet with the serious attention of the present Legislature. While it must be admitted that in addition to the landed estates, much of the best and fairest land in this State has been granted by Congressional and State subsidies, in one way or another, there are still millions of acres of Government land for sale. In the Tulare Land District it is estimated that there are about two and a half millions of acres of Government land, and some one million of acres in the Kern River country. In the northern portions of the State and in the foot-hills there are great quantities of public lands. The immigrant can procure such lands under the Homestead Law, as a squatter, or pay the Government price. For the first few years he would have to make a hard struggle to gain a foothold. He would find neither houses, roads, schools or churches awaiting him. Markets would be difficult of access and population sparse. *But by perseverance, industry and economy, all these wants would be soon supplied.* We treat this important question from a practical point of view, considering that the rosy-colored pictures of California climate, and the tooting of horns about the fertility of our soil, has certain drawbacks which should be presented to the immigrant. This State is sadly in want of immigration, and if we speak the plain truth and act rightly, *we can soon have a million of solid and substantial citizens.*

— The sick-faced champions of mush-and-morality, with their auxiliary cohorts, the Woman Suffragers, have experienced a preliminary defeat in the Supervisors: a committee of that Board has reported in favor of the bill regulating the social evil. Are our ears smitten with a dolorous wail? Doth a prolonged moan go up sunward? Do we hear Soapenlocks in his last strong agony, and is his tight-haired female opulent of grief? Ah! friends, the sceptre is departed from the house of Sentiment, and the dynasty of Hardsense is set up in our midst. The eminently respectable old party who passes his evenings at "the office" shall no longer jeopard the health of his wife who passes hers at home with a "friend," nor embitter the bones of his offspring who do not resemble him. The she-suffrager will have to take out a license and submit to a weekly overhauling. At all of which we elevate the streaming eye, and blubber wildly as we think of the approaching day when the social evil shall spread its blight upon the records of the Police office, and contaminate the books of the Tax Collector! We shudder to think we shall no longer be able to deny that it exists. Go to, Meekcheek; we are chafing thee! And thou, Mildepeech; we rail at thy kind! Madame Fathead, and Miss Primdidity with the dainty nose, ye irk us with your troubled looks. Ye are shocked at this "sanctioning of vice" are ye, darlings? Well, well, ye shall be no party to it. Ye have had your day, like other dogs (male and female created He them) and ye have made a mess of it. Room for the bouncing leper! Make his paths straight.

### The American and British Character Contrasted.

The good side, both of American institutions and of American character, came out in strong relief during the Chicago fire, and it is very curious to note how different that good side is from the good side of the British ways and mind. Except in susceptibility, which is greater in the Americans, the two nations resemble each other in all evil, but when a call is made on their virtues, display them in widely different directions. Compare, for instance, the conduct of the Mayor of Chicago with the conduct which, under similar circumstances, would have been pursued by almost any average Englishman. The latter would, we take it, have fought the fire quite as bravely; but we question if he would have recognized as promptly the necessity for illegal action, or, recognizing it, would have acted with such utter contempt of consequences. As the fire died down, greed and selfishness revived in Chicago in their most naked forms. The criminal classes began to plunder the ruins and the ruined; the traders who held stocks of bread and timber demanded unheard-of prices; the hotels raised their tariff to a three-fold figure. The people in self-defense began to shoot and bludgeon the thieves; the remaining shops were threatened by rioters, and it seemed for a few hours as if society were going to pieces.

An English Mayor, we suspect, would have appealed to Mr. Bruce and then sworn in special constables; but the American, accustomed to think of the people as the ultimate sovereign, and sure of support, if he would but act, rose to the level of circumstances at once, proclaimed a state of siege—which he had legally about as much right to do as a parish clerk has—invested General Sheridan with absolute powers, requested the soldiers to shoot criminals at sight, and in six hours had victims and criminals equally in hand. He probably never thought twice about possible consequences, knowing perfectly well that if resisted by force he would be backed in a moment by the armed population, and that if threatened with law no jury would dream of giving a verdict or Magistrate of listening to the complaint. The safety of the city was at stake, and the law must just get out of the way. His next step was even more audacious. The friends of a burglar shot for pillaging a burning house would not, even in England, obtain very much sympathy or redress; but we cannot imagine the circumstances under which in England a provincial Mayor could have issued an order directing bakers to sell bread at eight cents the pound, under penalty of immediate confiscation of their stocks, and commanded hotel keepers to revert to their usual tariffs, as, otherwise, "the Mayor would occupy their houses and run the machines himself."

The Englishman must have given a promise of compensation or a hint of a Bill of Indemnity; but the American had no notion of the necessity of either. There was the people suffering, and he was their representative, and for the removal of that suffering his authority had no more limit than their physical power. Nobody disobeyed or resisted, and to any subsequent action against the Mayor, public opinion would make it impossible for anybody who brought it to live in Chicago. This capacity of developing a dictator for the hour, and supporting and obeying him in the most revolutionary expedients, without formally suspending the laws or demanding legislative aid, is a real feature in American politics, and one of the many resources by which they overcome unexpected calamity, and it seems to us due to the fluidity of their political organization. The people make the laws, and therefore, when the safety of the people is concerned and laws hamper needful action, they think they may suspend them, and the populace secures its dictator *ad hoc* without any resulting break in the continuity of municipal life.—*Spectator*.

### Siege Operations in the Future.

The *Moniteur Universel* publishes the following extract of a letter written from Bonn by a German officer: "The French reproach us Germans for the insidious methods we employ in the attack of fortified places. They still cling to old traditions, according to which it is rigorously necessary to effect a breach to obtain an entrance into a besieged town. Consequently they find our method of investing, and compelling a town to surrender by the terror of a bombardment, very strange. But what will they say when the new system of sieges, now under consideration, comes into operation—when they see a large town with its inhabitants and defenders, its houses and its fortifications, all destroyed by the newly-invented system of mining, the power of which is such that nothing can withstand the besiegers? Of course we shall be accused of barbarity, but in that they will be as wrong as all former charges have been. Is it not evident that such methods will render sieges infinitely less frequent, and consequently they will diminish bloodshed? It would be to misunderstand the sagacity and character of our nation to think otherwise; and among the immense results of our method of waging war, it may be asserted that our calculated rigor is greatly to the advantage of humanity, as it is notorious—and has been statistically proved—that bloodshed diminishes in proportion as the science of war is brought to perfection."

— Fire was communicated from one house to another in Philadelphia by a clothes-line.—*Echange*. (A great many worthy people in this city go about nightly to make clothes-lines non-conductors by stealing the wet garments off them.)



# The Neighbor.

[BY ROBERT BUCHANAN.]

"Selina, my daughter Selina,  
Look down at your sewing, pray,  
You are gazing much too often  
At our neighbor over the way."

"At our neighbor? Nonsense, mother!  
For *him* how should I care?  
In his window there stands a geranium,  
And my eyes look idly there."

"Idly enough, I warrant,  
As such things ever began,  
Do you think I have not watched you  
Nodding to that young man?"

"Nod to our neighbor, mother?  
Never, as I aver!  
I nod to his fellow lodger,  
Miss Jones, the milliner."

"What fluttered into your bosom,  
Through the open window-pane?"

"A little white bird, my mother—  
See, there it goes again!"

"My girl, what are you reading  
There in the window light?"

"Only some pretty verses  
I cut from the Journal last night."

"O thou, who at thy casement  
Art set like a saint at a shrine,  
Hear how I watch and adoreth—  
O sweet, that thou were mine."

"Are not the verses pretty?  
Mother, why do you frown?"

"Verses are merely rubbish—  
What are you writing down!"

"What am I writing, mother?  
Oh don't be angry, pray!  
I am only marking the linen  
We bought the other day."

"Marking the linen, daughter!  
Your pen runs far to fast:  
Ha! what did you this moment  
Out of the window cast?"

"Out of the window, mother?  
Nothing; you're wrong once more.  
Hark, there's some one knocking;  
Let me run to the door."

"Mother, sweet dear mother,  
O smooth your angry brow!  
Outside the door of the parlor  
Our neighbor is waiting now!"

"Our neighbor! What is he wanting?  
Show him up the stair—  
(Tis as I said, Selina!)  
Good day, sir. Take a chair,

"Nay, sir; I pray be seated—  
Take the gentleman's hat, my dear.  
To what am I indebted  
For the honor of seeing you here?"

"O, madam, mine is the honor;  
Honored am I and blest,  
That you will see for certain  
When I explain the rest."

"Madam, dearest madam,  
For many and many a day  
I have loved your daughter Selina,  
And watched her from over the way."

"Her youth, her sweetness, her beauty,  
Have witched me day and night;  
I have sat whole days at the window  
Feasting upon the sight."

"Always gentle and smiling,  
Always busy and neat!  
The light of the gloomy dwelling,  
The sunbeam of the street!"

"Long was I dumb and timid,  
But I plucked up heart at last,  
This morning a little letter  
I in at the window cast."

"And there in the lane I trembled,  
Full of a wild affright,  
Till out of the window fluttered  
This scrap of linen white."

"See, with indelible letters,  
Her answer is written here:  
Your gentle daughter, Selina,  
Knows me and holds me dear."

"See, on my knees unto her  
I kneel, and again entreat,  
My heart and my humble fortune  
I place beneath her feet."

"Selina, my daughter Selina,  
Was this the little bird?  
O, child, you have deceived me  
Finely, upon my word!"

"Is it thus you mark your linen?  
Is it thus you spend the day?  
Ah! love is ever contriving,  
Whatever we old folks say."

"Sir, since you truly love her,  
You shall wed her by-and-by,  
If your character, on inquiry,  
Does not your looks belie."

"Selina, you may kiss him!—  
Close the house as we may,  
Whether by door or by window,  
Love will discover a way!"

— On the morning after a recent ball at Sucker Flat, the level sunbeams stole warmly into the dressing-room and gilded the nose of an unknown babe with a rich crimson glory. It was a wee thing, and as it lay there wrapped in the peaceful slumber of one who has not yet learned to cheat, one might have heard the soft stir of angels' wings about its couch, and smelled the odors of heaven on its light breath. Strange place for this gentle creature, so innocent, so sweet, so fresh from the hand of its Maker! How marvelous that the maddened surge and swirl of fashionable dissipation should have left so rare a deposit! Suddenly the great blue eyes opened, the red lips parted, disclosing their wealth of pearls, a smile like silent music settled into the hearts of the hushed spectators as the blessed infant spake: "Where in thunder's my maw?" We suspect this brat wanted to stuff it.

— Just how the human race is to be perpetuated is still under advisement.—  
*Ov. land Monthly.* [When you have made up your mind let us know. Meantime, it appears to us a matter of very little importance if it is perpetuated or not.]



### A Well-Deserved Name.

"It don't signify much," said Mr. Jerusha M. Spongattle, as he gently expectorated on the polished steel fender of my drawing-room, which he had entered on the introduction of our agents at New York, "It don't signify much how I came there, but I was at Hungry Bar on business, and as I was strolling up for a drink along with Judge Pegler, I sez to the Judge, 'A more orkard-lookin' cuss than that ere I never see!' alluding to a tall uncommon strong-built fellow, which was sitting outside his cabin blowing his bacca. 'Hush!' sez the Judge. 'What for?' sez I. 'Wal, sez he, 'I reckon that's The Quietest Chap on the Bar!' 'Then why on airth,' was my observation, 'did you hush that sharp?' 'I guess,' sez the Judge, 'it's a little rough on the Quietest Chap on the Bar to go for his Christ n forbearance.' Wal, it struck me from the twinkle in the Judge's eye—which were one, he having left the other somewhere in a saloon at 'Friaco, subsequent to a spirited argument with one of the Pioneers, which he had acquired the art of gongling to that degree as an angel might have envied him—meaning the Pioneer, noi the Judge. Wal, seeing the twinkle in the Judge's eye, it seemed to occur to me as there was something in that there apperlation as would pan out well. So, sez I to the Judge, 'How come thish yer party to be bound to be The Quietest Man on the Bar?' 'Take a chaw,' sez the Judge, handing me his baccy. Which I did. 'We wasn't long,' continued the Judge, 'finding out how all thunder quiet he was. He come here about a couple o' months ago, just when everybody was getting sick o' the place and swearing as the bar had petered out. But thish yer darned cuss hadn't been at it a couple of days before he struck gold. I reckon that made us wild, and there was a sorter secret understanding as we must go for him. What call had he to come like that and find what we'd all been looking for ever so long without striking it. Wal, the third day he was up at the saloon, and happened to ax Cunnie Snages to liquor, which the Cunnie refusing, a difficulty arose, and the upshot was that thish yer new cuss quit the place, leaving behind him three bullets, two in the mirror and one in Missisippi Jake, and taking away three or four of the Cunnie's fingers in his left-hand trouser's pocket. The next morning a slight altercation between him and Carrotty Jim eventuated in the latter's being deposited in a wooden box in an abandoned claim and covered up with earth, which though of a stony nature he did not find discommodious. The next evening English Harry was unexpectedly called on to leave a widder and orphans unprovided for—somewhere—owing to having inadvertently stepped in front of the stranger's six-shooter during an argument about a right bower. As these here casualties was piling up some, a few prominent citizens convened themselves with the object of appointing a Vigilance Committee, with a view to removing the unfortinet cause of the accidents. While they was so occupied, the unfortinet cause walked in and argued the matter so logically that two members of the Committee was carried home on shutters, and The Chair will carry a fractured collar-bone and a ciatrux on his left cheek to his grave. Since that time there ain't been,' sez the Judge with great satisfaction, 'there ain't been a peaceabler chap on the Bar. He don't never get into any quarrels nor difficulties—nobody never thinks of interfering with his calm person. Passing over the day or two doorn' which, so to speak, he was prospecting, he has been located on this yer Bar coming near on seven weeks, and he ain't been known to exchange an orkard word with anybody, consequently,' sez the Judge, accommodating himself with another plug, 'he is invariably spoken of as The Quietest Chap on the Bar. Which he is! Let's liquor!' And," said Mr. Jerusha P. Spongattle, "I have that opinion of the Judge's veracity that I feel perfectly certain that the party in question was sech! What a blessing it is," said Jerusha contemplatively, "what a blessing it is to be endowed with a Christ'n and forbearin' spirit. I love a peaceable disposition like that chap's—oh, I du!"—*London Flun.*

— In the Turner-Ortiz breach of promise case, a witness testified as follows concerning etiquette in our sister Republic: "The climate in Summer is very warm, the thermometer ranging from ninety to one hundred degrees in the shade. When you meet a friend there, to embrace him is the invariable custom. 'The pleasure of kissing your hand' is a common expression, and is used even by merchants in business letters." It must be delightful to embrace a fat male with the thermometer at one hundred in the shade. As to "the pleasure of kissing your hand," we apprehend that it does not mean very much, except when used by a merchant in a business letter. Then it is undoubtedly sincere, and being properly interpreted, signifies "the felicity of cheating you."

— They have been holding an earthquake down at Iquique, at which all the inhabitants assisted. Everybody scampered to the high ground like a timorous kitten flying before a metallic dog. As they fled they quoted Byron with an earnestness appropriate to the occasion—"The sea, the sea, the deep blue sea!" They divested themselves of their clothing, lay down with rails and shutters and planks hugged tightly to their palpitating bosoms, and waited for the tidal wave to lift them skyward. Old ocean had just then found a nice dead herring upon the beach, and in wooing it he quite forgot to pursue the more unpleasant creatures. For so ridiculous an earthquake we do not remember to have lately prayed.

### Where Our Money Goes.

One of the great qualities of this good city of San Francisco is its ability to pay taxes; another and distinct quality is the unhesitating good humor with which it hands over the money. Whether it may be the State, the city, or the Federal Government which puts out the hand, it is immediately filled with gold pieces or greenbacks, whichever will be most agreeable to the taxing power. There never seems to be much inquiry as to what disposition is made of the money, but the demand is deemed a matter of course, and a kind of thankfulness seems to be felt when it is met. It is true that the sum of the combined demands gradually swells in amount, and draws relentlessly upon the working capital of the people, but what precise equivalent is received for it does not appear. The good people of this quiet burgh have now been twenty years in the enjoyment of a triple government; or we might say, perhaps, without being wide of the mark, a quadruple government; that is to say in order of rank, the Federal Government, the State Government, the City Government, and the street contractors. Each one of these has its little bill which must be annually settled, and whether the crops or the mines produce much or little there is no let up in the progressive figures of the bills. During the last ten years each tax list has become more onerous, and we may as well give the amounts paid under each head during the first ten years of the city's existence, and during the last ten years. In the first five years in which San Francisco was blest with a Municipal Government, the members thereof showed a good deal of the inclination and much of the genius which has made the Tweed dynasty so bright and shining a light in New York. The city taxes rose from \$350,000 in 1851 to \$1,200,124 in 1854, but passed through the furnace of reform, the amount sank to \$350,000 in 1857. From that date, however, year by year the amount has risen until it is now \$2,908,304. During the first ten years of the city's growth, the only taxes imposed by the Federal Government were customs duties, and these averaged \$1,500,000 per annum. In the last ten years they have averaged nearly \$6,700,000 per annum. In 1863 the Federal Government levied internal revenue taxes. These have averaged over \$2,000,000 per annum in gold. If we draw off from official tables the amount of taxes paid during two periods of ten years each, we have the following reminder of the fleeting nature of wealth:

	Ten Years to 1861.	Ten Years to 1872.	Increase in Ten Years.
City Taxes.....	\$ 5,725,975	\$ 9,096,384	\$ 3,370,409
State Taxes.....	2,145,723	8,570,577	6,424,854
Internal Revenue.....	none	19,915,767	19,915,767
Customs Duties.....	14,626,109	66,298,758	51,672,649
Total .....	\$22,497,807	\$103,881,486	\$81,383,679

The sum of \$81,383,679 has been drawn from the tax-payers in the last ten years in excess of their payments in the first ten years. The whole sum paid has been \$103,881,486, or \$10 per head per annum for every soul in the city. In order to estimate this we may remember that the Hon. George Walker, in the Massachusetts House of Representatives, said that the people of that State paid \$20 per head per annum, and he remarked thereon, "We are now burdened with taxes to a degree which would have bound a poorer people to the earth; to a degree which no people, not even the people of Massachusetts, can permanently endure." If we remember that that State is the richest commonwealth in the country, and the taxes he spoke of are equal to one-fourth of those paid in this city, we may estimate the comparative weight. But there is this addition: of the amount paid \$66,298,758 was income for duties, and it was shipped out of the State. The local expenses of the Federal Government are paid from the internal revenue taxes. In respect of the duties, she is therefore a great non-resident receiver of revenues. But these taxes and the mode of collecting them are by no means the whole of the evils of the tax-payers. There comes the reformers opening streets, pulling down one side at the expense of the other, and charging millions to the property holders in order to prepare for traffic which no pains are taken to procure. The ultimate means of the city to foot all these tax bills depends upon the productiveness of the interior, the quantities of agricultural produce which may be raised and directed upon this bay for exportation in exchange for commodities useful to the farmers. There are lands and capabilities which might suffice for an indefinite amount of lucrative commerce, with the judicious outlay of capital to bring them into play, one-tenth part of the money spent in taxes would, if properly extended, add millions per annum to the city's trade and means of wealth. As it is, the money is uselessly squandered, while the lands which should be made productive remain unsettled.

— A city journal republishes from the *Argory* a tale<sup>sm</sup> entitled, "The Ghost of Russian Hill." Persons who take spooks in their wiliness interested in the perusal of it; we were not. It is needless to say that the entire narration is pronounced a lie of extraordinary magnitude; a gentleman who lives upon the malignant eminence assures us that no ghost has ever dared to present himself there after two o'clock in the afternoon, for fear of being blown into the Bay. We suppose he might bring along his tomb-stone stitched up in the tail of his shroud.

— Mr. William Morris' new poem is entitled "Love is Enough." Then why this poem?

### The Messenger at Night.

A face at the window

A tap on the pane:

Who is it that wants me

To-night in the rain?

I have lighted my chamber,

And brought out my wine,

For a score of good fellows

Were coming to dine.

The dastards have failed me,

And sent in the rain

The man at the window,

To tap on the pane!

I hear the the rain patter,

I hear the wind blow;

I hate the wild weather,

And yet I must go!

I could moan like the wind now,

And weep like the rain,

But the Thing at the window

Is tapping again!

It beckons—I follow;

Good-bye to the light!

I am going, oh, whither?

Out into the night!

### The Mariposa Estate.

At stated intervals since the first of October there has appeared an advertisement in the *Alta* headed "Las Mariposas Estate, Notice of Sale," with a gradually increasing list of postponement of such sale from period to period. Mariposa is to California what Cuba is to Spain, one of the brightest jewels in the dominion. There is not a portion of the State where the veins of gold-bearing quartz are more universally abundant, nor any where the gold is more equally diffused. Like Cuba, also, its wealth has been its bane, and its possession has been a source of discord. We refer to the Mariposa estate, of course, which embraces the choicest section of the country. It would be idle to trace the causes which led to Colonel Fremont's embarrassments. They were chiefly owing to the want of power to handle this vast property singly and alone. Suffice it to say that the various judgment creditors of the estate formed themselves into a joint stock corporation for the purpose of developing the boundless resources of this property. At the head of this body corporate stood Mark Brumagim, who for many years has been the active agent of the claimants on the estate. Finally a company was formed in New York called the "Mariposa Land and Mining Company," which proposed to consolidate all titles, interest and claims whatever by one grand purchase of the whole estate, accepting all the liabilities for the purpose of liquidating them, and reserving a large capital in order to work the mines and otherwise develop the immensely rich resources of the Mariposa lands.

This sale was absolutely necessary in order to obtain legal control of the estate, and collect and continue the titles, and Mark Brumagim became the Trustee under a general conveyance for the purpose of carrying out this object. He arrived here and advertised the sale by public auction of the whole estate as already mentioned. Immediately there arose a factions opposition to the sale, which, up to the present time of writing, has been postponed *no less than twelve times*. Now, as our aim has ever been the welfare and growth of California, we want to know why this, the fairest spot in our State, is to lie barren, desolate and unimproved? There are schemes for bringing water that are dormant on account of this senseless litigation; there are millions of dollars buried in the ground till the estate can be worked, and it is a shame that a pettifoggish suit should retard a sale which would open up so large a tract of country, and increase the prosperity, the population and the wealth of the State of California. We shall examine closely into this subject, and will not let the matter alone until it is thoroughly sifted and laid before the public, and then the public will be able itself to judge who are the obstructors to the development of the immense latent resources of the great estate known by the name of "Las Mariposas."

### English Laborers and Beer Drinking.

Important statistical information on the subject of English laborers and beer drinking was recently read before the British Association for the Advancement of Science. The number of laborers in England and Wales, including their families, is estimated to be a little over a third of the population, namely, 8,144,000. Of this number 1,600,000 are adult males. There are about 200,000 skilled artisans, who with their families number 1,174,000; their annual earnings range from \$200 to \$365. There are about 800,000 half-skilled workmen, and, including their families, number 4,000,000, whose annual earnings range between \$20 and \$26. The agricultural and unskilled laborers are estimated 600,000 able-bodied men, who represent a population of 2,657,000. These three classes, with their families, have a total yearly income estimated at \$1,380,000,000. Of this immense revenue the laborers of both countries expend nearly to any per cent. in the purchase of malt and spirituous liquors. During the year ending September 30, 1870, the brewers for the British public took out 32,623 licenses, from which the Government received an income of \$1,941,945. Now in regard to this magnificent twenty per cent. generosity which the sturdy British laborers cast into their capacious bowels, we know we shall have to endure homilies from peanut philosophers and vegetarian inanimates. With an excruciating facial elongation they will deplore the evils of intemperance, suggest saving banks and grow morbidly philanthropic over their transatlantic "bone and sinew" blood relations. Meanwhile the English and Welsh laborers (the latter as true Britons far above the English mongrels) will grow fat and merry over their beer, while the philosophers and vegetarians may have to *bier* it elsewhere.



### Leaves from a Lady's Diary.

Nov. 29.—What strange people there are in the world. Alfred P—— called on me this bitterly cold day with a pair of white pants on. I remember an Englishman once telling me that if a man was seen walking down Regent street, in London, on Christmas day with white trowsers on, he was immediately set down as a student either of Oxford or Cambridge. Only two words in people's mouths now, rain and turkey. It is positively a bore to go out. Charley O—— came to pour out his griefs to me; he is fearfully jealous of his wife, and it is only at such times that he is in love with her. Men are so ridiculous. They fancy that they are jealous because they love; it's nothing of the sort; they are in love because they are jealous, and when one proves to them that there is not the slightest ground for jealousy they are no longer in love.

Nov. 30.—Thanksgiving Day. Went away from all invitations. I hate the conventional dinner, so Henry and I went to Crystal Springs to the L——s. Drove out after dinner. It was very cold but very lovely. Went to the reservoir and stayed there till it got dark, waiting for the moon. There wasn't a breath of air, and night stole quietly on us and the lake was quite black, and as I looked at it I remembered that line of Leighton's—

"The stars  
Come stealthily at night to bathe like nymphs  
That shame to strip until the sun is gone."

Dec. 1.—What a nice thing it is to be a prima donna and telegraph independent refusals of tens of thousands of dollars, like Louise Kellogg, at the same time the professional career of a famous singer must harden her heart. She has no compassion for the struggles, the anxiety, the wear and tear, and frequently the ruin of the man that engages her. He pays her thousands for the chance of getting one or two for himself. She, under the convenient shelter of an agent, dictates her own terms, insists upon being paid beforehand, knowing very well that there are others waiting, ready and willing to accept her proposal should the one decline them. It is supreme power *as long as it lasts*, but that's the rub. Went to the Minstrels to see a burlesque on opera bouffe, Offenbach in burnt cork. B—— came in the afternoon; he always makes me gloomy; he won't be comforted, but continually recounts his misfortunes, as if he were the only one that had ever suffered. As somebody says:

"And sorrow, like the searchers of the slain,  
Turns up the cold, dead faces, one by one  
Of prostrate joys and wishes, but in vain."

### Book Notices.

**MORTON HOUSE.** By the author of "Valerie Aylmer." Published by Appleton & Co., New York; A. Roman & Co., San Francisco.

One of the best and most readable novels of the season. The scene is laid in the South some years before the war. The plot is sensational, but the characters are well drawn, the dialogue spirited, and the interest is sustained throughout. We recommend it.

**THE PREY OF THE GODS.** By Florence Marryatt. Published by Harper Bros., New York; A. Roman & Co., San Francisco.

This book won't do. Miss Marryatt is writing for money now-a-days, and her novels show it. They are frightfully trashy. We remember her first books, "Forever and Forever," "Woman Against Woman," etc. How good they were; but a novel every six months is decidedly beyond her powers.

**MONSIEUR ANTOINE.** By George Sand. Published by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philadelphia; A. Roman & Co., San Francisco.

This is the sixth volume in the new edition of George Sand's works now publishing by Peterson. It is finely illustrated, and, like all the works of the great French novelist, highly interesting.

**HISTORY OF LOUIS PHILIPPE, KING OF THE FRENCH.** By John S. C. Abbott. Published by Harper Bros., New York; A. Roman & Co., San Francisco.

The Abbotts, with their Illustrated Histories, have done much towards educating this generation of Americans, by presenting in a pleasant way and in a small compass, all the leading acts in the lives of the most famous characters in the world's history. The career of Louis Philippe is full of the strangest ups and downs, and all the events narrated are sustained by documentary evidence.

We acknowledge the receipt from Roman's of three volumes of the "Handy Volume" edition of Dicken's Works, published by Appleton & Co., New York. "Our Mutual Friend," "Martin Chuzzlewit," "The Old Curiosity Shop," and "American Notes." Also a new novel by Marian James, "The Diamond on the Hearth," and a new edition of a "Naturalist's Voyage Around the World," by Charles Darwin, M.A., F.R.S., author of "Origin of the Species" and "Descent of Man."

"Every Horse Owner's Training Manual" has just been laid upon our table. It is written by C. Granville Johnstone, and professes to instruct in breeding, breaking, training and educating the trotting horse. We are not horsey, but as far as we know, the remarks appear to be full of good sense.



— Sir Wm. Thomson's siphon recorder is the great telegraph novelty of the day. The reading of the signals is effected by means of a siphon of capillary glass tube, about two inches long, the shorter end of which dips into a dish of ink, while the larger hangs down, in front of a paper strip moved forward by clock-work. The miniature glass siphon is connected, by a very fine aluminium wire, with a coil suspended between the poles of an electro-magnet, and is moved backwards as it is deflected to the right or to the left. To persuade a camel to get through the eye of a needle would, under ordinary circumstances, not be a more difficult feat than to get ink through the capillary tube under ordinary pressure. But it is actually ejected in a tiny stream from the lower end of the siphon, by the simple and ingenious expedient of keeping the ink electrified to a high tension. It is a well-known fact that, when any liquid is electrified, its particles repelling each other, it is enabled to flow through the finest orifice; and this fact, judiciously taken advantage of by Sir William Thomson, has enabled him to produce a frictionless pen point. The electrification of the ink in the reservoir is done by a rotating electrophorus or replenisher, kept in movement by an electro-magnetic machine.

— General Capron, late Commissioner of Agriculture of the United States, and his party have been received with signal honor by the Japanese Government. They are engaged to take charge of measures for the development of the large northern island of Yesso. Great changes have taken place in Japan since the close of the war that reestablished the Mikado in the temporal supremacy of his predecessors and drove the Tycoon into retirement. The Government is in favor of the Shinto form of religion, while the late Government was Buddhist. The people, however, seem at present but little devoted to either. The gorgeous Buddhist temples are fast going to decay. Beheading as a punishment for crime has been replaced, probably with but little difference to the criminal, by hanging, at least in most cases. Harukiri is rapidly going out of practice. English, French, and German are taught in schools managed entirely by Japanese, and well taught too, English having rather the preference. Altogether, the avidity of the people for knowledge is extreme. Of the four papers in Yokohama, three are English and one is French. English engineers are building two railroads, the one between Yokohama and Yeddo, the other between Kobe and Osaka. The road from Yokohama to Yeddo has been building for eighteen months, and will be opened next spring.

— It was stated some months ago that a number of young men—graduates of Oxford—had gone to America with the somewhat Quixotic intention of fighting their way up from the very bottom of the social ladder. An amusing letter from one of the young fellows gives some particulars of his own and his companions' occupations. The writer is a waiter in a Western Hotel, and, though he makes more money than "fifteen out of twenty English barristers," he is tired of the "job," and thinks of turning cattle-drover, "which pays nearly as well and is altogether manlier work." Two of the young men who went out with him are cattle-drivers already between Texas and Kansas. Another is wood-cutting; and one gentleman, more eccentric than all the others, has taken to brushing boots, in which "trade" it would seem money may be made at a great rate. The college friend to whom the letter is written is advised to come out and begin at once; but he says he does not "see it at all."

— The London *Lancet*, high medical authority in foreign professional circles, calls attention to the enormous manufacture in England of the new sedative drug, chloral. It states that it is sold by tons a week, and quotes a letter from Baron Liebig, affirming that one German chemist manufactures and sells half a ton every week. No such quantity is used in medicine, and the *Lancet* seems half afraid that it gets into beer. The London *Spectator* thinks there is a simpler explanation: "Taking chloral is the new and popular vice, particularly among women, and is doing as much harm as alcohol. The drug is kept in thousands of dressing-cases, and those who begin its use often grow so addicted to it that they pass their lives in a sort of contented stupefaction. Chloral drunkards will soon be an admitted variety of the species." The testimony of American physicians confirms the view taken by the two British periodicals here referred to.

— Dr. Burg, in revising the different statistics of deaths from cholera, during its last outbreak in Paris, in 1864-5, finds that out of 36,332 artisans in brass and copper there were only 16 deaths, viz., 6 per 1,000. In other statistics he finds among 5,650 coppersmiths, founders of bronze and manufacturers of brass instruments, not a single death is recorded from cholera. In the Society of the Bon-Accord, formed in Paris in 1819, and composed only of workers in bronze, there has not been a single member attacked by cholera since the foundation of the society; and we may add to these curious and interesting facts that the city of Mio Tinto, protected, as it is, by the surrounding copper mines, has never been visited by the epidemic, although it rages all the surrounding provinces.

— The following is the length of the proposed Canada Pacific Railway, by the Ottawa Valley. From Montreal to Ottawa, 115 miles; from Ottawa to Mattawan, 195; from Mattawan to Fort Garry, 985; from Fort Garry to Yellow Head Pass, 925; thence to limits of British Columbia, 52; route by the Upper Fraser River (British Columbia) by "short cut," 445; distance from Ottawa Valley, at Mattawan, 2,467 miles; and total distance from Montreal to Pacific Coast, 2,777 miles.

— A splendid monument of Carrara marble will be erected next Spring at Saus, in Savoy, in honor of Germano Sonnemeller, the constructor of the Mont Cenis Tunnel, who died a few weeks before his great work had been inaugurated.

— Sheriff Fraser, having given an opinion that the Dean of the Medical Faculty of the University of Edinburgh could not refuse, legally, to admit the female medical students to the preliminary examination, the Dean admitted them. On Saturday the Senatus decided that no further difficulties were to be placed in the way of the ladies as regards either matriculation or preliminary examination, both these points having been definitely settled in their favor two years ago.

— Dr. Richardson read a paper at a late meeting of the Medical Society of London on the possibility of destroying animals intended for human consumption without the infliction of pain. The author described two modes of painless death, viz.: by electricity and by the inhalation of narcotic vapors; and explained a plan by which a light narcotic vapor could be rendered immediately effective for the object in view.

— The great hobby of the Khedive of Egypt is to collect fine illustrated books. Strange as it may seem, he possesses quite a number of splendid old Latin prayer-books, with quaint pictures, drawn by monks in the Middle Ages.

— Mr. D. D. Home, the spiritualist, was married on October 17th to the youngest daughter of his Excellency the late Hon. Basil de Gloumeline, Councillor of State to the Emperor of Russia.

— The Austrian Government support the Municipality of Vienna in allowing the Old Catholics to worship in the city churches.

— In Paris not above one hundred private houses were destroyed. In Chicago no less than 12,000 are stated to be utterly in ashes.

— Russian has become the commercial language of the northern Japanese ports, and English that of the southern ports.

— In Hungary £11,000,000 has been or will be invested by the Government in the building of railways and a seaport.

### European Pyrotechnics.

FUN'S SHORTHAND NOTES.—Captain's report about *Megara* proves that her plating would not keep out the water. The Admiralty excuses, on the other hand, won't hold water.—Bismarck explains Benedetti's explanations in a most damaging and conclusive way. Benedetti only answers "maladetto!"—Forest of Dean colliers have commenced striking again, Dean-novo!—The Duke of Edinburgh has been visiting at Floors Castle. Though on the Upper Floors, he has been kitchen salmon.—Cheap dinners for the working classes in Norton-folgate established by Mr. Wackett. Such capital fare it will take something to Whack it. We hope it will.—Thiers proposes to levy a tax on cats. This is likely to arouse the spinsters even more than our proposed tax on matches; those who have abandoned all hope of a match are the more attached to a cat.—Spiritualists claim the credit—if that's the right word—of the window-smashing at Peckham. Bosh! They may get tables to tilt sympathetically with block-heads, but as for breaking glass—that's too transparent!—Swindlers of New York Ring likely to get off! Ought to have another ring presented them—of hemp, with a sliding knot.

Eyes have they, yet see not—needles. Arms have they, yet toil not—chairs. Ears have they, yet hear not—old book—Hands have they, yet steal not—clocks. leaves. Legs have they, yet walk not—tables. Tongues have they, yet taste not—buckles. Teeth have they, yet chew not—combs. Hearts have they, yet pity not—cabbages. Lips have they, yet kiss not—pitchers.

— The following is quoted from a head-board in the Sparta Diggins, California:

"In memory of

JOHN SMITH.

who met wierlant death near this spot, 18 hundred and 40 too.

He was shot by his own pistil, a old-fashioned brass barril,

And of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

— It iz our duty (says Billings) tew pray for them who revile and persekute us, but I don't kno az we are obliged tew let them kno it. A young lady wants to know whether a girl may be sure a man loves her unutterably when he sits in her presence for an hour without speaking.

— It is said that cork-screws have sunk more than cork-jackets have ever saved. A critic, speaking of a garrulous woman, said, "her organ of speech is an organ without stops." All's fair in love and war!—P.S. That is if you are much bigger and stronger than the other feller.

— A correspondent, complaining of the quality of the paper on which his favorite journal is printed, declares that he sometimes tears it by merely spelling a hard word. After his remark upon the paper, it won't tear again, we fancy; he has laid it on too thick for that!

— Dr. Johnson once silenced a notorious female backbiter, who was condemning some of her friends for painting their cheeks, by the remark that "it is a far less harmless thing for a lady to redden her own complexion than to blacken her neighbor's."

— The man who had a young lady in his eye, says he is pained to find she is carrying on like winking in a 'tighty-disgraceful manner.

— When the Grand Duke Constantine was in England, the various military bands had taken care to study, besides the Russian national hymn, the popular air of Russia, "Karé Saragan," meaning nothing more than "the Red Petticoat." On the Grand Duke's first public appearance in London the band of the Horse Guards, after having duly drummed forth the first-named magnificent air, struck up with unwonted vivacity the second. The Grand Duke immediately turned round sharply to his aide-de-camp, and bade him request the band to desist and play some other melody. Ever after the order was given beforehand to refrain from playing the "Karé Saragan," and it was never played again under the same circumstances. "Why will they persecute me with that eternal 'Red Petticoat'?" is said to have been the Grand Duke's exclamation on hearing it begun by the band of the Horse Guards. But the interest of the mystery goes on increasing, for we understand that orders have been sent out to Cataseky, the Russian ambassador to the United States, to warn the band-masters to avoid the "Red Petticoat" on the arrival of the Grand Duke Alexis at New York.

— It is just possible that we have not yet heard the last of that awful diplomatic muddle, the Slesvig-Holstein question. The St. Petersburg correspondent of the *Eastern Budget* gives currency to the rumor circulating "in well-informed circles" that the real object Prince Gortschakoff had in going to Berlin was to discuss with Prince Bismarck the North Slesvig controversy. Russia, says the writer, has decided, in view of the growth of an imposing German fleet in the Baltic, to take energetic measures for securing the fulfillment of the 5th article of the Treaty of Prague, by right of which Denmark claims the portion of North Slesvig of which she has been deprived. Russia considers that there is no way of preserving her maritime position in the Baltic except by strengthening Denmark and securing her neutrality. Hence we have visions pictured to us of more serious complications.

— A curious rumor has gained great credit, and perhaps deservedly so. Count d'Arnim is believed to have proposed to M. Thiers that the 50,000 Prussian soldiers who are still living in and on Champagne shall evacuate the French territory on condition that France shall waive her objections which she, in concert with England, raised, in 1869, against the incorporation of Luxembourg in the German Empire. Mr. Gladstone might not, perhaps, be content to throw the keys of the Scheldt into the Thames; he may remember Lord Palmerston's death-bed injunction, for England to sacrifice her last soldier and her last shilling to save Antwerp from falling into the clutches of the French Emperor; and our late Premier's objection to Lubens' famous city being converted into a French port would exist *d'fortiori* against its conversion into a German haven.

— The *Débats* remarks that at the very moment when the Emperor Napoleon declared that he had never cast a longing eye on Belgium, the Prussian official journal cited documents showing the diplomatic intrigues which had been set on foot with the object of annexing that country. "Whatever may be the humiliation to France," adds the *Débats*, "at revelations of this nature, France being in a great measure implicated in the misdoings of a *regime* which she submitted to for twenty years, it is useful to make those revelations, and in this case the advantage is greater than the injury. The essential thing now is that that *regime* should never be restored; and it is not, therefore, a matter of indifference that the Powers which might be tempted to favor the return of the Bonapartes should thoroughly understand that Napoleon III. while in power was the public enemy of Europe."

— A letter to the *Univers* contains a story of a remarkably bulky taper having been sent to the Vatican—no one knew by whom—accompanied by a request that it should be placed in the pope's private chapel, and lit during his mass. The request was complied with, and the pope, seeing it burning in a corner of the chapel, ordered it to be immediately extinguished. It was opened after mass in his presence, and found to contain a small Orsini shell.

— Count Reust is likely to come to this country (England) as Austrian Ambassador. The post of Minister at the Court of St. James is one of the highest and most distinguished in the gift of the Imperial Government, and no appointment could break more gently the fall of the great South German Minister.

— Rochefort is so destitute of money that he has to live on the common prison fare. His friends have all deserted him, and he says that, after he has been transported to the frontier of France, he will have to solicit an appointment as reporter on a Belgian newspaper.

— Victor Hugo's new work, a poem, entitled "The Terrible Year," contains three pages in denunciation of George Bancroft, the ambassador of the United States at Berlin. The first of these denunciatory poems is entitled "The Fallen Minister."

— The King of Denmark is about to visit England.

— That useful canal, hewn by the echoes of moldy ideas, is already muddy from the tread of the intellects "reduced to the compass of the lower classes," as they contemptuously style their patrons.—*Chronicle*. [For carefully compounding contradictory metaphors into a whole of perfectly congruent unintelligibility, our contemporary has no superior and few equals. A canal hewn by echoes, and muddy from the tread of intellects, is an unique piece of engineering astoundingly defiled.]



## Outside.

Just a gleam through the darkness—	Just a face in the lamplight;
The lift of two eyes from a book—	A hand, and some glittering hair;
Agance . . . but some glances are heaven!	But hearts have been broken it's said,
To such eyes 'tis given	And white steel stained red
To make Paradise in a look.	For faces less faultlessly fair.

Just a girl in her beauty,  
 Her glory of freshness and youth;  
 But what has earth better to sigh for,  
 To live for—to die for—  
 Than innocence, beauty, and youth?

—Temple Bar.

— A man with a stealthy sneak in his gait—who comes upon you from behind with a catfish tread, and vanishes from before your face like a silent smoke—a smirking smiler, who prefaces every shallow remark by begging pardon with his eyes, and then talks polite foolishness to the toe of your boot—who sidles up to a lunch table, and shambles gingerly three-quarters of the way round an oyster before attacking it—whose most direct and positive movement is a hesitating wiggle—whose eye seeks the corner of its socket as naturally as a kitten sneaks under a bed—who ambles uneasily along the street with the slinking limp of a dog with mutton on his breath and wool in his teeth—*ecce homo*, Agapius Honcharenko! This weed-snake—this sugar-clad human pill—this incarnate bad smell tiptoeing silently up to honest noses—is the most nearly complete in all his appointments of any merely mortal nuisance with which this unhappy city is afflicted. Why he is suffered to spill himself along the clean gravel walks of society we do not know; why his presence is permitted to taint the air which gentlemen must breathe we can only vaguely conjecture. The man was once an honest Tartar, decently maintaining a blameless existence as an obscure nomad in his native wild. By some oversight on the part of Nature he was permitted to escape into the great world, and has ever since been dodging about amongst the forests of honest men's skins, oftener stepped upon than kicked, and oftener deserving both evils than enduring either. His career in San Francisco, where he has put up his honor at auction and knocked it down to the highest bidder, has been marked by a greater multitude of assorted meannesses than can easily be computed. We will give a rough estimate, and set them down at a round million. If this is considered an exaggeration we shall be happy to prove, by copious affidavits, two or three, of such a character that the rest will be readily conceded. Meanwhile, however, lest it should turn out that we are lying, we ask in behalf of Mr. Honcharenko a suspension of public opinion until the next issue of his paper, the *Alaska Herald*. That will undoubtedly contain matter that will make all his former baseness appear quite insignificant—in comparison.

— The following extract received by the *Delhi Gazette* from Hongkong refers to the Korean expedition. The correspondent writes: "You ask about the Korean expedition. It was a thorough *flasco*, as I have learnt from a private source which is entirely trustworthy. The Americans, when landed, went looting and broke away from their officers. They retreated, *not from the Koreans*, but from their own people, leaving two of their guns behind and losing a steam launch. They had only from four to five men killed, and brought away one wounded man. All this speaks for itself." We wonder who the correspondent is that wrote the above.

— It seems that there is such a thing as a National Presbyterian Board of Church Erection, and the Secretary thereof says that from the entire Synod of the Pacific, last year, this Board received seventy-one dollars. During the single month of October, the pious Californians alone asked for three thousand five hundred dollars out of its funds. We are the most generous people in the world, sir—particularly those of us who have been converted.

— The *Advocate* (*Advocatus Diaboli*) says it is pleased to learn that there is a good degree of religious interest in the church at Fairfield, and the Brother Sheriff is encouraged in his work. The Sheriff of the county, however, looks on with a grave shake of the head, as if he needed encouragement in *his* work. "A good degree of religious interest" always makes toil for this worthy official.

— We admire the youth who recently drowned himself because the Darwinian theory degraded him. There is a healthy sincerity and earnestness about such an act, upon which one cannot expend too much respect. But we do think that one who can serenely endure the belief that he was created a little lower than the angels, ought to stand being told that he is the son of a monkey.





### Found.

In dreams, long years ago, I saw a face— Yet once we met: blithe was my heart, I  
A woman's—noble, sweet and fair, [place Deeming attained the goal I sought; [ween,  
That shone upon me from some happy But ah! the world's cold shadow grew be-  
And bade me seek her there. And still I found her not. [tween,  
So forth I went and traversed many ways, She died: I sought her grave with solemn  
Peopled with fair, and rich, and young, Thinking to lighten my despair. [cheer,  
And sometimes paused to wonder or to gaze! found a form of clay, within a bier,  
But found not her among. But her—I found not there!

What more? The flesh decays; but in my heart  
She lives as ever, fresh and fair.  
O God, who mad'st us, she is where Thou art,  
And I shall find her—there!

—Julian Hawthorne.

### The Rain.

We question whether Thanksgiving day would have been so fully appreciated as it was, had not the seasonable and welcome rain-fall occurred. Men greeted one another in the streets as if they had escaped some great calamity. Even the Bishop Hattos of our community, the grain hoarders, forgot for awhile their greed of gain in the general joy that prevailed. For verily the clouds did drop fatness, and from Shasta to San Bernardino rises the song of thanks. And what an exhilarating sense of freshness there is in the air after a good heavy rain, like that we have just had. What a cleansing of our streets, such as no mechanical means could effect. What a feeling of purity and life and health does such bestow, and what bountiful wealth does it insure to us. When the floodgates of the sky were opened, the sound of labor was heard all over the land; the plow turned up the rich soil, the mills crushed the precious ore, the water ran along the ditches on the mountain tops and the miner filled his sluices; there was the hum of industry throughout the State, and the inhabitants were roused by the earnest of a good and prosperous season.

### The New City Hall.

In a recent issue we complimented the *Bulletin* on its report of the work now in progress on the New City Hall, but when we come to its editorial on the same subject we find it far from faultless. Take the assertion that the Legislature appropriated a million of dollars for the work, and supposed a sufficiently commodious and handsome edifice could be erected for that sum, whereas the Legislature named a million and a half of dollars for the purpose, and evidently thought that any sum less would be insufficient. We believe that the authorized amount will prove enough. We have every reason to believe that the Commissioners are attending assiduously to their business, and no better men could be found for the place. The public will be satisfied in the end. Push on the work, gentlemen.

— The Upigee Society, it seems, will hold a Christmas festival. May we be permitted to ask to which class of idiots the Upigee Society belongs! From the fact that the festival is to be held in the hall of the Young Men's Christian Association, we infer that it belongs to the pious class. Which the pious class is a very excellent class, but somewhat given to cheating.

— The report that the Pope has declined a throne of gold that somebody was fool enough to present to him, is of the kind of reports that are to be eagerly believed. It is like him. If we had been blindfolded and asked, "Who declined a golden throne?" we should have unhesitatingly replied, "The Pope!"

— The downy young person of doubtful, but probably female, gender, who writes to the *Town Crier* that she does not like him very well, is informed he does not like her very well, too. He esteems her a rather bad egg—a very foolish and impertinent egg, in fact. Pass out of our memory, young person.

— It is stated that the Empress Carlotta takes a milk bath every day. If that does not cure her, she is to be buttered twice a week.

— A Vermont man has established a steam top factory at Nuremburg.—*Exchange*. [What the mischief is a steam top?

### The Overland Monthly for December.

Practical, logical, instructive and amusing, just what a magazine ought to be. This number opens with the first part of a very well-written article on the history of wine-making by Alfred Harrold, detailing the early difficulties of all sorts that beset the wine-grower. This is followed by a discussion on bribery in elections and whether we should make it, as in Great Britain, a penal offence. Next is a story called "Kirwan," by Laura L. White, and how a man blundered in New Jersey. There are many other good articles which we leave our readers to find out for themselves. Apropos of the *Overland*, a gentleman just returned from England told us that, straying into a bookseller's shop in London, he found some numbers of the magazine there, and opening one, lit upon an article referring to the history of a lady who was living in the next house to the one he was visiting at. Of course he presented her with it.

— The month of November was one of considerable activity in general merchandise, the volume of business transpiring large, and satisfactory to merchants in all leading departments of trade. Toward the close of the month, a notable movement in coal and iron took place, the natural result of short supplies and enhanced rates of freights to this coast, as well as high cost and overering rates in the ports of supply. This state of things is likely to continue into the new year; and the rise in values is not to be confined to the articles named, but extends to Chemicals and many other staple imports. The Coffee speculation that began in October has not yet terminated. The market upon this coast is sluggish, with very limited transactions. Importers, however, continue firm in their pretensions, and if fresh imports are not too much scattered, prices may be yet sustained.—*Commercial Record.*

### Contributions to Our Schools.—The following letter was sent East Nov. 28th:

MAYOR'S OFFICE, SAN FRANCISCO, November 29th, 1871.  
 Mr. J. L. PIERCE, Secretary of the Public Schools, Chicago. DEAR SIR: Enclosed please find a draft of Bank of California, No. 38,235, for thirty-one hundred and forty-four and twenty-eight one-hundredths dollars, gold coin, on Messrs. Lees & Weller, New York. This amount was collected by the superintendent, teachers and scholars of our public schools for the benefit of the teachers and scholars of Chicago who are suffering by the great fire.  
 THOS. H. SELBY,  
 Mayor of San Francisco.

— During the month of November, there were 709 gold deposits at the San Francisco Branch Mint, amounting to 98,810 ounces, and 189 silver deposits, amounting to 150,000 ounces. The coinage at the San Francisco Branch Mint for November was as follows: Gold, \$1,550,000; Silver, \$134,000; Total, \$1,684,000.

— It is stated with some pride that "many noble women will meet at stated seasons during the next six months, to work for the homeless people of the Northwest." And many equally noble women, who do not happen to meet with them, will have good reason to regret the charitable event.

— The United Ancient Order of Druids have petitioned the Board of Supervisors for a burial lot in the new City Cemetery. Let it be granted to them upon the terms offered to settlers upon the public lands: it must be improved and permanently occupied by them.

— The honors recently paid to the memory of Ugo Foscolo have been the cause of the revival of one of his tragedies. [That is probably what the fellow died for. Deep old file!]

— The average rain-fall from the season of 1849-50 to that of 1870-71, twenty-two seasons, was 28.5 inches. *Tennant's Record, just published.*

— The surplus of wheat in Oregon, this season, is estimated at 75,000 tons, nearly all of which will find its way to Europe.

— Statistics drawn up in Paris show that during the late siege 70,000 horses were eaten by the people.

### "Solid Silver."

Every generation shows a change in the Drama of a country, not always progressive, but ever variable. The history of English Drama is an evidence of this. We do not refer to the creations of Shakspeare, Sheridan or such like, which belong to all time, but of those productions which the state of society and the natural bent of the public call forth. Our forefathers enjoyed the splendid acting of the Kembles, Cooke, the elder Kean, Mrs. Siddons and Miss O'Neil in the higher branches of the profession, whilst Foote, Liston and the elder Matthews amused them with their broad comedy. Occasionally Addison's classical compositions, with his pure English, or Johnson's ponderous hexameters, were listened to without weariness, or Miss Inchbald's simple plays charmed an easily-pleased audience. A generation ago Sheridan Knowles inaugurated a new school of dramatic art, more natural, yet at the same time more animated than its predecessor, and consequently more appreciated by the then nascent matter-of-fact age. His works may properly be called *plays*. With the exception of *Virginius*, which was one of his earliest, they are not tragedies, for there is a lack of that sustained intensity of passion such, for example, as we meet with in *Macbeth*; nor are they comedies, for he did not aim at satirizing the vices or follies of the age. They are neither more nor less than dramatized novels, the incidents of which are drawn from every day emotions of love, anger, jealousy, pride or cupidity, but all touched with the hand of a master, at the same time with a kindly tone of humanity. Such plays are *The Wife*, *The Love Chase*, *Love*, etc. In this last, for example, how gradually does Sheridan Knowles exhibit the overmastering of the "Countess'" pride in her love for "Hoon." Then followed Bulwer's *Lady of Lyons*, of the same school (*Richieu* was written for Macready), and Marston's *Noble Heart*, a perfect specimen of the domestic drama. Talfourd's *Ion*, with its beautiful classical speeches and elegant English, yet all subordinate to the modern school, with many others kept the stage for fifteen or twenty years. Meanwhile Boucicault, who had begun well in his *London Assurance*, together with Tom Taylor, found out that it paid better and was easier, to translate the sensational French melodramas of the Porte St. Martin, replete with tableaux, where people die to slow music and the last scene is a mixture of dead villains, virtue rewarded and red fire, where there is always a comic man and a pert Abigail. The public took to this hot and strong foreign importation and the labors of the scenist and machinist were more regarded than the purity of the style or the morality of the plot. This increased till at length we must have real trains almost running over live people, real fires with real engines, in short, everything real but the spirit that craves such excitement. To this may be joined the allurements of the modern troupes of burlesque, all belonging to the same class of sensual excitement, and all evidencing an unhealthy, unreal condition of public taste.

In *Solid Silver*, Mr. Barnes has most happily revived the purer school of Sheridan Knowles. There is nothing intricate in the plot. The play is a simple story of modern life, well put together and artistically handled. "Paul Weir," the son of the late rector, is the Secretary of and secretly in love with "Bertha Huntingdon," the heiress of Huntingdon Towers. This young lady has a worthless cousin called "Captain Morris," who, after running through his own money, gets into the hands of the Jews and borrows all he can upon *post obits* as heir of "The Towers" after Miss Huntingdon, whom he represents as sickly and dying. He even commits forgery by indorsing another name than his own on some bills. Accompanied by "Sponge" Senior and Junior, the money lenders, he comes down to "The Towers," where the Jews, to their disgust, find the heiress to be in perfect health and likely to outlive them all. The only thing that remains is to marry her, in which desire he is favored by the terms of her father's will urging her to that, but not unless she is willing. "Paul Weir" is secretly loved by "Bertha," which her sprightly cousin "Kate Delaire" is not slow to discover. He is, of course, hated and bullied by "Captain Morris," who at a *fête* in honor of "Bertha's" birthday makes her an offer of marriage, which she declines. He retires, and "Paul Weir" comes in to take his leave, as he can no longer endure the pangs of love; she remonstrates, urging his duty to his mother, to himself, and finally, with tears, to herself. Thereupon he declares his passion and rushes away. Her weeping is disturbed by "Kate," who proposes a game of hide and seek for the children. "Bertha" goes to hide in an old tower, gets into a wide chimney, which closes with a panel, and she is immured. For two days and nights the household seeks her, "Captain Morris" begins to assume the actions of proprietor, gets knocked down by "Weir," who refuses to give up his secretarial keys, goes out into the garden to hide his shame, when a pigeon flutters by him; he catches it and finds a slip of paper tied to it, whereon is written by Miss "Huntingdon" that she is dying of hunger behind the panel in the old tower. For an instant the man's better nature prevails, and "Captain Morris" loudly calls for help. At this juncture, the elder "Sponge" comes in, insists upon payment, and threatens him with a criminal prosecution for forgery. That decides the matter, and the "Captain" lights a match and burns his cousin's missive. Meanwhile young "Sponge," who has become a changed man in consequence of his love for "Kate Delaire," and "Paul Weir" have been unceasing in their search for "Bertha." They suddenly come upon a small door in the tower, which they had overlooked; they listen and think that they hear a faint moan. It was not long ere their united strength wrenches the door from its fastenings; they rush up a staircase and return with the apparently lifeless body of Miss "Huntingdon," to be surrounded by the entire household, whom their cries have aroused. In the last act the heiress of "The Towers" has



recovered. Need we say any more, except that she marries her deliverer, young "Sponge" marries "Kate," and "Captain Morris" levants for France?

Such is an outline of the plot, but there are most delicate fillings in. The character of "Bertha," a handsome, dashing girl, full of health and honest goodness, with her description of a ride across the country where her cousin doesn't follow her, is excellent. Her frank confidence in and love for all around her is in harmonious contrast with her pretty, saucy gad fly of a cousin "Kate." Young "Sponge" is the most original character in the whole piece. He comes in as a flashy, good natured, London snob, but is transformed by his love for "Kate." His inherent good heart is early shown in his conduct to the horsekeeper, whom he chaffs, but will no longer distress by smoking in the drawing-room. This old housekeeper is a perfect picture. Young "Sponge" counteracts all the machinations of his father and "Captain Morris" opens "Bertha's" eyes to that latter's real character; displays the greatest activity and perseverance in the search for the young lady, and by most adroit handling of the author gains the hearts of everybody. The "Captain," an ungrateful character to depict, although dissipated and utterly gone to the bad, is yet to outward appearance a gentleman, and the struggle between his good and evil genius, when the pigeon reveals the hiding place, is essentially dramatic in its character; the entreaty to old "Sponge" to leave him comes from the very anguish of despair, and is in entire harmony with the previous soliloquy where he curses the crimes and follies that had caused him to feel abject himself and despised by others. In this scene Mr. Barnes touches the highest range of tragic art. We would fain dilate on the quiet subdued character of "Paul's" mother, of the empty headed pride of the aristocratic "Lady de la Lande," and of many other capably drawn minor details. We should like to praise the beautiful scenery and good acting, but our aim has been solely to prove the superiority of Mr. Barnes' first play.

### The Origin of the French Commune.

A remarkable paper was read the other evening before a French Club, by Mr. Gaston Verdier, on the above subject. Mr. Verdier was an eye witness of the events he describes, and without palliating the excesses of the Communists, yet we think sufficiently explains the errors and prejudices that created the Commune. The speaker began by remarking that the Commune of the 26th May had no resemblance whatever with that of the 18th March. The vote of the Plebisite having given absolute power to Napoleon, he declared war against Germany, and then it was that his subjects found themselves without soldiers, without commissariat and without leaders. It ended, as we all know, by the siege and capitulation of Paris. But in that Paris were the men who had fought most nobly and suffered the greatest privations in its defence, men who had looked death in the face by war, pestilence and famine, and these men were in the position of Hotspur after the field at Holmedon—

"When I was dry with rage and extreme toil,  
Breathless and faint, leaning upon my sword,  
Came there a certain lord."

A proclamation from Marseilles was posted on the 18th March, ordering the guns on the forts on the heights of Chaumont and Montmartre to be given up, and requesting good citizens to separate themselves from the evil ones, thereby obtaining all Paris, for there were only fifteen soldiers of the Garde Nationale at Montmartre, and seventeen at Chaumont, when the troops presented themselves to take possession of the guns, and no opposition was attempted. But the guns were not taken away nor was there any attempt to do so until too late. The murder of Generals Thomas and Lecompte caused the explosion. All this might have been prevented if, after the treaty of peace had been signed and the elections over, the National Assembly had met at Paris. The entire city prayed for it. Thiers advocated and advised it, but the Legitimist majority overruled this wise proceeding, and this mark of distrust still more wounded that Paris which so little merited the result. The whole is a sad history of error, injustice and revenge.

— A New Yorker allowed a pet spaniel to lick his lips, and died of hydrophobia four weeks afterward, says a varicacious journal. Hydrophobia is a disease peculiar to dogs, and if it may be communicated in that manner we do not know why hysteria, which is a disease peculiar to women, may not be communicated in a similar way. The doubt will at least justify some caution as to whom you suffer to kiss you. We would not wish, with our present light, to counsel total abstinence, but a wise promiscuous indulgence. For example, one need not take the unnecessary and non-compensatory risk of a salute from his mother or his own sister. That kind of thing is vanity, at best.

— Dr. Beard, in a recent work on "Eating and Drinking," asks: "Is it not a fact that brain-workers eat a better quality and larger quantity of food than mechanics and laborers?" Yes; they have to work their brains to get it. "Check" workers eat a better quality and larger quantity than either. "Check" in ours.

### In Memoriam.

The oldest official of the public bureau of the United States Government passed to his last home December 4th. For nearly fifty years Major Thomas L. Smith had served his country faithfully, honorably, and with rare ability and intelligence that was bright unto the end. It was his lot to see all his companions and co-workers fall away from his side; his graceful pen had written many of their obituaries and done justice to their virtues, until at length he stood alone, and those who loved and honored him were but as saplings surrounding the old oak, for two generations separated them. No one remains to speak of the days when they were young together, and his history has become tradition. Major Smith was born in the County of Dinwiddie, State of Virginia, in the year 1787, when America was only thirteen years old. His ancestors were connected with the history of the country from its foundation, his father having been sent to France on a diplomatic mission, where he died. The subject of our notice was thereupon brought up by his venerable and distinguished uncle, Professor Granville B. Smith, at that time President of William and Mary College. In 1812 he was commissioned a Major in the regular army; resigning, he married an English lady, then in Philadelphia, celebrated for her beauty and accomplishments. He removed to New York, served in the Legislature of that State, was elected President of the City Bank, resigned upon the earnest, personal solicitation of his warm friend, General Jackson, to accept the position of Registrar of the U. S. Treasury, finally arriving at the post of First Auditor, which he retained until his death. Thus for a period longer than that usually allotted to man, has Major Smith pursued his career of active usefulness. He possessed literary tastes of a high order, having for many years been a constant contributor to the press, in prose as well as poetry. It is not long since we had the privilege of publishing some verses of his in our columns. We noticed then the nerve and vigor of the old man's handwriting, such as would shame many a young man of the present day. In manners Major Smith was most refined and cultivated, with a polished address that was remarked by all that had intercourse with him. He was the intimate friend of Gen. Scott, Clay, Webster, Calhoun, Benton, Preston, and, in fact, his society was courted by the master spirits of this country for the last fifty years—all these had gone before him, leaving him as the last link that remained of the refinement, cultivation and polish of the old school. Major Smith was known throughout the length and breadth of the country, and his loss will be severely felt. He has left this earth full of honors, kindness, love and affection; he was a devoted husband, kind and affectionate father, whose memory will be ever cherished. Major Smith leaves a widow and several children, amongst whom are Mrs. T. H. Holt and Algernon Smith of this city.

### Where Shall We Build Our Suburban Residences?

As California advances in wealth, as our mines pour out their treasure, as San Francisco increases its riches and grows in importance, as our merchants grow rich, the question becomes one of importance: Where shall our splendid mansions be constructed? Where? Away from the din of business and the bustle of traffic, near to trade in business hours, but far away in the country after all have "sunk the shop." To what quiet, charming country place can we go easiest, where the climate is delightful and the diurnal winds of San Francisco are tempered to gentle breezes, and the cold, harsh, sea storms, laden with sand and dirt, become zephyrs sweet, pure and balmy? San Mateo, Oakland and the Encinal of Alameda are all beautiful, but flat; all desirable, but costly; too much horse railroad and ferry boat; the lands are too valuable. There is no romance with sand and fogs even under the shade of Druid oaks; mosquitoes will bite for blood even on the shores of Lake Merritt; fogs settle in Menlo Park. Now, there is near San Francisco a land of pure delight—neglected, unknown, a *terra incognita*, and yet it is nearer San Francisco than any other of our country places. The ferry transit is the shortest across our Bay; the climate surpasses any spot in the vicinity of our city: beautiful valleys, romantic hills clad in ever-living green, stretching up to grand mountains, romantic glens and groves; splendid drives, with bay and ocean views, and this spot is the County of Marin, the most beautiful county in our State. Sausalito is the nearest approach to our city, and all the way along for fifty miles, embracing Reed's Valley, Corte Madeira, Ross Landing, the charming village of San Rafael, all the way to Petaluma. The land now occupied by farmers is of trifling value. We write of this country not in the interest of speculators, because speculation has not yet begun to monopolize the beautiful places. The town of Sausalito is yet but a hamlet. A thousand splendid sites for residences can be purchased at nominal figures. All the way along the road indicated small tracts for villa residences can be cheaply purchased, and in time it will be the most delightful and charming of all the rural districts near our city. The railroad will soon be constructed from Sacramento to San Francisco, terminating at Sausalito. Another narrow gauge road will soon be built from Sausalito to the redwood forests of Mendocino; a sharp ferry will cross the Golden Gate entrance in seventeen minutes, and by rail the citizen may, in a single hour, be whirled away to a solitude among hills and valleys, amid shady groves and running streams.

— Match-makers have it that a marriage will ere long be arranged between His Royal Highness Prince Arthur and a daughter of the Duke of Abercorn.

### The Inflammability of London.

The danger of a general conflagration in London appears to be greater than in any other city, because in none other is there anything like the same amount of commerce of all kinds carried on within the same superficial area, and under conditions so unfavorable to due precaution. It would be easy for Social Science philosophers to suggest theoretical remedies, but it would be vain for practical men to ignore the difficulties in the way of their adoption. A classification of trades, and the rigorous restriction of particular goods to particular stores and particular lofts, would no doubt do a great deal. But is that possible? Then, as to warehouses for the storage of inflammable goods, if each separate block could be made to stand entirely detached, we should probably arrive at a minimum risk. But enough has been stated to show that such a precaution is out of the question. Buildings, the stock in which never could be entirely destroyed, might be constructed on the compartment system; but what chance have we of that? A partial attempt in that direction has been made by the introduction of metal doors under the Building Act, but at best these are only a slight security. Much may no doubt be, and is, done by keeping a close look-out. Happily, the Metropolitan Board of Works seems disposed to maintain an efficient Fire Brigade. The difficulty of concentrating the efforts of the entire staff of that force at a given spot in time to stop the spread of a fire which had once seized hold of a street of City warehouses is one which has not been lost sight of. The Board and Captain Shaw have been devoting much attention to the floating engines, and also to the thorough training of the men. Probably no such climbers can be found in any other city as the firemen of London. For some years past no man has been taken into the force who had not previously been a sailor; and it has been found that, with a shorter drill than any other class, sailors become the best firemen. The powerful and continuous stream of water poured upon a fire from one of the floating engines makes them extremely powerful auxiliaries in extinguishing a vast fire. We have four, and even the United States can boast of nothing like them. Recent experiments lead to the belief that they may be employed with advantage at even a very considerable distance from the river. The number of steam land engines has been steadily increasing, and at every station there are manuals, which are particularly useful where the distance to the fire is short. Lastly, telegraphic communication is perfect between all the stations; so that no fire can make any head without being encountered by at least a well-organized resistance. *—London Times.*

### The Hawes Will.

The matter of the contestation of the will of Horace Hawes, after three weeks' patient investigation, brought the Jury before whom the cause was tried to the conclusion that he was of unsound mind, and of that class of the insane denominated monomaniacs. The verdict met public expectation and approval, quite as much because the lamented Horace was unutterably mean and cruel to his family, as because of general belief in any real mental disturbance in the old monster. The evidence was simply a shocking revelation of what human nature, in its worst aspects, unfettered by conscience and unrestrained by honor, may become. The Jury found him insane. This was charitable at least. They were the duly authorized triers of the issue, and we do not propose to quarrel with their conclusion. Such a man deserves neither remembrance nor monument now, or at the expiration of that hundred years when Hawes proposed to permit a grateful world to do him reverence. The cause of education needs no such tributes. No endowments based on social brutality, testamentary injustice, and a passion for earthly immortality, as unreasonable as disgusting, can ever draw to a university that generous public sympathy without which, as we understand Hawes' gifts, they are to be of no effect. Certainly this generation will do nothing to build up an institution whose grand object is to immortalize such a man, nor cover with the mists of time the villainous, miserly, cruel and egotistical old sinner. The Mont Eagle University foundation was always impracticable, and let it die. The Trustees have done their duty to the public, thoroughly and well. They will not meet its approval or have its assistance in protracting a war in which victory as Trustees would be a defeat of the native nobleness of heart and life which has characterized them, one and all, as men. Indeed, the whole case for the contestants, under the management of Mr. Barnes, has been characterized by the like nobleness of character. Nothing that was not absolutely necessary in a business and legal point of view was brought forward. The main fact to be proved was the mental incapacity of the testator, and that point once firmly established, there was no going back on disgusting details of domestic life, on tyranny, sordid life and imbecility. In his conduct of this case, Mr. Barnes has ennobled the character of the bar for dignity, learning, and that force of character which, while it insists on right, never does so with violence.

— The progress of intelligence in the editor of a literary weekly may be accurately measured by his "Answers to Correspondents." Every fact with which he has recently become acquainted is conscientiously therein set down, in reply to some inquiring action of his imagination. A small portion of the thing he does not know would be detected by a perusal of the inquiries he actually receives.



### The Baby-Farmer's Lulaby.

This was the rhyme she droned  
As she rocked in a rickety chair, [floor,  
In a whitewashed room with a bare deal

With papered windows and wide-  
cracked door,

And ceiling as foul as the air:

"A spoonful of sleeping stuff

For hushing 'em when they cry:

There's little ones more than enough,  
And if they don't live they'll die."

Four babies tucked in a crib,

Two asleep in a chair.

Three more crawling the planks about,

Two would be burnt but the fire is out,  
And still there's a cradle to spare.

Some look weary and pale,

Some look meagre and thin;

Some seem hectic and fever-torn—

All had been better if never born; [skin.

Their sharp bones stare through the

For their mother's bosom—rag;

For its nestling softness—straw;

For the loving kisses that dimples rain—

A bottle, a spoon, the mixture, and pain:

A shake from a she-fiend's claw.

Ay, a spoon and cup on the hob,

A saucepan of gruel grey,

A phial on the shelf with its potion grim—

The little ones' prayers and their evening

hymn,

For the little time here they stay.

For often at morn and night,

From want of a mother's care

Grim death—no, gentle—with bony breast,

Hushes them off to a happier rest;

Their cradle a deal shell bare.

—*Cassell's Magazine.*

### British Ale No Humbug.

It is gluttony, and not drunkenness, as we are assured in Mr. Bass' speech to the Derbyshire licensed victuallers, that is really the deadly foe of Englishmen. He maintains—upon the authority, as he tells us, of the Registrar General and of the "most eminent medical men in this country and elsewhere"—that the sufferings of mankind are mainly caused by over-eating, and not by over-drinking. "Twenty men suffer from excessive eating where only one suffers from excessive drinking;" and there are ten premature deaths and ten cases of sickness from over-eating to one death from over-drinking. It is not wonderful then that Mr. Bass should say that a licensed victualler's trade is not more harmful than a butcher's or a baker's. Indeed it would seem that the sale of meat and bread must need to be more carefully restricted than the sale of beer, though for the time he refrains from any proposal for its limitation. Good liquor is far more necessary than food for health and happiness; and Mr. Bass "individually would almost rather refrain from eating than from drinking." The best advice which he can give to men advancing in years is that "they should eat half the quantity to which they have been accustomed, and drink twice as much." Of course their beverage must be of the right kind, and they must not follow the example of those unhappy Scotchmen who do indeed drink far more than Englishmen, but who ruin their constitutions by "drinking the most injurious spirits, fire-water; not good honest ale." The sure way to enjoy a green old age is, it seems, to drink sound ale, and plenty of it. Ale is the great heal-all, and is to mankind in general all, and more than all, that Dibbin's sailors thought grog was to them when they sang—

"Grog is our starboard, our larboard,

Our mainmast, our mizen, our log;

On shore, or at sea, or when harbored,

The mariner's compass is grog."

Neither Mr. Bass nor the licensed victuallers, however, would countenance any abuse of liquor, if indeed so good a thing can be abused; for no class of men in existence can be more interested in sobriety than they are. The interest and the inclination of the licensed victuallers alike forbid them to allow drunkenness in their houses; and we may be sure of this upon the authority of Mr. Bass, who thinks he knows more about them than any man in England, "as he has spent a deal of time in their houses, although he never got drunk in one." But even if there be a little too much drunkenness now, the people will continue to improve year by year in temperance, as they have improved all through Mr. Bass's life, and "though they drink more will get drunk less." In short a good time is coming when England will be an earthly paradise, wherein there will be no drunkenness, but every other house will be an ale-house, with "Bass' Entire" on its signboard, and a red-faced landlord drawing beer for a set of hearty toppers while they sing—

"Head and foot, go bare;

Side and back, go cold;

But, belly, God send thee good ale enow,

Whether it be new or old."

—*Manchester Guardian.*

— Dr. Wilkins, of Marysville, whose departure upon a tour of inspection of insane asylums we noticed some two years ago, has returned. The Doctor has traveled a great many thousands of miles, and has drawn his salary with commendable regularity. If he has gathered any valuable knowledge relative to the care of the insane we do not know; but he has returned just in time to see how the people have taken care of the lunatic who sent him. Perhaps he may get a hint from that.



### The Decay of Japan Silk Eggs.

We have received Mr. Consul Robertson's report of his journey to investigate the causes of the growing deterioration in Japanese silk, and the best remedies for it. Mr. Robertson estimates the ground zone over at 222 miles. It was gratifying to find the willingness with which any remark on their industry was listened to by the natives; but it has been pretty well the experience of foreigners all over Japan that a good practical lesson in the way of diminished profits is the best way of appealing to the native common sense. It was satisfactory to learn that the attention of Japanese is drawn far more than formerly to care in the cultivation of the mulberry, and that instead, as they were wont to do, of exhausting the mulberry by using the one tree for thirty, forty, or even fifty years, the tree is now discarded after being only twenty years in use. The majority of the Japanese believe that the "saji" is beyond the skill of human treatment, and that unless the percentage in any one year is excessive, its presence in the worm is not of much moment. For the production of one card of eggs, 80 "me" (Japanese weight) of cocoons are required, giving in numbers 260 moths male and female. 160 "me" go to the catty, the catty being equal to 1 lb. 10s. avoirdupois. It would seem that the cultivation of the mulberry in Japan has increased 25 per cent. since the Treaties of 1859, which is interesting to note as showing how foreign intercourse has stimulated the silk trade. The advantage of machinery over hand labor for reeling did not impress them very strongly. It seems that two hanks—the one reeled by hand, the other by machinery—had already been tested in Yokohama; and although that reeled by machinery was found to have more nerve, it was, on the whole, inferior to that reeled by hand. But this is easily accounted for in that the machinery in use at Maebashi is of the crudest kind, while the hank reeled off by hand was probably the work of the most skillful reelers procurable. Mr. Robertson received the greatest courtesy and kindness from the Japanese officials, and the result of his inquiries is that the gradual deterioration of silk in Japan that has now been going on for some time past is mainly attributable to the almost unlimited export of annual seed. —*London and China Express.*

— At a late meeting of the Medical Society of London, Dr. Richardson read a paper on the possibility of destroying animals intended for human food, without inflicting pain. No such thing is desirable; the law has so tied our hands with regard to one another that it is a blessed happiness to murder domestic animals. If men were not allowed to vent their brutality by braining bees, and ripping open the throats of pigs, no woman would be safe a moment, and the fault of mangling babes would be even more common than it is. A kind of melancholy relief might be found in impaling worms upon fish-hooks, but there are not enough fish in the sea to supply the multitudes who would be driven to angling. Besides, we should not be secure in even that temperate atrocity; science would insist upon asphyxiating the worms.

— The report of a committee of the General Association of the Congregational Church says: "Of the churches whose names still appear in our statistical table, a few have only a name to live. Respecting some of them it is reported that they cannot be found. Saddest of all it is, when a church of Jesus Christ must pass away, with not a friend to give it decent burial." It is very mournful; it makes one feel like stealing a pocket handkerchief in which to weep. Let us comfort ourselves with the reflection that the nomadic Christians of the mining towns may lose their organization, but not that heavenly essence, that divine spark—faith. With faith, and a sack of flour, the devout miner will manage to worry along somehow, if his baking powders are good. O, faith! O, love! O, Christian charity! O, sack of flour! O, prayer and pancakes!

— The *Advocate* says: "Brother Hu Sing Me" (a Chinaman, mind you), "is a pious, earnest, Christian gentleman." An intelligent bull-pup, owned by another Christian gentleman, has had the advantage of an occasional bite at Brother Hu Sing Me's shins, and is of the opinion that the brother is a very good fellow. When we have the united testimony of two such respectable authorities, it is wicked to doubt. Nevertheless, we regard this boasted Christian gentleman as extremely yellow in complexion; and to this opinion we mean to stick. He are not to be deceived; all the blood of the Lamb can never wash a Chinaman white. Talk not to us of "earnestness" and "piety!" We're a Christian ourselves. Of the Eight-Hour kind, 'egad! What ho! there. A club and a brickbat for this Christian gentleman with a pigtail!

— A man representing himself to be Andrew Johnson—whom some of our readers, but none of our posterity, will remember was once President of the United States—has been sentenced to a month's imprisonment in Italy. The sentence seems very unjust; it was clearly shown he was not Andrew Johnson.

### An Ingenious Robbery.

A curious anecdote was told to my father by the ordinary of Newgate about Fauntleroy. On the morning of the execution, he went into the cell to pray with him, and administer all the spiritual comfort his dreadful position demanded. To his amazement, he found Fauntleroy carefully airing his shirt! I think it was not long before this celebrated trial that my father was engaged in an extraordinary one for a robbery in the shop of one of our most eminent jewelers. Two ladies came in with a little girl from a very elegant carriage, and desired to see some valuable jewelry for a present. They remained two hours at least, and at last fixed on some diamond ornaments, costing £100, for which they paid. The men in the shop had been very attentive, and shown them a great many very costly and beautiful ornaments, among the rest a very large emerald set in five diamonds as a brooch. When they had finished, the shopman said—"I beg your pardon, ladies, but you did not return that brooch that you were looking at." They declared they had, and he was as positive it never crossed the counter on its return. Another man, who was near, said he was sure it had not been returned. The ladies got very indignant, and said they would not lie under such an imputation, and insisted upon being searched. Sir Richard Birnie, the chief magistrate in those days, was applied to, and sent as quickly as possible female searchers, who made, in a bedroom upstairs, a most thorough examination, and certified that none of the three had the brooch. The master and shopmen apologized, but the brooch was gone. The ladies gave their address at a very good house in the fashionable part of London. Of course, however, a watch was kept on this house by the police, and not very long after all the inmates decamped, having robbed and swindled in many directions. Not long after, the very fine emerald was traced to Holland, and to these very people. They were tried at the Old Bailey, and found guilty, and I believe, transported for life. While they lay in prison, they were urged to tell how they committed the robbery. While they were making their purchases, a beggar woman with a baby came to the door of the shop, and was very clamorous for a "small trifle to save her and her child from starving." At last, one of the ladies said to the little girl, "There, give her sixpence, and tell her to go away." The sixpence was the emerald brooch, the beggar an accomplice, and a man in waiting went off to Holland before the ladies had even been searched. It was very clever, yet ill-judged, to take so extraordinary a stone, as it was so easily traced. The value was very large; I forget how much; but I am sure more than £3,000. The people in the shop only remembered the beggar when the confession was made; the circumstance had made no impression.—*Recollections of John Adolphus, Barrister at Law.*

### A Truthful Dream.

I remember my father's uneasiness when Greenacre was brought up day after day before the magistrate, and nothing could go on towards his committal, the head of the wretched victim, Hannah Brown, not having been found. Pieces of cut up flesh could not be identified, and all that could be done was to adjourn over and over in very faint hope. Circumstances were strongly against the prisoner, but the law would not permit a trial unless the body could be identified. A most wonderful circumstance occurred at last, and settled the matter. Hannah Brown had lodged some months before at a little shop in Good street, Tottenham Court Road, and the very night of her murder she called to take leave of the people there, saying she was going next day to be married. They soon after, of course, heard of her murder. The woman of the shop said one morning to her husband, "I have now dreamt four nights of a place where I know we should find Hannah Brown's head, and if you still refuse to go there with me, I am determined to hire a man to dig there, and I shall find it." At last she prevailed on her husband, and took him a long way off (I think in the Bayswater direction), where they were making foundations for houses—a large open space. She looked about, and at last said, "Dig there." He did so, and found the head in a sack. This, of course, was all important, and was still further corroborated in this way. A gentleman, hearing where the head was found, applied to the magistrate, saying he traveled in an omnibus with a man who had something in a sack he was very careful of; he looked at him very particularly, and should know him. He thought it a most suspicious circumstance that on getting out he ran across that open place I have described, and had a lighted lantern. An order was given for thirty prisoners to be shown to this gentleman, who instantly fixed on Greenacre. He was tried and executed, as every one knows. The head was quite perfect, and the features had not been mangled in the least. He had imagined, by burying the head, he should render discovery impossible, and so it would have been, and he must have been discharged, but for this wonderful interposition of Providence.

—The *Times* says that in London wife-beating is greatly on the increase. It is not clear if this means that more wives are beaten, or that the same ones are beaten more frequently and harder. There is nothing so desirable as precision in journalism and wife-beating. By the way, what is the difference between wife-beating and carpet-beating? There isn't much difference, apparently, except that the latter is commonly an unprovoked and unjustifiable assault.

## Court Chat.

— SIR C. DILKE ON THE ROYAL HOUSEHOLD.—At Newcastle, on November 6, Sir C. W. Dilke, M.P. for Chelsea, delivered a lecture to a crowded audience on "Representation and Royalty." After referring to the autumn maneuvers, the hon. baronet went on to say that, speaking roughly, the positive and direct cost of Royalty to this country is about a million a year. It is worth remembering (he continued) that the Royal family are the only persons in the kingdom who pay no taxes; and even those annuities which we have lately granted are expressly freed from all taxes, assessments, and charges. It is strange with regard to the Queen's income that this should be the case, seeing that Sir Robert Peel stated to the House of Commons, when about to introduce the Income Tax Bill in 1842, that Her Majesty, "prompted by those feelings of deep and affectionate interest in the welfare of her people which she has ever manifested, stated to him that if Parliament should subject all incomes to a certain charge, it was her determination that her own income should be subjected to a similar burden." I have reason to believe that all these enormous sums of money are not well spent, and it is almost worth a few minutes' time to see in what kind of manner they do contrive to disappear. The salaries in the Royal household, which amounts to £131,000 a year, includes a vast number of totally useless officials. (Laughter.) Nothing is more singular than the constitution of the medical department. You would hardly credit the number of medical gentlemen who are required for the service of the household, but I am aware that some of them are unpaid. There are three physicians in ordinary, three physicians extraordinary, one surgeon-extraordinary, two sergeant-surgeons, three surgeons extraordinary, one physician of the household, one surgeon of the household, one surgeon-apothecary, two chemists of the establishment in ordinary, one surgeon-oculist, one surgeon-dentist in ordinary, and one other physician or twenty-one in all—(laughter)—while the Prince of Wales has for his special benefit three honorary physicians, two physicians in ordinary, two surgeons in ordinary, one surgeon extraordinary—(laughter)—one chemist in ordinary, or eleven more—(loud laughter)—making thirty-two doctors in one family. (Laughter and applause.) I should be almost afraid of tiring anybody who listened to me while I went over the list of strange offices of which the household is made up—lord high almoner, sub-almoner, hereditary grand almoner, master of the buck-hounds, clerk of the check, clerk of the closet, exons in waiting, and last, but not least, the hereditary grand falconer, the Duke of St. Albans—(laughter)—who might, perhaps, with advantage, if he is to retain his salary of £1,500 a year, be created hereditary grand pigeon-shooter in ordinary. (Loud laughter.) If we turn to the lord steward's department, we come at once upon a mysterious board of green cloth, as it is called, at the head of which are the lord steward, the treasurer, the comptroller of the household, and the master of the household, with a perfect army of secretaries and clerks, and with special secretaries, with special offices, and with special salaries in each of those sections of the department. (Laughter.) In the kitchen department we have a chief cook and four master cooks, receiving salaries of between £2,000 and £3,000 a year between the five; and a host of confederates, some of whom have duties that I cannot even guess at—such, for instance, as the two "Green Office" men. (Roars of laughter.) There are whole departments, the duties of which cannot be very considerable, one would think, or, at all events, not considerable enough to warrant their being made into departments of the household—for instance, the confectionery department and the ewer department, while the duty of table decking employs no less than five persons—(laughter)—who have salaries of between £500 and £600 a year in all. (Hisses.) Now I have said already that a great deal of this expenditure brings no benefit in any shape to members of the Royal family, and that it is largely an expenditure upon mere sinecures; but at the same time the expenditure could be curtailed. No one can doubt that the Queen might abolish these offices if she chose, and that if, as I believe, she has no right to abolish them and take over the consequent savings to her own use. Parliamentary powers for the abolition of the offices—taking the saving to the public—would gladly be given to the Treasury and the Crown.

— Sir William Jenner writes to the *British Medical Journal* respecting Her Majesty's recent illness:—A statement having been widely circulated to the effect that the Queen's recent illness was the result of re-vaccination, I trust you will, by inserting this letter, permit me to give the most unqualified contradiction to the report. There is not a shadow of foundation for it in facts. Her Majesty's recent illness did not commence till many months after the re-vaccination. There was no connection, direct or indirect, between the two. I should not have contradicted so foundationless a statement had I not heard that, in consequence of the positive terms in which the assertion is made, it has received a certain amount of credence, and is so causing harm to the public health.

— Florence Cowper, who styled herself "The Hon.," has been tried at the Middlesex sessions for obtaining goods by false pretences. On the first indictment the jury found the prisoner guilty, and the other indictments were not gone into. Mr. Harris said the prisoner was a notorious swindler, and had got largely into tradesmen's debt and never paid them. The prisoner said she had been presented at Court, and all her debts had been paid by the trustees of Mr. Baylis, her late husband, who was worth £20,000. She was sentenced to penal servitude for five years.

— The Emperor of Germany has invested the Queen of the Belgians with the Order of Merit for Females.



— M. Léon Say, the Prefect of the Seine, gave a grand dinner to the Council-General of the department on November 7th. In proposing the health of the President of the Republic, he expressed his gratification at the good feeling existing among the members of the Council, and said that it afforded the best of guarantees for the administration of the business of the department. M. Léon Say then referred to M. Thiers as a man above all parties, the representative at once of society, the Republic, and order.

— M. Thiers paid a visit lately, accompanied by M. Baragnay d'Hilliers, to the foundry where the restoration of the injured bronze of the column of the Place Vendôme is being carried on. All the restorations have been completed, and the men are now engaged in the preparation of a tablet to commemorate the restoration of the column, which, it is said, will be completed in the course of next March. The statue of Napoleon I. is to be restored to the summit.

— The munificence of the Baroness Burdett-Coutts has again been displayed by the gratuitous transfer of Columbia Market to the Corporation of the City of London, being the most splendid gift ever made by a private individual. The instances are numerous in which those who have amassed property have signalized themselves by some single act of generosity, but the Baroness Burdett-Coutts has made benevolence the business of her life.

— The bungling endowment of the Bishopric of British Columbia, and the stupid acts emanating from missionaries sent out by Baroness Burdett-Coutts to Victoria (the £500 paid to the drunken missionary to marry the squaw, and leave the colony with her, is in no way to be made chargeable to the good intentions of the Lord Bishops), does not in the slightest degree affect her benignant and charitable characteristics.

— The illumination of the great tower at the Granville Hotel, which took place recently, was distinctly visible at Ostend, Dunkirk, and Calais, on the south; also Southend on the Essex coast. The same is reported from smacks that were fishing in the North Sea eighty miles from land. From ships in the Gulf stream and Downs the effect was magnificent.

— The thirtieth anniversary of the birthday of the Prince of Wales was celebrated Nov. 9th with the usual demonstrations of loyalty. The Royal standard was hoisted at the several garrisons and Government establishments, and many of the Westend tradesmen exhibited appropriate illuminations.

— A monument erected in Vienna to the memory of the Emperor Maximilian, of Mexico, was solemnly unveiled on Nov. 7th, in the presence of the Emperor Francis Joseph, the Archdukes, and the Ministers.

### Special Brevities.

— An important attempt towards a solution of the question, "What is the use of our cathedrals?" is being made in London. St. Paul's was, on November 7th, thrown open for a series of lectures to young men, preceded by a short religious service. Canon Gregory, the first lecturer, took as his subject the question, "Are we better than our fathers?"—Canon Liddon will succeed.

— The *Perthshire Advertiser* extracts the following from a visitor's book "in a well-known locality in the Highlands:"

Glen Urquhart is a glorious glen

Where deer and grouse have not supplanted men.—JOHN BRIGHT.

And immediately below—

Glen Urquhart is a glorious glen

Where mules and shoddy have not stunted men.—SHIRLEY BROOKS.

— The Spanish Minister of War has issued a decree which makes promotion by seniority the general rule in the army. He has also declared his intention to enforce the prohibition of all collective presentations or demonstrations made by officers in favor of their superiors.

— The railway between Asnières and Dijon, which will form a direct line between Calais and Marseilles, will shortly be begun. This will enable travelers to pass from the shores of the Channel to those of the Mediterranean in eighteen hours.

— The trade in Circassian girls (says the *Levant Herald*) is carried on with a perseverance worthy of a better cause, but it is only just to the authorities to state that they appear to be making a steady effort to put a stop to it.

— A Versailles telegram states that the Government is preparing the Budget, and it is expected that the total amount of expenditure will, with the interest payable on the new debt, reach 2,800,000,000 francs.

— Captain Burton, the African traveler, is bringing home from Palmyra a collection of skulls, and the skeleton of a man eleven feet high, which is supposed to be one of the giants of Bashan, possibly Og.

— The tramways between Edinburgh and Leith were opened for passenger traffic on November 6. Ten cars were put on the line, and the number of passengers conveyed was about 12,000.

— Berlin has, at present, nine hundred thousand inhabitants, four thousand lager-beer saloons and seventeen daily newspapers.



— The *British Medical Journal* says there is now exhibiting in medical circles in Vienna a remarkable instance of tattooing of the whole body. According to his own account, the man, a Greek by birth, had been a pirate, and had also carried on brigandage on the Continent. Seven years ago, he and five companions were taken prisoners by one of the wild tribes of Asia. Three of them were put to death; but this man, with two others, was preserved alive and literally tattooed over the entire body. The operation lasted two months, and was performed by six men, who each day operated on different parts of the body. The proceeding caused horrible pain; and his two companions died under the treatment. His body is covered from head to foot with delineations of men, animals and fabulous things. The coloring material used for the figures appears to be indigo, the ground, especially on the chest and abdomen, being vermilion; here and there, about a line's breadth of the normal color of the skin can be seen. The hands and the soles of the feet are colored red, but have no figures. On the face and neck are inscriptions in characters resembling Arabic. The skin has the general appearance, to the sight and touch, of bluish-grey velvet. He attends the General Hospital in Vienna; and Professor Hebra has had him photographed in various attitudes.

— The petition given below was read by Dr. A. Wood to the General Council of the University of Edinburgh on October 27th. It was signed by 9,127 women of Scotland, all above the age of sixteen. The signatures comprise names from every class of society, including peeresses on the one hand, and women barely able to write their names on the other: "To the General Council of the University of Edinburgh,—*gentlemen*: It being often said that women have no desire for the medical services of their own sex, and take no interest in the struggle for professional education in which some women are now engaged, we, the undersigned, desire to record our emphatic protest against those statements, and to express our earnest hope that it may soon be possible for those of us who desire it to consult thoroughly educated physicians of our own sex. We venture further to thank you, and the University of which you are members, for the foremost part which Edinburgh has already taken in providing for the instruction of women in medicine, and to entreat you to carry forward your good work and complete it, by making such regulations and arrangements as shall afford to women the means of obtaining a complete medical education, and the usual medical degree at the hands of your time-honored University."

— At a meeting of cotton manufacturers at Blackburn, England, at which thirty-four firms, having 19,000 looms, were represented, thirty-one of these firms, representing 17,000 looms, resolved that they would commence running forty hours per week in lieu of fifty-seven, this arrangement to continue for one month. It is expected that, as the consumption of yarn will be reduced by this move 750,000 lbs. per month, cotton yarn will fall in price, and thus manufacturers, now working at a loss, will again be able to make a profit.

— The *English Mechanic* remarks: As the positive current of the electric battery passes from zinc to copper, so the positive current of the vital power *(the will)* passes from the brain of the magnetizer to that of the magnetized, removing the vital power of the latter to the solar plexus or negative pole; the current then re-passes to the positive pole of the magnetizer, where it reaches his thoughts and sensations, which thus become known to the clairvoyant or the patient.

— Gas will shortly be made in Yokohama, and in part of the city of Yeddo. The contract for the construction of the works has been negotiated through the medium of Messrs. Miller Brothers, Prince's Square, Glasgow, and has been entrusted by them to Messrs. Robert Laidlaw & Son, Glasgow. The first portion of the works, comprising about one-fourth of the entire undertaking, is in course of shipment by Messrs. Miller Brothers, per steamer from the Clyde.

— Newspapers are the strongest of financial enterprises when well managed and liberally conducted. Mr. James Grant, in his new book on the "Newspaper Press of London," expresses the belief that the profits of the London *Times* are £460,000 per annum. Mr. Grant edited the *Morning Advertiser* when Lord Brougham and Sir David Brewster wrote for it, and Lord Palmerston, unofficially of course, furnished editorials, and may be considered good authority.

— A half-worked monolith has recently been discovered in the grounds of the Russian pilgrims' monastery outside the walls of Jerusalem. It is believed to be a column intended for the decoration of the ancient Temple of Solomon; but that, as the column split while it was being worked, it was left unfinished, the lower part of it remaining in a rough, unheven state. It is 59 feet in length and about 6 feet in diameter.

— It appears from a report presented to the Swiss Statistical Society at the congress recently held at Basle, that Switzerland can boast of 25 public libraries, containing altogether 920,520 volumes; and not fewer than 1,629 other libraries, containing 687,534 volumes. The most extensive libraries are those of Zurich, which contains 100,000 volumes; of Basle, which has 94,000; and of Lucerne, with 80,000.

— The *Qui Vire* (the French Internationalist organ in London) expresses the following opinion of Mr. Gladstone's speech: "Mr. Gladstone rivals M. Thiers in the art of amusing a people and feeding it on words instead of facts. Never did a man better succeed in saying nothing while speaking for two hours. The rhetoric of the Premier may, in short, be summed up in one word: Wait."

— According to the last census, Liverpool, with its suburbs, has a population of 488,000, and Glasgow, with its suburbs, 560,000.

### Criticism.

A little bird, whose heart was full of song,  
Perched on a bough and poured his notes along,  
The summer air, so sweet, that Zephyr staid  
Awhile to listen, passive as a maid;  
And lo, a moping owl, whose cell was near,  
Forgot his reverie, and deigned to hear;  
But wishing to be thought more wise than pleased,  
His load of learning thus he lightly eased;  
"Think not, vain singer, that your song is new;  
Three thousand years ago, in Greece, there flew  
And sang a bird, the counterpart of you!  
And we who spend our hours in classic toil,  
And burrow deep in learning's musty soil,  
Know all about that ancient, borrowed strain;  
So, sing new songs, or never sing again!"  
The simple singer, innocent of art,  
Who only knew his song came from the heart,  
Made no reply, but hushed his modest note  
And flew, to sing from wisdom more remote;  
While Zephyr, swelling to a tempest howl,  
At loss of song, smote the pedantic owl.

—J. S. Aitcheson.

### Leaves from a Lady's Diary.

Dec. 1.—I don't know why it is that I always feel sad when the last month of the year arrives. I can understand one's being gloomy at one's birthday after a certain age, like Mrs. M——, who won't have hers celebrated now by any of her relations. Here, on the first of December, I am low-spirited, and on the first of January, a month later, I shall be bright and gay. Went out on a provident shopping, buying Christmas presents before the hurry skurry of the last day. There is a certain age of children which is the most difficult to choose for. A girl is delighted with a doll even up to seven, and with picture books to nine, but from ten to twelve it is very hard to select for them. Jewelry, of course, would enchant, but that I look upon as mischievous. Girls between those ages ought to go to a nunnery.

Dec. 3.—Went to church with Emily and young H——, who has just come back from England. He says that there is more quiet devotion in the old country, but that the service is better performed as to music and outward sign here. He is much improved both in manners and appearance since he went away, indeed, would be striking anywhere. One remark he made impressed me: He said that the English, whose whole strength and wealth and power of vitality lie in their commerce, look down upon trade with shame, and that the moment the son of a Manchester man can (to use his own words) "cut the shop" he does so, and H—— says he often cuts his father as well.

Dec. 4.—How vanity prevails even in the family circle. Boys always like to walk out with their pretty sisters, who is generally a tyrant at home; and here to-day I found Rosina B—— gloating over a photograph of her good-looking, good-for-nothing, waxed-mustached, dark-eyed, low-browed brother, who has no more brains than he can brush out with his hair-brush, whilst her great, short-sighted, round-shouldered, pale brother, who will one day be famous, is snubbed by them all. Perhaps it is better for him; perhaps had his early life been warmed by affection he would have been less strong minded but more tender hearted. However, the tender heart comes at length, though later to the strong mind. Went with the crowd to see *Solid Silver*. The majority went to display their own plate, and to follow the stream of popularity. For Barnes is the popular man of the day. Everybody was disposed to applaud and be pleased, for men are not jealous of men as women are of one another; besides, if another man is the favorite, men will not, nor will they be allowed to, show their jealousy. Young H——, who sat by me the greater part of the evening, remarked that the play would take better in London than San Francisco. I am getting quite fond of H——; he never goes out to drink or smoke between the acts, as he said: "What I do after the theater is my business; at present my business is your service."

— "It was this paper more than all other State influences combined, that set the Central Pacific Railroad Company in motion, and secured for their work the State and county aids to start them." The above is from the *Sacramento Union*. Lest it should be regarded as a grim and ghastly joke, we hasten to explain that the opinions of January, 1869, are not necessarily the opinions of December, 1871. There is such a thing as a change of heart. You remember the penitent thief. And the reformed drunkard. And the little boy who swore off eating hot potatoes. Peter, it will be recollected, denied his master, and Judas got sick of the disciple business when he found there was no money in it. We're worms—that is what we are!

— Receipts from Internal Revenue for the year ending June 30th, 1871, \$144,101,176. Estimated receipts for the year ending June 30th, 1872, \$125,000,000.

### Money and Commerce.

He that has money commands the service of men; he that has not, must be thankful for whatever he gets. Consequently, to be poor is to be weak, to be rich is to be strong.

—The jobbing business of this coast for the month of November was up to the full average, and we enter December well satisfied with the aggregate of the year's business. Our stocks of general merchandise are light, unusually so for the season, and with the increased and growing consumptive requirements of the Pacific slope we shall need enlarged imports of Staple Goods for the future. In fact, the shortness of supplies of certain articles is beginning to create uneasiness in certain quarters, for fear manufacturing establishments will have to stop for a season. Among the articles now in short supply we may enumerate Chemicals in variety, Coals of all sorts, Pig Iron, Naval Stores, Rice, etc. As for Coffee, we have sufficient to last until the appearance of the new crop in February and March. Of Sugars, the stock of both raws and refined is exceedingly light, less than for years past. Our importers are entirely bare of stocks, the only exception being perhaps 1,000 packages of Hawaiian Sugars, now being worked off. At the same time, our two leading Sugar Refineries are now beginning to clean up, preparatory to the closing accounts for the year; and, in consequence, are now using but light supplies, particularly as they are looking forward to increased competition next year by the resumption of the Bay Refinery, now idle two years, and the Golden State Refinery, idle one year. It is supposed that in 1872 there will be four refining companies in operation against two in 1871, thus rendering competition more lively, and reduce profits not a little. Besides, it is pretty generally known that there are 1,600 bbls Eastern Crushed Sugar now *en route* here, besides considerable Golden Syrup from Boston, to arrive here in January; and, judging from the past policy of our local refiners, we are prepared to see a cutting down of prices when these goods appear upon the market, and they are now fully due at this port.

On the 1st of December we had in warehouse a stock of Rice of 50,000 mats, of which 11,000 were Siam. This small stock is less than 60 days' consumption, our monthly consumption being placed at 45,000 bags. This unexpected exhibit has strengthened Rice holders materially, and induced them to advance prices somewhat.

Less than 60 days ago, No. 1 Scotch Pig Iron was offered freely in this market at \$32 50 per ton, without finding buyers; and it was not until the price had steadily risen to \$38 50 that operators had nerve enough to purchase it; but once taken hold of, the whole stock was speedily controlled, and the price advanced to \$50 50, with sales—purchasers more ready now to pay \$50 than \$32 50 in October; and why? Because of the increased consumption of the Foundries and the knowledge that we had consumed more Iron the last four months than we had previously used in a twelvemonth.

The Coffee speculation has not been altogether successful thus far, but it is believed by some that prices can be kept up. It is unfortunate that we could not have been allowed to give St. Louis buyers another 5,000 bags at 19c before blocking up the trade entirely, but we learn wisdom as we grow older.

In regard to Coal we have no stock of any description in first hands, depending almost entirely upon Pacific coast mines for the supply of our wants.

We think it will be found at the close of 1871 that our Commercial interests for the year have been exceedingly prosperous, notwithstanding a short wheat crop. The high prices realized for the half crop harvested, the handsome prices realized for our large wool clip, and the highly remunerative prices obtained for our Wines, Brandies, Hops, Fruits and lesser crops have all contributed to the general results. Our Lumber and Coal interests have also been greatly developed, and our Mines have yielded liberally of the precious metals. Altogether, we have prospered exceedingly.

—By the arrival of the *Moses Taylor*, from Honolulu, we receive Australian advices to a late date. The commercial news from the Colonies is not important, their markets not at present offering any features of especial interest to our people, excepting in that of Coal, Wool, and Tallow. Prices of the former are quite stationary, while the Wool market had scarcely opened. We are informed that three or four vessels had been secured to load Wools for New York and Boston. The steamer brought but 64 bales Wool and 679 pkgs Tallow, the latter ordered expressly for the Mission Candle Factory. The steamer also brought from the Colonies 560 bxs Lemons.

—There continues to be a demand for import of Wines in bulk. French Claretts are firmly held. Champagnes move off slowly. The demand for Native continues, but likely to be checked for a time by the interruption of communication during the winter months. Sales for the week include 250 cs Landsberger's Sparkling; also, 500 galls Port and Angelica Wines, at current rates. At auction, on the 24th November, 184 cases Chs. Farre's Champagne, pts and qts, sold at \$5.12 1/2 per case, in bond; and on the 4th inst., 234 baskets DeLossy's do, qts and pts, sold in bond, for account of underwriters, at \$3.

—Our present supply of Bullion is rather light; but the rains will soon enable miners to largely increase the volume. The treasure shipments for the past week have been unusually large, especially to China and Japan, owing probably to the heavy importations of teas and silks on Eastern and domestic accounts. We have sent off, in the period specified, \$771,210.86, without including the large sums forwarded through the mails.



### The Rothschilds.

Money-making was the one pursuit and sole enjoyment of Nathan's life. When Louis Spohr, the great German musician, called on him in the Summer of 1830 with a letter of introduction from his brother Amschel, of Frankfort, he said to him, "I understand nothing of music. This"—patting his pocket, and rattling the loose coins therein—"this is my music, which we understand on 'Change.'" It was in the scramblings and fightings, the plots and tricks of money-making, not at all in the spending, and not much in the hoarding of it, that his soul delighted. "I hope," said a dinner companion on one occasion, "I hope that your children are not too fond of money and business, to the exclusion of more important things. I am sure you would not wish that." "I am sure I *would* wish that," replied Nathan; "I wish them to give up mind and body, heart and soul, to business. This is the way to be happy. It requires a deal of caution to make a great fortune, and, when you have got it, it requires ten times as much wit to keep it." Hence when two eminent clergymen, who took a warm interest in the Jews, called upon him with a view to induce him to aid in their restoration to Palestine, as his great wealth, it was thought, might influence the Sultan, Nathan declined, upon the all potent plea that "London was his Palestine, and that he could not further such an object in any way." On another occasion a German Prince visiting London brought letters of credit to the house of Rothschild. He was shown into the private room of the famous counting house in St. Swithin's Lane, where Nathan sat absorbed with a heap of papers before him. The name being announced, Rothschild nodded, offered his visitor a chair, and then went on with the work before him. For this treatment the Prince, who expected that everything should give way to one of his rank and dignity, was not prepared. Standing a minute or two, he exclaimed, "Did you not hear, sir, who I am?"—repeating his title at full length. "Oh, very well," exclaimed Nathan, with sly humor, "take two chairs, then." At another time two strangers were admitted into the same private room. They were tall foreigners, with beards and mustaches, such as were unknown in the city before the beard mania set in so powerfully as it has done of late, and Nathan was frightened at their appearance. He put his own interpretation upon the excited movements with which they fumbled about in their pockets; and, before the expected pistols could be produced, he had thrown a great ledger in the direction of their heads, and brought in a bevy of clerks by his loud cries of "Murder!" The strangers were pinioned, and then, after long questionings and explanations, it appeared that they were wealthy bankers from the Continent, who, nervous in the presence of a banker so much more wealthy than themselves, had found some difficulty in producing the letters of introduction with which they were armed. A terrible anecdote of another sort is recorded of Nathan's son, the present head of the London house, and M. P. for the city. We all recollect the persistent way in which the electors returned him to Parliament for years before the Legislature threw open its doors to the long-despised Jew. At his first election, when on the hustings, he boasted that he stood there as the free choice of the people. "So stood Barabbas!" deliberately exclaimed a deep, stern voice from the crowd—a sarcasm which, for its cruel vindictiveness, perhaps stands without a parallel. The same intense spirit of money-making appears to have been equally the mania of all the Rothschilds. Of James, the youngest son of Meyer, and head of the Paris house, who once entertained Napoleon III. in such an imperial manner at his Chateau Ferriere, and who died in 1868, leaving, according to public rumor, the colossal fortune of £44,800,000, it is related, as a proof of the strength of the ruling passion within him, that, foreseeing his death would cause a great fall in the shares of the Lombard Company, of which he was the President and chief support, he speculated largely for the fall just before he died, by which means the immense profits accruing therefrom went to the benefit of his heirs.—*Gentleman's Magazine*.

— We have discovered a species of animals in the foothills of this State—a kind of rat, apparently—which triumphantly establishes the soundness of Mr. Darwin's theory of natural selection. Early investigators—the Digger Indians, who used to trap these creatures—have recorded the fact that the females were far less hardy and robust than the males, and great numbers perished of cold every Winter. As these people ate the corpses, they may be presumed to have known what they were talking about. Mr. Darwin's discovery of that inestimable principle, the "survival of the fittest," enabled these males to weather the severest Winters; while the females froze to death even more numerous than before the discovery. Afterward, the promulgation of the principle of the "hereditary transmission of qualities"—or rather its elaborate explanation by Mr. Herbert Spencer—resulted in a great preponderance of masculine births over feminine; for, of course, a male will beget males, and females will beget females. There being already more males than females, more males than females were begotten. These two scientific causes—the survival of the fittest and the hereditary transmission of qualities—have finally produced the effect that was to have been expected. The last half dozen generations have consisted wholly of males. That is what the human race might come to, if only the confounded Winters would kill off the women!

— Men sneer at mob rule, and revere the reign of law. Let us think: the one exterminated a Casey, the other tolerates a Honcharenko!



### Loved Once.

I classed, appraising once,  
Earth's lamentable sounds; the "well-  
a-day,"  
The jarring "yea" and "nay,"  
The fall of kisses on unanswering clay,  
The sobbed "farewell," the "welcome"  
mournfuler:—  
But all did leave the air  
With a less bitter leaven of sure despair,  
Than these words "I loved once!"

And who saith, "I loved once?"  
Not angels, whose clear eyes love, love  
foresee,  
Love through eternity!  
Who, by to love, do apprehend to be.  
Not God, called Love, his noble crown-  
name,—casting  
A light too broad for blinding!  
The Great God, changing not from ever-  
lasting,  
Saith never, "I loved once."  
Oh, never is "loved once!"  
Thy word, thou Victim-Christ, misprized  
friend?  
Thy cross and curse may rend;  
But, having loved, Thine lovest to the end!  
It is man's saying man's! Too weak to  
move  
One sphered star above,  
Man desecrates the eternal God-word,  
With his "no more," and "once."

How say ye, "We loved once,"  
Blasphemers! Is your earth not cold enow,  
Mourners, without that snow!  
Ah, friends! and would ye wrong each  
other so?  
And could ye say of some, whose love is  
known,  
Whose prayers have met your own,  
Whose tears have fallen for you, whose  
smiles have shone,  
Such words, "We loved them once!"

Could ye "We loved her once!"  
Say calm of me, sweet friends, when out  
of sight!  
When hearts of better right  
Stand in between me and your happy  
light!  
And when, as flowers kept too long in  
shade,  
Ye find my colors fade,  
And all that is not love in me, decayed?  
Such words, "Ye loved me once!"

Could ye "We loved her once!"  
Say cold of me, when further put away  
In earth's sepulchral clay?  
When mute the lips which deprecate to  
day!—  
Not so! not then—least then! When life  
is shriven,  
And death's full joy is given;  
Of those who sit and love you up in  
heaven  
Say not, "We loved them once."

Say never, ye loved once!  
God is too near above, the grave beneath,  
And all our moments breathe  
Too quick in mysteries of life and death,  
For such a word. The eternities avenge  
Affections light of range—  
There comes no change to justify that  
change,  
Whatever comes—loved once!  
And yet that same word "once!"

Is humanly acceptive! Kings have said,  
Shaking a discredited head,  
"We ruled once,—dotards, "We—once  
taught and led;"—  
Cripples once danced in the vines; and  
bards approved  
Were once by eorings moved;  
But love strikes one hour—love. Those  
never loved  
Who dream that they loved once.

### California Mines in London.

EXCELSIOR HYDRAULIC GOLD WASHING COMPANY OF CALIFORNIA (LIMITED).—Capital, £250,000 in 15,000 ordinary shares (taken by the vendors), and 20,000 15 per cent. cumulative preference shares (1,500 shares taken by the vendors) of £10 each. To complete the purchase, £20,000 in cash will also be paid. Messrs. Chadwicks, Adamson and Collier, now invite applications for 13,500 of the preference shares. It is proposed to acquire and work by hydraulic power the Coon Hill auriferous gravel deposits near Placerville, California; to work a well-known auriferous vein of quartz; to purchase the canals, tributaries, water franchises, etc., already existing in that locality; and to construct a canal about thirty miles long, to bring water from a higher level, for washing out gold deposits.

EXCELSIOR GOLD AND SILVER MINING CO. (LIMITED).—Capital, £200,000, in 21 shares. 15,588 shares as yet unallotted have been advertised for subscription at par, the whole £1 per share being payable on application. It is stated that the mine has now been brought into a paying condition, and that the money now obtained will be expended in erecting additional crushing and milling machinery. The property is extensive, and is situated on Silver Mountain, California.

—In an article describing a visit to the State Prison, a *Bulletin* reporter gives the story of a certain convict, as related by himself. The narrator concludes thus: "I have resolved not to commit any crimes hereafter, and think the resolution will be kept. No, thank you. I don't care for any money. You are welcome to what I have said if it is of any value." Now it is extremely probable that a reporter offered any one money! If anything was wanting to render the degradation of this convict complete, it was to be represented as having been subjected to this indignity. Offered money by a reporter—Great Scott! Pressed to accept the wages of sin, not as honest garden for honest work, but as alms! Was ever so damning a disgrace put upon a defenceless and comparatively respectable man? We do not see why this heartless journalist should libel this helpless convict.

**Outside.**

Just a gleam thro' the darkness—	Just a face in the lamplight ;
The lift of two eyes from a book—	A hand, and some glittering hair ;
A glance—but some glances are heaven ;	But hearts have been broken, 'tis said,
To such eyes 'tis given	And white steel stained red
To make paradise in a look.	For faces less faultlessly fair.

Just a girl in her beauty,  
Her glory of freshness and youth ;  
But what has earth better to sigh for,  
To live for—to die for—  
Than innocence, beauty, and youth?

—Every Saturday.

**New Books.**

"The Federal Government—Its Officers and their Duties." By Ransom H. Gillet ; published by Woolworth, Ainsworth & Co., New York ; Bancroft & Co., San Francisco. A well-written volume, and as a book of reference, it should be in every library ; particularly appropriate to persons in public positions, as it points out their duties in terse form.

"Morning Glories." By L. M. Alcott, author of "Little Women" ; published by G. W. Carleton, New York ; Bancroft & Co., San Francisco. Christmas is so near at hand that the little folks are already preparing their stockings for Santa Claus, and the publishers are filling their shelves with holiday books. Among these, "Morning Glories" is one of the most attractive publications of the season, being beautifully printed, bound and illustrated, and filled with fantastic tales of faeries, elves and mermaids, that cannot fail to please the children. Our favorite story is "Polly's Pranks." Miss Polly, thinking she is about to die, makes her will and bestows her worldly wealth in the following impartial way :

"Nelly, I'll give you my bead ring ; I shant want it any more. And Cy may have the little horse ; he lost his tail, but I put on the lamb's tail and he is as good as ever. I wish to give away my things 'fore I die, and Nelly, won't you bring me the scissors?"

"What for?" said Nelly, sniffing more than ever.

"To cut off my hair for mamma. She'll want it, and I like to cut things."

Nelly got the scissors, and Poppy cut away all she could reach, giving directions about her property while she sniffed.

"I wish papa to have my pictures and my piece of poetry I made. Give baby my doll and the quacking duck. Tell Billy if he wants my collection of bright buttons he can have 'em ; and give Hattie the yellow plaster dog with my love."

Here mamma came in with a poultice and reassured the invalid.

— Two gentlemen of Nevada County have begun the manufacture of brandy from manzanita berries. The liquor is described as very good tippie. It is certainly most excellent for medical purposes, being the most powerful stringent ever invented.

— The White Christian gentlemen who reddened their lily hands in Chinese blood at Los Angeles are clearing out. Let them come to San Francisco where they will be protected by public opinion—that of the *Examiner*, for example.

— A Maryland Bishop of the Episcopal Church has had a quarrel with an insubordinate pastor of one of his flock, and has broken his jaw. It was not thus that Samson of old treated the good stout weapon that had done him service.

— A gentleman detained in Europe has recently been married in Pittsburg by proxy. This is a very convenient arrangement, but how much better it would be if one might marry in person and live with his wife by proxy. One may.

— We are pained to state that our esteemed townsman, the citizen Sam. Platt, has met his death. But it is a comfort to know that the latter, after taking a fair look at him, walked off and tackled a small newsboy.

— The editor of the *Alaska Herald* says he can point to his record with pride. That is the feeling with which a plague-spotted Kanaka woman surveys her leprous whelp.

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— It has again been decided that the unsupported testimony of a murderess is sufficient for her acquittal. The woman Sullivan, of Martinez, who recently shot the head off her brother-in-law as he sat at dinner, has been allowed to go free. Her defence was that the deceased had made improper proposals to her, and the jury, with the usual inability to distinguish testimony from evidence, and evidence from proof, brought in that stereotyped insult to our intelligence commonly termed a verdict. If Madame Potiphar were alive how she would admire the quick shotgun retribution wreaked upon the modern Joseph!

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— The most characteristic instance of French patriotism that we have lately had the honor to read of is that of a gentleman who destroyed his eyesight that he might no longer behold the brutal Germans occupying his beloved country. Had that man been drafted into the French army and set upon the field of glory, the chances are that he would have run away. We have never known a zealous patriot who was not either a woman, a boy, a civilian or a poltroon.

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— A dispatch from Sacramento reads as follows: "Thanksgiving Day passed pleasantly, with general enjoyment, and an unusual absence of the uproar and disquiet that characterizes the national festival." We were not previously aware that "uproar and disquiet" were characteristics of Thanksgiving; we had supposed that Gluttony commonly did his work in profound silence. We don't know everything, it appears.

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— A contemporary, who opposes the infliction of corporal punishment in schools, is never tired of the phrase, "imparting knowledge by the use of the rod." This is nonsense; the rod is not used as a means of imparting knowledge. It is employed only for the purpose of making the pupil behave himself while knowledge is imparted by flinging the ferule at him.

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— The Rev. T. H. Broome, of England, has discovered the origin of the characters of the Hebrew alphabet, in the configuration of the constellations. We had just finished an elaborate paper, tracing the origin of these characters to the lines upon the sole of the human foot. Will Mr. Broome kindly hold off till we can dispose of the manuscript?

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— A dispatch from New York says the Russian Grand Duke attended the Greek Church and all the congregation remained standing throughout the services. If we worshipped at that church, instead of Dr. Scott's, we should desire that His Highness might come as seldom as possible. We should regard the services as a standing joke.

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— Anna Dickinson's lecturing receipts for the last two years have been forty thousand dollars. It will be perceived that Anna is inspired by a profound desire to elevate humanity; she says so herself. "Purely commercial motives!" Devil catch you for harboring the thought! The girl must clothe.

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— A correspondent of the New York *Herald* asserts that Brigham Young's twenty-second (22d) wife died a raving maniac because her faithless husband was about to marry again. It is interesting to observe that when adequately provoked the Mormons can be as jealous as a white woman.

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— In Paris, not more than one hundred private houses were destroyed. In Chicago, not less than twelve thousand are in ashes.—*Exchange*. (Paris had still another advantage: at least twelve thousand of her worst citizens perished, while Chicago lost not exceeding one hundred of her best.

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— It is said that, in Chicago, wedding presents that do not come to hand before the filing of the application for a divorce, are returned to the donors at their expense. As this rests only upon our own unsupported assertion, we do not know whether we believe it or not.

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— The great moral influence of the press is the central fact of the nineteenth century.—*N. Y. Tribune*. (Eh, what's that! once more, please. We seem to have heard that strain before. Could it have been from the press! Ah, yes! now we think of it, it was from the press. Brethren, let us believe.

# REAL ESTATE TRANSACTIONS.

Wednesday, October 11th.

GRANTOR AND GRANTEE.	DESCRIPTION.	PRICE
City and Co S F to Jas F Johnson	Valencia w. 130 n 26th, n 65x90.....	Prem
Masonic Cem Ass'n to C Wilson....	Lot 11 sec 30.....	60
Henry Rizler to S B Harries.....	Bartlett w. 30 n 22d, n 31:10x125.....	500
Pt Lob Av Hd Ass'n to H de Groot	Lot 13 blk 641.....	300
Geo E Whitney to Sam C Bigelow..	50 vara 5 blk 380 W A.....	300
Terminus H Ass'n to Thos Dillon..	Lot 5 blk 90.....	500
Fairmount Ld Ass'n to J Stewart..	Lot 98 blk 33.....	360
Miss & 39th St H Ass'n to M Enstie	Lot 82 blk 15.....	580
Same to Ed Bango.....	Lots 31 32 blk 6.....	840
Buena Vis H Ass'n to J P Allen, Jr	Lot 33 blk 107.....	500
F L A Pioche et al to M J Shine...	Lots 1 to 4 blk 30.....	360
T J Broderick to John Kennedy...	Post w Hyde, 35x137:6.....	2
T H Smith to S M Tibbitts.....	7½ acres Outside Lands.....	1
A L Wagnerheim to B F Sherwood	Ellis and Gough, se corner, e 137:6x120.	12,000
Miss & 39th St H to C E McDonald	Lots 137 and 138 blk 22.....	970
Wm H Burke to Chris Diederich...	Napa e Jersey, 50x100.....	2,280
Jno B Lauinger to T J Cunningham	Lot 79 West End Homestead.....	500
A W Von Schmidt to S V W Works	Portions Outside Lands.....	5
Univ Ex Hd Ass'n to M B F Stone	Lot 3 blk 178.....	400
J Schwendell to A Piepenberg....	Kearny e 52:6¾ s Union, s 18:2x60.....	1,800
Peter H Doukas to Wm Monahan...	Lot 41 blk 302 Haley Tract: also 21st n } 92:6 e Dolores, e 114x125..... }	500
Wm Monahan to Vir B Monahan...	21st n 92:6 e Dolores, 1 114x125.....	Gift
A M Severance to Chas Jackson...	Vallejo e Stockton, 34:4½x137:6.....	8,000
Fairmount L Ass'n to J Marchant	Lot 17 blk 25.....	550

Thursday, October 12th.

H L Kohn to Albert Cramer.....	Folsom nw Bryant & Irwin's lot 35x137:6	\$5,500
A Thompson to Jas E Nuttman....	Dolores s 15th, s 176:3, th s 88 deg, etc..	5,000
Mary Waddell to Wm Waddell....	4th and Tehama, 30x87:6.....	1
Fairmount Ld Ass'n to H C Olson	Lots 107x108 blk 33.....	720
Pt Lob Ave H Ass'n to W E Bridge	Lots 12 and 13 blk 641.....	500
Geo Turner to S Val Water Works	30 acres San Miguel Rancho.....	1
F S Spring to Jacob Weaver.....	Subs 28 and 29 blk 11, Univ M'd Survey.	600
A Ivanovich to Marco Gursino....	Lots 355 357 Gift Map 1.....	130
B McDougall to Thomas Knight...	7th and King, sw cor, sw 275x240.....	1
Wm Pierce to same.....	Turk and Leavenworth, 137:6x137:6.....	2,500
Hillside H'd Ass'n to Marg D'Arcy	Lot 86 blk 117.....	500
Fairmt L'd Ass'n to J Morrissey...	Lot 34 blk 22.....	385
Pt Lob Ave H Ass'n to J T Boyd...	Lot 29 blk 642.....	300
City and County S F to M Ellis...	Western Addition blk 288.....	Prem
Chas C Calhoun to Martin O'Dea...	Mason a O'Farrell, 20x76.....	4,400
Wm J Cady to Jabel Weston Jr....	California e Pierce, e 34:4x137:6.....	3,300
Hillside H'd Ass'n to Wm Kerr....	Lot 53 blk 113.....	5
J C Hutchinson to T Wiswell.....	Solano e Harrison, 25x100.....	1 1
H F Wheeler to A E Wheeler.....	Turk e Van Ness, 27:6x137:6.....	Gift
F S Spring et al to Mary Rooney...	Lot 19 blk 10 University Md Homestead.	400
Tide L'd Comrs to Fred Mason et al	9 deeds aggregate value.....	3,966

Friday, October 13th.

A D Jordan to Mary E Jordan.....	24th s, 80 w Castro, w 25x114.....	Gift
Geo B Bayley to Michael Castle....	McAllister w Leavenworth, 50x137:6....	11,200
Albert Cramer to A M Hoffman....	Folsom ne 11th, ne 35x137.....	Gift
F L A Pioche et al to M L Lizynski	Lots 23 and 24 blk 17 City Land.....	180
Same to Chas Kiebler.....	Lots 47 and 48 blk 33 same.....	180
City and County S F to J Harkin...	24th and Bryant, ne corner, e 50x104....	Prem
Same to P H Sumner.....	Howard n 23d, n 60x122:6.....	Prem
F L A Pioche et al to B Gogan.....	Lots 14 and 15 blk 11.....	18
B H Ramsdell to F B Wilde.....	Pine w Larkin, 50x120.....	3,000
Peter Short to B H Ramsdell.....	Same.....	500
Ferdinand Reils to N T Smith.....	Gilmore e Kentucky, 25x80.....	750
Henry Johnson to P S Allis.....	Bush and Steiner, sw corner, w 27:6x100	3,200



## Saturday, October 14th.

H F Williams to Maurice Dore....	Lot 142 blk 97, lot 147 blk 81 Cen P'k H'd	\$ 500
F S Sprowl to Jas Larcen.....	Geary e Broderick, e 30x125.....	2,500
Jno B Lewis to Samuel Crim....	19th w Guerrero, 126x125.....	750
Mis & 30th St H A's'n to J Morrissey	Lot 96 blk 25.....	550
City and County S F to C L Dingley	Howard s 22d, s 50x122.6.....	Prem
Same to J T Wardwick.....	Howard e, 95 s 22d, s 40x122.6.....	Prem
Sam Soule to M M Rollins.....	Mission n 14th, n 25x80.....	1
A E Thayer to Sav and L'n Society	King and 4th w corner, sw 45.10x120; Larkin e 80 s Vallejo, s 57.6x137.6; also Greenwich w Sansome w 105 etc	17,000
Noe Gar H'd Union to B F Hobart	Lot 10 blk 9.....	500
Vulcan Iron Works to Pac Bank...	Mission and Fremont, e cor, 137.6x137.6	50,000
Joseph Holland to Wm S O'Brien	Pierce and Sacramento, se cor, 25.5x120	100
George H Ensign to Julia C Tyler	Jackson w Gough, w 137.6x137.8	5,000
Harvey Hall to John Hill.....	Lots 12 and 13 blk 154 S S F Homestead.	1,000
Jas H Adams to Mary J Ingram...	Hyde n Green, 25x62.6.....	800
Hugh Crookard to John Gellig....	Harrison w 5th, w 25x85.....	1
Jno R Jarboe to Jno A Zollver....	Brannan and Gilbert, n corner, ne 80x75.	5
Mary Zollver to Michael Curran...	Same.....	5,010

## Monday, October 16th.

Wm Hayes to Carlton Curtis.....	Portion Outside Lands.....	\$ 1
H O Howard to Wm Bosworth....	Lot 9 blk 300 S S Francisco Homestead.	600
Hillside H A's'n to James Timmey	Lot 49 blk 118.....	500
F L A Pioche to M E Chisholm...	Lot 8 blk 25 and lots 25 and 26 City L A.	270
Great P H'd Ass'n to S E Brown...	Lot 5 blk 393 and lot 36 blk 394.....	500
Antoine Borel to Mary A Zachrisson	Shawwell s Temple, 32.6x115.....	1,000
Same to Wm Mooser.....	Lombard e Powell, e 20x69.6.....	1,201
Pleas Val H'd Ass'n to W Warner	Lot 14 blk 270.....	5
Willows Land Ass'n to Wm Walsh	Lot 34 blk 68.....	920
Mission View H'd to M Griffin....	Lot 25 blk 122.....	1
Fairm't L'd Ass'n to Wm Dorgan...	Lot 35 blk 22.....	418
S S White to R P Clement.....	Mission n 25th, e 5x117.6.....	20
Hillside H'd Ass'n to C B Young...	Lots 33 and 34 blk 118.....	1,900
Henry Dupont to Wm H Taylor....	Center of Georgia and Sierra, th e 533 etc	15,000
F L A Pioche et al to M A Devine...	Lot 41 blk 33 City Land.....	(9)
Fairmount L Ass'n to J S McQueen	Lot 172 and 273 blk 1.....	925
N Van Bergen to Wm W Young....	Kearny n Post, 65x107.11.....	75,000
Chas Nemmann to H Mohr et al...	Lot 29 blk 57 Bucher Tract.....	2
John Kennedy to T J Broderick....	Post w Hyde, 25x137.6.....	2
W H Aitken to Ira G Hoitt.....	Lot XXVII Great Park Homestead.....	250
Geo Von Wrede to W H Aitken....	Same.....	...
Mis & 30th St H A's'n to F M Day	Lots 12 and 13 blk 2.....	1,000

## Tuesday, October 17th.

Jno S Moxley to Rebecca E Laws...	Fell s 109 w Van Ness, w 20.6x120.....	\$2,250
John Center to John Anderson....	Howard n 23d, 30x122.6.....	1,845
Jno S Moxley to C G Moxley.....	Van Ness n Oak, n 1 ft x 82.9.....	5
Pt Lob Av H A's'n to G W Frink...	Lots 11 and 12 blk 643.....	500
Thos McInerney to Jos Jager.....	Lot 124 Gift Map 1.....	200
Elijah Case to John Kenny.....	Lot 46 blk 291 O'Neil and Haley.....	750
City and County S F to P Casson...	Portion Outside Lands.....	Prem
H L Davis to Margaret M Jenkins	Lot 227 blk 142 Central Pk H'd; also, lot 4 blk 86 Excelsior Homestead.....	500
Mis & 30th St H'd to E Pique....	Lots 79 and 90 blk 88.....	980
D C Broderick to Henry Klezler...	Bartlett n 22d, n 23.8x125.....	170
J B Harries to Wm Gassert.....	Same.....	200
Wm Gassert to Chas Morgans....	Lots 132 and 133 Red House Tract.....	3,800
Francis W Paty to Peter McNeill...	Sacramento e Montgomery, 40x60.....	5
Chas R Story to M V Madigan....	Clay e Devisadero, 50x127.8.....	1,275
Central Pk H'd to A Himmelmann	Lots 34 and 35 blk 575.....	500
A Himmelmann to Hannah Ryan...	Same.....	5
Chas M Peck to A Himmelmann...	Same.....	420
Ben Holladay to John Egan.....	Page w Gough, 55x120.....	6,400
Peter Seculovich to G Vuzovich...	Lot 396 Gift Map 4.....	150
Frank Gruner to Jas Croall.....	Hineckley w Kearny, 54x75.6.....	80
Fairm't L'd Ass'n to E Boukofski...	Lots 88 and 91 blk 88.....	720
John Alsop to M B Levy.....	Portion Market Street Homestead.....	125
T B Ross to N B Terwilliger....	Mission sw 4th sw 25x90.....	6,300
Wm Mallarky to Wm Evald.....	Silver sw 2d, sw 3d, 30x80.....	3,400
Wm F Bayley to F L A Pioche....	Portion San Miguel Rancho.....	300
Timothy Halloren to J Clement...	Fulton w Park Av w 45 x n to Sublett T't	500
Jos J Wright to F A Will.....	Navy w Guerrero w 125x85.....	2,500
Chas W Elliott to E Elliott.....	Lots 42 and 44 Gift Map 1.....	Gift
L Barada to Marguerite Barada...	Lot 8 blk 95 University Homestead.....	Gift
Jas Roche et al to D W Douthitt..	Potrero block 169.....	1

## Thursday, October 19th.

W W Dodge to R Kellogg.....	O'Farrell e Jones, e 59:9x137:6.....	\$1,000
Jos S Alemany to T H Weber.....	Point Lobos Ave and Boyce, 125x50.....	1,200
Morris Corinson to Wm C Talbot.....	Franklin and Pacific, sw cor, 32:3x87:6.....	2,000
Univ Exten H Ass'n to J Dalla.....	Lot 1 blk 113.....	315
Same to L M Lickman.....	Lot 1 blk 12.....	315
City and County S F to C R Nolte.....	Mission s 26th, 75x125.....	Prem
Same to Jas M Forrest.....	Portion of Outside Lands.....	Prem
Mis & 30th St H Ass'n to S Michael.....	Lot 102 blk 205.....	575
F L A Pioche et al to Col H Ass'n.....	41:62-100 San Miguel Ranch.....	75,000
W W Cope to M Livingston.....	Lots 1 to 6 and 16 blk 307 and lots 11 12 and 13 blk 307½ Salt Marsh and Tide Lands.....	10
Tide Land Com'rs to W W Cope.....	Same.....	600
Fairm't Ld Ass'n to Abram Rich.....	Lot 174 blk 1.....	450

## Friday, October 20th.

Ed Barry to John Wigmore.....	50-varas 1 and 6 193 Western Addition.....	\$ 1
Lewis Pierce to Henry Pierce et al.....	Geary and Buchanan, se corner, s 137: 6x68:9; also, Buchanan e, 137:6 n of O Farrell; n 31:4½x109.....	300
Wm Monahan et al to P Connelly.....	Vermont s Sierra, s 33:4x100.....	1,050
Thos B Lewis to Josefa Salas.....	Francisco e Powell, e 45:10x137:6.....	10
L Salas to John J Power.....	Same.....	6,000
Buena Vista H Ass'n to G J Byrne.....	Lots 19 to 22 blk 108.....	3,500
C F Robbins to Melvina H Parker.....	Pine e Dupont, 20x59, subj to \$4200 mort.....	4,000
Fairmont Ld Ass'n to S J White.....	Lot 161 blk 3.....	495
Mission View H'd to Simon Grun.....	Lot 6 blk 122.....	1
E A Bred to Mary Polack.....	S ½ blk 290 W A and 50-v 3 4 blk 258 W A.....	3,200
Wm J Bryan to same.....	Same.....	5
Univer Ex H'd Ass'n to E Paul.....	Lots 1 and 8 blk 15.....	800
Same to James B Smith.....	Lot 5 blk 144.....	400
Isaac N Thorne to Nich T Smith.....	Illinois n Napa n line x 100.....	20
Lena S Hill to Isaac E Gates.....	Kentucky s Napa, s 100x100.....	2,000
Benj Hill to same.....	Kentucky s Napa; also Kentucky s of Napa, 140x100.....	10,000
Frank Livingston to Wm Daley.....	Jersey w 220 n 23d, n 25x100.....	650

## Saturday, October 21st.

Sam'l W Holladay to Jesse D Carr.....	Spear sw, 275 nw Harrison, 137:6x137:6.....	\$1,000
R F Osborn to James R Kelly.....	Lot 2 blk 19 Market Street Homestead.....	1
John Sims to Jno E McCauley.....	2d se Harrison, 68:9x137:6.....	500
C D O'Sullivan to Jno B Oliver.....	4th se Minna, se 50x75.....	10
Vitus Wackender to C J Bush.....	Potrero Ave e 125 s Nevada, s 50x100.....	1,500
R R Ave Hd Ass'n to Jno T Jones.....	Lot 23 blk 17.....	350
Pietro Ricci to Geo A Pahn.....	Portion Outside Lands.....	450
L M Burton et al to W Van Dyke.....	Blk 127 Potrero.....	500
W Van Dyke to J W Moyle.....	Same.....	3,000
Adolph Schmolz to Rob't Thiel.....	Union s 195 from w side Taylor, w 25x120.....	1,850
G't P'k H'd Ass'n to A J Radcliff.....	Lot 22 blk 367.....	250
F S Spring et al to E Dunigan.....	Sub 10 13 blk 10 Hds University Md Svy.....	800
John Brady to M T Daly.....	Valencia e 85 s Ridley, s 75x80.....	8,500
Gustave Mahe et al to G T Knox.....	Sundry lots in W A.....	23,487
F L A Pioche to C R Holden.....	Lots 39 40 blk 48, City Land Ass'n.....	180

## Monday, October 23d.

Univ Exten H Ass'n to P Hollister.....	Lot 6 blk 155, lots 3 4 blk 156, lot 3 bl 162.....	\$1,600
Same to J R Hill.....	Lot 7 blk 181.....	400
T J Broderick to P Cleary.....	Howard sw 12, 25x137:6.....	2,300
Jos C Duncan to Ross Avery.....	Broad Ave e Capitol, 50x125.....	200
John B Hobson to Jno Middleton.....	Lot 216 Gift Map 3.....	5
J C Hutchinson to J H Killip.....	Harrison and Solano, 25x100.....	1,500
Odd Fel Cem to Mrs Wm Stewart.....	Lot 15 sec plat 4.....	29
R F Ryan to Chas Vale, Jr.....	Green and Larkin, ne corner, 60x23:2.....	750
College H'd Ass'n to M J Rochfort.....	Lot 17 blk 3.....	300
Michael Tierney to Thos Donnelly.....	Brannon Place s Brannon, 35x60.....	1,000
Alex Ferguson to Geo S Pratt.....	Hyde s of Jackson, 25x87:6.....	3,500
A Wasserman to D W Tietjen.....	Lots 25 and 26 blk 93 O'Neal & Haley.....	1,500
Henry R Morton to M J Cardoza.....	Lots 61 97 126 Haley Map 1.....	250
College H'd Ass'n to J Kusel.....	Lot 1 blk 9.....	300
John Curley to Owen Moore.....	Shipley w 5th, 25x75.....	3,500
J Bacon et al to 2d Cong Church.....	Taylor n O Farrell, e 115 s 22:6 w 22:6 etc.....	3
A Borel to Cath Moynihan.....	Jones n Geary, 25x87:6.....	4,000
Geo F Jones to Jas L Hussey.....	Clay e Devisadero, 25x157:8.....	500
E F Badgely to C P Stanford.....	Washington and Buchanan, 25:6x80.....	2,400
Hamilton Sq H'd to Sam Williams.....	Lots 2 23 48.....	1,806
Same to B P Avery.....	Lots 5 and 24 to 30.....	5,837
Great Park H'd Ass'n to same.....	Lots 5 and 24 to 30.....	1,250

## Tuesday, October 24th.

Henry Heutsch to A C Corbutt....	Greenwich n, 107, 10 w Stockton, 25x127.6	\$ 20
D McDonald to F Tillman et al....	Jackson w Van Ness, w 61x127.6	2,500
J T Deane to W F O'Neale.....	Lots 2 and 15 blk 114, 5 12 blk 267, 7 10 blk 324, B blk 286, 15 and 16 blk 400, 1 to A & B blk 404, 6 11 bl 422 S S F H A	10,000
Noe G H Ass'n to G D Shadburne	Lot 8 blk 16	500
A Borer to Eliza Bonnatton.....	Portion Outside Lands	5
H H Toland to Toland Med College	Chestnut e Stockton, 137.6x70	1
A Carrigan Jr to Henry Owens....	Eddy e Hyde, 25x137.6	7,100
M & 30th St H'd Ass'n to J E Sweeney	Lot 15	400
College H'd Ass'n to A Maguire....	Lot 22 blk 4	400
R R H'd Ass'n No 2 to M D Aray	Lot 13 blk R	135
M Hayes et al to S Heydenfeldt....	Page and Webster, ne corner	716

## Wednesday, October 25th.

College H'd Ass'n to T R Gibson....	Lots 1 and 11 in block 2	\$ 600
Charles A Barnes to John Muller....	Stevenson sw 5th, 25x75	2,350
A A Harvey to S L Johnston.....	Clay and Jones, nw cor, 137.6x137.6	1,000
F Livingston to Barbara Black....	Stewart, 229.2n Folsom, 45:10x137.6	200
J S Black to P S Van Kensemer	Same	11,500
Mis & 30th St H'd Ass'n to C Turk	Lot 38 blk 5	385
Chas Grim to Gottlob Breakle....	Pacific s, 77.6 e Larkin, e 55x137.6	3,500
Wm R Wharton to Mas Cem Ass'n	Turk and Parker Ave, 175.5x275	500
Fairm't L'd Ass'n to L Heinrich....	Lot 87 blk 33	300
Hillside H'd Ass'n to S A Vance....	Lots 30 and 31 blk 118	1,000
F L A Piche et al to J Weaver....	Lots 11 and 12 blk 36 City Land	180
A Homes to A Donahoe.....	Gunnison Ave s Precita Place, 25x110	500
R Whoulahan to J L N Shepar....	Page w Steiner, 50x80	500
Pt Lobos Ave H'd Ass'n to B Douchy	Lots 9 and 10 blk 640	500
C Koopmanschap to Hugo Schenk	Geary e Dupont, e 6 inches x 60 feet	250
Margie Dore to J Kendebarger	15th Ave e of Q, 300x92.6	480
Daniel Gorham to Wm Ware....	Mission blk 22	2,250
Great Park H'd Ass'n to G P Rixford	Lot 1 blk 360 and lot 1 blk 364	500
Mis and 30th St H'd to W Godfrey	Lot 38 blk 6	430
Same to Wm Gray.....	Lot 39 blk 6	475
Jas Craig to Chris Andres.....	Jessie sw 4th, sw 25x70	4,100
W Monahan et al to Benj Colling....	Nebraska n Nevada, 33:4x100	1,114

## Thursday, October 26th.

Jas A Fossett to Walter Van Dyke	Hinckley s, 99 w Kearny, w 57:6x8:9	\$ 100
W Van Dyke to R A Redman.....	Same	1
A M Stevens to same.....	Same	500
John Fossett to same.....	Same	500
R A Redman to W Ehlers.....	Hinckley w Kearny, w 54x80	1,000
Hiram Tubbs to S F Cordage Co....	Iowa e Sierra, 54:6 se 110 ne 50 nw 100	2,000
Eliza Ord to Albert Whipple.....	Scott and McAlister, 137.6x137.6	600
M Hayes et al to Jos S Friedman....	Fell w Webster, w 92:3 sw 239 e 22:6, etc	1,000
Fairm't L'd Ass'n to C A Worth....	Lot 75 blk 33 and lot 126 blk 32	800
Lot 220 blk 34		375
Mis & 30th St H'd Ass'n to J Ellis	Lot 189 blk 34	375
Same to Milton Griffiths.....	Lot 72 blk 12	450
Same to Wm O'Shea.....	Sacramento e Stockton, e 18:9x57.6	6,000
Phillip Sieben to Chas Kornfield....	California w Hyde, w 25x82	2,350
Wm B Lake et al to Geo C Bode....	Lots 100 and 101 blk 33	720
Fairm't L'd Ass'n to J O McKown	Octavia s Jackson, 127:8x137.6	1
Mary Delany to E J Delany.....	Lot 2 San Fran H'd undivided 4th	2,450
Geo Atkinson to Wm G Morris.....	Lot 96 blk 33	565
Fairm't L'd Ass to R Manzanarez	Portion Outside Lands	prem
City and Co S F to Ferdinand Reis		

## Friday, October 27th.

Patrick Dolan to Martin Kelly....	South part lot 3 blk 1, Belle Roche City	\$ 5
Martin Kelly to Robt Walmsley....	Folsom se 100 ne 6th, ne 25x100	4,600
Mrs G Morris to E A McEachran....	Lot 2 San Fran H'd Union, 4th purchase	600
Mary M Hem to Ediz Hem.....	Eddy s, 226 e Mason, s 127:10 ne 28:4 n 11:2 w 23; also, lots 5 to 8 blk 9 San Mig City; also, lot 10 blk V, P S H A	2,000
College H'd Ass'n to M J Durney....	Lot 5 blk 3	300
Same to Mrs E J Middleton.....	Lot 8 blk 3	300
Same to Miss C E McMill.....	Lot 5 blk 2	300
Same to Miss Mary J McGill.....	Lot 2 blk 1	300
J W Griffith to S S Ackerman....	Sutter w Leavenworth, 50x137.6	12,000
Cor Conway to Wm M Hoag.....	Pine and Gough, se corner, 81:3x30	1,725
T Johnston to Jas Henderson et al	Parker Avenue and Pt Lobos, w 50x137.6	500
Pacific Bank to Wm M Greenwood	Mission and Fremont, e 68:9x137.6	30,000
Owen Moore to D W Murphy.....	Undivided s, Shipley sw 5th, sw 25x75	1,700
City and Co S F to Jas Hamilton....	23d s, 75 e Turk, e 50x104	Prem
A A Londerback to H S Burr.....	Eddy and Leavenworth, 137.6x137.6	269

H S Burr to J M McDonald .....	Same .....	5,000
Wm Pierson to Frank P Taylor .....	Lot 1 2 and e $\frac{1}{2}$ 3 blk 119, W A .....	269
A A Louderback to same .....	Post w Jones 137:6x137:6; also, Hayes and Polk se cors 168x171; also, How- ard e, 110 s 15th, 60x125 .....	269
Hillside H'd Ass'n to — .....	Lots 62 and 63 blk 118 .....	1,500
D W Murphy to Wm Murphy .....	Undivided half of Shipley sw 5th, 25x75 .....	1,500
W Ehlers to Jas Croall Jr .....	Hinckley w Kearny, 26:6x66 .....	500
Jas Croall Jr to W Ehlers .....	Hinckley w Kearny, w 26:6x60 .....	500
Chas H Stanyon to Donald Beadle .....	Fulton and Lyon, 206:3x137:6 .....	6,000
H Pichoir to Samuel F Sinclair .....	Blk 148 and lot 5 blk 182 Univer Ex H'd .....	35
Owen Moore to John Moore .....	Und $\frac{1}{2}$ Shipley sw 5th, 25x87:5 .....	5

## Saturday, October 28th.

R R Av H Ass'n to Mary Gorman .....	Lot 13 blk 35 .....	350
Univ Ext'n H Ass'n to C Williams .....	Lot 8 blk 177 .....	400
M & 30th St H Ass'n to M C Barry .....	Lot 71 blk 12 .....	440
H W Smith to Egbert Judson .....	De Haro n Santa Clara, 50:2x100 .....	400
John Davidson et al to same .....	Portion Outside Lands .....	10
John Center et al to Wm H Clary .....	Potrero blks 134 135 136 .....	1
Jas C Quinn to Robt McGinley .....	Geary w Baker, 68:9x137:6 .....	1,200
Robt McGinley to Ed O'Brien .....	Same .....	2,500
Tide Land Comr's to W H Clary .....	Portion of Salt Marsh and Tide Lands .....	555
Same to E Judson .....	Same .....	1,530
Same to John Center et al .....	Same .....	3,035
College H Ass'n to Miss E Keating .....	Lot 3 blk 3 .....	300
Same to A F Johnson .....	Lot 3 blk 7 .....	300
Same to Alexander Paddock .....	Lots 6 and 18 blk 8 .....	600
R R Av Ex H Ass'n to A H Smith .....	Lot 19 blk 19 .....	442
Alexander Weill to L Bisagno .....	McAllister n, 100 w Gough, 137:6x137:6 .....	15,525

## Monday, October 30th.

R Nichols to Harriet O Gosling .....	15th s, 110 w Moc, w 23x115 .....	\$ 900
Peter Donahue to Board of Educa'n .....	Page w Donahue, 137:6x137:6 .....	5
M Klunkofstrom to Ken St Meth C'h .....	Tennessee s Solano, s 50x100 .....	1,250
Wm S Pelone to Augustus Tillman .....	Minna w 4th, w 50x75 .....	6,000
F L A Pioche et al to P Stanton .....	Lots 45 to 48 blk 42 City Land Ass'n .....	360
Same to Mary Fitzpatrick .....	Lot 26 blk 7 same .....	90
College H'd Ass'n to Marg Bryan .....	Lot 1 blk 7 .....	300
Same to Pat Marhin .....	Lot 16 blk 13 .....	300
Same to Owen Kelly .....	Lot 18 blk 4 .....	300
Henry Ritter to John Hizman .....	Lots 12 and 13 blk 42 City Land .....	100
John Hill to Jno W Brown .....	Turk w Taylor, 87:6x137:6 .....	38,000
A Maraschi to Santa Clara College .....	Mission blks 100 and 101 .....	5
Univ Ex H Ass'n to D C Anderson .....	Lot 8 blk 26 .....	400
Mary E McIntyre to August Wrede .....	Pacific w Leavenworth, w 20x60 .....	600
Geo F Gedge to Geo Cavan .....	Union e Jones, 5x120 .....	1
Wm Burnett, Com'r, to same .....	Union e Jones, e 27x126 .....	...
F L A Pioche et al to J Cleave .....	Lots 29 and 30 blk 30 City Land .....	80
Same to Ellen Connell .....	Lots 27 and 28 same .....	80
James F Glover to Jno Bannon .....	Glover e Leavenworth, e 23x60 .....	403
Tide Land Comr's to W Boyer et al .....	22 deeds aggregate amount .....	4,280

## Tuesday, October 31st.

M Fabian to Wm S Taylor .....	Mason w, 77:6 n Geary, n 20x57: .....	\$ 1
Wm H Knight to S C Nathan .....	Sundry lots in G M 4; also sundry lots in Holladay M A .....	308
H Pichoir to John O Kane .....	Lots 4 and 5 blk 178 Univer Ex Homes'd .....	60
F L A Pioche et al to F McNulty .....	Lots 27 to 30 blk 39 City Land .....	360
Junction Hd Ass'n to T T Millikin .....	Lots 10 11 21 22 blk 5 .....	1,400
P B Comins to Thomas Crane .....	Bernard n 117:6 s Broadway, s 47:60; also, Broadway north, 94 feet east of Jones e 20x60 .....	3,700
Junc Hd Ass'n to J J Mundwyler .....	Lots 21 and 22 blk 2 .....	700
Same to Thos S Moffitt .....	Lot 17 blk 13 .....	350
Same to Ellen A Milliken .....	Lot 20 blk 5 .....	350
F W Crosby to Jas Swift .....	Harriet se Howard, 25x75 .....	1,650
John Apel to Otto Bauer .....	Tide Land blk 1036 .....	400
City and County of S F to I Jessup .....	Portion Outside Lands .....	Pre m
Wm H Clary to John Center .....	Potrero blks 134 135 and 136 .....	10
C F Mebins to Cath A Behrens .....	Stockton s Lombard, 25x50 .....	1
Fairm't L'd Ass'n to H Rothschild .....	Lot 131 blk 32 .....	400
Univ Ext'n H Ass'n to H L Davis .....	Lot 6 blk 178 .....	400
B J Broderson to John Apel .....	Tide Land blk 1036 .....	1,000
Sarah E Palmer to Jas C Flood .....	Ellis w Jones, w 27:6x137:6 .....	8,600
M Cummings to J D Casheon .....	Harriett nw Folsom, 25x75 .....	1,700
J D Casheon to Thos Simpson .....	Same .....	1,680
L Thompson et al to P Frontier .....	Dupont e, 107:6 n Bush, 30x80 .....	8,000
Thos Courtis to L Thompson .....	Same .....	10



## Wednesday, November 1st.

I N Killip to Simon Levy.....	Harrison and Solano, ne corner, 25x100.	\$1,500
Jno H Madison to George Shea.....	Brannan ne 7th, 35x35.....	1
Geo Shea to P O Rourke et al.....	Brannan ne 7th, 35x100.....	2,600
James Daley to J D Lynch et al.....	Serpentine Ave & Folsom, 25x128.....	550
Wm M Hoag to Emeline Watson.....	Pine and Gough, se cor, 81x30.....	1
A L Pioche to A R Harrison.....	Sacramento w Kearny, 29x137.6.....	1
Wm Slnkwitz to J G Wettmeyer.....	Jackson w Kearny, 22x80.....	5,000
Univ Ext'n to Alfred Taylor.....	Lot 3 blk 171.....	400
Hillside H'd Ass'n to J J Schmiedes.....	Lots 55 to 57 blk 118.....	1,500
Fairmount L'd Ass'n to J M Jones.....	Lot 40 blk 22.....	380
Same to Wm Ruth.....	Lot 143 blk 4.....	425
Wm H Clary to S M Wilson.....	Undivided 1-16th blks 134 135 136 Potrero.....	10
Same to W C Ralston.....	Same.....	10
Mary Ke rigan to Joseph C Tucker.....	Clary ne 6th, ne 25x39.....	2,400
H Pichoir to C H Aitken.....	Lot 2 blk 180 University H'd Association.....	500
Fairm't L'd Ass'n to John Martin.....	Lots 18 and 19 blk 24.....	1,000
Pt Lob Ave H Ass'n to C H Aitken.....	Lots 47 and 48 blk 642.....	500
Col H'd Ass'n to H B Underhill Jr.....	Lot 22 blk 9.....	300
Same to H B Underhill.....	Lots 3 4 and 21 blk 9, lot 1 to 5 blk 11, lots 19 and 20 blk 12, and lots 17 18 and 19 blk 13.....	3,000
Henry Videau to Joseph Roth.....	Lot 1 blk 73 Excelsior Homestead, al- so Laguna w 90 n Ellis, n 30x100.....	2,500
Mary De Haan to J C Hansen.....	Folsom sw 8th, sw 25x30.....	4,000
H W Carpenter to J P Dameron.....	Larkin and Francisco, sw cor, 275x137.6.....	150
Chas Leighton to same.....	Larkin and Chesnut, nw cor, 275x275.....	1
Jno D Upson to same.....	Larkin and Francisco, sw cor, 137.6x275.....	25
Wm Monahan et al to Adam Utz.....	D Haro e 166.8 s Nevada, s 33x4x100.....	850
J H Ahlers to B H Schunoff.....	Undivided 1/4 lot 3 blk Q Pac Sav and H'd.....	500
Fairm't L'd Ass'n to N Scheeline.....	Lot 44 blk 4.....	425
Same to M Newhouse.....	Lot 145 blk 4.....	425
Jas Alexander to Thos Adam et al.....	McAllister w Jones, 68.9x137.6.....	30,000
Patrick Dolan to Martin Kelly.....	Sundry lots in Gift Maps 2 and 4.....	371
R B Gray to F C Snow.....	Lots 1260 to 1263 and 1134 to 1143 G M 2.....	2,586
Jno H Smyth to David Moore.....	California and New Cem Av, 56.3x132.7.....	1,000
Hamilton Square H'd Ass'n to A M Bauer.....	Lots 8 9 10 44 and 45.....	3,0 0

## Thursday, November 2d.

Marcellin Burnett to Andri Strobel.....	10 acres Outside Lands.....	\$3,000
Mary H Smith to Moses Selig.....	Mission sw 13th, 15.6x90.....	15,000
B Heringhi to Julia H Pond.....	Lots 1 to 9 and 14 blk X, R R H'd.....	1,250
M & 30th St H Ass'n to L M Gruder.....	Lot 18 blk 3.....	480
Same to E P Fellows.....	Lot 278 blk 34.....	375
Noe Gar H Union to L S B Sawyer.....	Lots 3 and 4 blk 13.....	1,000
Junction H Ass'n to J C Schmidt.....	Lot 6 blk 9.....	550
Same to A Klauber.....	Lots 12 and 13 blk 6.....	700
Same to F Mendelbaum.....	Lots 1 to 3 blk 6 and lot 7 blk 7.....	1,400
College H'd Ass'n to J C Robinson.....	Lot 8 blk 12.....	300
Same to M F Robinson.....	Lot 7 blk 12.....	300
Same to R Mayberry.....	Lot 18 blk 7.....	300
Same to Mary Leeper.....	Lot 4 blk 2.....	300
Same to Kate McGruder.....	Lots 12 and 13 blk 4.....	600
Same to A F Durney.....	Lot 20 blk 7.....	300
Wm Murphy to James Ambrose.....	Undiv half Shipley sw 5th, 25x75.....	1,500
Robt Helmes to Colin M Boyd.....	Howard ne 2d, 25x85, subject to mortg.....	4,025
Univ Ext'n H Ass'n to T C King.....	Lot 2 blk 169.....	400
Fairm't L'd Ass'n to Ann Kennedy.....	Lot 59 blk 21.....	385
Same to Kate Kennedy.....	Lot 54 blk 51.....	375
Same to E M Everett.....	Lot 81 blk 33.....	385
Hillside H'd Ass'n to Julius Finck.....	Lot 23 blk 118.....	500
Same to F A Will.....	Lot 22 blk 118.....	500
W Rotosky to E B Buffandean.....	Turk and Webster, se corner, 137.6x112.6.....	5
H P Wakely et al to same.....	Same.....	6,000
Mis & 30th St H'd to P McIntire.....	Lots 19 and 20 blk 3.....	582
M C Owens to Albert Gallatin.....	Salt Marsh and Tide Land blk 98.....	2,655
Tide Land Com're to M C Owens.....	Same.....	738
Mis & 30th St H'd to M McInerney.....	Lot 40 blk 4.....	462
J J O Hickey to F M Griewold.....	Undivided half of 1 acre Outside Lands.....	100
F M Griewold to Anna Heydenfeldt.....	Same.....	1
Same to Jas Gibb.....	Lots 5 and 7.....	1,780
Same to Robt White.....	Lots 1 2 3 and 37 to 40.....	5,790
Same to Elizabeth White.....	Lot 36.....	914
Fred L Castle to J C Cousins.....	Ellis n, 60 e Polk, e 50, n 120, w 25, etc.....	6,250
Mission St R R H'd to D Cavagnaro.....	Lot 22.....	400
A T Goodwin to Adam Ross.....	Lots 41 and 42, Godeau Map 1.....	75
Hamilton Square H'd to A Borel.....	Lots 15, 16 and 47.....	1,722
Fairmount L'd Ass'n to P N Ruth.....	Lot 112 blk 23.....	356
Pt Lobos Ave H'd Ass'n to J Laird.....	Lots 7 and 8 blk 641.....	500

## Friday, November 3d.

W F Bayley to W Easton .....	Lot 6 blk n of Railroad Homestead.....	500
Thos Bryan to Anna Borden.....	Lot 1 blk 7 College Homestead Ass'n...	300
College H'd Ass'n to T F Simpson .....	Lot 24 blk 7 .....	300
Same to Hamilton Brown .....	Lot 2 blk 7 .....	30.0
S S F H & R R Ass'n to B Bradley .....	Lots 8 and 9 blk 286 .....	110
Same to Henry W Bradley .....	Lots 1 and 16 blk 287 .....	280
Same to W W Bradley .....	Lots 1 and 16 blk 352 .....	1
W C Ralston et al to Jas Roberts .....	Lots 14 to 24 blk 137 O'Neil & Haley .....	5
Hib S & L Soc to J S Van Winkle .....	Market 91:8 ne 1st, 45:10x137:6 .....	26,000
Andrew Sproul to Wm Jacobs .....	Capp n 22d, 56x122:6 .....	7,000
John Davidson to Wm H Taylor .....	16th w Tennessee, 50x100 .....	500
Wm Wright et al to D B Nye .....	Lot 12 blk 51 Salt Marsh and Tide Lands .....	300
D B Nye to W H Taylor .....	Same .....	5

## Saturday, November 4th.

Park H'd Ass'n to Robt Hay .....	Lot 20 blk 416 .....	\$ 570
L A Means to G W Stevens .....	Howard ne 6th, 31:3x80 .....	6,250
City and County S F to J S Emery .....	Bush w Broderick, 37:6x137:6 .....	Prem
C Scalmanini et al to P Bodesta .....	Union e Dupont, 23x68 9 .....	1
Jos S Alemany to Geo C Johnson .....	Sutter w Montgomery, 68:9x137:6 .....	65,000
Same to same .....	Same .....	5
Jeremiah Regan to J S Alemany .....	Same .....	5
Leonce Girard to Paul Rousset .....	Harrison sw 2d, 55x100 subject to mortg .....	5
Fred Mason et al to T McCarthy .....	DeHaro a Colusa, 25x120 .....	400
Great P'k H Ass'n to Mary A Lloyd .....	Lot 5 blk 365 .....	250
Junction H'd Ass'n to F Wiese .....	Lot 4 blk 13 .....	350
Univ Ex H Ass'n to E J Fregaskers .....	Lots 12 3 6 7 8 blk 182 and lots 4 5 bl 181 .....	3,200
Mathew Dwyer to Cath E Learned .....	Ellis e Steiner, 34:4x137:6 .....	1,300
Pleasant View H Ass'n to B Dore .....	Lots 9 15 and 1 blks 310 and 354 .....	389
Univ Ex H Ass'n to S Van Doren .....	Lots 3 and 4 blk 157 .....	800
College H Ass'n to Jno M Brown .....	Lot 20 blk 3 .....	300
Same to Mrs Margaret R Jones .....	Lot 23 blk 9 .....	300
Wm A Bolinger to D B Spangler .....	Undivided half of ten acres Outside L'd .....	500
Jno S Luty to F L A Pioche .....	Lots 2 and 3 blk 214 W A .....	2 000
Jas L Blaikie to Wm Jacobs .....	Lots 5 to 11 and 16 to 22 blk 12 Junction H Ass'n .....	5,768
Junction H Ass'n to J L Blaikie .....	Lots 1 to 7 and 12 to 22 blk 1, lots 5 to 11 and 16 to 22 blk 12, lots 1 4 to 18 blk 3, lots 7 to 9 blk 2, lots 10 11 bl 11 .....	18,000
Buena Vista H Ass'n to C Sleeper .....	Lot 17 blk 109 .....	500
College H Ass'n to Edwin Goodall .....	Lots 5 and 6 blk 8 .....	600
Wm Handerkin to Wm Hessler .....	Lots 79 to 82, Academy Tract .....	1,000

## Monday, November 6th.

A S Gould to Jas J Maxwell .....	15th Ave ne, 275 nw of H, nw 25x100 .....	\$ 267
Mrs & 30th St H Ass'n to T Neil .....	Lots 116 and 117 blk 23 and lot 68 blk 5 .....	1,790
College H Ass'n to Pat Cahill .....	Lot 15 blk 12 .....	300
Univ Ex H'd Ass'n to M Ryan .....	Lot 8 blk 144 .....	400
F S Spring et al to E B Bufandeau .....	E half lots 30 and 31 to 34 blk U M'd H'd .....	1,950
Same to X Loumes .....	Lots 1 to 3 blk 10 of same .....	1,400
Buena Vis H Ass'n to W H Dimrod .....	Lot 32 blk 91 .....	1,000
Same to Jno P Blunt .....	Lots 30 to 31 blk 107 .....	1,000
Same to Wm H Quinn .....	Lot 39 blk 107 .....	500
Same to J W Stow .....	Lots 17 18 and 32 blk 107 .....	1,000
Howard and Pol St P U to G Scott .....	Lots 66 and 67 .....	2,000
Cornelius Murphy to R M Williams .....	Lot 18 Precita V L'ds; also lot 341 G M 4 .....	1,005
Univ H'd Ass'n No 2 to H Downer .....	Lot 32 blk 135 .....	70
A Cahn to Roselle Bonner .....	Post w Polk, 68:9x120 .....	22,000
M L Bassett to Thos Gilroy .....	Sanchez and Jersey, ne cor, e 75x86 .....	1,375
F L A Pioche to M L Bassett .....	Same .....	1
S B Boswell to Chas W Howard .....	Lots 7 and 8 blk 9 Junction H'd .....	500
Junction H Ass'n to S B Boswell .....	Lots 7 and 8 blk 9 .....	700
Same to Jno Whillhan .....	Lot 10 blk 2 .....	350
J C Duncan to H F Williams .....	Lots 28 and 14 blk 292 O'Neil & Haley .....	5
Daniel Seales to S di Vecchio .....	Green e Dupont, e 17:6x82:9 .....	3,600
Junc H'd Ass'n to H L Weil .....	Lot 21 blk 11 .....	350
Same to Thos A Moran .....	Lot 7 blk 13 .....	350
Univ Ext'n H Ass'n to W Hayden .....	Lot 3 blk 109 .....	400
John Dolan to Michael Devaney .....	Lot 6 blk 424 S S Francisco Homestead; 2d Avenue and 17th street ne cor, e 60x90; also Sanchez and 16th, 50x108 .....	1,208
Mrs R B Vancleve to M M Estee .....	Pacific and Scott, ne cor, 127:5x275 .....	10,000
John Rosenfeld to Robt Holmes .....	Ftimore and Fulton, s 137:6x137:6 .....	10
Jas H Fish to Angelina E Fisher .....	Pacific w Montgomery, 20x137:6 .....	3,500
Jas Finney to Ellen J Tinney .....	Lot 49 blk 118 Hillside Homestead .....	61ft
Fairmount L'd Ass'n to P Rohrie .....	Lots 69 and 70 blk 33 .....	780
Same to Barney Loomis .....	Lot 134 blk 32 .....	500
Jacob Greenbaum to J Lancaster .....	Lot 4 blk 20 and lot 1 blk 1 Noe Gar H'd .....	503

## Tuesday, November 7th.

Univer Ex H Ass'n to A G Dexter	Lot s block 106	\$ 400
E H Stansfield to J J G Malloy	North Aven Courtland Ave n 25:8x149.	500
Hugh Fraser to H C Edwards	Pine w Fillmore, w 25x127.6.	925
Same to M Curtis, Jr.	Clementina w 5th, w 25x75	1
L Girard to Emily Grisar	Noe and Duncan, n 114x137.6	5
Jas Gardner to Virginia Gardner	Lombard w Stockton, w 32.6x137.6	Gift
J Reynolds to Hazard Powder Co.	Potrero blk 443	1,000
Ozias Davis to Michael Begley	Lot 13 O. Eureka Homestead	1,600
Chas Morgun to Mary A Shay	Lots 132 and 133 Red House Tract.	Gift
Dan Donovan to Hannah Donovan	Scott E Edis, 25x90	1
Same to David Coggins	Undivided 1/2 lots 1355 to 1359 Gift Map 3	1
C D Carter to Annie E Dowling	Fulton w Devisadero, 275x275	500
Junction H Ass'n to H Bruns	Lot 9 blk 13	350
City and County S F to Jas Kelly	25th w Columbia, 50x104	Prem
J J Phister to M C Phister	Furniture, etc., at No 950 Howard street	Gift
Univer H Ass'n to J F Storer	Lot 14 blk 108 agents lots	75
F L A Pioche et al to Chas Ballard	Lot 15 blk 34	90
Samuel Crim to T Thompson	25th n 40 e Alabama, e 25x104	1,000
T P Rioridan to Jacob Wagner	Potrero Ave n 23d, 25x100	700
College H'd Ass'n to G W Miller	Lot 21 blk 3	900
Jas Kelly to Samuel Crim	25th w Columbia, w 25x104	925
Mrs Jane Sullivan to A Daniell	Filbert w Mason, 46x137.6	1,700
John Sullivan to Mary Sullivan	Free on ne 4th, nw 80 ne 30 ee 40 ne 5 etc	5
S S Wright to N B & M R R Co.	Clary sw 4th, aw 50x90	3,250
E L Sullivan to Ellen T Woodbury	Portion Outside Lands	Gift
Henry L Davis et al to C S Peck	Post 80 w Franklin, w 25x120	3,000

## Wednesday, November 8th.

Henry L Frank to Michael Reese	Stockton s Sacramento, 67x80; also, Pike s Washington, s 56 e 57 n, etc.	\$ 1
Jos H Gardner to V Gardner	Greenwich n, 137.6 w Buchanan, w 137 6x120; also, Powell e 37.6 s of Lombard, s 50x87.6	5
Wm B Swain to Maria Lapham	Pacific e Franklin, 30x132	2,000
Alex J Chambers to Agnes E Tate	Howard n 25th, 52x115	500
Agnes E Tate to Jared I Gashwiler	Same	3,200
Wm A Fraser to Samuel Grosh	Buchanan and Page 127.6x137.6	2
Univ Ext'n H Ass'n to H F Spencer	Lot 4 blk 168	400
Same to Wm Knuth	Lot 1 and 2 blk 144	800
Same to Lardrich	Lots 7 and 8 blk 154	800
Same to Geo K Hostetter	Lot 1 blk 162	400
Same to A S Montgomery	Lot 5 blk 156	400
Same to C R Montgomery	Lot 1 blk 161	400
Same to T S Montgomery	Lot 5 blk 167	400
Same to W R Montgomery	Lot 8 blk 161	400
Same to same et al	Lot 8 blk 168	400
Same to Rachel Montgomery	Lot 1 blk 168	400
College H'd Ass'n to C H Noyes	Lots 10 and 14 blk 7	900
Same to John S Van Doren	Lots 1 and 2 blk 9	600
Jas H Gardner to Wm Moody	Sundry lots in Western Addition	5
City and Co S F to Grenouilleau	Wisconsin s Colusa, 83x100	Prem
P N Grenouilleau to T McInerney	Same; also Indiana n Colusa, 75x100	425

## Thursday, November 9th.

John Rosenfeld to F H Woods	Pierce and Tyler, se corner, 137.6x137.6	\$ 10
Jas Haxter to Henry S Tibbey	Post w of Scott, w 50x137.6	2,000
Chas Tence to Geo H Huntsman	Noe n 17th, 25x120	5
1st Unitarian Soc to H M Collins	Stockton n Sacramento, 68.9x137.6	1
Robt Watt to Wm H Taylor	Lots 1 and 16 blk 260 Tide Lands	500
Junction H'd Ass'n to G Jacoby	Lot 18 blk 9	350
Jas Lough to Michael Miles	Lots 9 and 10 blk 130 O'Neil & Haley	400
S W Bundage to Ann Pullen	Sundry lots in Gift Map 2	400
Hillside H Ass'n to Annie Steen	Lot 45 1/2 blk 118	500
Gr Park H'd Ass'n to Ellen Hurley	Lots 39 and 40 blk 384	500
Fairm't L Ass'n to C H Schramm	Lots 11' and 114 blk 33	720
Univer Ex H'd Ass'n to M Cottle	Lot — blk 169	400
N S F H'd & R R A to J G Kennis	Chestnut w Broderick, 137.6x137.6	1,500
Jane H'd Ass'n to M Litchenstein	Lot 22 blk 11	500
Marg T Gallagher to T J Gallagher	Sundry lots in Western Addition	1
E Sutherland to Albert Gallatin	King ne 7th, ne 137.6x120	15,000
Geo Turner to H D Pearce	50-vara lot 3 blk 275 W A	1
John Wade to same	50-vara lot and 3/4 of 5 blk 275 W A	1
H D Pearce to Jno Wade et al	Western Addition blk 275	1
Geo Turner et al to H Levy	Same	1
Noe Garden H Union to W Moore	Lots 13 and 14 blk 7	1,000
A S Gould to L T Lewis	Portion blk 285 San Francisco Homestead	1,000
Howard & Fol St PU to S Laman	Lot 87	1,000
Same to same	Lots 81 and 82	2,000

## Friday, November 10th.

Mis & 30th St Hd Ass'n to J T Gray	Lot 25 blk 3.....	\$ 405
Same to A P Pike.....	Lot 21 blk 3.....	500
Same to J A Cooper.....	Lot 11 blk 2.....	500
Univ Ext'n H Ass'n to T C Stark.....	Lot 2 blk 157.....	400
Hillside H Ass'n to Patrick Ward.....	Lot 46 blk 118.....	500
S Tyler to B B Minor.....	South Beach blk 12.....	1,936
B B Minor to W C Ralston.....	Same.....	1,936
M S Jeffers to Chas Walrons.....	That portion of Stevenson's claim n of Broadway street.....	1
Junction Hd Ass'n to Julius Morris	Lots 1 to 4 blk 12.....	1,400
A E Davis to Alpheus Bull.....	Washington s, 67 w Sansome, w 70:6 s 122 e 55 n 70:6 e 15:6 n 45; also, und 1-6th of 50-vara 277; also, Pine n, 68: e Kearny, e 68:6x137:6; also, Cala s; 1 0 w Montgomery, s 65 w 14:6 s 60 w 28:1½ n 62:6 e 8:1½ n 62:6 e 37:6; also, Cala s, 187:6 w Montgomery, s 125 w 75 n 22:6 e 50 n 102:6; also, leasehold int Cala s, 154:6 w Montgomery w 33 s 125 e 35 n 63:6; also, int in 8 cov p 1 and 28 L p 225.....	60,000
College H Ass'n to John R Davies	Lot 4 blk 6.....	300
Buena Vis H Ass'n to W G Doane.....	Lots 41 and 42 blk 107.....	1,500
Dan'l Boehm to Joseph Gosling.....	O'Farrell and Laguna, se cor, e 25x120.....	2,500
City and Co S F to John Conlin.....	Portion Outside Lands.....	Prem
N A Hubbard to D Calderwood.....	Undiv ¼ Commercial w East, 50x119:6.....	1
A Givlin to Nels Anderson.....	Oak Grove Ave se Harrison, 25x112.....	2,700
City & Co S F to Robt Brotherton.....	Florida n Solano, 100x100.....	Prem
Zenas Crowell to Eliza Crowell.....	Larkin and Clay, 47:8x114.....	Gift
Peter Frontier to Thos Johnson.....	15th w Dolores, 15:6x189.....	340
S D Denney to Geo Torrens.....	Lots 365 to 367 Precita Valley Lands.....	3,500
College H Ass'n to Wm Geiman.....	Lot 1 blk 6.....	300
A Theyson to Lawrence Gottig.....	Date and Webster, nw corner, n 24x81:3	850
H Christie to E A G C Tittell.....	Clementina ne 2d, ne 25x75.....	3,500
J M Ward to Savings & Loan Soc.....	Folsom and 2d, ne corner, nw 75x50; also, Howard nw; 91:8 ne Main, ne 22:11x137:6.....	1
A Blochman to Geo O McMullin.....	Polk and Post, nw corner, w 68:9x120.....	20,500

## Saturday, November 11th.

E O Brown to F S Spring et al.....	Lots 557 and 606 to 609 Gift Map 1.....	\$ 800
Same to same.....	Lot 12 blk 7 University Md Hd; also lot 14 blk 1021 S S F Hd; also, lots 366 368 G Map 2; also, sundry lots G M 3 }.....	3,000
Same to same.....	Columbia s Temple, 88x100.....	1,500
S Irving to Nora Lynch.....	O'Farrell e Laguna, 25x120.....	1,100
V L Lunblad to Chas J Janson.....	Fremont and Bryant, west corner, nw 137:6x137:6, subject to a mortgage of \$15,000.....	15,000
Same to same.....	Mis sw 2d, 50x60, subj to \$20,000 mortg.	12,000
Wm J Mayer to E L Mayer.....	Noe s 15th, 75x110.....	1
Chas A Moody to Lewis Nostron.....	Undivided half of 50-vara 560 in West- ern Addition; also, Baker e, 68:9 n Tonquin, n 68:9x137:6.....	500
Chas H Killey to Jno R Hely.....	Broadway w of Octavia, 35x100.....	4,000
Gurden Bishop to Wm S Williams.....	Vallejo w Van Ness, 42x137:6.....	500
Angus Cameron to M L Bassett.....	S half of lot 6 S F Hd Union, 4th purch	1,050
Anne Donovan to Thos Elligott.....	Bernard e Jones, 23x60.....	500
Wm Lennon to James Ensey.....	Webster s Wash'n, 137:6x137:6.....	400
M Curron to Henry Nohrden.....	Lot 118 blk 499 Haley Purchase.....	500
Mis & 30th St H Ass'n to G Paton.....	Lot 87 blk 20.....	665
H Von Seggern to Oswald Kreuz.....	Union and Gough, ne corner, e 107:1 n 5 deg w 275, etc; also, Filbert and Gough, ne cor, e 130:9½ n 5 deg w.....	1,500
Oswald Kreuz to H Von Segecrn.....	Union n, 147:6 e Gough, n 5 degrees w 275:7½ x w 40; also, Filbert n, 170:9½ e of Gough n 5 degrees, etc.....	1,500
Henry T Bestor to A Whiteside.....	Chattanooga s 251, 28x125, sub to mortg	560
M Hawkins to Sarah A Garen.....	Powell and Filbert, nw corner, 77:6 x 67:6; also, Powell and Greenwich s 50x137:6.....	10
H F Williams to J Worlot.....	Lots 23 and 24 blk 292 O'Neil & Haly ..	600
Martin Kelly to Andrew Furlong.....	Lots 1 2 3 blk 1 Belle Roche City.....	3,600
Michael Devaney to Cath O'Reilly.....	17th n, 40 e 21 Ave, e 20x90.....	100
Wm B Swain to D Lambert.....	Geary w Devisadero, 45x100.....	1
A Ludwig to Same.....	Same.....	1,600
Ed Conway to John S Moxley.....	Fell w Van Ness Ave, 41:3x120.....	1



## Monday, November 13th.

S S Tilton to Mary P Tilton.....	Filbert s, 137.6 w Pierce, w 275x275.....	Gift
Jas Milburn to Geo Milburn.....	Chestnut e Dupont, 91.8x137.6; also, (Chestnut e 275 w Kearny, w 41 9x120) }	\$ 500
M & 30th St Ass'n to M McLatchie..	Lot 14 blk 3.....	500
Same to Jas H Lennon.....	Lot 132 blk 22.....	570
College H Ass'n to M Haringue.....	Lot 22 blk 3.....	300
Univ Ext'n H Ass'n to M Walsh.....	Lots 4 and 5 blk 40.....	800
Same to H Picholt.....	18 lots in fractional blocks 148 157½ } 158 172 and 184.....	2,895
College Hd Ass'n to S L Theller.....	Lots 9 to 20 blk 10.....	3,600
Buena Vista H Ass'n to M Ray.....	Lot 3 blk 91.....	1,000
Univ Ext'n H'd Ass'n to S Barkley.....	Lots 2 and 6 blk 27.....	800
Same to Wm H Barkley.....	Lots 1 and 8 blk 27.....	400
Same to G F N Barkley.....	Lot 7 blk 27.....	400
John Hill to Daniel Daurell.....	24th w Shotwell, w 22x90.....	3,400
John Davis to E B Mastick.....	Broadway n, 120.9 w Van Ness, 44x137.6	10
H M Beach to H N Tilden.....	Lots 14 and 15 blk 194 S S F Homestead.....	735
Adelaide J Coit to Marg J Coit.....	Channel s, 103.4 w 6th, w 45.1x137.6; also, Berry 91.8 w 6th, w 45.1x137.6; also, Channel w 6th, w 45.1x137.6. } Clay and Gough streets, sw corner, w 137.6x137.6; also, Clay s, 137.6 west of Gough n 137.6 w 368.6, etc.....	Prem
Buena Vista H'd to E Schnabe et al	Lot 34 blk 108.....	—
Sarah E Palmer to E F Hall Jr.....	California s, 135.6 east of Franklin st, (e 15x137.6.....	1
Same to same.....	Same.....	1,650
E F Hall Jr to A A Lunt.....	Same.....	1,650
A A Lunt to E F Hall Jr.....	California e Franklin, 15x137.6.....	2,200
Daniel Lunt to A A Lunt.....	Same 40.6x137.6.....	1
Wm P Roper to A A Thorne.....	Natoma ne 6th, 25x40.....	3,000
M B Dolan to P Maloney.....	Mission Avenue s 17th, 25x105.....	1,000
J S Luty to C O Wheeler.....	20th and Sanchez, ne corner, e 75x114.....	2,100
Buena Vista H'd to J S Luty.....	Lots 25 and 26 blk 92.....	2,900
Same to A B Safford.....	Lots 14 15 blk 92, and lots 19 20 blk 91.....	4,500
J S Luty to same.....	20th e Sanchez, e 30x114.....	800
J W Cudworth to E W Burr.....	50-varas 2 3 and 4 blk 245, lots 4 and 5 blk 244, lots 2 5 and 6 blk 263, W A. }	8,000
C S Consins to D C Van Nostrand.....	Folsom ne 9th, ne 25x90.....	4,000

## Tuesday, November 14th.

Univ Ex H Ass'n to T Nachman.....	Lot 7, block 172.....	\$ 400
F L A Pichot et al to P B Stiller.....	Lots 5 and 6 blk 13 Junction H'd Ass'n.....	700
Same to Peter Johnson.....	Lots 16 and 17 blk 11 same.....	700
G M Main to M D Bernard.....	Lot 57 blk 5 Mission and 13th St H Ass'n.....	350
Morris Winkheim to C E Gibbs.....	Post e Hyde, 34.4x137.6, sub to a mortg.....	9,000
John Hinkel to Daniel Gallagher.....	Folsom n Norwich, 160x150.....	1,800
Univ Ex H Ass'n to Wm A Parker.....	Lot 4 blk 171.....	400
H G Shanke to Wm F Randall.....	Wisconsin n Sierra, 158x100.....	5
Wm F Randall to E S Swan.....	Same.....	2,000
Philipp Sieben to Chas Kornfield.....	Sacramento e Stockton, 10.9x57.5.....	6,000
City and Co S F to S H Harmon.....	Portion Potrero blk 29.....	Prem
College H'd Ass'n to P Condren.....	Lot 17 blk 9.....	300

## Wednesday, November 15th.

College H'd Ass'n to E A Weaver.....	Lot 13 blk 12.....	\$ 300
Same to Thos Foster.....	Lots 5 and 6 blk 4.....	300
Same to Mrs M E Farnsworth.....	Lots 11 and 12 blk 12.....	600
Same to James Seymour.....	Lot 11 blk 4.....	300
Univ Exten H Ass'n to E Whitty.....	Lots 3 6 and 7 blk 180.....	1,200
Same to B Bryant.....	Lots 3 6 and 7 blk 15.....	1,200
Chas G Hooker to James Blood.....	Stevenson n 20th, 25x80.....	850
Wm Walsh to Frederick Siebel.....	Cala Ave n Courtland, 70x127.....	350
Univ Ext'n H Ass'n to W S Burns.....	Lot 5 blk 154.....	400
Same to Wm N Muffley.....	Lot 6 blk 154.....	400
Same to H N Collins.....	Lot 3 blk 154.....	400
Martin Kelly to James Ambrose.....	Clinton se Brannan, se 25x30.....	3,000
Tyler Curtis to A Cahn.....	Sutter w Van Ness, 40x120.....	5,000
J B Jarboe to John A Zollver.....	50-varas 3 blk 304 in Western Addition; undivided half of Howard n, 75 e of 4th, e 50x100.....	5
Same to Mary Zollver.....	Undivided half Howard e 4th, 50x100.....	5
David Porter to Antoine Borel.....	Sansome and Clay, 119.6x40.....	12,767
Sav & Loan Soc to W Henderson.....	Sutter w Octavia, 55x120.....	8,900
F L A Pichot et al to W B Thomas.....	Lot 19 blk 2 Junction Homestead Ass'n.....	300
Tide Land Comm'rs to D Mahoney.....	6th and Bryant, nw corner, 75x90.....	27

## Thursday, November 16th.

G P H Ass'n to Mrs Van Voorhies	Lot 16 blk 365.....	\$ 250
Univ Ext'n H Ass'n to N P Cole...	Lots 7 and 8 blk 156.....	800
S Rosenblatt to Benjamin Stern...	Lots 18 to 23 inc and 29 30 31 blk 430 H P	100
Henry Echort to Henry Semor.....	Lot 11 blk 259 Golden City Homestead...	700
F L A Pioche et al to Wm Fletcher	Lot 33 blk 21 H A, given to correct error	1
Jno W Shaw to Isaac L Requa....	Howard n 23d, 30x122.6.....	3,000
Fred Hagemann to H Spreckles...	Undivided $\frac{1}{4}$ Mission w, 60:7 $\frac{1}{2}$ s 23rd s 25:2 $\frac{1}{2}$ x125; also, Everett nw, 170 ne 170 ne 4th, nw 80x77.6; also, Everett se, 175 ne 4th, se 80x75; also, How- ard nw, 200 ne 4th, ne 50x80.....	5
Same to Claus Brommer.....	Undiv $\frac{1}{4}$ Mission s 23d, 25:2x175, etc...	5
Same to Claus Mangels.....	Undivided $\frac{1}{4}$ same.....	50
Mary Dougherty to Julia Mallarat.	Clary ne 6th, 16:10x75.....	2,000
Sav and Loan Soc to A Borel.....	Sansome and Clay, sw corner, s 120x40.	28,650
A Borel to John Apel.....	Sansome and Clay, sw corner, 119:6x40.	45,000
Floriano Frifi to John Juri.....	Block 7 H A.....	5
M & 30th St H Ass'n to W Labinski	Lots 212 and 214 blk 34.....	750
Henry Suter et al to Barbara Suter	Howard se 45:10 sw Stewart, sw 45:10 se 137:6 ne 91:8 nw 45 10 sw 45:10 nw 22:11 sw 20 nw 22:11 ne 20 nw 45:10 ..	5,468
Hugh McGuire to John Maguire....	Subdivision 4 of 50-vara 6 blk 137 H V T	5
John Hammond to John Flanagan	Tehama sw 1st, 25x80.....	4,800
Great Pk H Ass'n to John Taylor.	Lot 13 blk 362.....	250
College H Ass'n to H Liebe.....	Lot 6 blk 5.....	300

## Friday, November 17th.

John J Brady to Michael O'Brien.	Beideman e, 100 n Ellis, n 25x90.....	\$ 462
E H Blood to Mary Small.....	Polk n Clay, 63:10x123.6.....	9,500
RR Ave Ex Ass'n to J H Williams	Lot 13 blk 19.....	442
F L A Pioche et al to Chs Smith Jr	Lot 3 blk 103 Buena Vista Vista H'd....	500
City and Co S F to B Gallagher....	Geary w Devisadero, 65:9x137:6.....	Prem
F L A Pioche et al to Sam Booth....	Lot 41 blk 91 Buena Homestead.....	1,000
College H Ass'n to Marg J Shine....	Lot 24 blk 9.....	300
H Pierce et al to J de la Montanya	Battery*45:10 n Jackson, 45:10x137:6....	12,000
A W Chase to Cleveland Rockwell	Portion lot 6 blk 171 Univ Mound Survey	200
Univ Ex H Ass'n to A W Chase....	Lot 6 blk 171.....	400
Cath Kelly to Simon Kelly.....	Pine w Montgomery, 137:6x22:11.....	2,000
Chas Kelly et al by Guard to same	Same.....	200
Chas Mead to Wendel Gebhardt....	Santa Clara w Pen Ave, s 250 w 100, etc.	1,000
Univ Ext'n H Ass'n to B W Paxton	Lot 2 blk 144.....	400
Same to Chas E Paxton.....	Lot 1 blk 144.....	400
Simon Kelly to Cath Kelly.....	Bryant sw 4th, 20x85.....	4,000
Tide Land Com'rs to F Bernan....	Clary sw 5th, 25x80.....	8
Same to same.....	Shipley ne 6th, 25x75.....	7
F L A Pioche et al to O Brack....	Lot 19 blk 13 Junction Homestead Ass'n	350
Michael Kenny to Sav & L'n Soc....	Crystal Springs Hotel, San Mateo; al- so Dunbar Alley e, 53:6 s Washing- ton, s 42x23.....	40,000

## Saturday, November 18th.

F L A Pioche et al to N Bruns....	Lot 11 blk 2 Junction Homestead Ass'n.	\$ 500
Pt Lobos Av H Ass'n to J F Byxbe	Lot 4 blk 643.....	300
City and Co S F to E W Corbett...	Portion Outside Lands.....	Prem
E F Clark to John Hill.....	W half of 50-vara 2 blk 424 W A.....	2,000
C A Uhrig to E W Corbert.....	Portion Outside Lands.....	5
E W Corbert to C A Uhrig.....	Same.....	500
Thos Davenport to W C Ralston....	Filbert and Varenne, sw corner, 60x77:6	4,500
Bay View H'd Ass'n to J C Dixon...	Frac'l blk 468 includg Bay View P Hotel	10,000
Montgomery Howe to S Tama.....	50-vara lot 2 blk 443 W A.....	13,000
Susan Murphy to Peter Chrystal...	Bush w Leavenworth, 30x137:6, sub to mortgage of \$6,000.....	6,000
H S Daliba to Giles H Gray.....	Portion Crockett Tract.....	5
C F Brown to M & 30th St Ext Hd	Port Helshofer Tract on San Miguel Rancho and subject to mortgage of \$4,461.....	10,000
Wm M Washburn to Jas Cole, Jr....	Union e Jones, s 50 w 25 s 10 w 20:10, etc	2,500
G Demartini to John Guinazio....	Und $\frac{1}{4}$ 50-vara 374.....	500

## Monday, November 20th.

Jno P Dullip to Samuel C Harding	Broadway Deupont, e 51:6x92:6.....	\$1,023
R Donovan to J L Shepard.....	Undivided 5-9ths of undivided half of Dalton & Donovan Tract.....	4,166
Junction H'd Ass'n to Thos Cox....	Lot 20 blk 2.....	350
Same to N J Hussey.....	Lots 6 and 7 blk 5.....	700
College H'd Ass'n to T Slattery...	Lots 7 and 8 blk 8.....	600

Same to E Gartland.....	Lots 8 9 and 10 blk 7.....	900
Same to H Pichoir.....	Lot 13 blk 8 and lots 4 and 21 blk 12.....	500
Univ Ext'n H Ass'n to S P Collins.....	Lot 2 blk 159.....	400
F L A Poche et al to Mary A Coyle.....	Lot 24 blk 20 City Land.....	90
Noe Gar H'd Ass'n to S E Bent.....	Lot 12 blk 10.....	500
S L Theller to H Pichoir.....	Lots 9 to 12 blk 10 College Homestead.....	560
H S Tibbey to Thomas B Bishop.....	Post w Scott, w 50x137.6.....	100
S A Woodbury to A J Lewis.....	Lot 1 blk 255 and lots 2 5 blk 257 P V Hd.....	400
City & Co S F to S V Water Works.....	Portion Outside Lands.....	Prem
Junction H'd Ass'n to J Gilfether.....	Lot 18 blk 8.....	250
Sam Crim to John Center.....	Harrison and 21st, ne corner, 520x460.....	10
E Judson to same et al.....	Sohnow Rhode Island n 61 deg 55 m, etc.....	10
J P Blunt to F C Arnold.....	Columbia w Sanchez, w 25x114.....	250
Great Park H'd Ass'n to E Niemier.....	Lot 1 blk 896.....	250
H F Williams to L Choppin.....	Lots 34 35 blk 138 O Neil & Haley.....	710
Gardville H Ass'n to H F Williams.....	Lot 36 blk 138.....	94
Noe Gard H Union to E Oxnard.....	Lots 3 and 4 blk 11.....	1,000
John Dougherty to G Dougherty.....	Bay e Leavenworth, 689x137.6.....	500

## Tuesday, November 21st.

Sarah Gray to Sarah Shark.....	Cor Minna and 11th and Natoma and 11th.....	\$ 1
Univ Ext'n H Ass'n to J C Bland.....	Lot 6 blk 1 and lot 8 blk 157.....	800
Same to A J Christie.....	Lots 3 and 4 blk 187.....	300
Same to Raphael Jewell.....	Lot 1 blk 180.....	400
J F Byrbee to Hugh Mahan.....	Pt Lobos Ave w Boyce, 25x100.....	5
Fairm t L'd Ass'n to Nora Cronin.....	Lots 120 and 121 blk 32.....	823
College H'd Ass'n to J A McInnis.....	Lot 9 blk 2.....	300
J H Findley to M Meallo.....	Union w Hyde, 21x65.....	700
Same to same.....	Hyde and Allen, 55x30.....	1,600
M D Van Buren to R W Jordan.....	Lots 26 to 30 blk 47 City Land.....	200
C E Driscoll to Peter Donahue.....	Tide Land blks 844 and 847.....	300
B L Brant to Jas L Pond.....	Undivided 5 acres Rancho Chumisal de.....	1
C W Ormsby to Wm Ware.....	Mission blk 22.....	5
W C Kellum to G W Reamer.....	Sacramento w Stockton, 20x40.6.....	1
A Dorence to C S Capp.....	Pacific w Sansome, w 22 n 77.6 w 43, etc.....	2,000
City and County S F to Chas Hopps.....	Baker and Vallejo, se corner, s 70, etc.....	Prem
Same to Wm T Coleman.....	Yolo and Carolina, ne corner, 433x200.....	Prem
Edward Briggs to Jacob Bertz.....	Erie w Howard, 25x85.....	4,000
Earl Bartlett to Timothy Nealing.....	Green w Sansome, w 22-11x68.9.....	1,400
City and Co S F to S M Culver et al.....	Portion Outside Lands.....	Prem
Chas Cook to Denis Feely.....	Buchanan s Lombard, s 30x110.....	500
Jas F Glover to Wm A Horigen.....	Broadway w Jones, 23x60.....	200
Same to M J Horigen.....	Broadway 229.6 w Jones, 23x60.....	310
Junction H'd Ass'n to F A Rouleau.....	Lot 11 blk 7.....	350
James F Glover to Jas Walsh.....	Glover w Jones, 48x60.....	560
John Cowell to Adam Muir.....	Battery s Union, 25x120.....	4,500
Eli Harrison to Ellen K Gould.....	Broadway w Polk, w 30x62.6.....	1

## Wednesday, November 22d.

S H Weirherbee to T D Mathewson.....	15th s, 240 w Guerrero, s 280x280.....	\$ 100
City and Co S F to C A Kruger et al.....	Bush and Baker, 137.6x137.6.....	Prem
Wm F Brechtel to Chas Buyer et al.....	Post and Devisadero, 75x75.....	3,000
Mis & 30th St Hd to Michael Kelly.....	Lots 2 and 3 blk 8.....	127
Jas F Glover to Peter Bradley.....	Broadway w Jones, 16x60.....	500
Same to C W Pope.....	Vallejo w Jones, 46x60.....	585
Same to Conrad Troell.....	Jones and Glover, 20x68.6.....	450
Same to John Coughlin.....	Broadway w Jones, 22x120.....	585
Same to Martin Hennessey.....	Jones and Glover, 20x68.6.....	410
Edward O'Brien to Robt Murdock.....	Geary w Baker, 68.9x137.6, subj to mort.....	500
M M Esteo to M T Devine.....	Pacific and Scott, 137.8x276.....	Prem
Jas F Glover to Jas Nolan.....	Glover w Jones, 22.6x60.....	190
City & Co S F to Jno W Shaw.....	Portion Outside Lands.....	Prem
Henry Heatch to Alfred Godefroy.....	Undiv'd, Francisco & Montgomery, 112.6x275.....	2,500
J F Cobb to E F Child.....	Lots 2526 and 2502 Gift Map 4.....	1
E F Child to J W Hanch.....	Same.....	300
J Belden to Laura M Gashwiler.....	Market and 1st w corner, sw 60x80.....	78,500

## Thursday, November 23d.

D Bensinger to Catherine Eakins.....	Lots 39 and 40 blk 52, City Land Ass'n.....	\$ 150
Francis Riley to T Donnelly et al.....	Sanchez s 18th, 25x105.....	450
Jos S Friedman to Geo F Sharp.....	Market Street Gore.....	125
L E Weck to Jos S Friedman.....	Same.....	120
Univ Ext'n H Ass'n to S Babcock.....	Lot 6 blk 181.....	100
Same to Samuel L Theller.....	Fractional blk 136.....	400
H Pichoir to same.....	Lot 5 blk 237, lot 6 bl 185, lots 4 5 6 bl 177.....	500
Jas F Glover to H Kershner.....	Jones s Vallejo, 20x68.6.....	391
Same to same.....	Jones and Vallejo, sw cor, 20x68.....	590
Jos S Alemany to Geo C Johnston.....	Sutter e Kearny, 68.9x137.6.....	500

Mission View H'd to Wm Monahan	Lot 10 blk 111.....	1
Wm Monahan to Jas Meckey.....	Same.....	850
Mis & 30th St H'd to A Chichuzola	Lot 11.....	400
Tide L'd Com'r's to J McHenry....	Clinton se Bryant, 25x75.....	7
City Bank to Francis Riley.....	Sanchez s 18th, 25x105.....	300
Buena Vista H'd to John Nettall..	Lot 21 blk 108.....	500
Abraham Kalz to Michael Reese....	Lot 7 s 25 26 blk D Haley Purchase.....	5
Fairmount L'd Ass'n to V Hepp....	Lot 68 blk 33.....	393
Same to Louis Hentrich.....	Lots 66 and 67 blk 33.....	800
Jas F Glover to Patrick Kearce....	Glover w Jones, 22x60.....	285
Pt Lob Ave H As'n to H W Bennet	Lot 4 blk 641.....	300
H S Gates to Pt Lob Av H'd Ass'n	Portion Outside Lands.....	5
Same to H Mahan et al.....	Same.....	1
R A Thompson Jr to C F Hamilton	McAllister e Franklin, 50x120, subject to mortgage of \$2,500.....	1,450

## Friday, November 24th.

A Lorcuss to P Marsicano.....	Bush e Stockton, 24x71, subject to mortgages of \$2,500 and \$1,000.....	\$4,800
Clara A Stoll to S C Chemlaant...	Bowdoin s Kearny, 225x120.....	5
Jas F Glover to Jas Conway.....	Glover w Jones, 23x60.....	285
Ann McDonald et al to M Ullman..	Broadway e Kearny, 60x77.6.....	1,400
Wm Walsh to Edward O'Brien.....	Dolores s 22d, 32x117.....	1,250
Chas G Noyes to R Manzanares....	Rhode Island n Yuba, 25x100.....	350
Univ Ext'n H Ass'n to Clara Gage	Lot 1 blk 155.....	400
Carl Senkenberg to Eliz Ewald....	Outside Lands sundry blks.....	Gift
B Franklin H Ass'n to G Schwartz	Lots 103 and 104.....	600
Noe Gar H'd Ass'n to C G Athearn	Lots 16 and 20 blk 11, and lot 18 blk 19..	2,000
H S Hudson to John Beatty.....	114-7 n California w Kearny, 22-11x7.6..	1,108
John Beatty to P S Van Renssler	Kearny n California, 22-11x50.5.....	30,000

## Saturday, November 25th.

Junction H Ass'n to S B Wattson..	Lots 20 to 22 blk 10.....	\$1,800
Hugh Duffy to Wm Carlon.....	Vallejo e Powell, 15x63.....	1,800
Julius Baum to David Cobb.....	Bush w Mason, 20x87.6.....	5
Geo J Hyams to same.....	Same.....	5,500
H R Wells to E M Price.....	Lots 212 to 214 Gift Map 3.....	500
E T Barlow to H S Burr.....	Wetmore s Washington, 25x56.....	1
College H'd Ass'n to Jas Ross.....	Lot 15 blk 4.....	300
Same to Wm H Koch.....	Lot 7 blk 4.....	300
George Barstow to Chas Suanet...	30th Avenue and Clement St, nw cor, etc	1,500
Ellen M Shear to M V Taylor.....	Mission s 16th, 50x102.6.....	6,800
Jno A Cardinell to Ellen M Shear.	Same.....	1
College H'd Ass'n to Rahel Buck..	Lot 8 blk 6.....	300
F L A Pioche to H H Von Pein....	Lot 13 blk 2 Junction H'd Association...	350
Wm H Miller to George Mearns....	Nw cor fractional W A lot 6 blk 214.....	100

## Monday, November 27th.

Ben Franklin H'd to E H V Phister	Lot 59.....	\$ 300
Same to J N Pinch.....	Lots 45 and 46.....	600
Same to August Thorn.....	Lots 23 and 24.....	600
Same to John Wustenfild.....	Lot 69.....	300
Same to Charles Burkhart.....	Lot 68.....	300
Same to Julia Weineman.....	Lot 67 and 88.....	600
Same to Alice Ewing.....	Lots 20 21 and 22.....	900
Mis St R R H'd Ass'n to A Massa.	Lot 10.....	400
Same to Patrick O'Neil.....	Lot 13.....	400
Mis & 30th St H'd Ass'n to same..	Lots 4 and 5 blk 35.....	1,090
D B Francis to C J Janson.....	Mission and 20th, sw corner.....	200
Milton S Latham to Wm Simpson..	Lot 68, City Center H'd Ass'n.....	500
S A Woody to Jas H Coleman....	Portion Outside Lands.....	1
Geo White to E G Chamberlin.....	Columbia Place, 100 e Precita Pl, 25x110	850
F L A Pioche et al to Sam'l Tetlow	Lots 7 to 11 inc blk 6 June H'd Ass'n...	1,750
P J White to Sarah R Turner.....	Chestnut w Taylor, 81x60; also Hous- ton e Jones e 35x60.....	1,743
C E Allen to C E White.....	50-vara lot 1112.....	1
Wm A Cohn to Chas G Hooker.....	Valencia n 20th, n 50x80.....	125
Tide Land Com'r's to P J Dinneen	Dora nw Harrison, 25x75.....	7
F L A Pioche to Honorah Dinneen	Lot 33 to 36 inclusive blk 6 City L Ass'n	360
Same to P J Dinneen.....	Lots 22 and 23 blk 5, same.....	180

## Tuesday, November 28th.

A G Escandon to D E Martin.....	Battery w, 94.8 n Pacific, n 43-3x137.6..	\$ 200
D E Martin to Joseph Masto.....	Same.....	8,000
Henry Stewart to A F Durney.....	Geary e Broderick, 30x137.6.....	1,000
Chas H Aitken to Joseph Lent....	Fractional lots 4 and 5 of frac'al blk 176 University Extension H'd Association	200
F L A Pioche to Jos Winterburn..	Lots 14 15 and 16 blk 2 Junc H'd Ass'n...	1,050
Chas H Hewitt to Fred Larkin....	Beginning 107.6 from nw corner Sacra- ramento and Broderick, 30x77.8.....	490



Market St H'd Ass'n to T E Luty..	Lot 6 blk 23.....	500
Same to F L A Pioche.....	Lot 7 blk 17.....	500
T E Luty to same.....	Lot 6 blk 32 Market Street H'd Assoc'n..	500
Jno S Luty to L L Robinson.....	Dolores e 30 s 18th e 110x30; also, Sacramento e 55 e Baker, e 27:6x77:7; also Sacramento s 165 e Baker, e 27:6x132:7	1,500

## Wednesday, November 29th.

City and Co of S F to John Terry..	Franklin e 68:9 s Francisco, s 68:9x137:6	Prem
Wm Monahan to Lizzie Corkery..	Lot 31 blk 303 Haley & O'Neil Tract....	370
Same to Hannah Corkery.....	Lot 30 same.....	370
How & Fol P U to H L Van Wyck..	17th e 100 e Howard, 24x100.....	1,000
S B Wattson to David Conkling..	Portion lots 20 21 22 blk 10 June H Ass'n	500
G't P'k H'd Ass'n to G C Bekford..	Lot 3 blk 396.....	250
Fairmount L'd Ass'n to T Derby..	Lot 28 blk 20.....	510
A T Currier to V D Moody.....	Lot 9 blk S of Pac Sav and H'd Ass'n....	500
A G Fitzpatrick to Wm J Cady..	Howard n 24th n 60x122:6.....	5,500
Pleas V H Ass'n to G H Thompson..	Lot 5 blk 258.....	216
Univ Ext'n H Ass'n to J Heinlen..	Lots 1 to 8 inclusive blk 179.....	3,200
Fairm't L'd Ass'n to N Pardin....	Lot 104 blk 33.....	390
Jas T Colby to Peter Tautphaus..	13th w Mission w 30x160.....	3,750
F L A Pioche et al to L L Robinson	Sundry lots in Buena Vista H'd Ass'n..	20,000
Same to John S Luty.....	Lot 14 blk 109, same.....	500
Same to same.....	Lot 8 blk 14 same.....	400
Same to L L Robinson.....	Sundry lots same.....	2,000
John S Luty to same.....	Lot 14 blk 100 and lot 8 blk 14, same..	1,000
F L A Pioche to Henry Washburn	Lots 18 and 19 blk 11, New Gard n H'd	1,000
Same to same.....	Lot 16 blk 92, Buena Vista H'd Ass'n....	1,000
Odd Fellows Cemetery to H Gilman	Lot 4 Harmony Sec Plat 2.....	145

## Friday, December 1st.

Pleas View H Ass'n to W Huefner..	Lot 1 blk 312.....	\$ 311
H F Williams to J C Duncan.....	Portion O'Neil & Haley Tract.....	5
Same to same.....	Lots 11 and 12 blk 343 O'N & Haley Tr't	1,900
College H'd Ass'n to M D Barnes..	Lots 4 and 5 blk 13.....	606
Same to Jas Dolan, adm'r, etc.....	Lots 14 and 15 blk 6.....	600
Jno P Courter to Michael Lynch..	17th e Dolores, s 225 w 45 etc.....	5
C F Eymann to A G A G Eymann..	Lots 260 and 261 Precita Valley Lands..	500
S R Harris to Eliza T Evans.....	Portion 50-vara 665.....	1
Helene Winter to Nicholas Luning	Powell and Sutter, se cor, e 25x37; also Sacramento e Battery 25x91:8.....	5
Thos Shepheed to Wm Sutton....	Fractional por lot 4 blk D in R H Ass'n	120
H L Davis et al to A J Gladding..	Hawthorne sw, 111:6 se Folsom sw 102 se line sw 9 se 85 ne 112:6 nw 26....	10,000
Hillside H'd Ass'n to F H Ellwood	Lot 99 blk 117.....	400
College H'd Ass'n to Mathew Ashe	Lot 16 blk 4.....	300
John Center to I W Roussel.....	Treat Ave s 22d, 30x122:6.....	1,000
C G Noyes to Rafael Manzanares..	Lot 9 Potrero blk 151, Central Pacific H'd	350
F Wicland to B Kleigel.....	Tehama se, 178:6 from se cor Tehama and 9th, ne 24x80.....	2,800
F C Arnold to H H Brandenstein..	Portion lot 31 blk 107 Buena Vis H Ass'n	300
Wm J Gunn to Samuel P Taylor..	Portion Outside Lands.....	5
R Feuerstein to J H Bostwick....	Chestnut w Taylor, 137:6x137:6.....	10,000
Ellen Torpay to E P Floyd.....	Silver sw 3d, sw 22:6x75 subject to deed of trust of \$1,496.....	2,300
Thos V Barney to H H Earle.....	Broadway e Laguna, 30x112:6.....	4,500
Thos V Barney to Jno Q Garfield..	Laguna and Broadway, se cor, 30x112:6..	5,000

## Saturday, December 2d.

Tide Land Com'rs to Lloyd Tevis..	8th s running between Townsend and Brannan, se 275:1 sw 102:2½, etc.....	\$ 217
Ben Franklin H Ass'n to R Wice..	Lot 80.....	300
R R Ave Ex H'd Ass'n to J Darby..	Lot 14 blk 71.....	142
College H Ass'n to A Rowenfeld..	Lots 2 3 6 7 and 10 blk 2.....	1,500
E M Pierce to A H Schon.....	3 lots in Gift Map 3.....	490
Gustav Erling to Wm Stevens.....	Silver ne 4th, 20x30.....	2,350
T J Mouihan et al to J Sullivan..	Mission sw 6th, 50x30.....	12,000
H Pichoir to H F Middleton.....	Fractional lots 6 and 7 of fractional blk 159, University Extension H'd Ass'n..	75
E W Haskell to Maria A Haskell..	2d 17 from sw corner Harrison and 2d, se 35x30.....	Gift
H Anderson to J S Bain.....	W por lot 5 blk M, Pac Sav & H Ass'n....	650
How'd & Fol'm P U to J B LeGay..	Lots 3 and 4.....	2,000
Chas Hamburger to Wm Hollis....	Commencing s line Guerrero's 400-vara lot, 75 varas w from se corner thereof, w 25-vara n 50 v e 25 v s 50 v.....	4,000
C P Gibbons to Mary E Lightner..	Commencing 110 s from sw corner 25th and Guerrero, 50x125.....	2,200
S A Woodbury to Eliz'th Bostwick	Portion blk 840 Outside Lands.....	501
F L A Pioche to W L Bray.....	Lot 18 blk 45 City Land Association....	90

## Real Estate Transactions.--Alameda County.

GRANTEE AND GRANTOR.	DESCRIPTION.	PRICE
J W Pearson to C Hanson.....	Oakland—E line 144:9 s from 12th th s 44:9x125.....	\$1,650
J B Van Anken to P Kearney.....	Same—35 on Elm st by 113.....	600
J C Kyte to J T Giles.....	Same—Center line 26th 318:8 w from c line Market thence w 134:4x219.....	2,300
M Hare to A Koenig.....	Same—S line 10th 125 e from Franklin thence e 25x100.....	5
A Koenig to J Hore.....	Same—Same.....	Gift
CH Bradley to R Rising.....	Same—75x125 se cor Brush and 13th.....	8,500
R Rising to L P Drexler.....	Same.....	2,000
E C Sessions to Blethen & Terry..	Same—N line 1st 100 w from Broad- way thence w 50x100.....	2,500
M Curtis to R Tilghmann.....	Same—N line Lyden 75 e from Curtis thence e 25x80:4.....	300
E Hall to W H Affler.....	Same—E line Market 52:10 n from 17th thence n 52:10x115.....	700
B F Ferris to Hall and Flood....	Same.....	50
M de S de Cambra to E J Rogers..	Brooklyn—Sw line Madison 50 nw frm Antonio thence nw 50x140.....	600
O V H'd Ass'n to E J Whitman....	$\frac{1}{2}$ mile n from Oakland city limits— 100x120 near Lake Merritt.....	845
G C Yorles to J K Garniss.....	Same—Various sales same locality.....	2,500
Pacific Insurance Co to G Mosar..	Same—2 lots each 100x125 near Tel Ave. Same—50x115 same locality.....	2,800
Same to M S Parker.....	Same—50x115 same locality.....	700
O V H'd Ass'n to M Sutter.....	Same—100x100 one mile from L Merritt 2 miles from same—100x135 near Tel Av Alameda—N line Central Ave 185:6 w from Park st thence w 50x217:8.....	600
J B Mersing to H Sieglitz.....	Same—Tract near Fruit Vale station.....	500
C E Chipman et al to M A Cohen..	Same—E line High st 33:4 s from Ad- ams thence s 33:4x100.....	900
P W Tinsley to A Cleveland.....	Near Haywood—51 $\frac{1}{2}$ acres.....	750
F D Atherton to D Culp.....	Fitchburg, Brooklyn Tp—100x100.....	25
F Mansell to J R Andrews.....	Same—200x600.....	1,458
H S Fitch to B C Latham.....	Near Mount Eden—160 acres.....	150
D F Moltzen to A May.....	Lynn—Lots 25x26 in blk B.....	1
R E Dunlop to E P Heald.....	Oakland—50x75, ne cor 7th and Harrison Same—W line Harrison 606 n from 14th thence n 40x150.....	9,600
D Llewellyn to T Evans.....	Same—284x125, ne cor 8th and Myrtle Same—E line Telegraph Ave x 125 near Delger street.....	300
A Burrell to F C Burrell.....	Same—100x150, ne cor Jack'n & Lave Av Same—100x100, sw cor 19th and Castro Same—E line Filbert 144 n from 3d th n 25x125.....	\$1,500
Drum & Sessions to G E Ross.....	Oakland Point—N line Goss 105:7 e fm Pine thence e 75x75.....	Gift
P S Wilcox to N Rosenberg.....	Same—N line William 70 e from Bay thence e 50x100:7.....	10,505
S Merritt to H H More.....	Same—S line 5th 19:2 w from Centre thence w 50x113.....	500
A L Haven to J Kerregan.....	Brooklyn—25x40, n cor Adams & Arrayo Same—Se line pierce 25 sw from Harri- son thence sw 50x100.....	5,000
E Bigelow to B Morgan.....	Same—Se line Pierce 25 sw from Harri- son thence sw 25x100.....	2,000
E Newstadt to J Hunt Jr.....	Same—Se line Pierce 50 sw from Harri- son thence sw 25x100.....	600
J W McKenzie to P Roach.....	Same—Nw line Fremont 50 sw from Monroe thence sw 1x110.....	1,100
P M Batchelder to W K Rowell..	Same—200x150 w cor Frem't and Monroe Same—W corner Jackson and Pierce.....	1,100
J J O'Shea to M Nolan.....	Near Oakland n city limits—N line of Lydia 175 w from Curtis thence w 25x80.....	900
A K Warner to W Atkinson.....	Same—S line Sycamore 500 w fr Grove thence w 50x100.....	400
W Atkinson to S Shepard.....	$\frac{1}{2}$ mile from same—25 on s line Merri- mac st x 145.....	1,000
Same to J Ellis.....	Same—50x120, near Lake Merritt.....	1,150
M O Cadwell to M J Manly.....	5 miles from same—Int in Peralta Res'n	1,150
J S Manly to W J Thompson.....		
R S Farrelly to J L Wade.....		
M Curtis to D Higgins.....		
W F Kelsey to M Palmer.....		
W A Stuart to W K Rowell.....		
O V H'd Ass'n to A Rich.....		
F Orin to Gaxiola & Andrade.....		

E C Sessions to H & P N Remillard	Oakland—E line Broadway 100 s from 12th, thence s 25x100.	\$7,500
J R Brown to M Murphy	Same—25x75 sw cor Grove and 2d.	300
Blethen & Terry to H W Terry	Same—E line Webster 906 n from 14th, thence n 31x150.	1,000
W Sherman to J V R Goodrich	Same—N 117th 450 e fr Grove, thence 25x150	675
J Johnson to T H Henderson	Same—3 acres w line San Pablo Road.	15,000
T H Henderson to J E Johnson	Same—Same premises.	Gift
W Sherman to M D Hewett	Same—N line 17th 510 e from Grove, thence e 40x100.	1,600
J E Marchand to M S Marchand	Same—100x150 nw cor Castro and 12th.	Gift
H Brown to P Tierney	Same—N line Delger 100 e from Broadway, thence e 50x100.	700
W Benitz to W Street	Same—100x37:6 ne cor Franklin and 11th.	3,000
A Borel to Land and Loan Co	Same—200x150 bounded n and s by 9th and 10th, e by Oak.	10,000
P M Craig to S W Hastings	Same—S line 18th 90 e from West, thence 50x103:9.	2,125
S W Hastings to H B Sharkley	Same—Same premises.	2,172
A Gray to J S Moran	Same—W 1 Filbert 194 s fr 3d, thence s 25x125.	375
A Borel to M Willemain	Same—S line 1st 100 e from Broadway, thence e 75x200.	7,000
Chapman & Pearson to Pac. L. Co.	Oakland Point—Bounded by Division Street, Cedar etc, and the bay.	67,000
G Cottaneo to G Preda	Oakland—E line Chestnut 155 s from 3d, thence s 25x132.	4,000
W Atkinson to W Edwards	Near Temascal Ck—100x350 and 50x150.	400
E C Sessions to J Hunt	Brooklyn—Ne Adams 200 se fr Taylor, thence se 25x150.	1,350
G F Hampel to E McGaingall	Same—30 Stratton x 140, 150 Charter x 140.	300
Same to R Higgins	Same—So line Polk 125 sw from Harrison, thence sw 25x150.	30
J Becht to H P Fenninger	Same—150 x 140 w corner Adams and Friedman.	9,000
F Buel to D W McLeod	Same—Se 1 Benton 50 ne fr Jackson, thence ne 48x100.	650
H Bond to J B Van Anken	Near Oakland N city limits—75x163 near Telegraph Avenue.	5
G W Dam to G H Fogg	Same—37 Telegraph Avenue x 87.	3,000
J Terney to M A Wandersforde	1/2 mile from same—100 Sycamore x 216:4.	Gift
D L Emerson to J F Burns	1 mile from same—22:6x180 near San Pablo Avenue.	600
Regent St Hd Ass to C W Howard	2 miles from same—2 lots each 100x75:3.	740
Same to L H Clement	Same—75:3x120.	300
Same to J Flood	Same—75:3x120.	300
M Oliveira to L M Peralta	5 miles f'm same—25 acres San Pablo Rd.	2,000
W Simpson to J Geaney	Alameda—2 lots each 50x150 Fitch T ct.	1,600
A Borel to G Leipnitz	Same—N line San Antonio Av 400 w from Walnut, thence w 200x150.	1,400
C Minturn to O G Lodge F & A M.	Same—150x200 se corner Central Av and Oak.	2,450
G Gruenewold to D Gruenewold	Same—199:3x300 sw corner Railroad and 3d Avenues.	Gift
Y Rothardt to same	Same—75 3d Av by 199:3.	100
E Roome to D Culp	Near Haywood—30 acres.	2,243
Same to W Meek	Same—24 1/2 acres.	2,755
E Stigles to O O Slayton	5 miles ne from Alvarado—160 acres.	500
Decoto Land Co to H Traube	Decoto, near Alvarado—100x100.	400
Same to C J Welling	Same—100x100.	400
Same to H A Siegfried	Same.	400
Same to C Alpers	Same.	400
S Kruszewski to W Linkwitz	5 miles s from Dublin—50 acres.	600
M Geherty to H O Neile	Near Pleasanton—34 1/2 and 48 acres.	1,500
A J Gladding to G W Dam	S corner San Leandro Rd and Fruit Vale Av—tract.	6,140
D Reynolds to J & M Manly	15 miles e from Pleasanton—160 acres.	1,000
J Dabner to M S Pasam	San Leandro—52:6x140.	200
J B Durman to W T McKeown	Same—200x255:6.	500
J Marlin to J Matson	Road San Lorenzo to Roberts' Landing—41 acres.	3,419
O P H'd Ass'n to J Kemp	1 mile ne f'm Lake Merritt—2 lots each 50x100.	600
Same to E M Walton	Same—100x50.	300
H Curtner to P Costello	Near Mission San Jose—50 acres.	3,000
H S Fitch to C Runkle	Fitchburg, Brooklyn Tp—Various lots.	1,500
J W Kollinger to J Deserena	Near Pleasanton—2 1/2 acres.	600
F S Wessinger to John Hill	24th n, 32 w Shotwell, w 23x90.	1,315
College H'd Ass'n to T Day et al.	Six deeds containing 9 lots.	2,700
Egbert Judson to S M Wilson et al.	Portion Potrero.	10

J M Valdez to J Gieschen .....	Oakland—100x75 sw cor 6th & Franklin	5,000
L G Bruguire to H W Barnes .....	Same—50x75 sw cor 2d and Washington	2,100
E Bigelow to T O'Donnell .....	Same—E line Filbert 219 s from 5th, thence s 25x125.	600
Same to W G Dinsmore .....	Same—N line 15th 100 w from Clay, thence w 50x103.9.	1,500
B Maloon to B F Maloon .....	Same—Center line Linden 266 s from 22d, thence s 50x200 w.	5
H Durant to E G Auld .....	Same—N line Durant 75 w fr Frank- lin, thence w 25x93.	500
S A Fisher to J H Fish .....	Same—100x125 se cor 9th and Grove.	10,000
W Allen to O Lamarche et al. ....	Same—S line 13th 260 e from Center, thence e 29x10x110.	1,000
P S Wilcox to T H Williams .....	Same—45x129 nw cor 21st and Broadw'y	1,000
J T S Wyckoff to N Schwartz .....	Same—W line Filbert 144 s from 5th, thence s 25x125.	1,200
W McMillan to C Paul .....	Oakland P't—W line Wood 102.6 s fr Seward, thence s 16.3x142.6.	725
W Harvey to C H Eaton .....	Same—S line Lincoln 130 w fr Camp- bell, thence w 30x135.	725
F H Blanchard to L Blanchard .....	Same—37x70 and 135x100.	1
G R Adams to F H Rogers .....	½ mile N fr Oakland city limits—100x 120 near Lake Merritt.	1,250
O V H'd Ass'n to L McAlphin .....	Same—2 lots same locality.	764
Same to C Paul .....	Same—50x120 same locality.	420
F Warner to E Mosca .....	Same—100 x 125 near San Pablo Av.	1,000
Same to A Sharey .....	Same—50x125 same locality.	800
Z Montgomery to P O'Connell .....	1 mile fr same—60x141 near Telegr'ph Av.	550
A W Jee to F Dealer .....	Same—50x109 near Telegraph Av.	600
Same to J A Alton .....	Same—25x103.8 same locality.	400
Mahoney & Racine to C Schmidt .....	2 miles from same—103.11 San Pablo Av by 400.	700
C F M Danicke to A E Danicke .....	Same—90x125.	500
ES Tyler to W E Brown .....	Alameda—½ int 20 acres on Central Av and Bay.	500
S P Swett to F P Swett .....	Same—200x210 near High street.	1
W B Clement to M A Merchant .....	Same—S line Blanding Av 109 w from Everett, thence w 100x150.	850
E Dole to S A Woodman .....	Haywood—½ acres & ½ int in 1-14 acres	375
F D Atherton to C D Henry .....	Near Hayw'd—8 ac's on San Lorenzo Ck	1,696
Same to M Clark .....	Same—5½ acres.	868
P C Skaxen to J Rottger .....	5 miles se from Haywood—160 acres.	300
D Law to Same .....	Same—120 acres.	700
M Townsend to Crane & Johnston .....	12 miles e fm Pleasanton—2,240 acres.	5,000
R Barron to F F Lund .....	Near Eden Landing—11½ ac's marsh l'd	150
M Almarcano to V Alvisio .....	3 miles se fm Livermore—160 acres.	100
G L Lynde to L Whiting .....	Near Sausal Creek and San Leandro Road—½ acre.	200
D & J Ewart to A Balina .....	7 miles ne fm San Leandro—192½ acres	3,000
W Abell to D Sullivan .....	Near San Leandro—20 acres.	4,000
J L Shipman to T Livingston .....	San Lorenzo—½ acre on San Lorenzo Creek.	1,400
H S Fitch to A E Runkle .....	Brooklyn T'p—Various lots in Fitch'bg	1,500
Same to C M Runkle .....	Same—2 lots each 200x600 same.	1,500
Hayw'd P'k Hd Assn to R Holmes .....	Near Haywood—100x150.	250
T E Schmidt to W Hummelburg .....	Oakland: 100x100 nw corner Alice and 2d; 100x75 sw corner Alice and 3d.	\$3,000
W Sherman to J V B Goodrich .....	Same—N line 17th 450 e from Grove th e 25x100.	675
S E Field to A M Field .....	Same—W line Webster 50 n from 9th thence n 25x75.	Gift
S Merritt to W A Aldrich .....	Same—100x130 on Lake Merritt bet'n Jackson and Oak.	5,000
R Lawson to O Bolton .....	Same—N line 2d 75 w from Jefferson thence w 25x100.	450
T J Murphy to A D Cartwright .....	Same—S line 14th 57 e fm w th e 30x100	3,200
A D Fryal to G W Scribner .....	Same—N line 3d 75 w fm Julia th 25x100	550
E M Hall to A O Dietz .....	Same—N line 12th 150 e fm Harrison thence e 75x100 and 125.	5,150
J Smith to C Jurgers .....	Same—S line 11th 100 e from Franklin thence e 50x75.	5
E Tompkins to M T Roberts .....	Same—100 e line of Webster x 150 near Lake Merritt.	5,000
G H Collins to E Bigelow .....	Same—N line of 3d 28 w from Linden thence w 52x112.	5
E Bigelow to G H Collins .....	Same—N line 3d 54 e fm Chestnut 52x112	5
Bigelow & Gladding to E McDevitt .....	Same—N line 15th 50 w from Jefferson thence w 50x103.9.	1,500
A O Strong to E T Flint .....	Same—S line 16th 211 e fm Brush thence e 53x203.9.	1,000



**London and San Francisco Bank.**

(LIMITED.)

Incorporated under the Joint Stock Companies Acts of 1862 and 1867 of Great Britain, with which has been consolidated the business of

PARROTT & CO., Bankers, San Francisco.

Capital,	:	:	:	\$5,000,000
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Of which \$3,000,000 is fully paid up as present capital, and will be increased as the growth of the business requires.

SAN FRANCISCO OFFICE, NO. 433 CALIFORNIA STREET

London Offices of the Bank, 22 OLD BROAD STREET, E. C.

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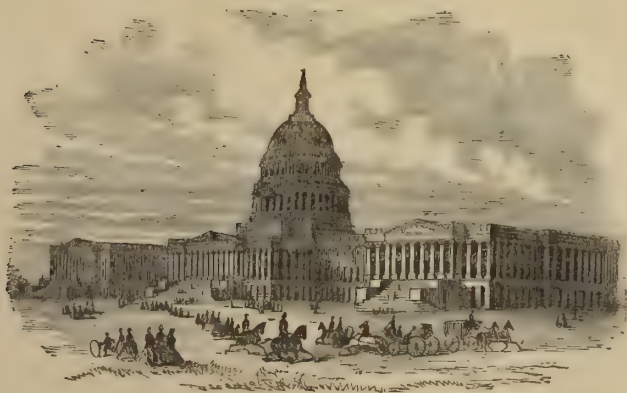
Collections, Purchases of Real Estate and Mining Shares, and Investments of all kinds in California.

MILTON S. LATHAM, Manager.

VOL. 3.]

[No. 2.

# THE CALIFORNIA



## MAIL BAG.

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MARCH—APRIL, 1873.

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SAN FRANCISCO:

PUBLISHED BY F. MARRIOTT, 623 MONTGOMERY ST.

AGENTS:

A. L. BANCROFT & CO., ROMAN & CO., W. E. LOOMIS, WHITE &  
BAUER, SAN FRANCISCO; A. S. HOPKINS, SACRAMENTO; C. WIED-  
SCHOLT, PIOCHE CITY, NEV.; WESTERN NEWS CO., CHICAGO;  
AMERICAN NEWS CO., AUGUST BRENTANO, NEW YORK;  
JOHN LAW & SON, OMAHA, NEB.; F. ALGAR, 8  
CLEMENT'S LANE, LONDON, ENG.

ADVERTISING RATES:—\$30 a page; \$15 a half page; \$8 a qr. page; per month.



## CALIFORNIA MAIL BAG.

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### Profitable Investment of Capital.

During the past year California has attracted the attention of the civilized world by some remarkable examples of its agricultural capacity. With a farming population of less than 24,000, directly engaged in the cultivation of the soil, the estimated value of its principal staples for 1872, exclusive of the precious metals, is upwards of \$75,000,000—more than the total gold and silver product of the United States. The yield of wheat alone is estimated at from \$25,000,000 to \$30,000,000. These extraordinary results have been accomplished by the individual labor and energy of our farming population. Very little aid has been furnished by capitalists in the production of agricultural industry; a large proportion of our available means having been absorbed in enterprises of a more speculative and therefore more attractive character. Nevertheless, the country has steadily prospered, and the outlook for the year is more encouraging than ever. In all probability the value of our agricultural products for 1873 will reach \$120,000,000; and there is every reason to expect that there will be a large increase in our population.

If there was a more intelligent appreciation of our resources in San Francisco; if men of means could be induced to see that there are investments sure to pay better in the long run than stock-jobbing operations, it might be possible to secure at home such aid and co-operation in works of internal improvement and the establishment of manufactures as would give an impulse unprecedented in our history to the material progress of this State. But the amount of available capital is limited, and it will probably be many years before we can look to financial circles in this city for the necessary means to carry out any important scheme for the development of our domestic industry. Within the past three years, it is true, a few of our leading men have given some practical evidence of a disposition to engage in undertakings likely to be of permanent advantage to the State, but they have not had such encouragement from quarters where assistance might reasonably be expected as to enable them to advance very rapidly in their operations. Another drawback may be found in the persistent efforts of the local press throughout the country to prevent the success of any scheme, however beneficial to the State, involving the control of large bodies of land. If capitalists can be found to spend large sums of money for the benefit of impecunious settlers, without reference to their own emoluments, of course all such objections will be removed; but it is safe to predict that without general co-operation in works of a public character, very little advance will be made, and the classes who need capital will continue to find it scarce.

A glance at our tule and marsh lands will show that there are sources of inexhaustible wealth yet undeveloped in California. The State Surveyor General, in his report for 1870, estimates the area of swamp and overflowed lands at 3,000,000 acres. This land, if reclaimed and under cultivation, would produce more, he says, for a given number of years (say ten) than all the rest of the land in the State together; and he considers it rather a misfortune that we have not more of the same kind—experience having demonstrated that it is even better and more productive than our uplands. As high as eighty bushels of wheat to the acre has been produced on some of these lands, and the average will not fall short of thirty-five to forty bushels.

Properly speaking, there are three classes of land in California subject to overflow: the tule lands bordering on our lakes and rivers, the low alluvial valley lands, and the salt marshes bordering on the shores of our bays and estuaries.

The tule lands derive their name from a species of gigantic rush which grows upon them, forming a mass of roots and fibres that contribute mainly to the growth of the land itself. For centuries past these tules have been burnt off by the Indians in search of game, during the dry season of the year, and the accretions formed by the roots, mingled with the ashes, together with the deposits of soil carried down from the uplands, have gradually caused them to rise above the level of the ordinary water surface. In seasons of flood, or by the action of the tide, where it prevails, they are of course submerged, unless protected by levees or embankments.

The principal tule lands of California lie along the San Joaquin River as far as their junction with the tule lands of the Sacramento, which commence above Red Bluff, following southerly both sides of the Sacramento River till they form the great delta in which the two rivers are united.

Near the lakes and high up on the rivers, the land is of a more compact texture and contains more soil than in the delta below, receiving the first and heaviest deposits of earth from the mountain streams and adjacent uplands. The leveling ten-



gency of water would doubtless in time elevate the surface beyond the reach of ordinary floods. Even within the past twenty years a natural process of reclamation has brought within the cultivatable area many thousand acres of land which formerly produced nothing but tule.

Of the specific value of these lands in different parts of the State it is not my purpose to speak at present; but I may be allowed to express the opinion that wherever the soil is most compact will be better suited to wheat than in those localities where the texture is chiefly fibrous.

The rich clay lands of this character in the valleys of the Sacramento are unsurpassed for the production of the cereals. They will also grow tobacco, sorghum, beets and various other useful products. Cotton is yet an experiment in the valley of the Sacramento, and it may be that the Spring frosts are too late and the Autumn frosts too early to afford much hope of success in the cultivation of that staple so far north.

Within the past few years more attention has been given to the reclamation and cultivation of the tule lands embraced in the delta of the Sacramento and San Joaquin Rivers, above Suisun Bay, than to those of any other locality. Peculiar advantages exist here for drainage and irrigation by means of levees. At high tide the water supplied by the main rivers is backed up, and can easily be distributed over the land; at low tide it can be drained off by sluice-gates; and when neither irrigation nor drainage is required, the gates may be kept closed, leaving only such outlets as may be necessary for the escape of seepage.

The land is exceedingly rich, being composed for a depth of eighteen or twenty feet of rotted roots and debris from above, all thoroughly rotted below the stratum of living fibers.

Considerable work has been done during the past year on the principal islands of the Sacramento and San Joaquin delta. Rough and Ready, containing about 1,600 acres, is now under cultivation. The cost of reclamation up to the present time has been about \$8 an acre. Venice Island, owned by J. Mora Moss and others, is encircled by a substantial levee, and contains several thousand acres of very fine land, most of which is now available for cultivation. Mandeville Island, 1,000 acres, is owned by Col. Jack Hays, Capt. Trenner and others, who have built an excellent house on the premises, where Col. Hays and his family are now temporarily residing. This is a very fine tract, and will be cultivated in part and used for grazing purposes this year. Bacon Island, containing 10,000 acres, is owned by N. D. Bacon and others, who have nearly completed the reclamation. Work has been vigorously prosecuted on this island during the past season, and it will soon be placed beyond all danger of floods. The land is excellent, and the location convenient of access. Boland Island contains about 6,000 acres, and is owned by Messrs. Cassell & Co. The amount expended in the reclamation so far is about \$20,000. Staten Island, owned by Hazen & Tevis, contains about 8,000 acres. Reclamation is making rapid progress on this island, and it will undoubtedly prove a very valuable investment. The land is rich and well located. Twatched Island, 3,600 acres, owned by Prather Brother, Minor and Roberts, has been under partial cultivation for two years. Cost of reclamation, \$12 per acre. The first wheat crop was exceedingly fine, averaging forty bushels to the acre. About 1,000 acres was planted. Last year the wheat was planted too early, and was damaged by the flood. This year the land will be thoroughly plowed and worked, and 1,500 to 2,000 acres will be planted. As high as eighty bushels to the acre has been produced on this island. Brannan and Andros Islands, containing over 12,000 acres, are in process of reclamation, at an estimated cost of about \$6 an acre. The unreclaimed and is held at \$25 an acre; reclaimed at \$40 to \$50, depending on location. A tract of 3,000 acres was recently sold for \$25 an acre. Sherman Island contains 16,000 acres, is situated near the hight of the delta, where the waters of the Sacramento and San Joaquin empty into Suisun Bay. The levees have necessarily been expensive; but it may be considered proof against all floods. The farmers living on this island have manifested great energy and perseverance, and will doubtless soon reap satisfactory rewards. The land is wonderfully productive, yielding forty to fifty bushels of wheat to the acre, and vegetables of fine quality and such enormous proportions as to excite the astonishment of visitors from abroad. Present value of farms, assessments paid, from \$45 to \$100 an acre. Grand Island, 16,000 acres has been reclaimed, or nearly so, at a cost of about \$8 an acre. Value of the land from \$40 to \$50 an acre. The Webb Tract, above Antioch, contains some 20,000 acres, and is in process of reclamation. It is now encompassed by a levee, which will be increased in size as soon as practicable. Amount expended, \$4 an acre; value from \$40 to \$50. Some sales of tracts on this island have recently been made to settlers at \$25 an acre; but good selections cannot be had now at that rate.

Grizzly Island, situated in Suisun Bay, contains 12,000 acres, and has had about \$80,000 expended in its reclamation. The land is exceedingly rich, and bands of sheep and cattle are now grazing on it. During eight months in the year the water at the upper end is fresh; at other times brackish. Messrs. Chapman & Co. are the owners. Nearly all the swamp land in Contra Costa County, embracing several districts, amounting in the aggregate to about 50,000 acres, is now in process of reclamation; 10,000 acres fronting on Old River has recently been sold to settlers for \$25 an acre. The reclamation of this tract cost between \$5 and \$6 an acre. Work will probably be commenced this Summer on Roberts and Union Islands, embracing an area of 90,000 acres, principally owned by the Tide Land Reclamation Company. The estimates for reclaiming these islands, as made by General B. S. Alexander, Chief of United States Engineers for this coast, will not exceed \$4

an acre. A large body of land, extending from near Sacramento City on the East side of the river, comprising the Russian and other Districts, has been partially, and in some places wholly reclaimed. For a distance of twenty-five miles an almost continuous line of fruit orchards extend along the river bank, supplying a large proportion of the apples and peaches used in this city. The Messrs. Sargent have reclaimed a tract adjoining the upland in San Joaquin County, to the east of Bolin and Venice Islands, containing 15,000 acres. Dr. Ryer and his associates have commenced work on Cash and Steamboat Sloughs. Several reclamation districts have been formed, reclamation commenced, and in some instances completed, within an area covering nearly all the overflowed land from Cash Slough on the west side of the Sacramento River to Suisun Bay. One of the most important and extensive reclamation works yet undertaken in the State is that of the Tule Land Company, of which Messrs. Blanding, Rose, McLane, Henston and others are the leading members, commencing at Knight's Landing, on the west bank of the Sacramento, and extending to a point fifteen miles above Colusa, embracing 120,000 acres, of which this Company own 35,000. The cost of reclamation is about \$4 an acre. No finer body of land exists in any part of the world. For forty miles it is almost a dead level, with a rich, deep soil, capable of easy cultivation and producing enormous crops of cereals wherever they have been planted. Mr. Reed, President of the State Agricultural Board, has in cultivation, near Knight's Landing, one of the most magnificent wheat fields ever seen in California, the probable yield of which will be forty bushels to the acre. Every acre of the tract reclaimed is capable of producing equally good crops. At the Mormon Settlement the capacity of the soil has been tested by actual results, quite as satisfactory, obtained during the past two years. Directly opposite to this tract, in Sutter County, reclamation has been commenced, and works are to be completed during the coming Summer, embracing over 100,000 acres of equally rich land—estimated cost, from \$4 to \$5 an acre.

Glancing next at the tule lands of the San Joaquin Valley, we find that they are also very rich, but in consequence of their comparative remoteness and the greater difficulties of reclamation will not be available so soon. Here larger capital will be required and more extensive and costly works. The country adjacent to the lakes being flat, and the drainage not so easily effected, reclamation must be general and a system of canals will be required. Fortunately the San Joaquin Valley Canal Company have taken this matter in hand, and while bringing the waters of King's river, the Merced river, and the waters of Tulare and other lakes under control for purposes of irrigation, will greatly facilitate the process of reclamation. The Southern Pacific Railroad, now extended beyond Visalia, will afford means of transportation for the products of the country, and altogether the outlook is encouraging. Before many years cotton, tobacco, ramie, etc., will be among the most profitable staples of the State.

In addition to the freshwater lands, above referred to, there are within the limits of the State about 200,000 acres of Salt Marsh lands bordering on our bays and estuaries. These lands are also exceedingly rich, being composed of deposits of silt and other matter from the rivers and the sea. Vegetable mold and fine earth are washed down from the uplands, and the sea contributes weeds, grasses, sand, shells and animalculæ. Professor Cook, of New Jersey, says: "The worth of these lands when properly reclaimed can hardly be overestimated. Wherever there is a sufficient amount of clay or mud mixed in with the grass roots and other organic matters of the marsh, it will make the soil inexhaustibly rich." General Alexander, Engineer-in-Chief of the United States, on the Pacific Coast, says: "Their complete reclamation is entirely practicable at small cost. \* \* \* They are in no danger of floods. A dyke four feet above the surface will afford complete protection even against storm tides. When this land is once relieved from salt water it may be freshened sufficiently for grasses in a single season, and for grain and vegetables in two years. This I know from experience." It will certainly be much more valuable than the adjoining uplands, for it will be greatly more productive.

Professor Henry Mitchell, Chief in Physical Hydrography, of the United States Coast Survey, says: "Marshes reclaimed from tide waters are the most fertile and enduring of all soils." Professor Davidson, Chief of the Coast Survey, on this coast, says: "I am satisfied that these lands, when reclaimed, will be productive and valuable, and that eventually all the marsh lands bordering on the bay will be reclaimed."

Captain A. F. Rodgers, of the Coast Survey, who made the actual surveys of these lands, and who is personally more familiar with them than any person on this coast, says: "All the marsh lands on the bays of San Francisco, San Pablo and Suisun may be easily reclaimed, being above the level of ordinary tides, by a system inexpensive compared with the large margin of profit evidently offered by the unexampled richness of the soil and the rapid development of the country."

Notwithstanding the best engineering testimony as to the feasibility of reclaiming these lands at a moderate cost; notwithstanding the example furnished in New Jersey, where land worth comparatively nothing, advanced in a few years from \$50 to \$500, \$1,000 and even \$2,000 an acre; notwithstanding the experience of Holland, Great Britain, China and other countries, there are men of influence in San Francisco who will tell you these lands are of no value and can never be reclaimed.

The best proof to the contrary is the fact that wherever reclamation has been attempted it has proved successful. There are many productive patches, already comprising in the aggregate several thousand acres, under cultivation in Napa and Petaluma sloughs, and along the shores of the bay in Alameda county. Mr. E. L. Beard has 8,000 acres nearly reclaimed, upon which bands of cattle are now grazing.

Garden Island, near the town of Alameda, has been reclaimed at a cost of \$7 an acre, and will soon be one of the most productive tracts on that side of the Bay.

In fact, reclamation of marsh, swamp and overflowed lands can no longer be an experiment in this State. No enterprise has progressed more rapidly in California during the past three years. Nearly one-half the overflowed lands in the Sacramento and San Joaquin rivers are reclaimed or in process of reclamation. The variety of products to which these lands are adapted, their inexhaustible fertility of soil, the facilities existing for irrigation and cheap water transportation, give them an exceptional value. The greatest drawback has been the want of capital to reclaim them thoroughly and on such a scale as to preclude all danger from seepage and floods. British capital has been invited, and Mr. Ross Browne has made two visits to London for the promotion of swamp land enterprises. One of the principal objections urged there against investments of this kind is, that if the lands are so rich and can be reclaimed at so small a cost, there can be no good reason why the necessary capital cannot be had in California; and the fact that application is made to foreign capitalists is taken as *prima facie* evidence that men of means, who are supposed to be familiar with the resources of their own State, do not look favorably upon such enterprises. The truth is, there is very little available capital on this coast; but the best answer to the objection urged is the fact that the owners of the lands and private associations are reclaiming them as fast as they can—in many cases borrowing money for that purpose at two or three per cent. a month. If that does not show their faith in the value of the lands, it cannot be shown by argument. Within a few years foreign aid will not be required; and it will not be possible to secure large bodies of land, which, after all, will probably be no detriment to the State.

Another question asked is, what are the sources of increase upon which capitalists can depend for dividends?

Good valley lands in California produce about thirty bushels to the acre—reclaimed swamp lands from thirty-five to forty. Assuming the lower figure to be within bounds, three million acres of swamp land thoroughly reclaimed and cultivated, would yield 105,000,000 of bushels. Deduct for cost of plowing, seeding and harvesting, \$10 per acre, and we have a net result, at 1½ cents per pound, of \$48,250,000, or very nearly double our entire gold product—a pretty good source of income.

Experiments are now being made on Twitchell Island in the cultivation of Ramie, Jute, China Grass and Japan Hemp—for which the soil and climate seem to be peculiarly adapted. Ramie and jute give a net profit to the acre of \$100 to \$150 annually—enough to recompense the investment fourfold. The large scale on which these experiments are being made will furnish a satisfactory test during the coming season. Ramie is a perennial plant and semi-aquatic. Its value as a textile has no equal. The jute is next in importance, and furnishes material for our wheat and wool sacks. Over 3,000,000 bales are annually exported from Calcutta. Jute is sown like wheat, either in drills or broadcast, and matures in from 60 to 100 days. On the rich plains of Bengal from 3,000 to 4,000 lbs. per acre are grown. The price of jute in the United States is about half that of cotton. There is a duty on the raw material of 30 per cent.; manufactured, 30. Our tide lands will produce it at a less expense than in India, where the advantage of cheap labor is more than counterbalanced by our labor-saving machines. The city of Dundee, in Scotland, contains 76 mills, all engaged in the manufacture of jute and flax, employing 2,000 hands. We will require on this coast, for many years to come, from \$3,000,000 to \$5,000,000 worth of burlaps. It can as well be grown here as in India, thus saving freight and duties, and there is nothing to prevent us from manufacturing all we can produce.

To capitalists at home and abroad these simple facts are submitted. An unprejudiced examination of our resources is all that can reasonably be asked. We need capital to improve these fertile lands in a thorough and substantial manner; and feel confident that a judicious investment in their reclamation and cultivation will pay better in the long run than the most promising speculations in wild-cat mines.

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— "Miss Sophie Barney took a premium at a Montgomery (Alabama) Fair as 'the young woman who would make the best wife for a poor man.' We are sorry that we have not received from Alabama the official report of the judges who decided upon the qualities which secured the premium to this young woman. We infer that her merits did not consist in her ability to compose an essay on mental happiness, or a poem on love's young dream, or to play the pianoforte, or to investigate the laws of life, or to dig up Greek roots, or pick a crow with John Stuart Mill, or take a logical tilt with Miss Anthony, or dance the 'German' in the French style, or digest Kant's transcendental categories, or compute by Napier's logarithms, or do any such things. We infer that her merits lay in her ability to get up, in Alabama style, the coffee and griddle-cakes for breakfast, the bacon and greens for dinner, the mush-and-milk for supper, to wash and mend things, sweep and fix the house, make the bed, poke the fire, save the scraps, get good bargains for her small change, keep her own self neat and tidy, mind her tongue and temper, endure the toothache complacently, refrain from gadding, bear with all sorts of masculine faults, display all kinds of feminine virtues, and, like patience on a monument, smile at grief."

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— Cardinal Bonaparte, cousin to the late Emperor, has sent 100 crowns to the parish church of Santa Maria, at Rome, to pay for masses for his relative.



**Oriole.**

Oriole on the willow-tree!  
Singing such melodious measures,  
Singingst thou of summer pleasures—  
Crimsoned fields of honeyed clover,  
Sweet to smell in flying over,  
Nests on breezy branches swinging,  
Carrols in the soft air ringing,  
Bluest sky with cloud fleets sailing,  
Food and shelter never failing,  
Life so rapturous in its living,  
Nature never scant of giving,  
Love, or sorrow, or such gladness,  
As is most akin to madness!  
Or for singing, singest thou,  
Swayed on yonder slender bough—  
In thy song itself delighting  
Sweet beyond all poet's writing,  
Clear and liquid as the river,  
Flowing to the sea forever,  
Glad as south winds come in June  
To the rose asleep at noon!  
Nothing wistful, no way tender,  
Voice of Nature's soulless splendor,  
Some outpouring of the flame  
Burning in thy wing and name,  
Song that does to heaven aspire  
Even as leaping, quivering fire,  
Oriole on the willow tree,  
Tell thy fairy tale to me!

Then the oriole laughed again,  
Launching at my question vain, [tain,  
As the brook laughs down the mound—  
Like the laughter of a fountain;  
Flashing through the willow-tree  
Thus the oriole sang to me:—  
"Restless, sorrowing, weak and human,  
Most of all a weary woman,  
Can a bird-song on a tree  
Utter any speech to thee?  
Can thy soul receive the gladness  
Of a thing that knows not sadness?  
Canst thou know, insatiate creature,  
All this mighty joy of Nature!

Joy so rich, so full, so fleeting,  
Scarce it lives beyond the greeting,  
Joy the dancing leaves adorning,  
Glittering in the dewy morning,  
In the soft winds gayly blowing,  
In the sparkling waters flowing,  
Utterly intact of sorrow,  
Careless for the distant morrow:  
Joy that burns in grace and beauty,  
Darkened with the ghost of duty,  
Rapture bright beyond all loving,  
Gladness all dismay reproving,  
Now a flame thro' verdure dying,  
Now like any swift spark dying;  
Nothing tossed by hope or fear,  
Shadowed not by smile or tear;  
Questioner beneath the tree,  
Wouldst thou not an oriole be?"  
Underneath the willow tree  
Thus the oriole sang to me.

Ah! what could I give for answer  
To this gay and glad romance?  
Dreams that round me love to linger  
On my hot lips laid a finger,  
Dreams that held me all unwilling,  
Dreams most sad in their fulfilling;  
Yet I know them dear and tender  
More than all this song of splendor;  
Dear as thorns are to the roses,  
Dear as graves where love reposes;  
Could I lose them out of living,  
I, who asked not for thy giving?  
I, who on a weary day  
Threw my dreaming soul away,  
Would I take it back again,  
Pure of joy and pure of pain,  
Nevermore to thrill or languish,  
Nevermore to throb with anguish,  
Ne'er earth's dread delight to prove,  
Nevermore to live—or love?  
Oriole on the willow-tree,  
Still I must a woman be!

—Rose Terry.

**John Chinaman.**

John has been invaluable to the California demagogue, furnishing for him a sop of hatred and prejudice to throw before "enlightened constituencies." It needs but to mention the "filthy Chinaman" to provoke an angry roar from the mass meeting. Yet the Chinaman is not entirely filthy. He washes his entire person every day when practicable; he loves clean clothes; his kitchen utensils will bear inspection. When the small-pox raged so severely in San Francisco a few years since, there were very few deaths among his race. But John is not nice about his house. He seems to have none of our ideas concerning home comfort. Smoke has no terror for him; soap he keeps entirely for his clothes and person; floor and wall-washing are things never hinted at; and the refuse of his table is scarcely thrown out of doors. Privacy is not one of his luxuries—he wants a house full; where there is room for a bunk, there is room for a man. An anthill, a beehive, a rabbit-warren are his models of domestic comfort; what is stinted room for two Americans is spaciousness for a dozen Chinese. Go into one of their cabins at night, and you are in an oven full of opium and lamp-smoke. Recumbent forms are dimly seen lying on bunks above and below. The chattering is incessant. Stay there ten minutes, and as your eye becomes accustomed to the smoke you will dimly see blue bundles lying on shelves aloft. Anon the bundles stir, talk and puff smoke. Above is a loft six feet square; a ladder brings it in communication with the ground floor. Mongolians are ever coming down, but the gabble of tongues above shows that a host is still left. Like a car, a Chinese house is never full. Nor is it ever quiet. At all hours of the night may be heard their talk and the clatter of their wooden shoes. A Chinaman does not retire like an American, intending to make a serious business of his night's sleep. He merely "lops down" half dressed, and is ready to arise at the least call of business or pleasure.

While at work in his claim his fire is always kindled near by, and over it a teapot. This is his beverage every half hour. His tea must be hot, strong, and without milk or sugar. He also consumes a terrible mixture sold him by white traders, called indiscriminately brandy, gin or whisky, yet an intoxicated Chinaman is the rarest of rare sights. Rice he can cook elegantly, every grain being steamed to its utmost degree of distension. Soup he makes of no other meat than pork. The poorest among his hordes must have a chicken or a duck for his holiday. He eats it merely parboiled. He will eat dog also, providing it is not long past maturity.



The Chinese grocery stores are museums to the American. There are strange dried roots, strange dried fish, strange dried land and marine plants, ducks and chickens, spiced, pressed thin and smoked; dried shellfish; cakes newly made, yellow, glutinous and fatty, stamped with ten-box characters; and great earthen jars filled with rotteness. I speak correctly, if perhaps too forcibly, for when those earthen jars are opened to serve a customer with some manner of vegetable cut in long strips, the native-born American finds it expedient to hold his nose. American storekeepers in the mines deal largely in Chinese goods. They know the Mongolian names of the articles inquired for, but of their character, their composition, how they are cooked or how eaten, they can give no information. It is heathenish "truck," by whose sale they make a profit. Only that and nothing more.

A Chinese miner's house is generally a conglomeration of old boards, mate, brush, canvas and stones. Rusty sheets of tin sometimes help to form the edifice. Anything lying about loose in the neighborhood is certain in time to form a part of the Mongolian mansion.

When the white man abandons mining ground he often leaves behind very serviceable frame houses. John comes along to glean the gold left by the Caucasian. He builds a cluster of shapeless huts. The deserted white man's house gradually disappears. A clapnet is gone, and then another, and finally all. The skeleton of the frame remains, months pass away, piece by piece the joists disappear; some morning they are found tumbled in a heap, and at last there is nothing left save the cellar and chimneys. Meantime, John's clusters of huts swell their rude proportions, but you must examine them narrowly to detect any trace of your vanished house, for he revels in smoke, and everything about him is soon colored to a hue much resembling his own brownish-yellow countenance. Thus he picks the domainary skeleton bare, and then carries off the bones. He is a quiet but skillful plunderer. John No. 1 on his way home from his mining, clann rips off a board; John No. 2 next day drags it a few yards from the house; John No. 3 a week afterward drags it home. In this manner the dissolution of your house is protracted for months. In this manner he distributes the responsibility of the theft over his entire community. I have seen a large boarding house disappear in this way, and when the owner, after a year's absence, revisited the spot to look after his property, he found his real estate reduced to a cellar.

John himself is a sort of museum in his character and habits. We must be pardoned for giving details of these, mingled promiscuously, rather after the museum style. His New Year comes in February. For the Chinaman of limited means it lasts a week, for the wealthy it may endure three. His consumption of fire-crackers during that period is immense. He burns strings a yard in length suspended from poles over his balconies. The uproar and spluttering consequent on this festivity in the Chinese quarter at San Francisco is tremendous. The city authorities limit the Celestial Pandemonium to a week.

He does not forsake the amusement of kite-flying even when arrived at maturity. His artistic imitations of birds and dragons float over our house-tops. To these are often added contrivances for producing hollow, mournful, buzzing sounds, mystifying whole neighborhoods. His game of shuttlecock is to keep a cork, one end being stuck with feathers, flying in the air as long as possible, the impelling member being the foot, the players standing in a circle and numbering from four to twenty. Some show great dexterity in kicking with the heel. His vocal music to our ears seems a monotonous cat-rattle. His violin has but one string; his execution is merely a modified species of saw-dling.

He loves to gamble, especially in lotteries. He is a diligent student of his own comfort. Tramping on foot during a hot day, he protects himself with an umbrella and refreshes himself with a fan. In place of prosaic signs on his store-fronts, he often inscribes quotations from his favorite authors.

He is a lover of flowers. His balcony and window-sills are often thickly packed with shrubs and creepers in pots. He is not a speedy and taciturn eater. His tea-table talks are full of noisy jollity, and are often prolonged far into night.

He is a lover of the drama. A single play sometimes requires months for representation, being, like a serial story, "continued" night after night. He never dances. There is no melody in the Mongolian foot. Dancing he regards as a species of Caucasian insanity.

To make an oath binding he must swear by the head of a cock cut off before him in open court. Chinese testimony is not admissible in American courts. It is alleged Cantonian axiom that a Chinaman cannot speak the truth. But cases have occurred wherein, he being an eye-witness, the desire to hear what he might tell as to what he had seen has proved stronger than the prejudice against him; and the more effectively to clinch the chances of his telling the truth, the above, his national form of oath, has been resorted to. He has among us some secret government of his own. Before his secret tribunals more than one Mongolian has been hurried in Star-Chamber fashion, and never seen afterward. The nature of the offences thus visited by secret and bloody punishment is scarcely known to Americans. He has two chief deities—a god and a devil. Most of his prayers are offered to his devil. His god, he says, being good and well disposed, it is not necessary to propitiate him. But his devil is evil, and must be won over by offering and petition. Once a year, whenever collected in any number, he builds a thrifty sort of temple, decorates it with ornaments of tinsel, lays piles of fruit, meats and sugared delicacies on an altar, keeps up night and day a steady clash of gongs, and installs therein some great, uncouth wooden idols. When this period of worship is over the "joss house" disappears, and the idols are unceremoniously stowed away among other useless lumber.

He shaves with an instrument resembling a butcher's cleaver in miniature. Nature generally denies him beard, so he shaves what a sailor would term the fore and after part of his head. He reaps his hirens crop dry, using no lather. His cue is pieced out by silken braid, so interwoven as gradually to taper into a slim tassel, something like a Missouri mule-driver's "black-snake whip-lash." To lose this cue is to lose caste and standing among his fellows. No misfortune for him can be greater.

Course cowhide boots are the only articles of American wear that he favors. He inclines to buy the largest sizes, thinking he thereby gets the most for his money, and when his No. 7 feet wobble and chafe in No. 12 boots he complains that they "fit too much."

He cultivates the vegetables of his native land in California. They are curiosities like himself. One resembles our string-bean, but is circular in shape and from two to three feet in length. It is not in the least stringy, breaks off short and crisp, boils tender very quickly and affords excellent eating. He is a very careful cultivator, and will spend hours picking off dead leaves and insects from the young plants. When he finds a dead cat, rat, dog or chicken, he throws it into a small vat of water, allows it to decompose, and sprinkles the liquid fertilizer thus obtained over his plantation. Watermelon and pumpkin seeds are for him desert delicacies. He consumes his garden products about half cooked in an American culinary point of view, merely wilting them by an immersion in boiling water.

—Lippincott's Magazine.

### Leaves from a Lady's Diary.

FEBRUARY 24th.—I was thinking to-day, as I was helping Mamie W. to dress for a ball, and noticed the look of admiration which she cast at herself in her Psyche, how very much after all a woman prefers the reflection of admiration from a man's eyes. A girl alone will pose and practice before a glass, but her true mirror is the opposite sex. If she cannot reflect well there, she is miserable. But at the same time, the infinite pains we take to appear well is not only directed to charm the other sex, but at the same time to eclipse dear Mary B. or Madame X. According to naturalists, it is the male bird or fish that covers himself with brilliant hues, and seeks to attract by agaceries, the female in the meantime remaining in sober russet, demurely receiving the impetuous attentions of her brilliant mate. Such might have been, when young ladies spun woolsey linsey and called themselves Tabitha or Dorcas. I am vexed because I was not asked to any of the grand parties lately, and am vexed at hearing those who were there, for every one that was asked went, talking loudly of the enjoyment they had, in order to attract attention to the fact of their having been there; yet, as Carlyle said one night when the falling stars were raining fast through the sky, "How very sad to see such a waste of brilliancy." Coming back from a ball makes me think that the fable of Cinderella is, after all, more true than we dare acknowledge to ourselves. We leave glitter, gloss, paint, varnish, noise, compliments, music, dancing, eating, feasting, toasting, drinking to slink into our carriage and creep to our bedroom, to become what? In most instances a household drudge, full of the strong, stern realities of life; and it is better in most instances that it should be so.

FEB. 26th.—Aah Wednesday. I always liked this day, for the bitter curses that the old Church, in its commination, hurled at the head of sinners, to which all the sinning congregation piously answer amen; it's so applicable to California. "Cursed be him who removeth his neighbor's land mark," to which the devout tribe of squatters most fervently reply, "Amen." So may it be when I stick my stake in the debatable land. Went to St. Mary's Cathedral, for I like the ceremony, having been much impressed when a little girl by the cross of ashes on my forehead. This time, however, it made no impression, and I fancied that the ashes were dirty. I was reminded of what Keat's wrote:

"There was an awful rainbow once in Heaven,  
We know her woof, her texture, she is given  
In the dull catalogue of common things,  
Philosophy will clip an angel's wings."

Was amused, the night before last, at the wonderful memory possessed by some regular ball-goers, both male and female. They herd together at intervals and compare notes. Miss S. has got on the identical lace berthe that she wore at Mrs. B.'s reception, and, I do declare, Mary B. has got on her mother's diamonds.

FEB. 27th.—Went with Emily to a school where all is conducted on the highest moral principles. Everything that tends to natural development is as strictly restrained as possible. Instead of leading the instinct, it is sought to be smothered; the passions are proscribed instead of being properly directed; the animated corpses who undertake to direct these young, growing minds, only strive to carry away the steam, but not to subdue the fire and water, so that in matter of fact they remain utterly ignorant of anything till an explosion takes place, and then they say, "Who would have thought it?" I was sitting last night in my bed-room just tired enough to fall into reverie, and my fire was just burning enough, having done with flame and indulging in genial glow, to chain me to my chair when I pondered that the aims of vanity and emulation, even friendship itself, may be likened to "Faces in the fire." A dream of love, a picture of married life, a desire to do good, an expectation of pleasant days—Faces in the fire. The dwelling on the possible features of an unborn child, the earnest desire that he may achieve greatness, the certainty that one will be with him helping, guiding, consoling, cheering and loving. Faces in the fire.

### A Glance at France and Russia.

France has been very busy with the rival claimants for the throne that has disappeared. A fusion or coalition between the Orleanists and Bourbons has been much talked of, but seems to amount to nothing definite. The same uncertainty surrounds the Imperialists' manifestoes. The submission to the country of the question of a Monarchy or a Republic is again proposed, and the unextinguished power of Napoleon in France is manifested in many ways. The ghastly, though talented picture, of the body of the Emperor, which appeared in the *Graphic*, has been suppressed, on account of the impression it produced in Paris—a strange illustration of liberty under a Republic. M. Thiers appears to have achieved a complete victory over the Committee of Thirty, and continues his raid upon members of the International Society. The look-out for France, should anything suddenly happen to the aged President, is very disturbing.

In reference to the Russia in Asia question, the principal item of news is that General Kantmann delayed joining the Khiva Expedition until the return of Count Schouvaloff from England; that a Cabinet Council was held, and that General Kantmann immediately afterwards left for the frontier. The "few honeyed words" in London had, it was conjectured, made everything pleasant. Various reports are brought by the telegraph respecting the campaign. Turkey is represented as feeling herself more deeply interested even than Great Britain. The cession of territory by the Shah of Persia is declared to have been by a firman, not a secret treaty, in which case the Persian Minister would have done better to remain silent than to have sent his denial to the Press. As to the statement about a neutral zone, we must evidently wait the assembling of Parliament before knowing what is really contemplated. Besides this question, the only other special news from the Continent is a victory over Carlist troops, which is said to have restored confidence to the Government.

### The Modern God-head--The Golden Eagle, the Silver Dollar and Copper Cent.

[We publish the contributions of the "Parson" not because we at all indorse the doctrines enunciated by him, but wholly on account of their brightness, and leave our readers to sift for themselves the wheat from the chaff.]

DEAR NEWS LETTER:--The prayerful Five assembled at the little chapel at The Oaks last Sabbath, to listen to a sermon from their beloved pastor on the Great American God-head. The Parson was induced to take the foregoing popular Trinity for a text, in consequence of listening to a lecture delivered last week at the Congregational Church by the Rev. A. L. Stone. That holy man of God found much fault with the people because they would not surrender all they were possessed of to God—not only their body and mind, but their worldly goods. But the cream of the joke was, the rev. gentleman elected himself one of God's especial agents to make collections on this terrestrial planet, and to have and to hold the plunder until such time as his august master should call for it. The rev. beggar did not want a portion, but all we had: a complete surrender of everything to his keeping, in trust for God. He wanted us to take no thought for the morrow, but to trust implicitly in Divine Providence for our hash. The Five went with me to hear Mr. Stone, and were so much impressed with the earnestness, honesty, and sincerity of his appeal to their, not generosity, but duty to the God of the Christian, that they were likely to become utterly impoverished in their zeal to gratify the desire of the rev. minister's needy Almighty. The Blind Sister gave all the money she had, then took off her jewels and laid them cheerfully on the altar, and shed grateful tears for the blessed privilege. The Azure-Eyed Girl, in emulating the noble example of her sister, carried the donation business to its extreme limit. She spread her shawl on the floor, threw in her money, bracelets, rings, ear-rings, and breast-pin; took off her switch and waterish (real hair), and crept out of her robes, leaving nothing for herself to walk home in but an old pair of slippers and a hoop skirt. The Pet Lamb, in her religious enthusiasm, threw herself into the arms of the vice-regent of God, and shouted "Hallelujah," crying "Take all for Jesus!" Mr. Stone was a little surprised at this remarkable outcropping of the holy spirit, and came very near accepting the tempting offer, but a sober second thought came to his rescue, and knowing he would have to pay her board, thereby levying a tax on the Lord, he relieved her of all her upholstery, money and jewels, declining the living portion of the donation. He then gave her his blessing, and sent her away with nothing on but her hair, singing that blessed anthem, "The Lord will provide." Deacon Scott rushed up to the altar and subscribed three cords of wood and a ton of coal; his mind was evidently running in a downward course, and bent on warming things up. The Judge walked solemnly up to the Holy of Holies, and with a slow and melancholy motion drew a pint flask of old rye from his pocket and laid it lovingly in the hands of Dr. Stone. Bestowing one longing, lingering look of heartrending affection on his departing idol, he turned away with tears in his eyes, muttering to himself "It is finished; what I lend to the Lord in pints may return to me in gallons." But the Parson was an old bird, not to be caught with chaff; he'd been there, and knew how it was himself. He therefore gathered the Five together, placed them in a hack, took them home, and then sat down and wrote a sermon on the only living, true, and available God-head of modern times. The discourse was delivered to a large concourse of people last Lord's Day, at The Oaks:



THE MODERN GOD-HEAD.

My brothers, to-day I would bid you be- Then sent you the way your Redeemer  
<sup>were</sup> Of the preaching of Stone, and his ortho- And bid you walk barefooted after your  
<sup>dox</sup> <sup>snare</sup> ; He hath begged you to come and his ran- The holy man told you this world was a  
<sup>somed</sup> <sup>ones</sup> <sup>join,</sup> Give up body and soul, all your goods And that God would take care of the  
<sup>and</sup> <sup>your</sup> <sup>coin,</sup> Lay down all your wealth at the feet of But the veil of religion, my friend, is too  
<sup>a</sup> <sup>God</sup> <sup>thin</sup> ; Whose power created a world with his It is worn out and threadbare, and lets  
<sup>nod,</sup> Called what is into being, according to And what doth the keen eye of reason be-  
<sup>Stone,</sup> Yet still goes round begging for what is As it peers through the web of its gossa-  
<sup>his</sup> <sup>own.</sup> And how hath God lost all the things he A wonderful God and his crucified son?  
<sup>hath</sup> <sup>made?</sup> Did the child of his image outwit him in And his most holy ghostship, three fig-  
<sup>trade?</sup> Or did the arch fiend, who from heaven ures in one?  
<sup>was</sup> <sup>hurled,</sup> Not at all; this lip worships a gauzy  
<sup>world,</sup> Gobble up the estate of this beautiful Which is very transparent to our com-  
<sup>And</sup> <sup>peddle</sup> <sup>it</sup> <sup>out</sup> <sup>to</sup> <sup>whoever</sup> <sup>would</sup> <sup>buy,</sup> Like the thin, filmy snare the grim spi-  
<sup>As</sup> <sup>a</sup> <sup>bar</sup> <sup>to</sup> <sup>their</sup> <sup>claim</sup> <sup>in</sup> <sup>a</sup> <sup>homestead</sup> <sup>on</sup> <sup>high?</sup> ders may weave  
<sup>This</sup> <sup>venerable</sup> <sup>vendor</sup> <sup>of</sup> <sup>heavenly</sup> <sup>lore</sup> I will tell you, my friends, where the  
<sup>Hath</sup> <sup>told</sup> <sup>you,</sup> <sup>my</sup> <sup>friends,</sup> <sup>that</sup> <sup>the</sup> <sup>ever-</sup> <sup>green</sup> <sup>shore</sup> <sup>Trinity</sup> <sup>lies</sup>  
<sup>Where</sup> <sup>God</sup> <sup>in</sup> <sup>his</sup> <sup>glory</sup> <sup>and</sup> <sup>majesty</sup> 'Tis a wonderful God-head invented by  
<sup>reigne,</sup> <sup>Can</sup> <sup>never</sup> <sup>be</sup> <sup>reached</sup> <sup>till</sup> <sup>you</sup> <sup>part</sup> <sup>with</sup> <sup>More</sup> <sup>used</sup> <sup>than</sup> <sup>the</sup> <sup>gods</sup> <sup>of</sup> <sup>the</sup> <sup>ortho-</sup>  
<sup>your</sup> <sup>gains;</sup> <sup>As</sup> <sup>soon</sup> <sup>into</sup> <sup>heaven</sup> <sup>the</sup> <sup>wealthy</sup> <sup>may</sup> <sup>We</sup> <sup>place</sup> <sup>more</sup> <sup>reliance</sup> <sup>in</sup> <sup>gods</sup> <sup>that</sup> <sup>we</sup>  
<sup>wheelde,</sup> <sup>As</sup> <sup>a</sup> <sup>camel</sup> <sup>may</sup> <sup>go</sup> <sup>through</sup> <sup>the</sup> <sup>eye</sup> <sup>of</sup> <sup>a</sup> <sup>Than</sup> <sup>we</sup> <sup>do</sup> <sup>in</sup> <sup>the</sup> <sup>Christians'</sup> <sup>invisible</sup>  
<sup>If</sup> <sup>there's</sup> <sup>truth</sup> <sup>in</sup> <sup>the</sup> <sup>doctrine</sup> <sup>our</sup> <sup>cler-</sup> <sup>gymen</sup> <sup>preach,</sup> <sup>face</sup> <sup>they</sup> <sup>behold,</sup> <sup>gold;</sup>  
<sup>And</sup> <sup>nothing</sup> <sup>but</sup> <sup>paupers</sup> <sup>a</sup> <sup>heaven</sup> <sup>may</sup> <sup>And</sup> <sup>bask</sup> <sup>in</sup> <sup>the</sup> <sup>light</sup> <sup>of</sup> <sup>his</sup> <sup>visage</sup> <sup>of</sup>  
<sup>What</sup> <sup>becomes</sup> <sup>of</sup> <sup>the</sup> <sup>fashion</sup> <sup>and</sup> <sup>wealth</sup> <sup>And</sup> <sup>the</sup> <sup>voice</sup> <sup>of</sup> <sup>his</sup> <sup>Son</sup> <sup>hath</sup> <sup>a</sup> <sup>clear</sup>  
<sup>of</sup> <sup>your</sup> <sup>church?</sup> <sup>silver</sup> <sup>ring</sup> <sup>Brother</sup> <sup>Stone,</sup> <sup>you</sup> <sup>have</sup> <sup>left</sup> <sup>them,</sup> <sup>alas!</sup> <sup>That</sup> <sup>down</sup> <sup>on</sup> <sup>their</sup> <sup>knees</sup> <sup>will</sup> <sup>the</sup> <sup>multi-</sup>  
<sup>We</sup> <sup>may</sup> <sup>judge</sup> <sup>by</sup> <sup>the</sup> <sup>wealth</sup> <sup>into</sup> <sup>some</sup> <sup>And</sup> <sup>the</sup> <sup>ghost</sup> <sup>of</sup> <sup>his</sup> <sup>Son,</sup> <sup>a</sup> <sup>diminutive</sup>  
<sup>Our</sup> <sup>Christians</sup> <sup>have</sup> <sup>paid</sup> <sup>a</sup> <sup>great</sup> <sup>price</sup> <sup>to</sup> <sup>We</sup> <sup>worship,</sup> <sup>which</sup> <sup>makes</sup> <sup>up</sup> <sup>the</sup> <sup>Trin-</sup>  
<sup>be</sup> <sup>damned;</sup> <sup>How</sup> <sup>is</sup> <sup>it?</sup> <sup>If</sup> <sup>only</sup> <sup>the</sup> <sup>poor</sup> <sup>and</sup> <sup>the</sup> <sup>meek</sup> <sup>The</sup> <sup>eagle</sup> <sup>of</sup> <sup>gold</sup> <sup>is</sup> <sup>the</sup> <sup>father</sup> <sup>of</sup> <sup>all;</sup>  
<sup>Shall</sup> <sup>see</sup> <sup>the</sup> <sup>bright</sup> <sup>land</sup> <sup>that</sup> <sup>we</sup> <sup>all</sup> <sup>of</sup> <sup>On</sup> <sup>him,</sup> <sup>through</sup> <sup>the</sup> <sup>dollar,</sup> <sup>his</sup> <sup>Son</sup> <sup>we</sup>  
<sup>us</sup> <sup>seek,</sup> <sup>That</sup> <sup>the</sup> <sup>rich</sup> <sup>man</sup> <sup>holds</sup> <sup>on</sup> <sup>to</sup> <sup>the</sup> <sup>things</sup> <sup>Our</sup> <sup>prayers</sup> <sup>are</sup> <sup>then</sup> <sup>answered,</sup> <sup>and</sup>  
<sup>of</sup> <sup>this</sup> <sup>world,</sup> <sup>When</sup> <sup>he</sup> <sup>knows</sup> <sup>at</sup> <sup>his</sup> <sup>death</sup> <sup>his</sup> <sup>poor</sup> <sup>His</sup> <sup>spirit,</sup> <sup>diffused,</sup> <sup>through</sup> <sup>the</sup> <sup>small</sup>  
<sup>soul</sup> <sup>will</sup> <sup>be</sup> <sup>hurled</sup> <sup>Right</sup> <sup>plumb</sup> <sup>into</sup> <sup>hell,</sup> <sup>if</sup> <sup>he</sup> <sup>dies</sup> <sup>worth</sup> <sup>a</sup> <sup>Dear</sup> <sup>brothers,</sup> <sup>all</sup> <sup>worship</sup> <sup>this</sup> <sup>lovely</sup>  
<sup>cent;</sup> <sup>Still</sup> <sup>the</sup> <sup>minds</sup> <sup>of</sup> <sup>the</sup> <sup>godly</sup> <sup>on</sup> <sup>riches</sup> <sup>are</sup> <sup>The</sup> <sup>world</sup> <sup>dances</sup> <sup>still</sup> <sup>to</sup> <sup>its</sup> <sup>gingling</sup>  
<sup>From</sup> <sup>the</sup> <sup>first</sup> <sup>cry</sup> <sup>of</sup> <sup>infancy</sup> <sup>up</sup> <sup>to</sup> <sup>four-</sup> <sup>It</sup> <sup>was</sup> <sup>born</sup> <sup>in</sup> <sup>our</sup> <sup>brain</sup> <sup>ere</sup> <sup>Christian-</sup>  
<sup>The</sup> <sup>song</sup> <sup>of</sup> <sup>the</sup> <sup>Christian</sup> <sup>is,</sup> <sup>more,</sup> <sup>give</sup> <sup>me</sup> <sup>more;</sup> <sup>And</sup> <sup>represents</sup> <sup>everything</sup> <sup>useful</sup> <sup>on</sup> <sup>earth.</sup>  
<sup>He</sup> <sup>asks</sup> <sup>of</sup> <sup>us</sup> <sup>alms</sup> <sup>for</sup> <sup>his</sup> <sup>heavenly</sup> <sup>host;</sup> <sup>We</sup> <sup>live</sup> <sup>for</sup> <sup>it,</sup> <sup>fight</sup> <sup>for</sup> <sup>it,</sup> <sup>die</sup> <sup>for</sup> <sup>it,</sup> <sup>still</sup>  
<sup>He</sup> <sup>begs</sup> <sup>for</sup> <sup>the</sup> <sup>Father,</sup> <sup>the</sup> <sup>Son,</sup> <sup>and</sup> <sup>his</sup> <sup>It</sup> <sup>will</sup> <sup>reign</sup> <sup>when</sup> <sup>forgotten</sup> <sup>is</sup> <sup>Calvary's</sup>  
<sup>Ghost,</sup> <sup>And</sup> <sup>laughs</sup> <sup>in</sup> <sup>his</sup> <sup>sleeve</sup> <sup>as</sup> <sup>he</sup> <sup>rambles</sup> <sup>Nor</sup> <sup>yield</sup> <sup>up</sup> <sup>a</sup> <sup>dime</sup> <sup>for</sup> <sup>the</sup> <sup>twaddle</sup> <sup>of</sup>  
<sup>When</sup> <sup>he</sup> <sup>thinks</sup> <sup>of</sup> <sup>two</sup> <sup>races</sup> <sup>that</sup> <sup>never</sup> <sup>Stone;</sup> <sup>Take</sup> <sup>no</sup> <sup>stock</sup> <sup>in</sup> <sup>the</sup> <sup>heaven</sup> <sup>of</sup> <sup>orthodox</sup>  
<sup>Two</sup> <sup>races</sup> <sup>alike,</sup> <sup>but</sup> <sup>of</sup> <sup>different</sup> <sup>schools,</sup> <sup>Nor</sup> <sup>be</sup> <sup>scared</sup> <sup>by</sup> <sup>the</sup> <sup>hell</sup> <sup>that</sup> <sup>a</sup> <sup>clergy-</sup>  
<sup>Both</sup> <sup>made</sup> <sup>for</sup> <sup>us</sup> <sup>spiders:</sup> <sup>they're</sup> <sup>flies</sup> <sup>and</sup> <sup>damn</sup> <sup>tools.</sup> <sup>'Tis</sup> <sup>strange,</sup> <sup>yet</sup> <sup>still</sup> <sup>true,</sup> <sup>but</sup> <sup>remark-</sup>  
<sup>Dear</sup> <sup>brothers,</sup> <sup>and</sup> <sup>you,</sup> <sup>my</sup> <sup>immaculate</sup> <sup>Five,</sup> <sup>That</sup> <sup>the</sup> <sup>God</sup> <sup>of</sup> <sup>the</sup> <sup>Christian</sup> <sup>should</sup> <sup>always</sup> <sup>want</sup> <sup>money.</sup> <sup>boax;</sup>  
<sup>Have</sup> <sup>been</sup> <sup>to</sup> <sup>hear</sup> <sup>Stone,</sup> <sup>and</sup> <sup>be</sup> <sup>skinned</sup> <sup>you</sup> <sup>alive;</sup> <sup>of</sup> <sup>prayer,</sup> <sup>Their</sup> <sup>three</sup> <sup>are</sup> <sup>a</sup> <sup>myth;</sup> <sup>our</sup> <sup>God</sup> <sup>is</sup> <sup>no</sup>  
<sup>Threw</sup> <sup>over</sup> <sup>your</sup> <sup>minds</sup> <sup>the</sup> <sup>soft</sup> <sup>glamour</sup> <sup>And</sup> <sup>robbed</sup> <sup>you</sup> <sup>of</sup> <sup>everything,</sup> <sup>all</sup> <sup>but</sup> <sup>If</sup> <sup>you</sup> <sup>want</sup> <sup>to</sup> <sup>hear</sup> <sup>truth,</sup> <sup>call</sup> <sup>around</sup> <sup>at</sup>  
<sup>And</sup> <sup>robbed</sup> <sup>you</sup> <sup>of</sup> <sup>everything,</sup> <sup>all</sup> <sup>but</sup> <sup>your</sup> <sup>hair,</sup> <sup>The</sup> <sup>Oaks.</sup>

The Oaks, February, 1873.

THE PARSON.



## Court Chat.

— With the view of keeping the ex-Emperor's memory green in the soul of his admirers a miniature terra-cotta bust of the deceased is sold as the centerpiece in a bouquet of violets for the small sum of three sous. Mourning letter paper is for sale with his photograph in the corner of each sheet and embossed on the envelopes. There are salet pins also with the head of ex-Cesar. An illustrated sheet recounting the glories of the Second Empire for the use of "the noble peasants of France" is gratuitously distributed. The Republicans have brought out a companion sheet, also illustrated, commencing with Napoleon's shooting the soldier Badinguet in the barracks yard of Boulogne-sur-Mer, in 1840. The impartial historian must look on this picture and on this.

— Messrs. Delann, of Paris, have formed a collection, in six volumes, of caricatures published in Paris in 1870 and 1871. The first series embraces the period from the Declaration of War to the close of August; the second, from Sedan to the fall of Metz; the third, from the surrender of Metz to the March Revolution; the fourth, the reign of the Commune; the fifth and sixth relate to Italian matters, and also comprise satires on Germans of a date posterior to the fall of the Commune. The whole comprises about 1,800 to 2,000 caricatures. One copy has been purchased by Prince Bismarck, a second by the British Museum, and a third is in the hands of the collectors.

— A letter from Madrid in the *Paris Temps* says that the death of Napoleon III. caused only a little passing emotion in the Spanish capital. On the evening of the day when the news was published, the King and Queen were at the theater. The friends of the Empire complained of this in strong terms as a violation of good manners, and to appease them the King went into mourning for a few days. The display of sympathy began and ended with this formal act.

— Francis Joseph of Austria has done a good thing. He offers a prize of five thousand florins to the journalist who will write the best editorial on Austrian affairs in the German language. Said editorial is not to contain more than one thousand words. It is immaterial what political party the writer belongs to. The Vienna papers think that there will be several thousand competitors for the prize.

— According to a telegram from St. Petersburg, public opinion is excited there by reports of the cruelties inflicted upon the Russian prisoners in Korea. The proposed expedition is therefore in great favor, and preparations for it on a large scale are being vigorously pushed forward. Volunteers from the highest ranks are offering, it is said, to accompany the expedition.

— Miss Ada Wyndham, a relative of Baron Channell's, died on the 23d ult., whilst under the influence of nitrous oxide gas, administered for a dental operation. This is the first recorded death by this new anæsthetic, which it was confidently hoped was entirely free from danger. A verdict of homicide by misadventure was returned at the inquest.

— It is said that Miss Hosmer, who is working away diligently at Rome, has received many orders for her head of Medusa. Instead of treating it in the conventional style, making a repulsive figure, small wings nestle in the tresses surrounding a charming face, and the bust alone is entwined with snakes in the necklace fashion.

— The first ball ever given in the Quirinal took place recently. The rooms had a very brilliant appearance. All the ministers, the members of the diplomatic body, the Roman aristocracy, and the fashionable world were present. The ball terminated with the dance of Sir Roger de Coverley, in honor of Prince Arthur.

— The real name of themorganatic wife of King Victor Emmanuel, whom he now tries to put as his queen upon the throne of Italy, was Rosina Vercellana. She was of very low descent, and when Victor Emmanuel first made her acquaintance in 1846, she was unable to read and write.

— President Thiers' new library embraces one hundred and twenty thousand volumes. They are all uniformly bound in green cloth, except his own works, which his publishers have presented to him bound in the most splendid crimson velvet with gold rims.

— Contrary to report, which said that each of the five sons of the Khedive had had a wife apportioned to him, we now hear that the eldest son had two wives assigned to him, showing that there is some disadvantage, after all, in being first-born.

— Dr. Livingstone is to be presented with a massive gold medal by the Italian Government. The medal was to be ready by the 31 instant, and consigned to Sir Bartle Frere to present it to the great traveler in person, or to forward it by some safe hand.

— A locksmith at Innspruck, in the Tyrol, has invented a pistol, which, he claims, can be fired off twenty-five times in one minute. He has offered his invention to the Minister of War in Vienna for sixty thousand florins.

— The Dowager Empress Amélie of Brazil, Consort of Pedro I., died at Lisbon on the 26th, after a long illness. Don Fernando remained all night in the sick room. The late Empress was very charitable, and is much regretted.

— King John of Saxony has, during his long life, written sixteen books, most of them translations from the Italian and English. His translation of Dante is considered the best existing in German literature.

**Defeat.**

[BY BARTON GREY.]

He took her hand and looked at her,  
No sound did that deep stillness stir;  
Even the weary, wandering rain  
Had ceased to beat upon the pane;  
Only about the perfect mouth  
A sigh more faint than the faint south  
Hovered of moment's space, and then  
Died into nothingness again.

The words he spoke were brief and slow:  
What could he say, she did not know;  
What pulse of that impetuous soul!  
But owned her calm, serene control?  
No need for him to test her heart  
With cunning fence or verbal art;  
Only to ask and wait her will,  
And winning, losing, love her still.

Perhaps she wavered—ay, perhaps  
The shadow of the cloud that wraps  
The future from our questioning gaze  
Let in some glimpse of after days,  
Some hint of all she might possess  
In that true spirit's tenderness,  
If but her weaker life might move  
Unto the music of his love.

Perhaps! who knows? He only knew  
The large gray eyes were dim with dew;  
Saw only on the month's sweet bloom  
The shadow of reluctant doom;  
Felt only one sad, gentle word—  
And then thro' the deep stillness heard  
Once more the weary, wandering rain  
Beat dull against the window pane.

**New Books from A. Roman & Co.**

**KENTUCKY'S LOVE; OR, ROUGHING IT AROUND PARIS.** By Edward King, author of "My Paris." Lee & Shepard, Publishers, Boston.

Mr. Edward King has entered the field early, and made the battle grounds around Paris the scene of a very pretty romance; and he writes with the force of one who has seen what he describes and been through the battles he paints. His descriptions of the destruction and desolation of the charming villages surrounding Paris; of the marching and countermarching of great armies; of a night attack by the French; of Ducrot's great fight at Champigny, are drawn by a master hand, and are alone sufficient to arrest the attention of the reader, without the additional interest of the romance of Kentucky's Love, which runs through the book and diverts our minds, somewhat, from the horrors of war. We quote his description of the return of the wounded:

"Hearing the rumble of approaching wagons, I mounted to my accustomed perch by the side of the driver. Presently, through the semi-mist, a great train of lumbering carts, each drawn by a stout Norman horse, came in sight. Each of these carts contained three or four wounded soldiers—Prussians, Bavarians, Saxons, Wurtembergers, thrown rather than lain, into the springless vehicles, each jolt of which upon the frozen ground wrung groans of anguish from the suffering men. Many had lain upon the skirmish ground, where they had been stricken down, for a whole day before they were cared for; and their limbs were frightfully swollen, their eyes were blood-shot, and their faces blanched by approaching death. The helmets hung on the cart stakes; and the majority of the wounded, with their fatigue caps drawn down over their eyes, lay flat upon their backs, clenching their hands and compressing their lips fiercely at each fresh agony. The drivers stopped us and begged for water. 'We can get none in this accursed country,' one said, 'and the wounded are getting crazy.' A grimy, sodden, blood-stained, discouraged crew! A bleary-eyed, bone-weary, motley gang! A section of the Infirmary, ambulant and modernized! A great holocaust, thrown under the Juggernaut of Prussian ambition and German unity. And a sad and pitiful sight, indeed, these dejected youths and bearded men, bleeding, writhing, and grasping at empty air. 'Turn the cart off by the roadside a few minutes, or I shall die,' cried one slender sufferer as he was jolted past. In the following wagon, three Prussians, badly wounded, were crooning a little song together, and interspersing it with curses and cries of agony. An officer rode hastily by, and looked at them curiously. 'Halt!' he said; 'these men must rest. One is dying,' as indeed it seemed. The Uhlans who rode beside the carts asked us whither we were going. Was there any graveyard made for German soldiers at Montmorency yet? Because there were three dead men in one of the carts yonder, and they disliked to bury them by the roadside."

As will be seen from the above sketch, Mr. Edward King shows keen observation and shrewd powers of judgment, and this book gives one a better idea of the siege of Paris than one-half of the military works on that subject.

**"YOUNG AMERICA ABROAD."**—"Cross and Crescent." By Oliver Optic (William T. Adams). Lee & Shepard, Publishers, Boston.

This is the third volume of the second series of "Young America Abroad," and gives the experiences and adventures of the young travelers in Turkey and Greece, and cleverly combined with all its fun and frolic, it gives an excellent and truthful history of the countries passed through, and so pleasantly and intelligently conveyed, that important facts in modern and ancient history, geography and mythology will never be forgotten by the readers, young and old, who delight in Oliver Optic's books.

**THE TREASURE OF THE SEAS.**—By the author of the B. O. W. C. series, Professor James de Mille. Lee & Shepard, Publishers, Boston.

**THE DRAWING-ROOM STAGE.**—A series of original dramas, comedies, farces and entertainment for Amateur Theatricals and School Exhibitions. By George M. Baker.

### Special Brevities.

— The Board of Trade of the Dominion, corresponding to our National Board of Trade, now in session at Ottawa, have adopted resolutions in favor of reciprocity with the United States. Canada seems to be more anxious on this point than we are, partly because she needs reciprocity the most and partly because our attention has been diverted to subjects more strictly political. We shall soon come, however, to the industrial commercial issues, and foremost among them is the question of reciprocity with our nearest neighbors on this continent and the issues of the sea. Free trade with Canada, Mexico, the West Indies and the Sandwich Islands, so as to make us commercially one community, will do more for the mutual interests of all these people than Shellabarger subsidies or Samana Bay Companies.

— It is a curious fact that lithotripsy, supposed to be a modern invention, was known to the ancient Romans, specimens of instruments adapted to the purpose having been found among the ruins of Pompeii. It nevertheless fell into complete oblivion, until it was revived in the present century by Baron Heurteloup, a French surgeon. Various contrivances were used by Heurteloup and others; but the type of that now in use, known as the screw instrument, was devised by Dr. LeStrange, of Dublin. That instrument, or a modification of it, was, we believe, used by Sir Henry Thompson in his recent operation. It obviates many dangers that surround the percussion operation (that of Heurteloup), and provides for the important object of completely removing the broken fragments of the calculus.

— It is generally believed that Mr. Jay Gould has made a good thing by his "restitution" to the Erie Railway shareholders. It appears that he stipulated with the directors before restoring the \$9,000,000 that he should have time to bid for 200,000 shares. This he did, and as the price rose £4 a share, the dealers who agreed to deliver must have forfeited about £200,000. He had, however, previously issued other orders in Europe, and the New York papers assert that his total gains amount to \$12,000,000, or half a million sterling more than he gave up. For making this money he has received a full discharge of all liabilities of every kind, and a promise that he shall always be consulted on all the important affairs of the railway.

— Drawings have been sent to the War Office, with a view to the construction of two fifty-ton guns fifteen tons heavier than the "Woolwich Infants" at the Royal Arsenal, in case it should be thought desirable to arm ironclads of the *Tonnadire* class with weapons of that magnitude. The authorities of the Royal Gun Factories have also designed, and are prepared to construct, a gun upon the Frazer system of gun-building, seventy tons in weight, and to throw a projectile of 1,400 pounds. The seventy-ton gun, presuming it to be twice as powerful as the "Woolwich Infant," would pierce twenty-eight inches of armor-plate at the distance of a mile and a half, and would carry shot weighing upwards of half a ton sixteen miles.

— Reporting to the Board of Trade on the fatal accident to Sir Donald M'Leod, on the Metropolitan District Railway, Captain Tyler recommends the adoption, as far as practicable, of a uniform standard for passenger platforms, which would be 3 ft. 1½ in. high, and 2 ft. 4½ in. at the outside edge from the working faces of the rails. He further urges the supply of continuous footboards, remaining above the level of the platforms when the carriages are loaded. Captain Tyler also points out the necessity for careful supervision in regard to the starting of the trains, and expresses an opinion that there ought to be at least as many porters at each station as there may be trains in it at any one time.

— A new paint has been lately produced by the Silicate Paint Company of Liverpool, designed to supersede all other kinds; it is said to be fire and water-proof, never to crack, and always to retain its luster. The chief ingredient in its manufacture is silica, the nature of which is the same as that of flint, and paint thus prepared keeps the surface covered with it in a perfect state of preservation. It is suitable alike for iron or timber, entirely preventing corrosion on the one, and decay on the other, and will bear any amount of heat without blistering or changing color. It is supplied in all colors, and is used in the same way as ordinary paint.

— At a special meeting of the shareholders in the Oriental Bank Corporation on the 30th, the Chairman gave the substance of the Bill which is to be introduced into Parliament on the opening of this session, to enable the Bank to continue the privileges of the charter which has just expired. This Bill has been prepared in case of need, but will not be used if the charter is renewed as expected.

— A correspondent of a provincial newspaper forwards a statement with reference to a Yeovil dairyman who possesses an extraordinary cow—one that supplies fish as well as milk. In a small quantity of white fluid sold by this person lately as milk, a minnow nearly an inch and a half in length was discovered. Moral addressed specially to dairymen: *Strain your milk before mixing.*

— The White Star Line are about to put on a line of first-class steamers torn between San Francisco and China, consisting of the *Republic*, *Asiatic*, *Atlantic*, *Tropic* and *Rimac*. Two of these steamers, the *Republic* and *Atlantic*, were for some time in the Liverpool and New York service.

— The quantity of tobacco paying duty and cleared for consumption in the United Kingdom averaged 13½ oz. per head of the population in 1841. In 1851 it had increased to 1 lb. ¼ oz. per head. In 1861 it had reached 1 lb. 3¼ oz. per head. In 1871 it amounted to 1 lb. 5½ oz. per head.



### The Emotions.

Of all the funny notions	How can he show what joys him or what
That frolicsome imagination shapes,	ails?
To think that a famous lecturer on apes,	But, ah, my Darwin, does it not perplex,
Should set himself to study Emotions;	Puzzle and vex,
And their Expression, by the features	To trace with even your intense devotion,
Or other lineaments of living creatures!	The various expressions of emotion
With dogs the sign of pleasure that pre-	Employed by what we call the gentle sex?
vails	We think we see a blush—
Is wagging their tails:—	Why, tush! 'tis but a flush
But what expression is in vogue with	Obtainable with powder and brush,
whales?	Or colored lotion!
The monkey grins, but then he can not	And so we fail to trace
laugh.	In woman's face
But the giraffe	The real, plain expression of Emotion!

### Vis Comica.

The New York *Evening Post*, of January 11th, gives a list, "certainly incomplete and possibly incorrect," of the comic papers that have been established in America, to the number of forty-six, exclusive of annuals. The earliest in date is Irving and Paulding's *Salmagundi*, begun and ended in 1807. The *Evening Post* invites correction of its list, and we accept the invitation. It omits to mention: The *Alla California*, and the *Morning Call*, both dailies, published in this city. The comic element in the former is a good deal diffused, on account of its size, but is of rare quality. Long and careful search by enthusiastic travelers in various parts of the world, has failed to discover anything like this remarkable product. Altogether it is the most senseless and fit paper for laughter. The *Call* is perhaps less interesting to the general inquirer. Its strong point, full of comic force, but a trifle monotonous, is the daily publication of the number of copies circulated, under the form of an affidavit. Monotonous, no doubt; but even now, after the custom of years, the most hardened reader of the *Call* lapses into cackinization at the sight of those well-known figures, "sworn to before me." We commend these corrections to the *Evening Post*, agreeing with it, on the whole, in its remarks on the fate of American comic papers, but altogether refusing to accept the cause assigned for their failure. This is declared by the *Post* (following the New York *World*) to be the remarkable freedom, brightness and spiciness of the daily papers throughout the country. We deny the freedom, brightness, etc. Some few brilliant papers there are, but there are hundreds of cities in the Union which do not produce one joke in six months among them all. Take away the New York *World*, an occasional *Tribune*, the Boston *Post*, and the San Francisco paper, and you have exhausted the two coasts. In the interior, there is but the Louisville *Courier-Journal*. The *Post* is misled by the cackle of Americanism around it. We may be misled, perhaps, by our distrust of this barn-yard eloquence; but it seems to us that, on the whole, American comic journalism has experienced no peculiarly hard fate. The earliest English comic paper, mentioned in the article in *Notes and Queries*, in June, 1872, is *The Grog*, established in 1824. The earliest American, leaving out *Salmagundi*, bears date 1846. Looking at the difference of the two countries in population and wealth, it seems by no means strange that while England, in fifty years, has buried nearly seventy comic papers, America should have finished off nearly fifty in thirty years. The great and remarkable difference between the two countries is, however, in the character of the journals which survive. The English are of a high order of merit, the American, without exception, insufferably vulgar. It would be unwise and unfair to come to definite conclusions as to the causes of the American inferiority in this branch of literature; but it seems to us to be due to what Renan calls the lack of nobleness in American society, and to the lower intellectual level of the reading community. In this country everybody reads; and nearly everybody publishes a paper. The United States publish only two thousand papers less than the rest of the civilized world; how is it possible that the readers of these papers should be up to the general level of average cultivation in other countries? Everybody has just now a great respect for the Germans. They are very strong; and not only that, they are the most learned of men. But Germany shows only 800 newspapers against the 5,800 of the United States. Our conviction in the matter is that comic journalism is like all other journalism, in this country, a mere game of chance. If the paper comes out at the right moment, and finds the right community to back it, it will succeed. Otherwise it will die; and may it rest in peace!

— Drug clerks be careful, and remember the scriptural adage, "An eye for an eye." The public place themselves almost entirely in your power, and when that power is abused, either through ignorance, carelessness, or vice, the sharp claws of the law are very apt to leave an impression on your smirking countenances. What amount of apology or money can make up to Dr. O'Donnell the loss of his eye? Our advice to the Doctor is, when he gets well, to go for that drug clerk and gouge him. An immense amount of satisfaction would be felt by him could he pocket that Ignoramus's eye.



### Blood Thicker Than Water.

The niggers have cause to congratulate themselves. They have always had the Republican party upon their side, and now they are in a fair way to capture the Democracy. Indeed they have shown such talent for promiscuous stealing that the rogues of the entire nation are beginning slowly to appreciate them and come around. There is a wonderful amount of sympathy in knavery. The last convert to niggerdom is Jim Brooks, Democratic Congressman from New York City. Jim has always consistently hated the black race, but was rather vague in his reasons for hating them. At last it comes out; he believed them to be honest. The stories of their disposition to petty larceny, their nipping of every unconsidered trifle that came within their reach, of the proverbial danger run by all manner of pigs and poultry in roosting low, as well as all the legends showing them to be easily tempted by valuables, have fallen upon a doubting ear when recounted to the incredulous Brooks. He would believe no word of it, and so despised them, hair, hoof and horn, as demnation inferior creatures, unworthy to associate or in any manner to intermix with the noble Caucasian. But at last he has been convinced. He sees his mistake, he acknowledges his error, he forgives, and he loves. The lucky nigger who converted Brooks is one Ranny, of South Carolina. This darkey, it appears, can't see any more harm in a member of Congress stealing from the public, than for an old plantation nigger to nip a fat gobbler from his master's roost. The principle is all the same, and both are rather pleasant things to do, so long as you are not caught at it. Brooks was detected speculating in "Credit Mobilier stock," and for a time appeared in danger of being slightly castigated by his master, the people represented in Congress. For a moment, we say, for there was never any real danger of the "scape-goat" business being really carried out in practice. Where the members of a band of robbers have the judging of an offense in which all have participated, there is not likely to be anything very important done. But Brooks was evidently frightened, and when poor Ranny, with the memory of many a stolen pig, fat, crisp and luscious still pervading his palate, came to the rescue, the southern Democratic heart melted, and to Brooks the African was changed in the twinkling of an eye and became a man and a brother. He rushed over to the Black Republican side of the house and fell upon the bosom of his new-found kinsman and wept. It was the most touching scene that has occurred on that historic floor since the death of the "Old Man Eloquent." Japhet acknowledged Ham, lily-white mingled with jet-black, and a new political color was produced in an instant. It was a new form of "miscegenation." "Mr. Ranny," cried the blubbing Brooks, "I feel deeply gratified for the vote you have cast. Heretofore I have been a persistent opponent of your race, but for the future I shall not only be your friend, but the friend of your race." The heart of Ranny must have swelled with joy at the recognition of the place his race held in the great family of thieves. "Boo-oo-hoo," he sobbed on the breast of Brooks, "we are all rogues together. Now let thy servant depart in peace. I have lived to see the day when all who steal are equal." We suggest that the colored people throughout the country make the anniversary of this important event a holiday, ranking with their proclamation day, and that all the thieves in the country, without respect to race or politics, be invited to participate.

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— *Appropos* of the new book just published, entitled "Another World," in which the author seriously professes to give, "from actual experience, a matter-of-fact account of the laws, manners, and customs of a kingdom situated in one of the planets of the solar system." *Punch* asks the author to be good enough to gratify a pardonable curiosity, and answer the following questions respecting our fellow planetants: Have they a national debt? Have they any "old masters"? Are they forbidden to marry their deceased wives' sisters; or is it legal to do so in the northeast and illegal in the southwest? Do they talk about the weather, or have they any weather to talk about? Do they take a reciprocal interest in us and our proceedings; and have they telescopes of sufficient power to make out the course of the Serpentine, the summit of Primrose Hill, the top of the Duke of York's Column, etc? Do they make *mariages de convenance*? Do they wear beards? Have they lawyers? Is such a thing as a job known in the upper circles? Are any of the following articles in request among them—ronge, false hair, orders for theaters, fiery sherry, morning calls, quack medicines, high black hats, after-dinner speeches, burlesques, great exhibitions, horse-hair wigs and turtle soup? Do they make Latin verses? Do they learn the dead languages of extinct planets before they are taught their own? Are their railways or airways, or whatever their means of locomotion may be called, as well managed as our own? Have they street music? Have they trouble with their servants? Is the manufacture of umbrellas a flourishing branch of their trade and commerce? Have they a Lord Mayor? Have they a *Punch*?

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— A little girl in Aberdeen, being sent to a dame's school at which the daily prayer contained this petition: "May we live in thy fear and die in thy favor, O Lord!" returned home, and announced to her mother that she could repeat the teacher's prayer, which she thought a very good one. The foregoing petition, however, she had picked up thus (and stuck to it): "May we live in thy fear and die in a fever, O Lord." Happily, up to this date (1873), the little girl, now a worthy matron in Melbourne, lives to tell the story.

### St. David's Day.

Wear we the leek to-day in memory of honorable achievements.

Sol once more, with vernal ray,  
Gilds auspiciously the day;  
Eager we, with glee, to pay  
St. David's mite.

Far from Snowdon's lofty peak,  
Boldly bear our country's leek;  
Ever proudly of it speak,  
With faces bright.

Burning with poetic fire,  
Harmonize the voice and lyre;  
Join the chorus, son and sire,  
With all your might.

Fill the page of friendship's roll,  
Circulate the wassail bowl,  
Saturate each thirsty soul,  
To his delight.

Pledge our Patron Saint a toast,  
Next to Peter—'mong the host—  
David is the master ghost  
In realm of sprite.

Patriotic circles band,  
Goblets full, in every hand,  
Drain to honor fatherland—  
No more to fight.

Bloody swords, and wounds to bind,  
Never more we there shall find;  
Conflicts hence of mind with mind,  
To judge aright.

Spite of Romans, Saxons, Danes,  
Norman thieves, and English Thanes,  
Cambria unencumbered reigns—  
Here to-night.

Celts in blood, and yet 'tis seen,  
Red our flag—not furtive green—  
Loyally we toast the Queen,  
God and the right.

### The Right Man in the Right Place.

Governor Booth appears to possess the happy faculty of satisfying the public with official appointments. It is the gift pre-eminent to make a successful administration. His judges have in almost every instance been men who were honest and learned, and in the Executive branches of the Government he has, if possible, been even more fortunate. This result has been brought about, we believe, by his determination not to make the faculty for political wire pulling the test of official fitness. His last appointment, that of Lewis Cunningham, to be Harbor Commissioner, vice Marks transferred to other fields of usefulness, is one of the very best he has made, and is in itself a compliment to every decent official and respectable voter and tax-payer in the State. Putting it upon the most selfish ground, it is equivalent to saying to the people that he has confidence that an upright and conscientious discharge of duty is one of the roads—is, indeed, the shortest and most direct road—to political preferment. We have had before now Governors who were candidates for the Senate, more than one, or even two, and it is true that their exercise of the appointing power has in every instance demonstrated their opinions to be to the effect that the people were managed by the worst elements of society, and not by the best. They have shown that they thought their cause advanced by having unscrupulous men in subordinate positions, and so have filled up every branch of the Government with them. We do not know that Governor Booth is a candidate for the Senate. All of his enemies charge that he is, and his friends answer that they hope it is true. But we do say, that if he be a candidate, and the result of his candidacy is to put such men as Mr. Lewis Cunningham in responsible positions, then we say to him, go on being a candidate, for it works well for the people. If the being a candidate for the Senate involves the appointment by the Governor, for the time being, of high-minded and honorable gentlemen to take charge of the property of the State and manage it, of wise and just and poor men to be Supreme Judges, as in our opinion is the case with the incumbent now setting upon that bench by the appointment of the Governor now supposed to be a candidate, we say, then let it be understood that all Governors be candidates for the Senate henceforth and forever, and let them be elected, too, as a reward for their faith in the cause of justice, truth and right.

### General vs. Drover.

There was once a Scotch drover who, though he could neither read nor write, had nevertheless made a large fortune by sheep farming, and was open to any degree of flattery as to his abilities in this department of labor. A purchaser, knowing his weakness, and anxious to ingratiate himself into his good graces, ventured one evening over the whiskey-toddy to remark: "I am of the opinion, sir, that you are a greater man than even the Duke of Wellington!" "Hoot, toot!" replied the shepherd, modestly, hanging his head with a pleased smile, and taking a large pinch of snuff, "that's too much—too much by far—by far." But his guest, after expatiating for a while upon the great powers of his host in collecting and concentrating upon a Southern market a flock of sheep, suggested the question: "Could the Duke of Wellington have done that?" The sheep farmer thought a little, snuffed, took a glass of toddy, and replied: "The Duke of Wellington was, no doubt, a clever man; very, very clever, I believe. They tell me he was a good soldier; but then, d'y'e see, he had reasonable men to deal with—captains, and majors, and generals, that could understand him, every one of them, both officers and men; but I'm not sure, after all, if he could manage, say twenty thousand sheep, beside black cattle, that could not understand one word he said, Gaelic or English, and bring every hoof o' them to Fa'kirk Tryst? I doot it—I doot it—but I have done that!" The inference was evident.

### "Engineering."

There is no exchange that reaches our table weekly more welcome or more valued by us than the *Engineering*, a scientific paper published in London, by Messrs. Dredge and Maw, two gentlemen of more than ordinary ability in the journalistic line of business that they for some years past have made a specialty. The articles written by these gentlemen can easily be detected by the thorough, scientific and unanswerable manner in which they are generally presented. Articles connected with the civil and military engineering service are particularly well handled, and the paper frequently contains, in condensed form, an immense mass of information relating to the railway interests of England, India, United States, and other countries. Scientific society matters are carefully reviewed and commented upon. The *Engineering* is the organ of no party, and although it leans strongly on the side of "narrow gauge," or the new system, it is supported by engineers of all gauges. We honestly recommend the paper to our readers, and trust it will obtain what it merits—a wide and extended circulation on this coast. Immeasurably it is the best practical scientific paper that comes to this coast. In narrow gauge matters the paper is full of practical detail, with illustrations that are works of art. Engineers and mechanics will find a fund of valuable information in the *Engineering*, that is not to be obtained in any other publication of the kind we know of. It embraces authentic statistics of the railway system of the world, and seemingly publishes nothing that is unreliable. It has done much for the narrow gauge interests, and deserves to be patronized to a large extent in this country by the advocates of that system. The following is the *Engineering's*—

NOTICE TO AMERICAN SUBSCRIBERS.—In consequence of the great increase in our American connexion, we have found it necessary to establish a branch office in the United States. Communications may in future be addressed to Mr. George Edward Harding, C. E., of 176 Broadway, New York, who is our accredited representative. In answer to numerous inquiries, Mr. Charles Gilbert begs to state that subscribers in the United States can be supplied with *Engineering* from this office, post free, for the sum of £1 14s. 8d. (\$8 32 gold) per annum, payable in advance. 37 Bedford street, Strand, W. C.

### Joint Stock Companies.

The following new joint stock companies have been brought forward: The New Gas Company, capital £500,000, in shares of £5, established for the purpose of acquiring and commercially developing the British and foreign patents for improvements in the manufacture of gas for lighting, known as Fusk's patents. The prospectus states that the new gas, although produced from hydrocarbon vapor, differs entirely from air gas, as, instead of common air, a specially prepared gas of a permanent character is employed, which requires far less spirit to give it illuminating power, and possesses the further advantage of being able to travel through pipes without deposit or loss of illuminating power. The gas, both for heating and lighting purposes, the prospectus states to be very superior, and the process applied to gas for lighting has been submitted to rigid tests by competent authorities, who report strongly in its favor. In addition to the patents granted for the United Kingdom, steps have been taken to obtain patents from fifty-three different Governments, and the economy is stated to be such that it is not unreasonable to expect that it will gradually be adopted by existing companies all over the world. By this process, too, it is stated that one man can do as much work as thirty under the present system, and existing gasworks can be readily adapted to the system at moderate cost, while the process can be applied to single houses, churches, manufactories distant from gasworks, with perfect safety at low cost. The vendor is to dispose to the company the whole of his British and foreign patents for £50,000 in cash and £75,000 in shares of the company, together with one-tenth of surplus profits above 25 per cent., and one-tenth of the proceeds of any foreign patents which may be sold for sums in gross.—*English paper.*

### The Age of Fisk.

A civilization of planters and builders, hoeing and hammering in competition and strife. A nation of kleptomaniacs, mad to be rich at any sacrifice. Moral worth drenched as a fanatic, or patronized as a milk sop; every material success worshiped as a god. Trade a corner in grain that starves the poor; a parley of two foxes, each lying for a goose; a game of euchre to set gamblers on edge. In a million of people one Astor, one Stewart, one Vanderbilt, thirty thousand women so cheap that their bodies are on sale, thirty thousand men so cheap as to eat the bread of such earnings. Politics a swill-trough, at which the greediest swine gets soonest fat. The church a fashion-plate. Law a thing that helps a man steal fifty millions of dollars; then, if he leaves two millions behind at death, calls it his own property. Justice so poor a farce that this man's daudly murderer becomes a public benefactor, and his wanton jilt a general blessing. Did I say all this was a nightmare? Yes, the age of Fisk.—*E. H. G. Clark, of Troy.*



### An Excellent Roadway.

The work of macadamizing New Montgomery street, between Mission and Howard, has progressed far enough to show that the road, when finished, will be superior to any other roadway of the kind in the city. The foundation is composed of the ordinary rock taken from the hills, over which is placed nine inches of flint rock, obtained by the contractor, Mr. Caduc, at a quarry about seven miles from the city. This rock appears to be of excellent quality, not liable to turn into mud or ground to dust to be blown away by the wind. It is broken in pieces as large as a man's fist, and rolled hard with an iron roller, a top dressing of the same, crushed very fine, being rolled in to make the road smooth. Those capable of judging pronounce it the only macadamizing worthy of the name yet done here. At the last meeting of the Board of Supervisors, Mr. Caduc was authorized to macadamize Market street from Franklin to Ridley, in the same manner, the contractor agreeing to keep the work in repair one year. In order to perform this and other work of the kind, Mr. Caduc has sent East for a steampower roller, which will have a pressure of 30,000 pounds. The first year of a macadamized street is always the critical period; if not well made of durable material it will be spoiled within that time. The discovery of this new road-making material is one of much importance to San Francisco, where the sandy soil prevents the holding of cobbles, and the climate is unfavorable to the permanency of wooden pavements. The cost of macadamizing is also less, being but eighteen cents per foot, while the expense for repairs is comparatively small. All depressions in the streets during the first year being filled with the flint rock and rolled in, there can be little doubt that a good and permanent roadway will be the result. The great difficulty in macadamizing heretofore has been the want of any suitable material.

— An American adventuress, giving her name as Maria Graindorge, has been arrested in Paris on the following charge of impudent and ingenious swindling: She appears well dressed, and with a handsome baby in her arms, at the houses of wealthy Parisians, asking to see the proprietor. As soon as she was admitted to his presence, she would rush at him, exclaiming, "Traitor! wretch! villain! have I found you at last!" At the same time, the handsome baby, having been trained for that purpose, would extend its little arms toward the astonished gentleman and cry, "Papa, dear papa!" It may be imagined that "papa" preferred to give the swindler some money in order to make her leave the house. When she was arrested at her residence in the Rue Duviivier, no fewer than seven trained babies were found in the house, also nine or ten thousand francs in money. Mlle. Graindorge, upon being closely pressed by the examining magistrate, confessed that her real name was Oaks; that she was a native of New York; and that she had been before at the Saint Lazare prison. The Paris Assizes found her guilty, and she was sent for seven years to New Caledonia.

— The following love epistle was sent by a stone-cutter to a widow: "Divine Flint:—Were you not harder than porphyry, or agate, the chisel of my love, drove by the mallet of my fidelity, would have made some impression on thee. I that have shaped as I pleased, the most untoward substances, hoped by the compass of reason, the plummet of discretion, the saw of constancy, the soft file of kindness, and the polish of good words to have modeled you into one of the prettiest statues in the world; but alas! I find you are a flint, that strikes fire and sets my soul in a blaze, though your heart is as cold as marble. Pity my case, pray madam, for I know not what I say or do. If I go to make a dragon, I strike out a cupid; instead of a church fount for baptism, I make an apothecary's mortar; and dear pillar of my hopes, pedestal of my comfort, and cornice of my joy, take compassion upon me, for upon your pity I build all my hope, and will, if fortunate, erect statues, obelisks, and pyramids to your generosity.

— A good story is being told of Poole, the fashionable tailor in Saville Row, London. One of his aristocratic customers, thinking to annoy him, went up to him as he was walking on the Parade at Brighton at the most fashionable hour of the day, and said to him, "See, Poole, how badly this coat fits." The great Sartor was fully equal to the occasion. Taking a piece of chalk out of his pocket, he marked sundry hieroglyphics over the puppy's back, and then, turning him adrift, said, "There, my lord, you go and show yourself to my people, and they will soon put you right." The general impression was that Lord Blank did not win that game at Poole.

— A certain Moses Cohen attempted suicide off Meliggs' Wharf. He was a considerable young man, for before he took the fatal plunge, he carefully divested himself of his coat, money and watch. This was very knowing of him. No doubt he thought the water would stop his watch and soil his coat, and that he would not be able to see what time it was when he woke. We don't think he meant biz, or he would have taken the lot with him. Few Moses's of our acquaintance would leave a watch, coat and money unless they meant to call for it again.



## Off the Coast.

"The sea is quiet, my oarsman,  
So let us idly float  
In the hush of this glorious silence,  
From turmoil and life remote;  
The past, like the shore behind us,  
Marking how little we've gained;  
The future, the blue beyond us,  
Boundless and unattained.

"But, love, remember I'm mortal,  
Satisfied quite to know  
That deep in your heart, my opal,  
Is prisoned love's fadeless glow.  
So I shall watch this sunlight  
Tangle itself in your curls,  
And light up the gems on your finger  
The pallid shimmer of pearls.

"Stay; in my brain a poem  
Hums, with a rhythmic flow  
Quaint as its words, and tender  
As love was ages ago.  
Bend your head and listen  
Clear to its happy cress,  
As you might watch a rosebud  
Bursting into a rose.

"The sunbeams shake in sparkles  
From a hand that is fair to see.  
No lay of ancient minstrel  
Shall interpret love for me;  
For labor is her handmaid,  
And vain in the tropic thought  
Of your poet you search for blessings  
That loving service has wrought.

"Well, since you choose mistake me,  
Silent my heart shall sing;  
Though every pulse is thrilling  
Like a bird's at breath of Spring;  
For the love my lay interprete  
Lingers in your eyes,  
And all my life shall teach you  
Its song of sacrifice."

—Nettie M. Arnold, in the *Galaxy Magazine*.

"The *Galaxy*" Club-Room—Professional Metaphors.—Lord Bacon says, "Every man is a debtor to his profession," and most men show their obligation to their peculiar calling by clothing their thoughts in technical language.

There's nothing like leather, says the shoemaker, and in every station of society we find the same appreciation of one's specialty. Every person who writes a book thinks his subject the most engrossing.

"Have you read my 'Commentary on the Book of Job'?" said Dr. Orton to a friend. "I have looked into it a little."

"Is that the way you treat a book that has cost me years of severe labor?"

"Because you have deemed it your duty to spend years in writing a book, I do not consider it mine to spend an equal time in reading it."

This frank and fearless reply is quite excusable, as the worthy Doctor's exegesis filled five folio volumes.

Every reformer thinks his field of labor or his theme a matter of vital importance to the community; in fact, this feeling is universal, from diplomatist to dressmaker. Johnson met a fellow in an ale-house who always called himself "the great Twalmly, inventor of the flood-gate iron for smoothing linen." This intense interest often merges in the idea of possession. "L'état, c'est moi," said Louis XIV., snapping his whip upon his boot. With spiritual rulers it is the same. Many a good pastor regards his flock as much his property as does the farmer his sheep grazing on the hill-side. Authority over a number is apt to give undue prominence to that little word *meum*. Patriotism is often this and nothing more. The late Lord Lytton exemplifies this when he tells us that the Englishman exults that so great a country belongs to himself.

"It is *my* wife whom you shall not insult; it is *my* house that you shall not enter; and by a species of ultra-mundane appropriation, it is *my* God whom you shall not blaspheme."

Earnest devotion to one occupation colors language to such a degree that we can say of many a one, as of Peter of old, "Thy speech bewrayeth thee." The human mind is so constituted that it excels in only one thing. Universal geniuses like Aristotle, Humboldt and Goethe are the rare exceptions. Hence the tendency to run in grooves or narrow ruts, and the subject nearest the heart naturally mounts to the lips. In social gatherings of professional men the conversation inevitably smacks of the shop. Ministers chuckle over the sharp sallies of their clerical brethren, lawyers retail the repartees of the bar, and doctors, who are proverbially an anecdotal class of men, draw their side-splitting stories from curious scenes of sick-room or dissecting table. Old graduates when they meet talk with renewed youth of college scrapes and escapades; teachers, from the monotony of their lives, often get so deep into their rut that they can't look over it into the big, busy world, and are in danger of becoming pedantic prosers.

Shakespeare, Scott, Shenstone, Goldsmith, Dickens and Irving have all caricatured this peculiarity of the pedagogue; and Holofernes, Dominie Sampson and Ichabod Crane are doubtless but highly colored photographs of really existing characters.

The professional robber even, when talking with his pal, uses a series of slang phrases that constitute a dialect; and by a strange association of ideas I am reminded of the jargon of the Gold Room and the patois of the Wall street broker—an unintelligible Babel to those outside the ring. This is true of every class in life to a greater or less degree, and a collection of these similes may be amusing. During the late rebellion many people were raised from humble positions to places of important trust. A stage driver of fine personal appearance became a paymaster. He was extremely reticent, and the officers of the regiment were puzzled

to find out his social position. He was at last invited to mess with them, and the surgeon, happening to know a distinguished gentleman of the town from whence he came, attempted to draw out their new acquaintance by discoursing on this individual. After listening to the high commendation of his townsman, his only but very significant remark was: "Yes, sir, *he's a smooth-rolling coach*." No more need of mental corkscrews; the secret was out.

An innkeeper once, speaking of a neighbor whom he seemed not to esteem very highly, remarked, "He won't bear much of a bead anyhow." The bead that rose to the surface of the liquor in the decanters need to be considered a test of its strength. I have heard elderly people say that workmen were accustomed to test their rations of rum by shaking the bottle to see if it would bear a bead. When watered, this was wanting. And a man who had been for years in California during the mining excitement, thus described a shiftless, ne'er-do-weel companion: "I've panned him out over and over again, but can't find any *color*."

A banker signed his letters to his friends "Yours at sight," and a lawyer advised a young man to close his billet-doux to Araminta with the words "Yours without prejudice," thereby avoiding the annoyance of a breach of promise suit. It is reported of Lord John Russell that in the multiplicity of his parliamentary duties he would forget the names of his children, and refer to them under the heads of Schedule A and Schedule B, etc. I knew an apothecary who put a leaf in his hat at a large party just as "a symptom" by which he might recover it.

The sailor must not be omitted, for his use of nautical metaphors is proverbial; indeed, he would find it hard to talk in any other way. I remember one verse of a poem called "The Sailor Ashore." He sees a man covering a roof with tin, and the mirth of the jolly tar is roused:

"Shipmate ahoy!" the sailor cried;  
"It makes a fellow grin  
To see you copper-bottoming  
Your upper decks with tin."

"Can't we ride, too?" said some roguish fellows to a sailor who in his delight at getting on land again had hired a handsome carriage for a drive *solus*. "As many as wants to can crowd into the hold, but I rides on deck," was the good-natured reply.

Terrible jokes have been made about mothers-in-law, but who ever heard anything worse than the project of the veterinary surgeon to *founder* his by dancing with her until she was thoroughly heated, and then giving her all the iced lemonade she could drink!

But I have saved the most remarkable metaphor for a climax. In some newly settled western territory, from which the boy wrote to his father to come right out and join him, "because almighty mean men get office here," a jockey was promoted to a judgeship, and on the occasion of his taking his seat made the following address to the jury: "If this court know her duty, and she thinks she do, justice will walk over this track head and tail up!"

Dickens, who was always true to nature, often used professional metaphors with great effect. What can come in better just here than old Weller's announcement to Sam of the sudden demise of his mother-in-law:

"Her veels was immediately greased and everythink done to set her agoin as could be invented. Your farther had hopes as she vould have vorked round as usual, but just as she was a turnin' the corner, my boy, she took the wrong road and vent down hill vith a velocity you never see, and notwithstanding that the drag was put on directly by the medikel man, it wornt of no use at all, for she paid the last pike at twenty minutes afore six yesterday evenin, havin done the journey very much under the reglar time."

The enthusiasm for one's particular pursuit, which leads to this technical use of words, is commented upon by Sir Philip Sidney in his "Defence of Poesie." When learning horsemanship at the Emperor's court, his teacher, an esquire of the stable, "exercised his speech in praise of his faculty. He said soldiers were the noblest of mankind, and horsemen were the noblest soldiers. He said they were the masters of war and the ornaments of peace; speedy goers and strong abiders; triumphers both in camp and courts; nay, to so unbelieving a point he proceeded, as that no earthly thing bred so much wonder to a prince as to be a good horseman; skill in government was but *pedanteria* in comparison. Then would he add certain praises by telling what a peerless beast the horse was; the only serviceable courtier without flattery; the beast of most beauty, faithfulness and courage; and such more, that if I had not been a piece of a logician before I came to him, I think he would have persuaded me to have wished myself a horse. But thus much, with his no few words, he drove into me: that self-love is better than any gliding to make that seem gorgeous wherein ourselves are parties."

It is a terrible come-down, but speaking of horses, you should hear the inimitable vender of the cough lozenge on the Jersey ferry-boat pouring forth unqualified praise of that nauseous mixture of ipecac, cubebs and licorice, moistened with molasses, with an enthusiasm fully equal to Sidney's squire. "Here's your regular Hit a Hoss, the only sure remedy for coughs, colds, bronchitis, hoarseness, soreness of the throat and lungs. *Samples free*. Public speakers can't get along without 'em; the favorite singers of the day always keep one in their mouth; invaluable to ministers. *Samples free*. Ladies and gentlemen are very likely to take severe colds at this season of the year, which if neglected will run into consumption. The weather is very changeable. You may be sowing the seeds of a lasting disease by not taking a box. Babies cry for 'em. Contains nothing injurious to

the youngest infant. Fifteen cents a box, two boxes for twenty-five cents," and so on. till you are led to conclude that if you should take the whole lot you would get it, like the sample, entirely free.

But I am straying from the subject of metaphors. Some persons have shown their professional habits in *articulo mortis*, in a way that is very touching.

Baron Tenterden, Chief Justice of the King's Bench, who died in 1832, seemed at the moment of dying to be writing with his finger on his pillow. His last words were: "Gentlemen of the jury, you may retire." The celebrated Alexander Adam, so long a teacher in Edinburgh, died in his school. His last words were: "It grows dark, boys; it is time to dismiss the school."

Here is what an anatomist wrote to his Dulcinea:

I list as thy heart and ascending aorta	And thy retina, spreading its lustre of
Their volumes of valvular harmony	pearl,
pour;	Like the far-away nebula, distantly
And my soul from that muscular music	gleams
has caught a	From a vault of black cellular mirrors
New life 'mid its anatomical lore.	that hurl
O, rare is the sound when thy ventricles	From their hexagon angles the silvery
throb	beams.
In a systolic symphony measured and	slow,
While the antricles answer with rhythmi-	cal sob,
As they murmur a melody wondrously	low!
O, thy cornea, love, has the radiant	light
Of the sparkle that laughs in the	icicle's sheen;
And thy crystalline lens, like a diamond	bright,
Through the quivering frame of thine	iris is seen!

I have reserved the best for the close.

#### THE CHEMIST TO HIS LOVE.

I love thee, Mary, and thou lovest me.	We should be Glauber's salt. Wert thou
Our mutual flame is like th' affinity	magnesia
That doth exist between two simple	Instead, we'd form that's named from
bodies:	Epsom.
I am potassium to thine oxygen.	Couldst thou potassa be, I aqua fortis,
I would that I, my Mary, were an acid,	Our happy union should that compound
A living acid—thou an alkali	form,
Endowed with human sense—that,	Nitrate of potash—otherwise saltpetre.
brought together,	And thus our several natures sweetly
We both might coalesce into one salt,	blend,
One homogeneous crystal. O that thou	We'd live and love together until death
Wert carbon, and myself were hydrogen;	Should decompose the fleshly tertium quid,
We would unite to form olefiant gas,	Leaving our souls to all eternity
Or common coal, or naphtha. Would to	Amalgamated. Sweet, thy name is Briggs,
heaven	And mine is Johnson: wherefore should
That I were phosphorus, and thou wert	not we
lime;	Agree to form a Johnsonate of Briggs?
And we of lime composed a phosphuret,	We will. The day, the happy day is nigh,
I'd be content to be sulphuric acid.	When Johnson shall with beauteous
So that thou might be soda; in that case	Briggs combine.

—Kate A. Sanborn.

Usually we are in the habit of taking a constitutional cocktail in the morning as an appetizer for breakfast; several before lunch to settle our journalistic stomach; and others innumerable before and after dinner to aid digestion. If there is anything we hate, next to Fitch and Pickering, it is dyspepsia. We have indulged in these libations, believing in common with many others that medical testimony was in favor of drinking early and drinking late, and often, being analogous to Tweed's advice to his retainers on election day. We grieve to learn that we have been laboring under a popular delusion. One hundred physicians of Montreal have signed a manifesto in which they declare, among other things, "that total abstinence from intoxicating liquors, whether fermented or distilled, is consistent with and conducive to the highest degree of physical and mental health and vigor." And now forever, farewell cocktails. It is our duty to swear off, and swear off it is! We would not injure our physical and mental health for all the cocktails in the world.

There are Thirty-one Lawyers in the Missouri House of Representatives, four editors, and eleven doctors. God save that commonwealth say we, plonely.



**Cruise of H. M. S. "Blanche."**—H. M. S. *Blanche*, six guns, Capt. Courtland H. Simpson, left Sydney, N. S. W., on 12th May, for the South Sea Islands, with orders to visit as many islands, beche-de-mer fisheries and pearl stations as possible; to obtain all the reliable information with regard to British subjects reported murdered, the practice of skull-hunting, treatment of islanders employed on fisheries and plantations, the practice of kidnapping, and to collect information on these and all other subjects of interest.

The practice of skull-hunting is a most barbarous custom of the natives of these islands, who in many cases undoubtedly have been assisted by the white men, brought about in the following manner: A vessel arrives at one of the islands, and the king is informed by the master of the vessel that he is desirous of trading and bartering. The answer is that he has so much coconut oil, etc., which he is willing to part with for trade gear, providing he will allow some of his (the king's) warriors to take a passage in the vessel to such and such an island with whom they are at war. This is agreed on, and a number of these so-called warriors are embarked. On arriving at the island, the unsuspecting natives, as usual, come alongside, when these so-called warriors suddenly attack, kill them and cut off their heads, which are kept and placed on pegs in their taboo houses as trophies; the master of the vessel on his return secures the trade as before promised in exchange for tobacco, pipes, etc, as most fancied and wanted by the natives. It is but right to state that, although it has been reported by the missionaries on these islands that white men have assisted in these barbarous practices of skull-hunting, yet no single case has been fully proved.

At Isabel Island, Solomon Group, they have a curious mode of building houses in the trees, which is peculiar to this island only. The tree village visited was built on the summit of a rocky steep mountain, about 800 feet above the sea, and was very difficult to ascend; the native path, which, without a guide, could hardly have been discerned, being very slippery, and leading through a wood thickly grown with bushes, creepers, etc. On arriving at the summit of this mountain, which was one mass of enormous rocks, amongst which were growing the gigantic trees, in the branches of which the houses of the natives are built, the stems of these trees are perfectly smooth, without a branch for some 50 to 120 feet. One house was visited which was some seventy to eighty feet from the ground, and the ascent was by means of a ladder, made of some pliable tree, or some very strong creeper, somewhat resembling the vine; this ladder is made fast to a post within the house, and can be pulled up at pleasure. The houses are firmly and well made, capable of containing a dozen people, and are used at night to sleep in when threatened by their enemies, so as to guard against surprise, all of them being fortified with a number of large stones, which the occupants throw with great dexterity and precision. At the foot of these trees is the day hut, used for eating, etc.

At one of the villages on the sea shore of Isabel Island, a most sickly and repulsive sight presented itself: across the door of the chief's house were nailed twenty-three or twenty-five human heads, taken about three weeks previously by the chief and his followers from some of his fellow islanders. The attack had been made from the rear, as was evident by the skulls; the flesh was still on the bones, the eyes protruding, jaws broken, and the stench frightful. The bodies of all these men had been eaten.

At Lugunor Island, Caroline Group, where it is doubtful if any white men had been there for years, as no sign of traffic was found, the men wore their hair in regular European fashion, chignons being commonest, which were kept up by a comb having four teeth, the top part of the comb that was visible being carved, and the whole surmounted with a cock's feather, it gave them rather an effeminate appearance. At Hogolu Islands, Caroline Group, the natives were very much frightened, having entirely deserted during the night the village off which the *Blanche* anchored. The next day, seeing a number of canoes collected together, a boat was sent to endeavor to persuade them to come alongside and barter. After a time the boat succeeded in getting amongst them. They were all quite naked, painted in regular savage style, and the boats loaded with spears, slings and stones. They eventually came alongside and were friendly.

At St. Matthias' Island, Solomon Group, no anchorage could be found. The natives came down to the beach in great numbers, and seemed very anxious for the vessel to stop, shouting and gesticulating in the most absurd manner. Both men and women were quite naked; the latter wore a sort of apron behind.

At New Hanover, Solomon Group, it is very doubtful if white men had ever been there before, as the natives were ignorant of the use of tobacco, and took in exchange for their spears, etc., of which they brought for barter, paper, printed or not, and when obtained they knew not what to do with it. They were arrant thieves, and very expert. One was detected stealing a shirt, which was hung up some distance inside a port, and when chastised by the indignant owner smiled pleasantly, apparently only sorry at being detected.

Visited the southeast coast of New Guinea, but it was so full of shoals at even four or five miles from the land that it was dangerous to proceed, so had to turn back after anchoring for one night. The natives came off to us in very large canoes, having enormous outriggers. They were fine looking men, quite naked, not very dark in color, and wore their hair frizzled out.

The *Blanche* arrived at Sydney 189 days since leaving, during which time the vessel had been over 13,000 miles of water, being seventy miles a day including all stoppages, anchored at twenty-five islands and passed close to about thirty others. The engines have made 226,671 revolutions, and the ship's company had eight days' fresh meat and 181 of salt meat.—*Sydney Morning Herald*.



## A Resurrected Poem.

The following beautiful lines of Tom Moore, it seems, are omitted from most, if not all the American editions of his poems. They are well worthy of republication, and we give them:

## THE BEACON LIGHT.

The scene was more beautiful far to my eye  
Than if day in its pride had arrayed it,  
The land breezes blew mild, and the azure-arched sky  
Looked pure as the spirit that made it.

The murmur rose soft as I silently gazed  
On the shadowy waves' playful motion,  
From the dim distant Isle, till the beacon light blazed,  
Like a star in the midst of the ocean.

No longer the joy of the sailor-boy's breast  
Was heard in his wildly-breathed numbers;  
The sea-bird had flown to her wave-girdled nest,  
The fisherman sunk to his slumbers.

I sighed as I looked from the hill's gentle slope,  
All hushed was the billows commotion;  
And I thought the beacon looked lovely as Hope,  
That Star of Life's tremulous ocean.

The time is long past and the scene is afar;  
Yet, when my head rests on its pillow,  
Will memory sometimes rekindle the star  
That blazed in the breast of the billow.

In Life's closing hour, when the trembling soul fires  
And Death stills the heart's last emotion,  
O then may the Seraph of Mercy arise  
Like a star on Eternity's ocean.

**Amusing Breach of Promise Case.**—In the Bail Court, London, on Tuesday, the case of *Full vs. Deane* was tried. Plaintiff was a dressmaker, and the defendant was formerly a grocer's assistant, but now the proprietor of the establishment in New Street, Covent Garden, which he had formerly managed. The parties first met in 1833. The first letter read was described as the coolest of the whole, and that each subsequent letter increased in warmth of affection. It commenced "Dear Nell," and asked her to excuse him for not commencing in the usual orthodox fashion, but it concluded thus: "May the pillow of peace kiss thy cheek (laughter)—and the pleasure of imagination attend thy dreams. (Loud laughter.) With kindest love, etc." A letter, dated February, 1868, was referred to as showing that matters were getting warmer: "The oftener I see you the more I want you. (Laughter.) Oh, how I long for your company, and hear your own dear sweet voice. (Renewed laughter.) I can't write more because I have to serve other members of society" (meaning, the learned counselor observed, the grocer's shop), "With fondest love, etc." Another letter states: "You have been so kind as to give me one of the first sweets in the flowers of affection." (Laughter.) Another, dated 31st March: "My dearest Nelly:—Give me your lovely lips and your darling heart as a fresh assurance of your love, my precious angel. (Roars of laughter.) Your fond, affectionate, and loving John." Another contained the following: "To the one I love, to the one I live for, to the one I would die for (if required). (Renewed laughter.) Ever your affectionate and dear John." The next letter read commenced, "My own darling:—Do not think that you will tire me in writing. If you were to get a big box of pens, ten dozen bottles of ink, and a thousand quires of paper, you would not write to me more than I should be delighted to read." (Roars of laughter.) The last letter read commenced, "My darling, fond, devoted and affectionate Nelly:—I sink happily to rest because to-morrow is Wednesday, and to-morrow will bring you. Sleep on, fair lady, and dream those dreams of universal happiness. No; they are not universal. They are but like the Sabbath, that too quickly pass away." The defence was that they were not to marry until they were in good circumstances, and that the plaintiff voluntarily broke it off; but the best evidence that he was not ready and willing and able to marry was that he had recently married the daughter of his master. The plaintiff positively denied that she had released the defendant from his promise. The farther hearing was adjourned.—*Echo*.

**They Have a Great Curiosity** in that wonder of fast cities, Chicago. One of the leading politicians, by the name of Holden, has actually declined a lucrative office. We have been puzzling our brain to find Holden's prototype in San Francisco, but without success. Barnum ought to secure Holden for a season; he would soon make up all his losses by fire during the past ten years, and be beholden to nobody but Holden.

**The Spanish Republic.**—The New York *Nation* groans in spirit over the birth of the Republic in Spain as "one of those incidents which any people which had not drunk deep of the cup of humiliation would find very humiliating." The king has left Spain, according to the *Nation*, because he found that "the turbulence, disorder, want of coherence, and want of loyalty, not to him only, but to any man, principle or system whatever, were too much for him"; and yet "his disappearance has made only two changes: justice will be administered in the name of the people, and the Spanish State will be called a Republic." God be praised for so much! If, in the midst of turbulence and want of coherence, there is no more serious damage than a change of name, we can at least breathe freely, and look on with some hopefulness to see the Spaniards cohere and become orderly. Matters are at least no worse for the change, when there is only a king the less in the country. Wherein, then, consists the humiliation? The king was no parvenu. He inherited as much of the divinity that hedges kings as an ancient name could give, and whatever magic resides in the name of royalty should have been in him. Why did he fail to satisfy the people? Certainly not because they longed for Isabella. The revolution against her was legitimate, if ever revolution was; and there is hardly an instance of more peaceful and intelligent coöperation in a great political experiment than that displayed by the Spanish people during the term of Prim's leadership. They had almost invented, the *Saturday Review* declared, a new form of government, which answered uncommonly well the real purposes of government. It had the great defect of being temporary; but its natural issue was the Republic. Prim, with all his ability—and it was very great—and with all his appreciation of modern ideas, was essentially military in the cast of his mind. He wished for the welfare of his country, but he had come to the conclusion that a king was the first condition of that welfare. The old houses were outworn, and the new monarch must be of a new stock. He did not see that the time and the situation called equally for a change, not of family, but of principle. We seem to be falling into the *Nation's* mistake, of pretending to know more of Spain than Spaniards themselves; but we have this advantage over the *Nation* that our presumption comes from an unshaken confidence in the right sense and right purposes of a great people. The turbulence and want of coherence shown by the people of Spain, since the election of Amadeus, are partly the product of irritation caused by Prim's mistaken policy, and its result, and still more, of the machinations of those men, at whose door we have no hesitation in laying the assassination of Prim. The priests, powerful for evil in every modern society, are nowhere more powerful than in Spain. The *Nation*, which is hardly less than omniscient, has surely forgotten the baits thrown out to Prim by this omnipresent society, to induce him, first, to bring in the Prince of the Asturias, and, when that failed, to seize the crown for himself. The choice of Amadeus as king, principally due of course to Prim's influence, was his death warrant; and the priesthood declared war to the knife against the son of the Robber-king, the ally of the Church's most formidable enemy, the Emperor of Germany. No reflecting man can doubt that the orders have gone out from the Vatican, or from the Black Pope, who is the soul of the Vatican, to make all liberal government impossible in Spain; and for the moment these orders seem to have been successfully carried out. But we do not feel that they have been successful. It is easy to talk of preparation for liberty, and to name, one after another, the countries of Europe which seem to be almost ready for a republican form of government and which yet, unlike Spain, refuse to declare themselves republics; but to do this does not touch the matter in hand. Spain has before her the choice of three solutions: to accept Don Carlos, to call back Isabella or her son, and to proclaim the Republic. Don Carlos is the favorite of the priests, and accordingly he does not wait to be called, but recommends himself with fire and sword. The people are to be conquered by their king; a story as old as the world, but beginning to be too old. Against this pretender already in the field, and against the other, waiting only the favorable moment to make a sign, the Republicans stand forth, not mere rhetoricians, mouthing "humanity," "eternity" and "solidarity," but serious patriots, with such a task before them as may well brace up their nerves, and rouse all the energy of their manhood. We have so far forgotten ourselves as to accuse the *Nation* of overlooking its own knowledge. We must be even more daring. We suspect it of coquetting with a sentiment, at once the most hollow and the narrowest, the sentiment of race, in its ordinary and limited meaning. It sneers at the Spanish Republicans as politicians of the Latin race, "upon whom the sound of their own phrases seems to act as a kind of laughing-gas." Why of the Latin race? Is there no laughing-gas, or gas that is fit to be laughed at, in the politicians of other races, notably, of the Anglo-Saxon race? Is liberty, is reasonable government, desirable and beautiful when men ask for it in English, and hateful and loathly when Spaniards demand it? We cannot deny that there are differences among men. Some have light hair and some have dark; some are tall and some are short; some are passionate, some even-tempered; but where, or when, or how has it been shown that the desire for freedom was criminal and foolish between the Bay of Biscay and the Mediterranean, and the normal law between the Atlantic and the Pacific? Ten Spaniards, or twenty, or twenty hundred may be good Republicans in the United States; but in Spain they become Latin politicians, full of sound and fury, signifying nothing. We think all this very poor stuff, unworthy of any serious mind, unless it be that of a king by divine right; and we beg the *Nation* to observe that it has the sympathy of the German and Russian Governments, which can hardly be looked upon as the most liberal in Europe. There are no two countries in Europe, we are told, in which the seeds of anarchy and social desolation are so deeply sown as Spain and France,

none in which the work of government is beset by such awful difficulties, and it is accordingly in these two countries that the rampant and furious Republicans most abound. All this we grant, in order to please the *Nation*, and what then? Apparently, we are to infer that as anarchy and social desolation and difficulties in the way of government are things far from desirable, Republicans, more or less rampant, are highly undesirable. And it may be so; but there are two sides to the picture. There is no country in Europe in which the seeds of anarchy and social desolation are less widely sown, none in which the work of government is less beset by difficulties, than Germany, and it is accordingly in Germany that the rampant and furious believers in divine right most abound. There is the word of the Crown Prince for it: "We have given the world a great example of obedience"; an almost literal quotation from Tacitus, but in a spirit and with a sense how different! *Dedimus profecto grande patientie documentum.* Anarchy is bad, but there is something worse than anarchy. Order is heaven's first law, but all the power of heaven cannot beautify the likeness of the order that reigned at Warsaw. Moreover, if there are wild elements at work in France and Spain, seeking the destruction of all that is good in the mad impulse for change, who set these elements loose? Who is to answer for the ignorance and fanaticism of the masses, so hated and so feared? Is it the Republic that has made these men what they are? But the Republic is new and to one of these nations absolutely untried. It might be supposed that the New York *Nation* had never read of the French Revolution, or of the causes which brought it about. It is, undoubtedly, a good thing to prepare a people for wider liberties; to watch over the tender youth of a nation, and set it fairly on its legs, when of age; but, our own reading in that kind of history entirely failing us, we beg the *Nation* to supply us with the name of the king who, out of his infinite love for his people, carefully educated them to do without him or his children. Perhaps Don Carlos or Alfonso will go to work, as soon as he has conquered Spain, to educate the people in the knowledge of their rights as men, and their duties as citizens, one to another, and when he finds them fairly up to the examination requirements, give them his blessing, ask their absolution, and retire into the insignificance of private life, to give the prepared and educated Republic complete away of its own destinies. Why not? The doctrine that endless implies desert, is often put forward, but generally by men confessedly selfish. It was reserved for the *Nation*—an independent and liberal paper, if there is one in America—to state it coolly and deliberately, as a condemnation of the Spanish Republic—"Few persons ever yet failed in life," it says—"according to their own story—owing to any defect in themselves. There is usually some unscrupulous though utterly pa'try B, who gets the situation, or wins the prize, or secures the business, which Eternal Justice intended for A." We may well be content to leave with it the responsibility of an argument, so base and so trivial.

**Traveling on the Volga.**—Here we came upon the noble Volga, a magnificent river, which, even at this season of low water, was at least a mile and a half broad. On the opposite bank there appeared a fringe of wood some miles deep, and then again the endless steppes of Russia. The trade on the Volga by steamers is extensive. The engines are entirely fed with wood, of which there were on the bank numberless acres of logs ready cut and piled up some ten feet high, and companies of women, somewhat rough in manners, were ready in waiting for the steamers, to run it on board by means of wooden bearers held between two of them. A steamer was due at four o'clock. They only wait for a few minutes, to exchange passengers and a small amount of cargo, during which interval they take in as much wood as the female company of bearers can place on board. We had to wait four hours; but the accounts in the guide-books of the Volga steamers led us to expect to be fully repaid by the comfort, convenience and grandeur of these vessels. At seven p.m. the steamer presented herself; but great was our disappointment when, instead of cleanliness, good cabins and tolerable fare, all turned out to be squalid, rude and uncivilized. The real truth is, Russia has not yet donned the garb of civilization—as we accept the term. In its immense population there may be thirty or forty thousand persons who have traveled, are highly polished and thoroughly understand the signification of this term; but the mass have no conception of the meaning of the word comfort, or what we consider the necessary conditions of an easy existence. I sat down in the pent-up, hot cabin, which, with the exception of one small window near the roof, about twelve inches square, had no light. The entire deck was, as usual, crowded with second, third and fourth-class passengers, or with cargo. The awning on the bridge was so poor and thin it was but a sun-trap. No cabin was more than six feet by five. There was no saloon at all, and the smell—oh! oh! Moreover, I was by no means cured of the symptoms from which I had suffered on the Sea of Azof, and they were evidently returning. We spent all that night and the greater portion of the next day in great discomfort. The food which, with difficulty, we obtained at all, equaled, in all respects, the accommodation.—From "*Travels in the Eastern Caucasus.*"

**We Picked Up** the following little note in the street. Somebody, the school-master, or somebody else, had been abroad:

SAN FRANCISCO, February 28th. —Miss G.: Please excuse Emma from being absent from school yester because did felt sick. Yours truly,  
BREWSTER.

# Wayside Gushings.

BY MRS. HARRIS.

The Sparerib *versus* 'Arris trial 'ad still to be put off  
Another veck, becos Judge Blake vos seized vith 'oopin' cough;  
Old Tyler, too, was doubled up vith sudding diarrhæa,  
As obliged 'im for to make 'is vill and contemplate 'is bier;  
And Sawyer, who vos never known to pay a doctor's bill,  
Vos in a most mysterious vay quite suddingly took hill;  
Vile the Foreman of the jury vos forced to go to bed  
Through spazzums in 'is in'ards and throbbins in 'is 'ead.

These symptoms would suffice to prove by werry clear hinductions  
That all the Court vos wictimized by Sparerib's vile seductions,  
Who, fearin' he would lose 'is case, resolved to pison those  
Who could convict 'im as a base himpostor if they chose.  
But yet there is another view, as Sayrah do suggest,  
That he sent 'em tom-cat sassiges vich they could not digest;  
"For," says she, "Missus, it is strange as I should, vith these heyees,  
See Sparerib lay on the Judge's desk two werry large meat pies;  
Likeways that Tyler, ven he fust attempted for to speak,  
Should beg the Judge to put it off becos he felt so weak;  
And my perliceman, who I'm sure would never tell a story,  
Says Sparerib gave a saveloy to the Foreman of the jury;  
Likeways that all the jury laid their 'ands upon their 'arts  
In a vay to suggest sassiges or undigested tarts."

But Sparerib *versus* 'Arris at length is bein' 'eard,  
And though Judge Blake 'ave give no sign vich party he preferred,  
Yet, ven he looked at Sayrah's face, a tear ran down 'is nose,  
Vich, to conceal 'is feelins, he then wioleently blows.  
I think in youth he must 'ave 'ad some 'orrid love affair  
As did sudding change 'is wisage and transmogrify 'is 'air;  
But ven he finds out Sparerib he'll praps show a hanimus,  
And then, old boy, I guess there'll be a devil of a fuss;  
For though our lawyers may be fond of sassage and pork pie,  
The 'ole world knows 'ow they abhor the shadow of a lie,  
Or false pretensions, sich as callin' murdered tom-cats pork,  
Vich Sparerib many years 'ave done, as is the neighbors' talk,  
All 'ose domestic hanimiles 'ave wanished that suspicious,  
That they think of Sparerib, nat'ral like, without bein' malicious.

Ven Tyler rose the Court ask'd, "On vich side do you appear?"  
"For plaintiff," says he, "and I'll state the reason y I'm 'ere.  
'Taint for the paltry motive of vot is called a fee,  
But for the 'igh respect I bear a artist sich as he."  
(Ere Sawyer smiled quite handibly, and hother lawyers, too,  
As if to say, "that's pretty good, but, Tyler, it von't do!")  
"The Arts is noom'rous," Tyler says, "but if among them all  
There's vun that towers pre-eminent and makes the others small,  
'Tis that Fine Art in vich my client, Sparerib, spends 'is time,  
The gastronomic, of vich sassage-makin' is a branch sublime;  
For, if ve 'ad no stummicks, vere, I ask, would be our brains?  
(Ere the jury rubbed their veskits, suggestin' wentral pains.)  
Therefore, if he who deals vith Mind be vorthy hadmiration,  
Much more the man who makes the food vich is Mind's sustentation,  
As vun, all whose hideas flow from the regions of digestion,  
I speak vith 'onest feelin' on this all-himportant question.  
And now, pray, gentlemen, hattend vile I hexplain the story  
Vich 'ave led to this 'ere haction to be tried by you—a jury  
As is, I can't 'elp sayin', ven I looks upon each face—  
The most hintelligent jury as did ever try a case.  
Sparerib, the plaintiff, as we've seen, is a Artist of the Sassage,  
'Ose business is conducted in a alley-vay or passige.  
Defendant, Mrs. 'Arris, resides in the next 'ouse,  
And bevery night ven 'onest folks is quiet as a mouse,  
Sparerib is vaked, ven veary from the labors of the day,  
By a gal who thinks 'er mission is to sing, halseo to play,  
Both ven old Phœbus, risin', sheds 'is beams upon the alley,  
As vell as ven the twinklin' stars look down on 'ill and walley.  
Far be it from me to cast a slur upon the dance and song,  
Vich both is 'ighly proper if they do not last too long;  
But, gentlemen, this Sayrah plays vorse than a organ grinder,  
And sings as if a chorus of vild asses vos be'ind 'er.  
Poor Sparerib's brain, through want of sleep, 'ave been drove to sich a state  
That he's scarcely hable to cut up 'is hanimiles of late.  
'Is sassage business 'ave decreased, and fam'lies do complain  
That lately haffer eatin' them they suffers 'orrid pain,  
And I vill not say but vot he may, vile Sayrah's voice was ringin',  
'Ave put rat poison into 'em, distracted by 'er singin'.  
(Ere the jury who 'ad eaten 'em did all turn hawful vile,



And the Judge did press 'is stummick as if all vos not right.)  
The gal 'as no wocation for the wocal art at all,  
And I begs you'll give 'im damages and don't let 'em be small."

'Ere Tyler ceased and solemn silence reigned throughout the Court,  
Till Sayrah roared out " Monster, you've said vot you didn't ought."  
And with a yell of hagony she tumbled from 'er seat  
On to the floor vere she did roar and beat moosic vith 'er feet.  
A groan of symp'thy passed around, even Judge Blake did say,  
" Never since on this bench I've sat 'ave I 'ad so sad a day."  
Sayrah's perliceman, rushin' through the crowd, knelt by 'er side  
And 'ollered private in 'er ear, " Be your perliceman's bride!  
There's neither law nor justice in this 'ere wenal Court,  
Vere vith suckin' pigs and assiges a jury may be bought.  
Let's give 'em the slip and take a ship and sail for worlds afar  
Vere you can sing, love, vile I whistles to the mornin' star!"  
But Chief Crowley came be'ind 'im and did 'it 'im on the 'ead  
Vith 'is baton that he senseless fell and all thought that he vos dead.

'Ere Charles De Young did faint away at sight of Sayrah's roar,  
And it took six perlicemen for to lay 'im on the floor.  
The jury vept and Sawyer's coat were rent vith grief in twain,  
Vile even Fitch did feel a stitch and Pickering groaned vith pain.  
The 'ook-nosed 'Ebrew viped 'is nose vith sympathetic grief,  
And I'd 'ave died upon the spot bnt my whisky gave relief,  
But never through a chequered life 'ave I witnessed such a scene,  
Nor felt so hodd ven in the sod I laid 'Arris at Kensal Green.  
'Evan grant that in this mortal wale I ne'er may see again  
A tragedy as did shake my nerves vith sich hexkissit pain.  
McCullough, though of iron soul, as never was a groaner,  
'Ollered, " I never felt more grief ven playin' Desdemona."  
Reporters, too, as feels for none, vept o'er their short- and paper,  
And said, " To this all other trials 'as been nothink but a wapor!"

**American "Society."**—Of course that there is plenty of society in America none would be foolish enough to deny. The girl who grows up "goes out," as a matter of course; the man who reaches the age of sixteen is very likely to go to dancing classes, and two years later to balls. But there is no social code, except such as is imported from Europe, and when you say "imported from Europe," you don't mean from any one country, but some customs from England, some from France, some from Germany, some new, some old, some bad, some good, some destined to survive, some to perish. It is in fact with social ideas in this country as it is with everything else, intellectual, moral and physical—except such manufactured products as we think it necessary to exclude by a tariff—everything and everybody is allowed to come and maintain himself, or herself, or itself, if enough can be found to live on. All ideas, principles, thoughts, feelings, processes and traditions that have ever made their appearance in the world find in the United States a common field in which the struggle for existence results in the survival of the fittest. Nothing is settled, nothing is fixed. There are no decisions which are final. There are no laws or code of the levitical kind. A general sense of social obligation of course exists. It would be impossible for a gentleman who wished to cut a figure in the society of New York or Boston, to make a habit of "drawing a bead" on his hostess whenever anything went wrong in the cotillion, or of picking the pockets of his fellow guests; it would be out of the question for a waiter to sit down to table with the company, or for the ladies at a formal dinner party to remain with the gentlemen after the hostess had gone into the parlor. Within these rather broad limits, however, there is such an amount of freedom as to render it an impossibility to say where the true lines are. It is absurd in such a society as ours to talk of what is allowed, what is permitted, what is *de rigueur*, and what is not. The idea of the necessity of social ordinances, and the machinery for their application is derived from a familiarity with fixed states of society, in which for generations the means of social amusement have been concentrated in the same or nearly the same hands. But we have adopted change as the basis of existence, in this as in any other branch of life. From another point of view the matter is still clearer. When a girl "comes out" with us, or a man begins to go out, the amusement to which they are chiefly confined is dancing, and it is the dancing together of girls and boys between the ages of eighteen and twenty-two which really constitutes what foreigners hear of when they get their information about "American Society." After that they in almost all cases marry and settle down to work, in the case of the girls who remain unmarried retire from the field, reconcile themselves to a single life, or take, in the case of a few of the bolder ones, to some occupation. But meantime a new generation has entered the field. New freshmen and freshmen's sisters are dancing the German together; the older set has disappeared. There are a few, a very few of both sexes who wearily keep it up for a few years longer with much tribulation and difficulty. But they are few, and are beginning to have gloomy thoughts about the vanity of earthly affairs. They, too, will soon marry or retire. With this kaleidoscopic movement going on, social existence cannot produce a "Society."—*Galaxy*.

**Epileptic Religion.**---A grave English physician has recently studied the origin of Mohammedanism in the light of modern medical and physiological science. Mohammed, it is well known, was subject to epileptic fits, often of great violence and intensity; and Dr. Howden, comparing the observations made in many similar cases of the mental and physical results of the disease, arrives at a theory concerning Mohammed's visions and hallucinations, which does away with the shade of suspicion of his sincerity still remaining in the minds of scholars. The repetition of the epileptic shocks, he says, weakens the critical and skeptical powers of the mind, and gives a proportionate stimulus to the dreamily-imaginative tendencies, wherever these have previously manifested themselves in any sensible degree. Mohammed was undoubtedly sincere, but he was diseased in mind, and the millions of the Mussulman world are to this day blindly following the dreams of a madman. In all this there is, of course, nothing really new. There have been many forms of religious belief, to which the sober sense of mankind gave without hesitation the name of lunacy. All are familiar with the names of the Flagellants, the Anabaptists, the followers of Joanna Southcote, the Millerites and the Spiritualists. But these and their kindred forms of religious delusion were at once so partial and so transitory in their influence that they are only to be named as illustrations in considering the vast and long enduring phenomenon of Mohammedanism. Epilepsy is not, in itself, religion; it would be rash to assume so much; but if we admit the force of Dr. Howden's reasoning, it is impossible to deny that, without the malady, there had been no Islam. Mohammed, in full possession of his powers, would never have been able to work out a system of religion that could have survived himself. The disease supplied just that ecstatic element, without which religion fails of its development and remains a mere philosophy. All action is said to be the result of fever. "Without phosphorus," says the German physicist, "no thought;" and may we not say, looking at the well-known facts in the case of Mohammed, without disease, no religion? An instance, much nearer our own times, is supplied by Mormonism, a real religion, created under our own eyes. Smith, hopelessly inferior in every way to Mohammed, is reported to have had trances; it is certain that he was a great drunkard. Now, it is well known to physicians that epilepsy only attacks those persons in whose brains certain chemical constituents are found in certain quantities; and alcoholic drunkenness, in peculiar constitutions, brings about effects almost identical with those of the epileptic spasm. Had Smith been of a higher order, there can be no doubt that his work would have had impressed on it, from his constitution, the seal of a greater durability than, fortunately, is now possible. It would be interesting to inquire how far this theory of Dr. Howden, if accepted by Mussulman scholars, might lead them. The reverence, universal among them, for the life and teachings of Jesus, would undoubtedly prevent the application of this theory, even if otherwise acceptable, to his case. They might, with the Mohammedan intellectual resignation, content themselves with observing that God is great, and that no wisdom is equal to the belief in God; or, with the sagacity of Arab critical sense, they might suggest that if, as is quite probable, religion is a mere effect of epilepsy, incredulity and intellectual atrophy are but two names for the same condition.

**The Bishop of Manchester**, in a recent address to the London police force, made the following excellent suggestion: "He understood there was a temptation placed in the way of policemen to acquire a reputation for sagacity by leading on offenders into a trap, as he might say. He did not mean to say that any of his hearers had yielded to the temptation to do any thing of the kind. But he asked policemen to try to prevent, instead of merely detecting, crime. They must see many young lads and lasses of fourteen, fifteen, or sixteen years of age, who were going to the bad; and was it not worth while for policemen to say a word, or do something in a friendly manner, to hinder these lads and lasses from following their evil course? If a policeman managed to rescue a boy or a girl from crime—and he, the bishop, was sure the police sometimes had chances of doing so—he would have done something that ought to give him satisfaction for the whole of his life, and something much more blessed than the apprehension of a confirmed criminal."

**Femorus**, the celebrated French Barnum, is dead. Although he has not appeared before the public for ten years, his exhibitions of monstrosities will still be remembered by many. Had he confined himself to the exhibition of five-legged cows, double-tailed snakes, two-headed calves, and the like, he would have been permitted to pursue his avocation unheeded, but an attempt to graft a pair of swan's wings upon the back of a child caused him to be imprisoned for five years; fortunately the child was not very much injured in the operation, and he is now a corporal in the fourteenth regiment of the line. The last idea of Femorus was to make a monstrosity of himself by sewing on his head a cock's comb, the result of which was an abscess that carried him off in a fortnight.

**M. Borelly** is the discoverer of the one hundred and seventeenth asteroid, which he detected at Marseilles Observatory on the 12th of September, 1871.

### Wayside Gushings.—By Mrs. Harris.

Poor Sayrah's 'art 'ave been that broke by that unnat'ral court,  
Likeways my nerves, through Tyler's speech, 'ave been that hoverwrought  
That, but for 'ot Scotch taken cold, I think I must 'ave died  
Vile hevery 'alf-'our Sayrah 'ave hysterically cried.  
The Judge 'ave issued a *mandamus* on the grand planner,  
And 'ave put a weto of two weeks on Sayrah's rich sopraner,  
So vot to do ve 'ardly know to vile away the time  
'Till the trial's o'er and then vunce more ve'll mount on vings sublime.

Thinkin' to cheer that blessed gal and stop 'er hawful groans,  
I propoed on Sunday hevenin' we should go to Dr. Stone's;  
"They say," says I, "he makes vun laugh ven tryin' to be grave,  
Vile he tries to hanswer Tyndall on the power of prayer to save;  
Folks think it hodd, if prayer to God vill change our life's events,  
That it don't 'elp to fill 'is church and double 'is pew rents,  
Likeways hinfuse a few ideas into 'is borrowed talk,  
Or hindoose 'im to give up 'is place and take up 'is bed and walk."  
But Sayrah feli upon 'er knees and begged me not to take 'er,  
"For," says she, "I'd rather spend a hevenin' vith a hundetaker;  
That voice of Stone's do freeze my bones, it sounds so werry 'ollow,  
And ven I am converted 'aint that sort of man I'll follow.  
Instead of that, dear missus, take me to Union 'All,  
Vere there is a grand veddin' and to-night vill be a ball;  
The moosic vill relieve my 'ead—O, missus, say you'll go,  
For I long to drown my troubles in the light fantastic toe!"

"Vot if the *Noos Letter* should 'ear ve'd danced on Sunday night,  
'Twould wex 'is righteous soul to think ve'd both turned 'eathens quite,  
For that hancient party, 'tis vell known, each Sabbath spends in prayer,  
And singin' hymns vile sittin' in 'is leathern-bottomed chair.  
Likeways 'the Gospel Medium' would hupbraid us for profanity,  
And be sure to say that 'Arris' ad abandoned Christianity;  
Vile the other pious noospapers vould all likeways come down on us,  
And hevery parson in the town vould 'enceforth only frown on us,"  
'Owver she did plead that 'ard that I took 'er to the ball,  
And werry much we was hadmired and stared at by them all.  
'Oo should be there but Sawyer, Judge Blake, and 'alf the town  
A-dancin' fit to break their necks and bring the buildin' down,  
A whisper ran along the 'All, "There's 'Arris and 'er Sayrah,"  
And I 'eard the 'igh-toned fellers say, "there ain't a gal that's fairer."  
Judge Blake says, "Mrs. 'Arris, may I 'ook you for a waltz?"  
Vile Sawyer soon led Sayrah off—I'm afeard that man is false.  
'Er poor perliceman, who's laid up, 'ad best keep a look-out,  
But I 'ollered to 'er, "Sayrah, now pray mind vot you're about!"  
So ve danced till daylight on the floor, vich is of best ma'ogany,  
Forgetful of the catechism and likeways Dooterogony.  
The Foreman of the Jury asked my 'and for a quadrille,  
And fetched me some neat whisky ven I fancied I felt ill;  
I think the man is smit vith me he acted that perlitte,  
Vich may hinfuence the werdict, so I danced vith 'im all night.

The trial is still goin' on and vill last yet many days,  
For Sawyer's speech may p'raps be long and vill probably amaze  
The Judge, the jury and the town, who 'ave only 'eard vun side,  
And little dreams the heloquence that Sawyer will provide;  
For I do 'ear, that vith bottled beer, he sits up 'alf the night  
Studyin' 'is speech and makin' sure he gets it off all right.  
Sparerib 'ave just been put, a-shakin', on the witness stand;  
The wretched crittur is shrunk up and 'is consuns is unmanned.  
The Judge varned 'im of perjury at hevery vord he said,  
And vile he swore he 'eid vun 'and up to 'is himpious 'ead.  
"Sparerib," says Sawyer, ven he rose for cross-hexamination,  
"I hunderstand as saseeges is your sublime vocation.  
Remember, Sparerib, ven you speak, the hawful hoath you're hunder,  
And be werry careful in your hanswers not to make a blunder.  
Tell me, do you remember, sir, an 'andsome black tom cat,  
As was the dread of lawless mouse and hevery vulgar rat?"  
'Ere Tyler jumped up in a rage and said: "May't please the Court,  
The learned gent is puttin' questions vich he didn't ought.  
Vot 'as that tom cat got to do vith this hinvestigation?  
Do the gent propose to poke 'is nose through the hanimile creation?"  
The Judge 'ere shook 'is learned 'ead and said: "It is not clear  
Vot hobjeck counsel 'as in puttin' questions like this 'ere."  
"Your Honor," replies Sawyer, "I vish to show the batur'  
Of a man as murdered in cold blood that hunoffendin' cratur'."

"You may put the question," says Judge Blake, "and then the Court vill see  
Vether the cat vos killed by 'im or died of *felo de se*."  
'Ere Sparerib's knees together knocked, and, like a aspen leaf,  
He asked for a glass of vater to afford 'is nerves relief,  
Vile he clung, like ivy on a vall, to the harms of two pertice,

And said, "All that I wants is to make Sayrah keep the peace."  
'Ere Sayrah 'ollered "murderer!" ven the Judge, with a gentle frown,  
Says, "Sayrah, calm your feelins', keep quiet and sit down."  
"Now then," says Sawyer, lookin' round with triumph in 'is eye,  
"P'raps you'll tell us, Mr. Sparerib, 'ow that tom cat came to die?"  
"I 'it it with a stone," says he, "'to stop its caterwaulin',  
And ven last I see'd it, off the vall, with an 'orrid screech 'twas fallin'."  
"Did you not, Sparerib, go that night into the alley passige,  
Pick up the carcass, take it 'ome, and make it into sassage?"  
'Ere Sparerib fainted right away and 'ad to be took out,  
Vile Sawyer said, "The Court now sees that I knows vot I'm about."  
Silence was handfible in Court ven Sawyer first arose,  
And in a godlike way applied his kerchief to his nose;  
Then passing his majestic 'and straight through his hauburn locks,  
He fixed his hawful hoptics on the jury in their box.  
"Twelve men," says he, "I clearly see, who mean to do their duty,  
And vindicate this day the rights of melody and beauty.  
Your verdict, gentlemen, vill show that in our golden State  
Gals with a voice, like Sayrah, may sing 'owever late.  
Cats on the 'ousetops may pour forth their sorrows to the sky,  
And if a gal's voice mayn't be 'eard I'd know the reason vy.  
The rooster, ven he 'appens to vake, is not forbid to crow  
And display his wocal talents to his partners 'ere below;  
O, do not, by your verdict, block this sweet gal's honward path,  
Whose voice endears 'er to 'er friends as a cricket on the hearth.  
Tyler 'as told you that his client's sassiges are spiled  
By hyperatic moosic vich 'ave caused 'im to get riled:  
He brings this suit in malice, to gratify his spleen  
Against 'er guardian, for the gal is only sweet sixteen;  
But would you, gentlemen, prefer that wocal art should fall  
In horder that the baser art of sassage may prewall?  
Though hevery sassage in the land were rendered indigestible,  
A gal's rights is more precious far than that abstruse comestible.  
Moosic 'ath charms, the poet says, to soothe the savage breast—  
'Tis tra' of all save Sparerib, who has sassage on the chest.  
Insensate man! from 'andling long the baser animiles,  
'Tis 'art is dead to moosic's charms and Sayrah's vineome smiles.  
O, let 'er sing!" and 'ere he vept and said, convulsed with tears,  
"Let 'armless Sayrah's 'appy voice make moosic to the spheres!"  
Their tender vords a hanswerin' cheer from hevery 'art avoke,  
And the Judge bowed 'is ancient 'ead on Littleton and Coke.  
I drew my flask out of my muff and took a hextra swallow,  
For Sawyer's holoquence 'ad made my stummick feel quite 'ollow.  
Five minutes quite elapsed before the Judge 'eld up 'is 'ead,  
And said in trem'lous haccents, "Sawyer, go on ahead!"  
But Sawyer vos quite hovercome, and lifted 'is coat tail  
To vipe 'is eye vile buttering vot looked *werry like a wail*.  
Then smacked 'is chest with 'is right 'and, and, looking at the jury,  
Says: "Gentlemen ve vill pursoo this lemoncholy story.  
My client, Mrs. Arris, is so well known to fame  
That it would be sooperfluous for me to breathe 'er name.  
She 'ave become an 'ouse'old vord where'er the Hinglish tongue,  
From the Seven Dials to the Scilly Isles, is either said or sung.  
Look at 'er as she sits confessed in form a perfeck Venus,  
And in 'er mind a Voman of the most tremenjous genus."  
'Ere hevery eye was bent on me, vile eyeglasses all around  
Surveyed my nose and then my toes, though 'idden on the ground.  
From me they looked at Sayrah, whose modest gaze was fixed  
On a youth with 'andsome eyebrows of red and yellor mixed.  
"Yee," Sawyer says, "you vell may stare, altho' you cause 'er pain,  
For ven she's gone ve ne'er shall look upon 'er likes again.  
'Ere on this far Pacific Coast vot poetess but she  
'As e'er bewitched the pop'lar mind to 'evenly hecstasy  
By epics of domestic life so simple, yet sublime,  
That hevery school girl in the town is a-quotin' of 'er rhyme.  
O genius! transcendental gift as is the lot of few,  
Thy name is 'Arris, and without 'er vot the devil should ve do?"  
Loud cries of "'Arris" rent the air, until the Judge cried, "Silence!  
The lady's cause vill not be served by injudicious wi'lence."  
Casting a vithering look at Tyler, Sawyer says, says he,  
"I vill not stoop to hanswer vun who don't receive a fee,  
But takes it out in sassiges, and then talks werry big  
Of Sassage as a Fine Art, vich it may be to a pig!"  
"O, you be dam!" cries Tyler, and seized a vork of law,  
Vich like all law books veighed enough to break the strongest jaw,  
But two perlicemen rushed on 'im and 'eld 'im in 'is chair,  
Vere, like a vild beast chained, he looked at Sawyer with a glare.  
I screamed with fright, and Sayrah too, vile the Judge did sternly say:  
"Tyler, I'll fine you for contempt if you carry on this way.  
The Court vill now adjourn before the counsel get more frisky,  
And enable Mrs. 'Arris to calm 'er nerves with vhiskey."



**Leaves From a Lady's Diary.**—MARCH 1.—I am glad February is over, and the time coming when the flowers can timorously put forth their buds. Went to call on Mrs. P., who immediately began to tell me how ill I looked, which is as much as to say how ugly I was. She is one of those odious women who pride themselves on what they call their frankness, but what is in reality nothing else but unfeeling brutality. She is no fool, however, and seeing Mrs. R. pass, in all the pride of a new sable cloak, she remarked that it was a skin which had changed from one animal to another. Went in the evening to the F's, and was enjoying myself very much—Julia was reading me some really good poetry she had composed—when in came Miss G. with a roll of music, wanting to try a new song. She quite spoilt my evening; she sings so badly and stretches her long neck so much that I can neither bear to listen or look at her. Henry says her throat is a gullet only fit to convey food to her stomach. Walking home, met Captain R. going home from his Club quite tipsy, and I couldn't help thinking that drinking too much is only blowing out one's brains by degrees.

MARCH 2.—A letter from Albert L., from Havana, which came by the steamer, tells me that the little boy, Romeo Dionesi, who was a failure at the California Theater, is coining money there. He made four thousand dollars the night of his benefit, and after his singing as "Carlos V.," in *Ernani*, the audience subscribed and bought him a new suit of armor that cost five hundred dollars. Those Latin Crooles are really amused, or perhaps prefer being tickled by phenomena to mental exertion. Mary B. came to see me, as usual, in the family way, and as usual to groan about it. I forget what French author it was who said that such a condition of womanhood was philanthropy and repentance. Much shocked at poor E.'s death; he was one of those men whose life is patient industry, little noticed until he is no more. Like a clock, we acknowledge its utility, but never feel its value till it stops. Eleanor M. ran in for five minutes, I believe, more to show me that she had clean underclothes on, as it was Sunday, than anything else. I don't like that. It's just the same as a woman saying she had washed her feet, as if it should be supposed that a woman's feet are ever dirty.

MARCH 3.—Everybody talking about Mrs. X.'s intimacy with that good-looking boy soldier, she on her side going about proclaiming that there is nothing in it. I have always remarked that, however much women protest their own innocence and the purity of their *liaison d'amitié* with a man, yet they are slow to believe such in others, and reply with an incredulous smile to any assertions that may be made other than by themselves. Could not help thinking, as I looked out of my window this wet day and saw the crowd passing along, how very much our walk in the street resembles our walk in life. A man steps out from his door with nicely-polished boots. At first he picks his way carefully, avoiding all impurities and selecting the cleanest and most unsullied path. A false step, and his feet are covered with mud. After that time he plunges along heedless of all, for the mischief is done. Mr. S. came about some school squabble. I was sure that he had prejudiced the case, because he began by saying that he wished to be perfectly impartial. People are fond of using this word, are fond of flattering themselves that they are impartial, and yet to be so a person must have neither feeling, nor passion, nor weakness, nor judgment. A block of stone may be perfectly impartial, but where the heart beats and the blood courses through the veins and the brain throbs with emotion, impartiality may be desired but cannot exist in all its purity. Inconstancy may be termed the impartiality of the heart.

MARCH 4.—Mr. W. has gone East, and is enjoying himself, as every one knows, to his heart's content. Every one knows, excepting his poor wife, who writes long letters to him every day, "because Alfred is so lonely, you know." Mr. N., on the contrary, has let his wife go away, and is tormenting himself with groundless fears. First of all, he was in an agony until the telegram arrived of her safe arrival. When he hears that she is mixing in gay society, he is afraid she will never come back. His anxiety may be called the microscope of doubt.

**The Enhanced Value** which may be given to the crudest materials by the aid of ingenious mechanical manipulation, was recently strikingly illustrated at a meeting of the Literary and Philosophical Society of Sheffield, England. Messrs. Cocker & Brothers, of that city, exhibited a number of very minute watch-springs, with specimens of the steel wire from which the springs are manufactured. From a pound weight of this wire there can be produced about five thousand gross of springs, the price of which averages fifty shillings a gross, thus amounting to twelve thousand five hundred pounds sterling in value. These springs are only the one thousandth part of an inch in diameter, and one pound weight of them would extend about nine miles.

"**The Fiend's Delight**" is the title of a book, now in the press by Dod Grille (Mr. Bierce), the writer of the humorous Persian fables in *Fun*, better known as the "Town Crier."

**The Jews of Hamburg** have issued a manifesto, entreating their friends to abstain from attending Wagner's concert in that city, on account of his hostility to the race.

**"Perry---His Cider."**---The following amusing bit of gossip is communicated to the *Otago Daily Times* by its Melbourne correspondent: "We have got a Society for the Promotion of Morality, composed of a lot of estimable but somewhat prosy and feeble-minded gentlemen, who assemble at meetings and talk goody-goody, and in this way promote morality in the most satisfactory manner, but unfortunately with very little apparent result to their labors. They held a meeting the other day, their right reverend President, Bishop Perry, in the chair. In the course of the proceedings the Bishop mentioned, as illustrative of the way in which the Society was getting to be looked upon by the public as the guardian of the morals of the community, that he had received a letter of very gratifying tenor. The writer had drawn the attention of the society to some highly immoral practices in regard to which the Society could interpose with the most beneficial effect. The offenders were not human beings; they were the monkeys (the Bishop, in loftier language, called them "animals," but everybody knew what was meant) in the menagerie at the Royal Park. These misguided creatures were in the habit of publicly behaving in a manner that could only be regarded as most distressing to every friend of morality and propriety. The Bishop seemed to consider the Society should take the matter in hand, though he did not enter into particulars of the course of action to be followed. It did not appear whether he proposed to rely on moral suasion, whether compulsory education was to be brought to bear, whether sermons were to be preached to the monkeys, and improving tracts circulated amongst them, or whether the Society were to insist on their wearing aprons like---well, like bishops. The Bishop is evidently a believer in Darwin. He believes that to regenerate mankind, you must begin at the beginning and reform their progenitors. By inculcating a high standard of morality in the monkeys, we shall produce an excellently moral race of men in the remote future. Really it is too easy to ridicule the matter; the only difficult thing is to believe it, and yet it appears to be an unquestionable fact. It is only another instance of the gross want of common sense amongst these goody people, and also of the salutary effect of that sense of the ridiculous which even more than common sense saves us ordinary men of the world from such imbecile follies as these."

[From the San Francisco News Letter.]

**One More Unfortunate.**---DEAR NEWS LETTER:--We have missed from her accustomed seat in our Sanctuary, for the last few days, a young person in whom we had taken a lively interest, in consequence of her correct deportment and melancholy demeanor. She wore that peculiar look of unhealthy resignation, and hidden despair, which spread like a blighting mildew over her lovely, but pallid countenance; the somber shadow spoke in silent, but eloquent language, of a heart mourning for its murdered innocence. When she first sat under our ministrations, at the Oaks, we thought her sorrow was caused by a mournful, but fruitless search, after her hidden Jesus. I prayed for her; 'twas no use. It was not Jesus that she wanted. I then surrounded her with all the modern appliances used by the Church to warm family secrets from the innermost recesses of the female heart; my efforts were fruitless. I then sent the faithful Five after her; the Blond Sister tried the sympathetic line; said she felt for her; she had been in the same fix herself. The poor dove would look at her, but never a word. The Azure-eyed girl tried her hand. She brought the sufferer a new bonnet, tried it on the victim, and said she looked sweet; so much like her own dear sister, who had once been deluded away by a brute of a man. 'Twas no go. She remained as mum as an oyster. The Pet Lamb went for her, and tried to carry the works by storm. She told her that she had had a dream, and that her dreams were always true. She said: "I dreamed that your name was Mary McGannon; that you descended in a direct line from the County of Mulkirk; a noble Celt who wore the green; and you had fallen in love with the proud scion of another family, by the name of Charles O'Damitt, who gloried in a yellow moustache, and wore an orange-colored ribbon in his button hole; and he reciprocated the warmth and ardor of your heart gushings; that oft in the twilight's holy hush she had seen those two fond beings locked in each other's arms, while fancy wafted them back to the Emerald boy; where, spread out before their mind's eye, arose the enchanting vision of the lovely vale of Ballysloughgutter, and towering in lofty grandeur, was seen the time-honored battlements of each other's castleated mansions, throwing somber shadows from the banks of the beautiful Shannon." The sad sister seemed a little startled at the Pet Lamb's dream, but remained shut up as tight as a jack-knife. Deacon Scott tried the power of music, and sang that touching hymn,

"Come, Cast your Cares on Jesus."

It wouldn't do; he was not up to her standard of Jesus. The Judge handed her a pint of eye-opener, hoping to unlock her secret. She threw herself outside of it with perfect ease, but remained as stolid as ever. We gave it up, gave her our blessing, and she departed, leaving five sorrowing hearts behind her. We had supposed she had been transfigured, or that the Lord had taken her home, as he had taken Elijah, until yesterday, when I received the following note from the Most Rev. Father O'Tool, which read as follows:

FATHER O'TOOL'S LETTER.

Dear Parson:--I was called yesterday to the City Prison to administer extreme unction, and receive the dying confession of Sister Mary McGannon. She was

anxious to have the story of her wrongs laid before the public in a truthful manner. Knowing, as I am a priest, I dare not betray the secrets of the confessional to the world over my own name. Also, knowing that the secular press could be swayed to her disadvantage by the power of the gold of her destroyer, and having listened to some cheering words from your lips, she requested me to forward to you her dying statement in regard to her attempt to assassinate Mr. O'Damitt, knowing that you are favored by the use of a column of the only unbiased religious journal in the country—the *News Letter*—and that through that medium she would receive justice from the public, for the rash act which caused her social death, and her conventional damnation. Be so kind, my dear Parson, as to forward this to the *News Letter*, and not mention my name. I remain yours, in faith to command;

MOST REV. FATHER O'TOOL, No. 209 Pine street, Oakland.

#### DYING CONFESSION OF MARY M'GANNON.

O, Holy Father, raise that sacred sign  
Once more, before the fading light shall fall;

Swear me by Mary, and the cross divine,  
That as I hope for heaven, true is my tale.

Raise me up higher; now at ease  
Reeling upon thy holy knees,  
Thy tender heart shall hear my song  
Of love, of treachery, and wrong:  
Swift backward rolls the tide of time,  
And from the vale of vanished years,  
Sweet visions of my girlhood's prime,  
Of trusting innocence appears.

My prison walls dissolve in air,  
And some fond witchery wafts me where  
Oft, hand in hand, and side by side,  
By Shannon's silver-tinted tide,  
In trusting innocence and truth  
I rambled with a noble youth.

We loved; and by that murmuring stream  
We told our love; and many a dream  
Of joys to come, and pleasant ways  
We fashioned for our wedded days.  
Alas! no sunbeam ever played  
Without its corresponding shade;

While ghostly hands write on the wall,  
And turn our honey-cup to gall,  
A deadly feud between our sires  
Dashed to the earth our fond desires:

The lofty Lord of Castle Gannon  
Forbade his child to cross the Shannon;  
Said she was reared to wealth and honor,  
And should be wed with Tim. O'Connor.

THE OAKS, March, 1873.

My lover's sire, a baron proud,  
Said his fair son should be endowed  
With Castle Connaught, and the land  
That came with Mol' Maroon's hand.  
In Erin's Isle we might not wed,  
Then to America we fled,

And when we reached this golden shore,  
I deemed my sorrows all were o'er,  
And asked him for the pledge he gave  
My young heart by the Shannon's wave.

He soothed me with his winning smile,  
And begged his love would wait a while  
Till he had won both wealth and fame,  
With which to give his bride a name.  
What boots it now my wrongs to tell?  
Some fatal witchery cast a spell

Around him in an evil hour,  
And lured him to the enchantress' bower.  
Ah! then to me his heart grew cold,  
The syren bought him with her gold;

My shattered heart aside he flings  
Like ruined harp, with broken strings;  
He'll touch no more love's tuneful gamut,  
I've lost my darling, Charles O'Damitt,

And never shall know joy again,  
While he is tossed upon the Main.  
Father, from me the bullet sped  
That should have laid the traitor dead.

My effort was not all in vain,  
My shot sank deep within the Main,  
And though the polished surface show  
No sign of tumult hid below,

I know, with all their pomp and pride,  
A skeleton walks by their side.

THE PARSON.

**Death of a Singular Individual.**—The Florentines have had a sensation in the death of a singular individual who has been seen in the streets for the last forty years, a French woman, De Flechier by name, supposed of low origin, but who proved to be the daughter of a noble in high military position under the Bourbons. Upon the announcement of her death the authorities took possession of her effects, and on forcing open the drawer of a large box in her sleeping-room found it full of sacks of gold pieces—every box and drawer contained quantities of gold, Government bonds, and bank stocks, and in her shoes, whose soles were of extraordinary size and thickness, layers of newly-coined gold pieces were found. The money, 600,000 lire, has been taken care of by the municipality, and the necessary measures for ascertaining the whereabouts of the heirs have been put in operation.—*Swiss Times*.

**A French Chemist** has made some experiments with the poison *akazga*—received from West Africa in bundles of long, slender, crook'd stems, and used there as an ordeal, and finds it to resemble nuxvomica in its physiological effects. He has separated from it a new crystalline alkaloid, closely resembling strychnia, but differing from it in being precipitated by alkaline bicarbonates. A suspected wizard is made to drink an infusion of the bark, and then to walk over small sticks of the plant; if guilty, he stumbles, and tries to step over the sticks as if they were logs, finally falling in convulsions, when he is beaten to death by clubs; if innocent, the kidneys act freely, and the poison is supposed to be thus eliminated.

Vienna has paid three hundred pounds for the right of producing Dumas' play *La Femme de Claude*; half that sum was offered by a Milan theater and refused. To prevent piracy the play has not been printed.



Eureka.

BY J. G. HOLLAND.

Whom I crown with love is royal :	Man is greater than condition.
Matters not her blood or birth ;	And where man himself bestows,
She is queen, and I am loyal	He begets and gives position
To the noblest of the earth.	To the gentlest that he knows.
Neither place, nor wealth, nor title,	Neither miracle or fable
Lacks the man my friendship owns ;	Is the water changed to wine ;
His distinction, true and vital, [thrones.	Lords and ladies at my table
Shines supreme o'er crowns and	Prove Love's simplest fare divine.
Where true love bestows its sweetness,	And if these accept my duty,
Where true friendship lays its hand,	If the loved my homage own,
Dwells all greatness, all completeness,	I have won all worth and beauty ;
All the wealth of every land.	I have found the magic stone.

**The Chinese Bugbear.**---It might be supposed that a people so long before the eyes of men as the Chinese would have been pretty generally examined and studied ; but the facts are curiously against such a supposition. A certain dread of these men seems to be natural to Europeans. Nothing else will explain the almost timid measures of precaution taken against Mongolians by the Australians as well as by ourselves. And yet there is nothing in the history of Chinese emigration to justify such a feeling. One or two conspiracies, indeed, they have plotted, such as that against the Rajah of Sarawak ; but when we look at the extraordinary duration of the Chinese Empire, its high civilization and populousness at an age far antedating the earliest authentic records of European history, we are forced to the conclusion that the genius of the race is singularly averse to colonization. For six thousand years the Chinese have inhabited their vast country ; during all that time they have traded with foreign countries ; their merchant vessels and their war vessels have frequented the countless islands of the Eastern Archipelago ; but among all those islands there is none subject to China ; no Chinese colony has built up a state, to continue under another sky the traditions and the thought of China ; and except on the mainland of Asia the traces of the Chinese blood are hardly perceptible among the many-mingled races of that uttermost East. There is but one explanation of such a phenomenon ; the Chinese leave their country only on compulsion, so to speak, and never take root away from home. They are found to-day all over the East, but always as a race apart ; a people clannish and strange to others, even after years of residence with them ; and nowhere a political power. Men talk glibly enough in California of being overrun by the hordes of these men, but what is their real number ? A few figures will not be out of place in this matter. The white population of California, in 1860, numbered 323,177. The Chinese in the State in the same year were 34,933. In 1870 the white population had increased to 499,424, and the Chinese to 49,310. The white population shows an increase of 54 per cent. in the ten years, and the Chinese of a little over 41 per cent. These simple facts are all the more eloquent when we remember that the facilities for intercourse between the two continents have been decidedly increased during the ten years in question ; and we respectfully commend the result of our investigation to the study of those who now look forward with dismay to the prospect of wearing pigtailed and eating their rice with chopsticks in the year 1890.

**Is the Czar of Russia Ready for a War ?**---The belief has somehow gained ground in this country that the Czar of Russia is less of an autocrat than was his father Nicholas, or the Alexander before him. The fancy is erroneous. As much to-day as ever, the will of the Russian Emperor is law to his nation ; as much now as in the time of the great Peter, he regulates peace or levies war, without the limitation or advice of any one. But though his powers are nowise inferior to those of his ancestors, it is his good sense that has made his policy less conservative. His serf emancipation, his vast railway system, and his army improvements were simply points of preparation. He is far from ready, however ; it will take ten years to complete the network of railways and perfect the new military system, and until this is accomplished, Russia is earnestly opposed to a European war.

**The London "Graphic"** finds amusement and a lesson in local names in the following announcement, which it copies from a Chicago paper : "The ladies of Ravenswood will give an oyster-supper and sociable next Tuesday evening at the Congregational Church. The proceeds are to be appropriated to the completion of the church building." Fancy an oyster-supper in a church, combined, too, with a 'sociable,' an institution with which we are not acquainted, but which suggests the idea of a 'free-and-easy.' The nature of the entertainment is doubtless decorous and in good taste, and the cause is unquestionable."



## A MOTHER'S FUNERAL.

[BY THE LATE NORMAN MACLEOD, D.D.]

Ah, sune ye'll lay yer mither doon  
In her luncy bed and narrow;  
But, till ye're sleepin' by her side,  
Ye'll never meet her marrow !<sup>s</sup>

A faither's love is strong and deep,  
And ready is a brither's,  
A sister's love is pure and sweet  
But what love's like a mither's ?

Ye manna greet ower muckle, bairns,  
As round the fire ye gather,  
And see the twa chairs empty then  
O' mither and o' faither;

Nor dinna let yer hearts be dreich,  
When wintry winds are blawin',  
And on their graves, wi' angry sigh,  
The snelly drift is snawin' !

But think o' blyther times gane by—  
The mony years o' blessing,  
When sorrow passed the door and nane  
Frae 'mang ye a' were missin'.

And mind the peaceful gloamin' hours  
When the out-door work was endin',  
And after time, when auld grey heads  
Wi' yours in prayer were bendin'.

And think how happy bairns are noo  
Aboon a' thocht or tellin',  
For they're at hame and young again  
Within their Father's dwellin'.

Sae, gin ye wish to meet up there  
Yer faither and yer mither,  
O, love their God, and be gude bairns,  
And O love ane anither !

\*ANGELIC: Her equal—her match.

[From the San Francisco News Letter.]

## IN MEMORIAM.

Dear News Letter :—Since my inaugural sermon at the little chapel at The Oaks, nothing has transpired to either retard or accelerate the steady, onward march of the faithful Five and their humble Parson toward their heavenly home, until last week, when an event occurred which has thrown a halo of unfading glory around the congregation of our little sanctuary, bringing us all with one rapid stride much nearer the gates of glory. The event which I refer to is the transition of two of our number from the various phases of this our checkered existence to the beautiful realms of a magnificent nowhere. The departure of the Judge and Azure-Eyed Girl on an exploring expedition to that undiscovered country from which Captain Cook, Francis Drake, Sir John Franklin, Columbus, and all of our ancient and modern navigators, have not yet returned, would be treated by the orthodox Christian mind as a melancholy calamity. To those benighted souls whose mental vision hath been trained to peer from earliest infancy through the magnifying lens of a religious telescope, death has ever been presented to their view as a grim monster, the ultimate of woe and direful climax of personified evil, and the exit of any member of the human family from the world's great stage is looked upon as an extreme social disaster, but to the enlightened mind of the adherent of scientific progression, the disintegration of the constituent particles that compose the individual identity of the animal man, appears to be the legitimate effect of an unknown and nameless cause, which will remain an unsolved problem forevermore. We at the Little Chapel, having no evidence of a future, and being told so often by Brother Stone, Cox, Kip, Gallagher, and a host of others, that our mental blindness was altogether our own fault, and that if we would observe Lent we should become so etherialized that we might with ease behold the New Jerusalem. They often cited the case of one Jesus, the son of some carpenter, who lived near Nazareth, as a notable example of what fasting would effect. I looked for authority to back up their assertions, and found in an old and obsolete volume the account of where one J. Christ was seeking for the kingdom of heaven. He had an idea that if he fasted forty days and nights he would be thin enough to see it, but whether he ever saw it or not the legend does not say, and we have no other evidence that bears on the subject. Not wishing to be left out in the cold if we could enter heaven by so economical a method as fasting, we resolved to try the experiment and observe Lent. I also had a private reason for keeping the fast: I had been informed by the clergy that we might eat fish without let or hindrance; in fact, fish rather helped us when we crossed the silent river to swim in a sea of glory. Here was a chance for the Parson, I being a sleeping partner in a neat little craft called *The Italian Girl*. If we could make a corner in fish, I could live well, see the promised land, and make money at the same time. So we went in for Lent; but two of our number, in their zeal, overdid the matter. The Azure-Eyed Girl would not eat anything—no halfway measures for her; she said if Christ fasted forty days she could. Fatal resolve! she only lasted ten days. She grew small and beautifully less, until her ethereal essence cut loose from its earthly tabernacle and vanished, leaving behind a moldering statue of inanimate clay. The Judge tried it on fish—salt codfish—moistened with old rye; but the fasting was too much even for his iron frame. The cod, unaccustomed to bathe in so volatile an element, absorbed the fiery fluid with frightful rapidity; the Judge, in his frantic endeavors to supply the demand of the fish, deluged his thirsty maw with floods of the scorching beverage. The conflict was too severe for the delicate mechanism of his diaphragm, and a collapse was the inevitable result; it was like putting eight gallons of rum in a five gallon keg; 'twas too much of a strain on the package. It was a singular coincidence that the last gasp of the Judge should mingle with the farewell sigh of the Azure-Eyed Girl. The pale curtain of the eyes, with their delicate silken fringe, dropped for the last time over her lovely sky-colored orbs, shutting out a glance of ineffable sweetness that rested on the glorified countenance of

the Judge. That last glance of intelligence seemed to leave its imprint on the melancholy optic of my legal friend; with a last dying effort his struggling soul raised itself above the surging waves of Kentucky Bourbon, and flashed back an answering glance of mournful devotion, then fell back, and his great heart was still forever. We laid them side by side, covered them with rose leaves, and went home, happy in the thought that we had outshone all of the Christian world in the observance of that holy ordinance known as Lent. We had etherialized two out of five, and felt much nearer heaven. What a strange thing is human nature, said we; here are two human beings of average intelligence, who have brought their earthly career to a sudden and sorrowful close by following the example set by the son of an obscure mechanic, who died, if he ever lived at all, over eighteen hundred years ago, and for no practical benefit to themselves or the balance of mankind, here or hereafter. The happy Three that remained alive met on the following day, Sunday, to listen to the remarks of the Parson in reference to our vanished friends.

## THE CLOSING SCENE.

<p>Lonely and still, here side by side Lie, left by life's receding tide, Two shattered wrecks of human clay, On time's broad ocean cast away; Where now is that mysterious thing Men call the soul? that secret spring Hid in the net-work of the brain, Tell-tale of pleasure, source of pain: We question! but no sound may come From those pale forms; their lips are dumb. Some subtle power aside hath flung The warbling witch-notes of the tongue; And in the eyes' translucent cell The light of life no more may dwell. What wizard eye may pierce the gloom That shrouds the entrance to the tomb? Or note the time whene'er the grave An echo back to mortal gave; The world's deep wisdom hath not found The secret of the low green mound, Nor to the sons of earth have shown Where man's intelligence hath flown; When death's descending shadows close</p>	<p>His eyelids in their last repose: You ask your Parson now to tell Where earth's departed millions dwell. I will not answer with a lie, And say, that somewhere in the sky, For ransomed souls a heaven is found, Enclosed by jasper walls around; With gates of pearl and streets of gold, Which sinners never may behold. I'll not insult your common sense, By stating, when you go from hence, Without the Christian's trading mark, Instead of leaping in the dark, Or resting in eternal sleep, We land in hell ten fathoms deep. The Christians perpetrate such jokes To frighten fools and little folks: Your Parson knows no place of rest Beyond our mother earth's green breast; All living things the same low bed Have sought at last, to lay the head; And only spring to life again Within some priest's distempered brain, Who has for Heaven a great regard, And sells his gospel by the yard.</p>
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## EPITAPH ON THE JUDGE, BY THE BLONDE SISTER.

Here lies the Judge, whose soul was sent  
Straight up to Heaven by keeping Lent;  
He scorched his diaphragm with rye,  
Then nobly laid him down to die.

## EPITAPH ON THE AZURE-EYED GIRL, BY DEACON SCOTT.

This poor girl with death had a terrible tussle,  
He got her so thin she slipped out of her bustle;  
Then forced down her bosom a large dose of Lent,  
Then tripped up her heels and to glory she went.

THE OAKS, March, 1873.

THE PARSON.

Some Fathers of the Church maintain that a Christian can never fall from grace. He may faint by the way, he may backslide, he may grieve the spirit; but fall from grace he cannot, for he is borne up by the everlasting arms. A more comfortable doctrine for brethren conscious of a thorn in the flesh there could not be; and it seems as if President Grant might make a very good father of the church. His letter to the smiling Colfax is a masterpiece, whether we consider the literary ingenuity which has worked into the space of seven lines ten first personal pronouns, or the ecclesiastical calm, which takes no note of Colfax's abject posture before the public. The Bishop of California himself could not have done the thing better. Men judge after the fashion of men; but Grant, whose official relations were so pleasant with the Vice-President, cannot bear to part with him. "Leave me not, thou best of men! Let us swear eternal friendship!" Why not? What has Colfax done that the President of the United States should frown upon? Are prevarication, and lying and shuffling over and over again, to unfit a man for Executive tenderness? Is it not written that flesh is weak, and is not Colfax, albeit flabby, still in the flesh? Grant has done well to show the country, in this superfluous letter, his delicate sense of the national honor. A common ruler, a mere born king, would have felt himself obliged in a parallel case, to send the misguided man into obscurity with as little noise as possible; but we republicans manage this thing on sounder principles. Our president is a man like other men, or indeed like too many other men; and he knows what it is to be offered a slice of something good. He has also been a tanner, and he knows experimentally that the worse a tan-pit smells, the tougher is the skin that comes out of it; and though Colfax's flesh is like putty, it is doubtful whether he or Grant has the tougher hide.

### SENATOR CASSERLY—BRIBERY AND CORRUPTION.

We Stated in a Recent Issue of the "News Letter" that Eugene Casserly bought the seat he now holds in the United States Senate, and gave certain facts and circumstantial evidence to sustain that assertion. We have since been furnished with the following letter, addressed to Senator Conn by the Hon. Volney E. Howard, who was a competitor with Mr. Casserly for the Senate honor. Mr. Howard is one of the most learned and distinguished men in this State. He was for years an influential member of Congress from the State of Texas. He was a leading member of the famous Compromise Congress of 1850, in which were such men as Clay, Webster, Cass, Seward and Douglas, with whom he associated. Since residing in California he has ranked high as a lawyer, orator and statesman. No man who knows him would dare impeach his perfect integrity and unsullied honor. When such a man arraigns Mr. Casserly for bribery and corruption, it is time that his constituents, as well as the Senate, should investigate the facts. That Mr. Howard's demands for a Committee of Investigation were not granted four years ago, is because the Legislature that elected Senator Casserly was notoriously one of the most corrupt and debauched that ever disgraced this State. The circumstances of Casserly's election were therefore smothered up and concealed from the public eye by the profligate legislators who sat at Sacramento in the year 1867-'68. The following is the letter to which we refer, published now for the first time:

HON. W. A. CONN: Dear Sir: You have my authority to withdraw my name as a Senatorial candidate whenever you see fit. I am not anxious to remain in a contest which, by some parties, is conducted on the principle that "An ass loaded with gold can make his way well enough through any city;" and by others, that "Every one has his price." No man who has used money in this contest to purchase votes, can be elected to the United States Senate without disgrace to the State and Democratic party. It is time that this public infamy, so long practiced, was crushed out. *That money, to a large amount, has been freely used in this contest, for the purchase of votes, is as obvious as the noon-day sun. I demand an investigation before a Committee of the Legislature. I pledge myself to prove that Mr. Eugene Casserly has, through other parties and agents, used and offered money corruptly to purchase his election by means of bribery. When I say this I only state a well-known fact. I name no other because I have no proof.* If he is elected, I pledge myself to contest his seat before the United States Senate on that ground, or that of any other who succeeds by bribery, and to turn upon him the gaze of that august assembly in scorn and contempt. There is at least the satisfaction that the Senate will give the charge a patient hearing and investigation; and in the case of Mr. Casserly, I shall make proof which will carry conviction to every dispassionate mind. It is right that this disgrace should fall on its author instead of the whole Democratic party. Our political opponents are only waiting for an election, thus obtained, to make "Rome howl" with the corruption of this business. We have in the Democratic party such men as Washington, Henly, Temple and Hoge, who have not resorted to corrupt means—let one of them, or some other untainted with bribery, be selected to represent California in the Senate of the United States, instead of an old free-soiler and pretended war Democrat reeking with corruption—who would doubtless abandon the party if the Republicans carry the Presidential election.

Sacramento, December 19, 1867.

VOLNEY E. HOWARD.

### A CARD.

Editor of News Letter:—DEAR SIR: As a great number of the readers of your paper are Catholics, you will confer a favor on them, and place me under a personal obligation, by giving this communication a place in your columns:

In crossing the Oakland ferry, on Tuesday of the present week, I overheard a Unitarian heretic reading a vile manuscript in relation to the unfortunate shooting affair of Miss Gannon, which occurred a few days since. The wretch said the article was for the *News Letter*. In the article in question was a letter containing the dying confession of Miss Gannon, and purporting to have been written by the Most Rev. Father O'Tool, and received by this villain, who is called The Parson (I could not learn his real name), said letter containing a request for this wretch of a Parson to publish Miss Gannon's dying statement in the *News Letter*. Now I wish to distinctly state that I never wrote that letter, or any letter, to any heretic calling himself The Parson, or A Parson, and that I never confessed Miss Gannon or gave her unction, and that Miss Gannon never made a statement, and is not dead. I don't know if the lady is a Catholic, but I know that Mr. MacDermott is, and belongs to my parish. I wish the public to know how much reliance can be placed on the statement of a Unitarian clergyman. They never miss an opportunity of having a fling at Holy Mother Church. Yours, in sincere regard,

MOST REV. FATHER O'TOOL, No. 209 Pine street, Oakland.

**A Handsome Couple.**—On the 28th of last month, one of the handsomest couples in this or any other State were made one. We refer to Miss Booth, the adopted daughter of George Hearst, Esq., and Mr. Jasper McDonald, whose handsome face has so often lent relief to the majority of plain ones in the Board of Brokers. The wedding took place at Mr. Hearst's house, on the corner of Chestnut and Leavenworth streets, and the happy couple are now at their home, on O'Farrell street.



## FOREIGN DOTTINGS.

The Liberal Cabinet of the English Government has resigned, because of the adverse vote on the University Bill. Gladstone, on rising to announce his resignation, received an ovation, and a vote of confidence in his ministry was strongly given. Mr. Disraeli was at once requested by the Queen to form a new government. He begged for time to consult his friends, and until replies are received from Lords Derby, Cairns and Carnarvon, it will be impossible to tell the course of events.—The New York Herald has appointed Mr. Edmund Yates its correspondent at the Vienna Exhibition.—Early in the Spring the ex-Empress of the French and her son will remove to a small mansion which, with an appropriate extent of adjacent ground, is being purchased for them in Surrey or Hampshire.—The second payment of \$40,000,000 on account of the fourth millard of the French indemnity was paid to Germany on the last three days of the week ending the 8th of February.—Garraway's coffee-house, in Change Alley, Cornhill, London, well known in old Sir Roger de Coverley's days, is about to be pulled down, to make way for banking houses.—The Austrian Government has consented to an International Congress to sit at Vienna during the Exhibition to consider the best mode of encouraging useful inventions and manufactures.—It is stated, apparently on good authority, that the Bourbons have agreed among themselves to accept the Comte de Chambord as their representative claimant for the crown of France, and the Duc de Montpensier for the throne of Spain.—His Holiness the Pope has addressed a circular to the prelates attached to the Vatican, informing them that, taking into consideration the state of their limited means, the full pay of their salaries would be granted to them for the month of January.—It is privately stated in well-informed circles in Rome that the select committee on the Religious Corporations Act will propose the total abolition of the generals of the orders, giving to the Pope 700,000 francs per annum to support the said generals.—Some excitement has been caused in Parisian political circles by the announcement that the Princess Clementina d Orleans is about to arrive in Paris from Vienna. She is on good terms with the Comte de Chambord, and it is supposed that her visit has something to do with the fusion.—The Spanish Assembly has definitely sanctioned the bill introduced by the Government suspending its sittings and convokeing the constituent Cortes. Martos, President of the Assembly, and Lopez, Secretary, have resigned.—American ladies are the liveliest gamblers in Monaco.—For the first time in twenty years, the Boston harbor is so frozen over as to impede navigation.—London has a new American club with 200 members.—Texas lunatics are turned loose on the inhabitants of the town where they belong if board at the asylum isn't paid promptly.—The epizootic is on the rampage in Mexico.

## GOVERNOR STANFORD'S SPEECH.

In the Able Address which the President of the Central Pacific Railroad delivered to his employees in Sacramento on Monday last, there are many things refreshingly new and interesting. But perhaps that portion of it in which he spoke of the relations of the railroad to the general Government will attract the most attention from capitalists. We quote a few sentences Governor Stanford said: "There is a great deal to be said in reference to this railroad and its relations to the interests of the State and Government. When once you touch that subject it is almost inexhaustible, and I hardly know whether I ought to touch it, because I cannot do justice to it in the time that would be allotted to me to-day, or that I ought to take; but I will say this, because I have no doubt you are interested in it, and I know that every one of you are interested in the good fame of the company to which your interests attach you. It is natural that you should be. It is on this question of Government aid. The entire amount that we received from the Government when reduced to gold coin, as all that we received was, was not sufficient to carry this road over the mountains. The balance of the money came from other sources. It came from the credit of the company, its bonds, its earnings, and as it went on, and the Government has ample security. We claim to be able to pay to the Government every penny that it is entitled to. We challenge any one to show wherein we have violated any law. We have given to the Government ample security. The roads that we have built, the main feeders, have been consolidated into the road, and instead of the Government having 740 miles of road as security, by the various consolidations it has now about 1,600 miles. Does this look as though we thought of turning over this road—of giving it up—or that we do not intend to pay the debts of the concern?" You gentlemen who know what these roads are, and the country they have opened up, and their future prospects, I am sure will not think so." It is favorable to California that her chief railroad managers have acted in such abundant good faith with the Government, and the people, as the extract we have quoted so conclusively shows. That the Central Pacific Company has voluntarily added over 800 miles of completed railway to its assets, thereby making the Government doubly secure for all the loans it has made the company, is a fact not generally known. It is time it should be. And President Stanford has performed a real service in calling attention to it. We know of no other railroad in the United States or in the world that ever did so creditable a thing.

That Wild White Man they have in the forests of Almasi refuses bread and cigars, saying all his wants are supplied by Heaven. Send him Barnes and "Our Boys."



**A DRAMATIC FRAGMENT.**

SCENE.—*The Board of Education. Enter various Members of the Board. Priest Clement takes the Chair.*

- PRIEST.— You're called to order. Take your seats at once!
- HOLLAND.— Old Joe is boozy. What a damned old dunce!
- ROSEKRAUS.— You bet your life! He's shaky on his pegs;  
He's a dead goner, sure as eggs is eggs.
- PRIEST.— Minor Committee on the Broadway School  
Will now report: (that everlasting fool  
Can spread himself; I wish to God he'd choke.)
- PLUNKETT.— We, your committee, wish you to revoke  
The order banishing those five schoolmarms  
From the Broadway School; the girls are up in arms,  
And we feel badly when we think how much  
We owe to them; a demonstration, such  
As never yet in this good town was seen,  
Has worked us to the bed-rock, as I ween.  
Girls! It is true; but girls with such a force  
Of logic as would make you have recourse  
To Blair or Hedge; by God, sirs, they were game,  
And when I heard them talk, I blushed for shame,  
Only to think that in this very Board  
True was indorsed, as if with one accord,  
Makes a man sick. Quick! give me the spittoon!  
There, that will do! I shall be better soon!  
Only revoke! These ladies, if compelled,  
Yet told the truth. Which one of you, if held  
To close account, could stand as well as they?  
I pause to hear. I might pause for a day,  
And hear no answer, but the stertorous snore  
Of Mosgrove, nodding by the half-shut door.  
With this I close; these ladies are my care;  
And your committee hope you will be fair.
- DEERING.— Plunkett has spoken; and the rest are mute,  
Like jews-harps silenced by a lover's lute.  
Fain would I speak; I nominate Miss Weston,  
Whom on my life I hold to be the best one  
For the Washington School; I want her, that's enough.  
Now for the vote; in Latin, *quantum suff.*
- PLUNKETT.— I'd like to know what are the lady's claims;  
No man shall bully me with empty names.
- DEERING.— Bully! By God, I take it on myself.
- MOSGROVE.— And such damned sneaks I'd put upon the shelf.
- PLUNKETT.— Sneaks! Blast your eyes! Who says that I'm a sneak?  
I'll take no brass. Come, shut your mouth or speak!
- MOSGROVE.— Sneak, did I say? I meant it, every inch.  
Sneak in your teeth. I'm damned if I shall flinch.
- PLUNKETT.— Ha! this to me! Thou blackenard and thou liar!  
Shall I not rend thee in extremest ire,  
And cast thy limbs, thou liar and thou blackenard,  
On earth, aghast and horrified and haggard?  
So perish they, unmindful of their station,  
Whose conduct shames this Board of Education,  
And makes the children, in their several schools,  
Take us for blackguards, nincompoops and fools.

**LETTER FROM PRESIDENT GRANT TO COLFAX.**

South Bend, March 9th.—The President authorizes the publication of the following:

EXECUTIVE MANSION, March 4th.

My Dear Mr. Colfax:—Allow me to say that I sympathize with you in the recent Congressional investigations. I have watched them closely, and I am as satisfied now as I have ever been of your integrity, patriotism and freedom from the charges imputed as if I knew of my own knowledge of your innocence. Our official relations have been so pleasant that I would like to keep them up through life.

Affectionately yours,

U. S. GRANT.

The "Economist" is responsible for this anecdote: "The Duke of Wellington was so ignorant of university matters that when he was made Chancellor of Oxford he not only could not write the requisite Latin answer of thanks (which would not have been very remarkable), but he went to his physician to write it for him, having seen Latin on prescriptions, and supposing that the Latin of medicines and the Latin of the classics were the same." It does not make out a case for Latin, as the duke did pretty well without it.

## TRUE NOBILITY.

The Noise that is Made About Progress is enough to weary any man of sense. All human history shows the continuous, eager rushing of men in what approaches nearly to a circle; so that the immense energy and activity with which we run to and fro, and multiply questions, bring us back to the place we started from, with unvarying regularity. The origin of nobility is a striking fact in support of this plain truth. In the beginning, one man was like another for about ten minutes; at the end of that time, nobility was born into the world. The noble proved his right by superior will, manifested by superior force; and the family was founded. Then came tradition, and in the train of that grew up a race of commoners, baser men, glad to acknowledge themselves base, that they might celebrate in chorus the superiority of the noble. A little acquaintance with history is enough to make this clear. Who were the princes of Babylon, "desirable young men, riding upon horses,"...all of them princes to look to, after the manner of the Babylonians of Chaldea? The Assyrian tablets in London and Paris tell us clearly enough. The Egyptian nobles, the Athenian and Spartan citizens, the Roman lords, the knights of a later day, are all new incarnations of the same eternal spirit; and that is the spirit of the power of life and death, or in one word, the spirit of murder. Murder lies at the very basis of all human society, and society is moral or immoral, according as murder is held in proper honor or not. The general principle is absolutely beyond dispute; but particular instances may well be cited to satisfy the skeptical. Read the Jewish history, and you find that whenever the virtue of the chosen people was sternest and soundest, the annals abound with murder, and wholesale murder, at that; while, with the relaxation of morality the page becomes almost bloodless. The same condition is found in Greece and in Rome. The high morality of the destroying Charlemagne died away under his soft-hearted successors; and, to come nearer to our own days, what a lofty ascent from the profligate feebleness of Louis XV and the Regent of Orleans to the heroic nerve and immaculate purpose of the Republic, blood-thirsty as it is called! It sounds like a paradox, but it may be safely affirmed that until murder is duly honored and respected there can be no really sound public morality. It is, therefore, with heartfelt satisfaction that we remark the growing reverence throughout the country for the mere act of murder, irrespective of purpose. This is as it should be, if a republic is really the best form of human political society. Under a less-thoroughly developed form the individual thinks it unsafe to recur to the natural law, lest it be turned against himself; but in a true republic, which has almost made the circle, the overmastering thought is, "Each one for himself and all on the weak one;" and the weak one is always the murdered one. This is true Conservatism, and survival of the fittest. The murderer is certainly more able than his victim; and ability is needed in the building of a civilization. It is also the characteristic of a high organization to regard utility. Nothing can be more futile than dwelling upon the thought or the fact of death. If a man is killed, there is an end to his usefulness. We should get him buried as quickly as possible and go about our business. To use a homely phrase, there is no use crying over spilt milk; should we not rather, seeing that all murdered men are *ipso facto* weak men, honor and reward the murderer? This we throw out merely as a suggestion, for we well know that society is not yet prepared to look at this matter in the true light; but we feel satisfied that the conviction is gaining ground in the country that in murder, properly fostered and encouraged, lies the germ of the true, natural nobility which is yet to save this great continent from the degrading rule of a hollow selfishness and a loathsome immorality. It is for New York to decide whether the regeneration shall begin at once, or not. Foster, the car-hook murderer, waits his fate. If he is pardoned, there is, indeed, some hope for the race. If not, let night come.

## RICH vs. POOR.

The "Chronicle," at some seasons of the year, gives vent to a hot and cold blast, its *Euroclydon* is overwhelming. In a late issue is a somewhat lengthy article, advocating the interests of the *rich* as against the *poor* man, in the endeavor to suspend building operations on the new City Hall, and thereby enhance the value of Pixley's *real estate* blocks down town. We are surprised at the "live paper," which is the *champion* of the *poor* man in the same issue, and all alive to everything that encroaches on his "preserves." Here is now the only important public work being prosecuted of any magnitude in the interest of the working man and the mechanic, and whose especial interests the live paper seeks to undermine, if not to destroy, and at their expense to build up the aggrandizement of only those who can really—as it turns out—influence the *Chronicle*, viz: The men of *affluence*. Alas for the *Chronicle*! If, however, the *Chronicle* would furnish facts and figures, we might pass this effort at a *spurt* in Pixley's capital and prospective interest by. Let the victim, as the *Chronicle's* *holocaust*, be offered up; but it is right and just that the mechanic and his laborer should know who this *champion* is working for.

It is Announced in the Paris papers that M. Henri Rochefort has written a novel entitled *Les Depraves* during his imprisonment. The Minister of the Interior has, however, forbidden the publication of the work in France.

**"GOOD-BYE, SWEETHEART, GOOD-BYE."**

The damnest rot in all the world  
Is Kendall's verse;  
No garbage in the pig-pen buried  
Greener or worse.  
The foulest winds that ever blew  
Don't smell as bad;  
No verses that we ever knew  
Made us so mad.  
The darkness of a winter's morn  
Is light to theirs;  
Nor yet enough of honest scorn  
Our heart declares.

We swear they made us sick outright,  
Coming from West;  
Oh Kendall, add to our delight,  
Give us a rest.  
Nor write bad verses any more—  
We've had enough;  
We swallow most things on this shore,  
But they're too tough.  
When we shall see thy verse shut up—  
Ecstatic time!  
Then we shall say, hang up the pup,  
And from his rhyme.

**BRIMSTONE DIPPINGS.**

There is a Magnificent Suite of Rooms connected with the Methodist Book concern, on the corner of Broadway and Eleventh street, where a part of God's elect, comprised of the Methodist ministers filling the pulpits of that denomination in the city of New York and vicinity, meet weekly for pious gossip and tattle over the interests of the church, doctrinal points and the several methods of frightening the sinners and saving souls from the wrath of God. One Dr. True, whom it seems has outgrown his creed, perhaps recognizing the injustice and cruelty of a benevolent Creator inflicting punishment out of all proportion to the crimes committed, propounded a few questions for discussion at one of these meetings, which kicked up a terrible fuss among the brethren present, exciting horrible forebodings, fearful consternations, great trembling and extreme fear that the Methodist creed was going to the dogs, Zion being laid waste by Dr. True opposing that a Father of Infinite Love might think it consistent with justice to limit the duration of punishment. The following are the questions proposed by Dr. True: "Shall the wicked finally be destroyed?" "Are the future punishments of the wicked permanent?" "Are the conscious punishments of the wicked endless, or are the punishments in hell parallel to the eternal bliss of the righteous in Heaven?" These questions were discussed in solemn conclave, and we presume nothing will be done in the Methodist eel-pot or Methodist frying-pan on the other side of the river Styx or Jordan till that little band of idiotic, driveling fanatics decide whether it is most advantageous for the Methodist Church militant to have a local, permanent hell, with all the accessories of a personal devil, fire and brimstone wallings and groanings, howlings and screechings, as was commonly preached years ago, or a change of base to suit the more merciful ideas of Dr. True; limiting punishment, i. e., after a sufficient roasting to let the bottom of hell drop out, and these lost, tortured, blasted, unforgotten souls (which we are told by these preachers God created in his own image for a wise purpose), go into oblivion, vamonc into utter nothingness.

It would have been more humane in Dr. True to have had them annihilated sooner, as the punishment was not going to benefit them any, and his Brother Beecher, of Plymouth pulpit, says: "All punishments which are not reformatory in their character are vindictive and revengeful." Surely he would not ascribe such base motives to his Heavenly Father in his dealings with his children. He should call on Miles Grant, and he could post him on the *modus operandi* of treating sinners after death. This uncertainty is soul-harrowing to those of us that are eligible to the abodes of the damned, if their doctrine of salvation be true. We look back with complacency to the times when this question was not open for discussion—it was either all brimstone or all glory—and we well remember old George W—, a ranting Methodist in Southern New York, exhorted us in a spirit of exultation and defiance in these words: "How will you feel when you see us saints go up to Heaven in chariots drawn by eight fat horses, and you sinners start down to Hell on wheelbarrows with bulldogs at your heels." There was something decided in his view of the situation, and, little grain of comfort, he did not send us off afoot and alone, but ticketed us through in an Irishman's buggy, and we were sure when we arrived of a warm reception. Perhaps you think Dr. True had this discussion all his own way. By no manner of means. The old Methodist war horses snuffed danger, champed the bit, kicked and neighed. One gave notice "He could not stand any such dangerous innovations on his favorite dogma." "The subject of Hell must not be ignored." "The foundation of the Church rests upon this question." He began to shake his dry bones, and cold sweat stood on his forehead as he told his brethren that he had been approached by members of his congregation saying, "I see the Methodists are dropping their eternal damnation. If the punishment of the wicked is not endless, then the joy of the righteous is not. One doctrine stands with the other. If the views promulgated by Dr. True are permitted to go unanswered, it will make me desperate." Another divine rose and discharged this shot at Dr. True's schismatical questions: "The devil is rubbing his hands gleefully; he has never had a better chance than the present. If this question is adopted, I must read upon Hell, instead of warning sinners to flee from wrath to come."

Mr. Edmund Yates has been appointed correspondent of the New York Herald for the Vienna Exhibition.

### Special Brevities.

**The Following Interesting Summary of the characters portrayed in the works of the late Charles Dickens, is given in a work published at Boston, called the "Dickens Dictionary: Actors 17, actresses 10, actuary 1, adventurers 2, aeronauts 2, alderman 1, amanuensis 1, Americans 25, apprentices 6, architects 4, authors 8, babies 3, bachelors 10, barbers 4, barmaids 2, badles 6, blind persons 3, boarding-house keepers 3, boobies 2, boots 4, brokers 9, circus performers 7, church 1 (Little Bethel), clergymen 13, clerks, etc., 47, corporations, etc., 8, cricketers 6, cripples 6, dancing-masters 3, detectives 12, editors 4, emigrants 7, fairies 2, farmers 4, footmen 6, fops 3, Frenchmen 23, Germans 5, governesses 3, grocers 3, invalids 7, Jews 3, lawyers 35, M.P.'s 7, misers 9, murderers 10, nurses 13, old maids 16, pawnbrokers 3, physicians 15, plasterer 1, pony 1, policemen 12, pugilist 1, reporter 1, raven 1, resurrectionist 1, sextons 3, showmen 7, shrews 12, surgeons 7, spies 2, swindlers 4, thieves 12, toadies 10, tobacconist 1, tramps 2, turnkeys 6, undertakers 6, vagabonds 8, vessels 7, vestrymen 6, waiters 13, widowers 3, and widows 39.**

**Three Persons Poisoned**----A melancholy case of poisoning has occurred at Falmouth, by which three inmates of the workhouse have lost their lives, and a fourth has narrowly escaped the same fate. It appears from the evidence taken before the coroner, that the union schoolmaster took fifteen boys for a walk on Main-forth Beach, where they were allowed to play and run about. They had only been on the beach a short time when a boy named Evan Sanders fell down in a fit, and was quickly followed by James Oates, John Scoble, and Thomas Masters. They were speechless from the first, and soon became insensible. Sanders, Oates and Scoble died within an hour, but hopes are entertained of the recovery of Masters. Mr. Bullmore, surgeon, who made a post-mortem examination, found a small substance very much like mussel in the intestines, but could not swear that it was mussel; but it was known that there were plenty of mussels among the rocks. The jury returned a verdict that "The deceased died from eating poison."

**A Correspondent of the "Daily News"** reports a hoax which was played on Dr. Cumming recently. The doctor was announced to deliver a lecture at Folkestone on Wednesday at three o'clock in the afternoon on "The Pope and his Work in England." As he entered the hall a telegram, just arrived from London, was presented to him. He at once proceeded to the platform, opened the telegram, and read it aloud. As far as the words could be caught, they were—"Private telegram from Rome.—The Pope died at ten o'clock this morning." The effect cannot be described. Those present were confounded. The lecture was softened down into a mild and not very forcible reference to the solemn event which had been announced. The evening papers were sought for with avidity at all the libraries, and the whole population, including a large number of poor Irish, were greatly excited.

**A Singular Case of Religious Mania** is reported from Leicestershire. A few days ago the Rev. W. March, late curate of Melton Mowbray, arrived at Melton from an excursion in Ireland, and went to the house of a friend, Mr. Anderson. Early the next morning Mr. Anderson was aroused by Mr. March calling upon him to take out his right eye. On Mr. Anderson going to him, he found he had cut off his right hand, and was in the act of injuring his right eye. Drs. Powell & Roberts arrived and amputated the arm. During the operation Mr. March was remarkably calm, and complimented the medical men on their skill. Near to him, on a table, was found a Prayer-book and Bible, the latter being open at the passage where it is said, "If thy right hand offend thee, cut it off," etc. Mr. March is progressing favorably.

**We Shall Soon** have ocean signal stations—telegrams meeting a captain in mid ocean, warning him which way the wind is blowing a few hundred miles ahead of him. At sea as on land, all over the world there will soon be a simultaneous knowledge of where the storms are and what course they are taking. It is not thought to be at all beyond the resources of the age to have floating stations in deep water secured by submerged buoys and connected with a cable. Whether these will ever be converted into mid-ocean post-offices to save the double voyage many letter-bags take we will not hazard an opinion, but insurers of ocean freights will not long be satisfied without the means of protecting by a storm signal, vessels that otherwise would be rushing to destruction.

**For Some Time Past** there has been a good deal of talk in Liverpool respecting the manner in which the revolutionary party in Spain and the insurrectionists in Cuba were so well supplied with arms and other war material, and it was suspected that a large quantity of "hardware" was being shipped at Liverpool, and that its real destination was the Spanish frontier and coast of Cuba. These suspicions now appear not to have been without some foundation, at least so the Spanish Consul at Liverpool thinks, for he has offered a liberal reward to any person who will communicate to him such information as would lead to the discovery of shipments or remittances of arms and ammunition for the insurrectionists in Spain or her colonies. The information so given will be held as strictly confidential.

**The Spring Rage for Exhibitions** has already set in in Paris. There will soon be a gastronomical exhibition at the Palais de l'Industrie, including everything relative to the culinary science, wonderful dishes, cooking utensils, table-linen, desert services, etc. In conjunction with this will be a flower-how, while this will be followed by a canine, feline and galline exhibition, with dog races, rat hunts for the terriers, and mouse hunts for the cats.



## NEW BOOKS.

From A. L. Bancroft & Co.—*LOVE IS ENOUGH*. A Poem, by William Morris. Roberts Bros. Publishers, Boston.

Mr. William Morris has long since made his mark in modern literature, and inscribed his name high on the roll of poets. His "Earthly Paradise," and "Life and Death of Jason," have gained him great reputation, and at the time of their publication, and since, have attracted universal attention, and called forth the most flattering comments from the intellectual and cultivated classes. He has that rarest of rare charms, simplicity of diction, together with such grace and purity of style, such powerful and yet such tender conception of character, that he has been called the "modern Chaucer." This, the latest work of Mr. Morris, fully sustains, indeed increases his reputation as a poet. "Love is Enough" tells of the great King Pharamond the Freed, who, sleeping on the battle field after a glorious victory, dreams of a maiden in a far away country:

"As my twin sister, young of years was she and slender,  
Yellow blossoms of spring-tide her hands had been gathering,  
But the gown lap that held them had fallen adown  
And had lain round her feet with the first of the singing:  
Now her singing had ceased, though yet heaved her bosom,  
As with lips lightly parted and eyes of one seeking,  
She stood face to face with the love that she knew not,  
The love that she longed for and waited unwitting."

This vision haunted his thoughts by night and by day for four years, until at last he starts, together with his foster-father, in quest of the object of his love. He describes to his faithful follower the valley in which he sees her, but says:

"Yet if thou shouldst ask for a sign from that country,  
What have I to show thee—I plucked a blue milkwort  
From amidst of the field where she wandered fair-footed;  
It was gone when I wakened, and once in my wail:  
I set some gray stones from the way through the forest:  
These were gone when I wakened; and once, as I wandered,  
A lock of white wool from a thorn-bush I gathered:  
It was gone when I wakened—the name of that country.  
Nay, how should I know it! but ever me seemeth  
'Twas not in the southlands, for sharp in the sunset  
And sunrise the air is, and whiles I have seen it  
Amid white drift of snow."

For four years they wander north, south, east and west, searching in vain, through perils by land and sea, captivity, slavery, sickness, and at last, worn and weary, Pharamond sinks down to die, when the maiden of his dreams, the fair Azalais, draws near him, sees, loves him, and wakes him with a kiss, and patient love is rewarded. Then, still further to test him, Pharamond returns with his bride to his kingdom to find an usurper on the throne, and his enemies in power; but contented with his wedded bliss, he spares his people a civil war and departs from his country, thus further proving that "Love is Enough."

"O sweet wind of the night, wherewith now ariseth  
The red moon through the garden boughs frail, overladen,  
O faint murmuring tongues of the dream-tide triumphant,  
That wouldst tell me sad tales in the times long passed over,  
If sometimes I sicken and turn to your freshness,  
From no shame it is of earth's tangle and trouble,  
And deeds done for nought, and change that forgetteth:  
But for hope of the lips that I kissed on the sea-strand,  
But for hope of the hands that clung trembling about me,  
And the breast that was heaving with words driven backward,  
By longing I longed for, by pains of departing,  
By my eyes that knew her pain, my pain that might speak not—  
Yea, for hope of the morn when the sea is passed over,  
And for hope of the next moon the elm boughs shall tangle:  
And fresh dawn and fresh noon and fresh night of desire  
Still following and changing, with nothing forgotten:  
For hope of new wonder each morn when I, waking,  
Behold her awaking eyes turning to seek me;  
The hope of fresh marvels each time the world changing  
Shall show her feet moving in noon tide to meet me;  
For hope of fresh bliss, past all words, half forgotten  
When her voice shall break through the hushed blackness of night."

THE NEW HISTORY OF SANDFORD AND MERTON. By F. C. Burnand. Being a True Account of the Adventures of "Master Tommy and Harry," with their "Beloved Tutor, Mr. Barlow." Illustrated by Sambourne. Published by Roberts Bros., Boston.

This is a funny book, and the author takes for granted that the reader is thoroughly up in the original Sandford and Merton, a goody-goody book of the days of our youth. Dry as that childish narrative would be to us now, we are sure that this latest effort of Mr. Burnand exceeds it in stupidity and tediousness, and conveys, besides that, unutterably dreary, dispiriting effect of the stale jokes of an old clown in an ill-smelling, dimly lighted, thinly attended country circus.

### Court Chat.

**The Religious Part of the Ceremony** connected with the marriage of the Hon. Eliot Yorke, fourth son of the Earl of Hardwicke, to Miss Rothschild, daughter of Sir Anthony Rothschild, of Aston Clinton, took place at Wimpole on February 13th: A great deal of excitement has prevailed in consequence of a section of the clergy of the Church of England lodging a *caveat* at the diocese court at Ely against the wedding being allowed to take place in the parish church, as the bride was an unconverted Jewess. It was rumored that, in order to satisfy the scruples of the spectators, the ceremony in the church would be abandoned, but a telegram was received from Dr. Tristram that the wedding ceremony might proceed; accordingly the religious ceremony took place. The happy pair were married before the Registrar-General, at the Registry Office, Mount street, Grosvenor Square, on February 12th, and they then proceeded to Wimpole. Next morning the internally pretty church was crowded to see the religious ceremony conducted. The bride and bridegroom and party proceeded from the hall to the church along a carpeted arcade, overhung with evergreens and flowers. The church was simply but tastefully decorated, and the service was conducted by the Hon. and Rev. Grantham Yorke, uncle of the bridegroom, assisted by the Rev. Edward Liddell, rector of Wimpole. There were no bridesmaids, but the bridegroom, the Hon. Eliot Constantine Yorke, was attended by Lord Charles Beresford, and the company present included the Earl and Countess of Hardwicke, Lady Rothschild and Miss Constance Rothschild, Baron Rothschild, Lady Elizabeth Adair, Hon. Captain Yorke, R. N., and Mrs. Yorke, etc.

**On February 7th the Duke of Edinburgh** was presented with the freedom of the Coachmakers' Company. At a banquet which followed, the Master proposed the toast of the occasion: "Health, long life and happiness to His Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh," now a coachmaker and a citizen. The coachmakers, the Master said, rejoiced to think it was a member of their craft (Mr. Viall) who was, under God, the means of frustrating the attempt on the Prince's life while in Australia; and as His Royal Highness manifested such a lively interest in the Lifeboat Institution, it would be interesting to him to know that the inventor of the lifeboat was a coachmaker; that, after much apathy and opposition, he at length launched his little boat, the *Mercy*, at Bamborough, in Northumberland, and during the first year was instrumental in saving many lives. The Duke of Edinburgh in reply said: "I am very glad to have this opportunity of acknowledging here, among the members of this company, the debt of gratitude I owe to a member of your craft for the service he rendered me in Australia. To me it is quite new to hear that it was a coachbuilder who invented the lifeboat; but I, as a sailor, cannot but be deeply grateful to the craft for the invention of a boat which has never been called into more requisition, unhappily, than in the course of the present year."

**The Following** truly savors of Thiers: At the prayers which took place in the chapel of the Palace at Versailles, at the time of the meeting of the Assembly, the President of the Republic was received with all the honors due to his position. A priest was at the entry of the chapel, and held in his hand a brush (*goupillon*) dipped in holy water. The President, seeing the brush, at once seized upon it and set to work to sprinkle holy water over all around him, making the sign of the cross as if he was at a funeral. After having thus officiated, M. Thiers turned to M. Grevy, who was just behind him, and handed him the brush. M. Grevy, a still greater stranger than M. Thiers to the usages of the Church, but not daring to refuse to take anything offered him by the Chief of the State, was much embarrassed when he found himself in possession of the brush. He followed the President of the Republic, brush in hand, to his place, and there being much exercised as to what he should do with the brush, he discreetly hid it under his chair, where the sacristan found it after a long hunt next morning.

**King Amadeo** has resigned the Crown of Spain, and a Republic has been proclaimed. In a message to the Cortes on February 11th, His Majesty announced his determination with becoming dignity. His Majesty said it was a great honor to preside over the destinies of a country, however profoundly disturbed it may be, and that he had resolved to keep his oath and respect the Constitution, believing that his loyalty would compensate for the errors due to his inexperience. "My good wishes," added the King, "have deceived me, for Spain lives in the midst of perpetual conflict. If my enemies had been foreigners I would not abandon the task, but they are Spaniards. I wish neither to be the King of a party nor to act illegally; but, believing all my efforts to be sterile, I renounce the Crown for myself, my sons and heirs."

**Countess Cadogan.**—We have to announce the death of the Countess Cadogan, which took place recently at Cadogan House, Belgravia. The deceased lady, who had been for years an invalid, was the third daughter of the late Hon. and Rev. Gerald Valerian Wellesley, D. D., by his wife, Lady Emily Mary, eldest daughter of Charles Sloane, first Earl of Cadogan, and was sister of Emily, wife of the Hon. and Rev. Robert Liddell, rector of St. Paul's, Knightsbridge; Georgiana, wife of the Rev. George Darby St. Quintin, rector of Broughton, Hants; and Cecil Elizabeth, wife of the Hon. George Augustus Liddell; of General W. H. C. Wellesley, and of Admiral George Greville Wellesley, C. B. She was born February 15, 1812, and married, July 13, 1836, her cousin, the present Earl Cadogan, then Viscount Chelsea, by whom she leaves surviving issue two sons and a daughter.

**On the Marriage of the Youngest Daughter** of the Hon. W. Coventry to Mr. De Windt, each bridesmaid wore a very hand-some and costly locket, the gift of the bridegroom, bearing the monogram of his own and the bride's initials. The lockets, together with a magnificent suite of torquoise ornaments, consisting of necklace with five pendants, bracelet, brooch and earrings, presented by the bridegroom, were designed and manufactured specially for the occasion by Mr. Streeter, the well-known jeweler of Conduit street, London.

**An Empress's Will.**—A national mourning has been proclaimed in Lisbon for the late Empress Amelia. Guns are to be fired every quarter of an hour in the fortress and war ships until the 20th inst., when the deceased lady is to be interred with great pomp. By her will, made at Lisbon on January 6, 1863, the Empress leaves as her principal heirs her sisters—the Queen of Sweden and the Countess of Leuchtenberg—and the sons of her dead brother Maximilian. She also bequeaths £3,200 for charitable purposes.

**The Earl of Fife** has just erected an apparatus for fire-engines at Duff House, his lordship's beautiful residence at Panff. The engines were put into operation recently, and they worked most satisfactorily. Water is conveyed in pipes from the river Deveron, a distance of about 200 yards or thereby, and can be thrown on the house from three different positions. Two engines are employed—one at the riverside for forcing the water into and through the pipes to the house, while the other is employed at the house.

**When a Member of the Imperial Family of Austria dies**, the body of the deceased is put through a sort of post-mortem ceremony, which savors of barbarism. It is stated that before the remains are placed in mother earth the heart is taken to one church, the entrails to another, and the body to a third. It is highly creditable to the late Dowager Empress Caroline Augusta that she protested in her will against being thus dealt with, and her desire was respected.

**Monsieur Lacroix**, foster brother of the late Emperor Napoleon, has just died from the effects of a terrible railway accident. He leaves two children, one of whom was the Emperor's god-son, who always took an affectionate interest in the family of his faithful nurse, with whom he was brought up at Augsburg. M. Lacroix was a distinguished architect; the Elysee, Saint-Leu, and l'Aisle du Vesinet were some of his works.

**The Marriage of Lady Fanny Spencer Churchill**, third daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough, and Mr. E. Marjoribanks, eldest son of Sir Dudley and Lady Marjoribanks, is not expected to take place before June.

**The King of Greece** has conferred the Golden Cross of the Royal Order of the Savior upon Mr. Arthur Arnold, for his work "From the Levant."

**An Extraordinary Attempted Wife Murder** has just been brought to light in Edinburgh. A husband and wife residing in the North disagreed, and the wife went to Edinburgh. Not long ago a letter reached the wife purporting to be from her mother, intimating that her box and clothes would be forwarded to her. The box was duly received, and, on its being opened, it was found to contain a large quantity of gunpowder, broken glass and iron. A loaded pistol, with the trigger at full cock, and pointing upwards, was so set that when the lid opened the weapon should explode. Fortunately, however, the lid was slit in two parts, and the part which was first raised was not attached to the trigger, so that no explosion took place. The police are investigating the matter.

**A Girl** about eighteen years of age, the daughter of honest parents in Perugia, has committed suicide through having been crossed in a love affair by her parents. The hot-headed girl told them as they would not consent to her marriage with the young man of her affection, she did not know what to do with her unhappy life, and that she must die. She was taking this in the coolest manner possible whilst drinking a cup of coffee in which she had previously boiled the heads of a quantity of Lucifer matches, and in two hours after she was a corpse, to the despair of her parents, who out of love for her had tried to prevent a marriage which they knew could not turn out for the happiness of their child.

**A Colonel** of the French line has been fined three hundred francs at Marseilles for having refused a cigar light to a man in a circus, and accompanied the refusal by two blows of a cane. It would have been more economic for the colonel to have carried a box of vestas.

**Vienna** has paid three hundred pounds for the right of producing Dumas' play *La Femme de Claude*; half that sum was offered by a Milan theater and refused. To prevent piracy the play has not been printed.

## WAYSIDE GUSHINGS.

BY MRS. HARRIS.

The habtest lawyers in the town 'ave vun and all agreed  
 That Judge Blake's summing up vos sich as never yct vos see'd  
 For legal learnin', and although he may 'ave been mistaken  
 In callin' pork a Fine Art, yet he proved a second Bacon  
 In 'is keen discrimination between melody and sassige,  
 And 'ere and there he bust into a melithetic passige,  
 Such as might vell 'ave graced the lips of a Lord Hellenborough,  
 Or Heldon, Herskine and the like, it vos so werry thorough.  
 'Is name 'enceforth will be 'anded down among those lights of law  
 Who 'ave hobfuscated juries by many a hancient saw  
 And modern hinstance, showin' 'ow, by patient legal mind,  
 They've grabbed out of the law books all the cases they could find,  
 As might in any vay confuge a sing'lar case like this,  
 And 'ave frequent caused the jury the wital pints to miss.  
 I 'ave not space to hoffer you the Judge's charge complete,  
 You'll p'raps find it in the *Mornin' Call*, that werry *copy-us* sheet.  
 But the most learned part vos this vich Sayrah did take down,  
 And vich, ven wrote, I sewed up in the linin' of my gown,  
 For fear of them reporters, who not vun of 'em can follow  
 A man of hintellect's remarks, they is so werry 'ollow,  
 As can neither write short'-and nor spell, nor by the light of sense  
 Catch the meanin' of a speaker if he 'ave intelligence;  
 So, says I, "Sayrah, you bevare of that Bo'emian Club,  
 For I see strange crakters bobbin' round for literary grub,  
 And if you lend your notes, be sure you'll never get 'em back,  
 But the *Bulletin* is sure to say they vos wrote by their own 'ack."

The followin' vos the cases in vich the Judge said there is  
 A somevot sim'lar natur to *Sparerib versus 'Arris* ;  
 "In *Nerves versus O'Flannagan* the plaintiff died of fright,  
 Through defendant dancin' Irish jigs and 'ornpipes in the night ;  
 In *Podgers versus Rogers* vile inwentin' a new gas,  
 Defendant blew the plaintiff up into a lifeless mass ;  
*Regina versus Baggpipes* would seem to touch this case,  
 Vere defendant's moosic drove a wealthy lodger from the place ;  
 But *Placid versus Shrilly* is most like the present suit,  
 Vere plaintiff vos drove ravin' mad by the defendant's flute.  
 'Owver, gentlemen, no case can 'elp in your decision  
 Of vun in vich two Fine Arts have been brought into collision.  
 It roets vith you to hestimate vot damage Sayrah's singin'  
 'Ave done to Sparerib, veighin' vich you vill your verdict bring in ;  
 But should you find that malice 'ave occasioned all this fust, it  
 Is my dooty to point out that that's a *hanimus*  
 Vich, if it should not lead you to decide for the defendant,  
 Must mitigate the damages, so pray be independent,  
 And don't let sassiges or song indoose you to incline  
 To either side unfa'irly, but sift the matter fine.  
 Counsel, on either side, 'ave spoke with vunderful ability,  
 And 'ave moved in turn your tenderest feelin's and your risibility,  
 But you must banish from your minds their heloquent appeals  
 For feelin', in a case of law, the judgment wrongly steals.  
 Forget old Sparerib's ugly phiz and Sayrah's lovely features,  
 And Mrs. 'Arris' vide-spread fame and Tennysonian metres ;  
 To you and me they are but phantoms passin' through the Court,  
 Our business is vith vy a suit like this 'ere 'as been brought.  
 I do not doubt you vill find out on vich side justice lies,  
 Unmoved by Sayrah's hinnocence and Sparerib's savory pies.  
 Go, gentlemen, into the cell provided for the jury,  
 And calmly reinvestigate this werry 'arrowin' story ;  
 Vile you are out I'll go and take a free lunch and a smile,  
 And Mrs. 'Arris vill regale on whisky the meanvile.

**The California Placard Exchange and the Ladies.**---We can well understand how the word "Exchange" bears with it a meaning that closes its doors to the fair sex. Such, however, is by no means the intent or object of this new California institution. On the contrary, one branch of its utility is to afford ladies an opportunity of finding that which it costs them in general much time and trouble to discover, as, for example, a suitable house, or information on various points of domestic economy, which only a lady either desires or can appreciate. It is this concentration of intelligence which forms the true value of the California Placard Exchange. If a lady wishes to know of the arrival or departure of trains, steamboats or other means of locomotion, should she seek investment for her money, insurance on life or property, or if a stranger, general condensed knowledge of the industry of our State, in fact the thousand and one sources of knowledge within the province of woman, she will find such at the C. P. E.



### Commercial Matters.

**We have a Stringent Money Market**, and this is grievously felt by street operators, stock speculators, etc. The mercantile community complains not. The Spring trade is now opening propitiously, crop prospects exceedingly brilliant, and everything points to a year of considerable progress and prosperity upon the Pacific slope. Judging from the largely increased acreage planted and devoted to the cultivation of wheat this season, there is scarcely a question but that the harvest of 1873 will exceed by 33½ per cent. that of any previous year in our history. A year ago crops in Napa Valley and other grain-growing districts around the bay did not yield bounteously, but now the grain all over the State looks splendidly, and where in 1872 no crops were produced, this year there will be an abundance and to spare; and where crops last year were large, this year they promise to be even more abundant. Our grain fleet now numbers 275 vessels, and Oregon a score more, all to the United Kingdom, and there is plenty yet to go forward. Now there is some prospect that New Zealand will take off our surplus barley; she wants Chevalier, but that we have not got in any quantity, but of other kinds we can well spare 100,000 bags. The Spring clip of wool is now making its appearance; it will be large—possibly 25,000,000 pounds. The present outlook of the market is not encouraging to the growers. We have now a surplus of old on hand of 1,000,000 pounds, which might all have been marketed a year ago at 40 to 50 cents against 25 to 28 cents at this date.

**The Ship Tabor** cleared for Liverpool on the 12th inst. with 43,199 centals Wheat, valued at \$79,919. This is the second vessel loaded this season on farmers' account. Williams, Blanchard & Co. doing the business for Lambert, Palmer & Co., of Stockton.

**Grain Sacks.**—There is some inquiry for Gilroy, standard Burlap Bags 22x36, with sales here and to arrive of 50,000 at 16c. Importers and agents of manufacturers are now under limits of 17c. Some of our farmers have an idea that second-hand bags will suffice for the purpose. This is a mistake—true, the first cost is less, but breakage and wastage is more; besides the grain is not as saleable—so that, in point of fact, the best is the cheapest. It is estimated that our requirement for the grain crop the coming harvest will amount to 25,000,000 bags.

**Coal.**—We have a slack market. Three cargoes of Sydney sold this week for less than \$12 per ton. Coast Coals sold at \$10 50¢ to \$11; California Drab, \$6 50 to \$8 50; English Steam, \$11 to \$12; Anthracite, \$13 to \$14; Cumberland, \$19 to \$21; Connell, \$14 to \$16.

**Coffee Holders** are firm; asking 19c for best Greens; some small holders selling at 18 to 18½c. Stock light for the season.

**Chemicals.**—English stock moves off slowly at present; trade quiet and rates nominal. The Great Republic for Panama carried en route for New York 900 cs California Borax; price, 33c. This trade is steadily augmenting.

**French Goods.**—The French bark Rosendael, from Marseilles, has reached port with an assorted cargo, which, with several other cargoes recently at hand, gives us full supplies of general merchandise.

**German Goods.**—Two cargoes from Hamburg have arrived during the week, the Henrietta and the Altmark, both to H. Balzer & Co. We are not yet advised of any sales from these vessels, but the assortment appears quite complete.

**Malt Liquors From British Columbia.**—We have been forced to apply to Victoria, V. I., for Porter. Our market had become bare of this beverage, and the best we could do in the emergency was to strip Vic. of all she had. More Beer is wanted, but strikes in the Mother country have lessened the product. Ale, on the contrary, is more plentiful and of good quality, but Dublin and London Porter is at best in scant supply.

**Metals** seem to be called for. Scotch Pig Iron held at 60c., while 500 tons Hard Iron sold for 53c or less. Selby's Smelting Works shipped to New York via Panama steamer, Great Republic, 4,806 pigs Lead, say 266 tons.

**Whale Oil.**—We shipped to New York via Panama steamer, on the 11th inst., 4,210 gals Coast. Market dull, and we will be compelled to ship East balance of Arctic Whale—Polar Oil—soon. Coal Oil in barrels, from the East, now arrives by rail, selling at 32½c. per gallon.

**Butter to New York.**—A car load, 20,000 lbs., Point Reyes Dairy, in rolls, went East to New York last Monday, consigned to Thomas S. Doremus & Co. Another car will soon follow, to be shipped by Wooster, Shattuck & Co., price 32½c. The Central Pacific Railroad are obligated to send it through without delay.

**Flour to New York.**—The Central Pacific has entered into an agreement with the Marysville Mills to carry 5,000 bbls of their best Extra overland with dispatch. This is good. The same mill sent 800 bbls to New York by steamer on the 12th, besides a shipment of 300 bbls Oregon Imperial to Boston, and 300 bbls Valjejo Starr Mills to Portland, Maine. The previous steamer carried 500 bbls Golden Age Mills, extra silk dressed in wooden barrels, worth in New York, \$10.25 to \$10.50 per 196 lbs.

**Leather to London.**—The agents in this city of the Santa Cruz tanneries have encouraging advices from London respecting shipments of Sole Leather, hoping to get ½d. advance for next lot, and advise regular shipments.

**Quicksilver Famine.**—Advices from London report an advance to £14, supposed to be occasioned by political disturbances here in Spain. Price here has been advanced to 95c. Why?—because the consumption is now greater than the world's production. Should the Alhambra Mines of Spain cease work, then look-out for very high prices. Agents here say they are now unable to fill their orders.

**Nails.**—We note sales of 1,000 kegs Boonton Mills ex ship at \$5@5½. Our stock here is computed at 50,000 kegs.

**Rice.**—The market is inactive, holders very firm, for No. 1 China asking 7c.; No. 2 sells at 6½@6¾c. Stock of low grades large.

**Sugar.**—We note sales of China Refined at 9½@10c. Hawaiian Range, 8@10c. Latter rate for very choice grades, which are scarce. White Refined Sugars are 12@12¼c. Golden "C," 10@10¼c.

**Our Grain Fleet** is steadily augmenting to the United Kingdom.

	Wheat.	Clis.	Value.
Total since July 1st, 1872....	276 vessels....	7,970,904	14,292,279
34 vessels since July 1, 1871, with.....		1,035,187	2,518,640
113 vessels since July 1, 1870, with.....		3,347,385	6,613,432
150 vessels since July 1, 1869, with.....		4,085,631	7,000,116

There are now 25 vessels on the berth, with registered tonnage of 22,388 tons.

**Freights** to the United Kingdom have now fallen to £4 to a direct port, £4 5s. to Cork for orders. The engagements for the week have been as follows: British bark Keulworth, 694, Wheat to Cork, £4 12s 6d; British bark Acapulco, 598, Wheat to Liverpool, £4 7s 6d; British bark Stormy Petrel, 497, barley to New Zealand, private; German bark Altmark, 332, cedar from Manzanillo to Hamburg, £3 15s; brig Hesperian, 241, lumber from Eureka to Melbourne, £32; French bark Rosendacl, 302, Wheat to Cork, private.

There is more disengaged tonnage at date in port than for months past—plenty of ships and little business. Some of the Fleet will hold over for the new crop.

**Redwood Lumber for Melbourne.**—Brig Hesperian cleared March 12th for Eureka, to load 240,000 feet Redwood Lumber for Melbourne, being, it is said, the first cargo of the kind ever shipped there.

**Barley for Melbourne.**—It is more than probable that a vessel will soon be dispatched to the Colonies with brewing Barley. Our entire stock is less than 300,000 bags.

**Our Produce Market.**—Best Flour is worth \$5 75 for Golden Gate Extra; other brands rule from \$5 62½@5 75; outside brands, including Oregon, \$5 25 @5 50; Superfine for export, \$4 80@5 00; Common, \$4 25@4 50. Wheat, \$1 85 @1 90 for good to choice. Coast, \$1 65@1 75. Barley, \$1 30@1 40. Oats, \$2 10 @2 25. Corn, \$1 25. Rye, \$2 25 per cental. Potatoes, 1@1¼c. Hay, \$15@23 per ton. Wool, 20@25c for Fleece, Spring clip. Hides, 18@20c for Dry; 6@9½c for Wet Salted, Tallow, 7½@8c. Best Dairy Butter, 32½@35c.

### MORE NEW BOOKS.

**From A. Roman & Co.**—AN OPEN QUESTION. By James de Mille, author of "The Lady of the Ice," "The American Baron," etc.; with illustrations by Alfred Fredericks. D. Appleton & Co., publishers, New York.

Another novel by this prolific author, abounding in the startling, astounding and sensational—full of impossible situations and improbable incidents. The plot is feeble, awkwardly sustained and full of incongruities. But, like its predecessors, it will probably be much sought after and read by a discriminative public.

**THE GREATEST PLAGUE IN LIFE; or, The Adventures of a Lady in Search of a Good Servant.** By a Lady Who Has Been Almost Worried to Death. T. B. Peterson & Brothers, publishers, Philadelphia.

We notice a novelty in the newspaper line in the shape of a New York illustrated daily, called (with we think a little presumption) the "Daily Graphic." It contains two very good illustrations and several very poor ones. We wish it every success, and if it can continue to produce as good copies as the first at the low price of five cents, it ought to succeed.

**MEMOIRS OF MADAME DESBORDS VALMORE.** By the late C. A. Sainte Beuve, with a selection from her poems. Translated by Harriet W. Preston. Published by Roberts Bros., Boston.

A charming memoir of a lovely woman, little known in America, but the perusal of whose life will endear her to all who appreciate the "tender graces of mind and character, and the overwhelming errors endured" by a delicate woman.

**Webb's Australian Line** has ceased to exist, the steamers having been purchased by the Pacific Mail Steamship Company. No more steamers will be dispatched by either line to the Colonies, though it is said that the Pacific Mail Steamship Company will keep up the Honolulu monthly service; but up to this date no public announcement has been made.

[From the San Francisco News Letter's Town Crier Column.]

The "Town Crier," having made an ample fortune in stocks bought high—and sold low—had determined to seek the hospitable shelter of the Almshouse. There he at least thinks, or rather thought he could, find repose, and shaking off the trammels that bind him to this wicked world, die a happy, contented old man. But, alas, Mr. Burgot has robbed his idea of its originality and romance. There is no rest for the wicked. Poor Burgot is pured by well-wishers, (God help him!) and is a subject of especial interest to the gentlemen who cater for the gossip and scandal-loving part of the community. The T. C. has changed his mind now, and has fully determined to buy a house and lot in Oakland; there he would combine the pleasant associations of an almshouse with calm and serene sense of melancholy that pervades a desolated village, and allow his subdued and lowly spirit to revel in its own conceits.

Under the heading of "A Benighted People," the poor toothless *Bulletin* gives an angry growl at our Canadian neighbors, and shows in the lucid (?) way in which the leaders usually do, how much further advanced in civilization we are than they. These poor benighted people actually tarred and feathered an official who was found to have robbed the people; how horrible? "Tis well we are more civilized, and do not tar and feather all our corrupt officials. What an awful price tar would go up to, and where should we find enough feathers? But no, we are not benighted; we follow the meek and lowly Jesus, and like him say, "Let him among us that has no sin give the first dab of tar." As that individual is not forthcoming, we put by the tar brush, and complacently flatter ourselves that we are indeed a highly civilized community.

Ten Dollars a Night for guarding the decomposing remains of a "dem'd horrid body" from the clutches of the Catholics! Rash expenditure! Of what further use was Mr. Hayden in the flesh when he could no longer deposit his vote, or what could avail his spirit after it had been taken charge of by that intangible third party, the Holy Ghost? We opine that in the company to which Mr. H. has been lately introduced, they have not inquired whether he came in under the auspices of the white aprons or the holy water. We, however, would like to ascertain of Mr. Hayden, who in life was a harmless body, what must have been his feelings upon finding himself surrounded by three great men every night to prevent his vaulting over into the other grave yard.

The Town Crier pronounces the greater excommunication against those store clerks of Kearny and Montgomery street, who persist in sweeping the accumulated filth of their persons and stores across the sidewalk as people go to business in the morning. These sons of Belial never think it worth while to water their ground before going to work, and so the passer, as he runs the gamut through their frisking brooms, is not only shin-barked and corn-trodden, but choked and blinded with dust. A pox upon these Hoodlums! and though they had the four souls claimed by a Dakota, may each soul be fourfold damned—then take a breath, Satan, and at 'em again, Old Boy.

Why Had We Not a Little Bit of the Credit Mobilier Plunder? No one knows what honors might have been ours, had we participated in that nice one-sided little game. Here's Colfax had a complimentary letter from Grant. Now that's something. Perhaps, some ten thousand years hence Grant's autograph might sell for at least ten dollars, besides the honor of the thing. Oakes Ames, too, has been *feted*, till he wishes that a Credit Mobilier would pop up every year. Still, here we are left out in the cold, and can only surmise what amount of happiness and dollars would have been ours, had we only had the chance to get one little finger into that big mud pie.

The Superintendent of the Market Street Railroad is a man to be spotted. He is a dangerous man. "A Driver" writes to the *Chronicle* that this Superintendent does not care of what nationality a man is. Good heaven! has it come to this? And St. Patrick's Day within easy hail! Not care of what nationality a man is! Does this crafty Superintendent know that he walks upon a volcano! Possibly he does not even care whether a man is white or not. Has he no sympathies, no organs, no affections, no bowels, so to speak? He'll from beneath is stirred to meet thee, Irrespective of nationality, thou scaly Superintendent.

A Most Singular Story is mentioned by an intelligent but unknown individual concerning an old-fashioned clock. About fourteen years ago an old lady fell dead of heart disease while winding up that clock. The time was ten minutes before ten in the morning, and ever since wind the clock up when you will, it always stops at ten minutes to ten on the anniversary of her death. We hope some of our daily contemporaries will write "leaders" on this.

James D. Page, the gentleman whose correspondence with Russell has been before the public, feeling a little jealous of his wife, and suspecting her of not confining her reading to one page alone, determined to shoot her and himself, and so close the book. He succeeded in turning over a new leaf himself; but Mrs. P.'s wounds are not considered fatal.

The "Alta" wants to know what reform will be next in order, after woman shall have been emancipated. We understand her anxiety, and hasten to relieve it. When all the women are fairly set free, it will then be the turn of the old women. Fear not, *dearest Alta*; for thee, too, the day of redemption draweth nigh.

## The Meeting of Workmen--Great Gathering.

**Addresses by Honorable Leland Stanford, Mark Hopkins, T. B. McFarland and F. A. Hornblower--Facts for Reflection and Figures for Proof.**

At noon Wednesday the workmen in the Central Pacific Railroad shops of Sacramento began to assemble in the great paint shop to listen to addresses upon the question of the day from Directors of the road, who had responded to a call of the employees, which appeared in yesterday's *Record*. The spacious painting rooms had been cleaned, cleanly swept, and seats arranged for ladies and their escorts. Upon the east side a small platform was constructed, arranged with reference to ease of speaking to the multitude. Over the works the Stars and Stripes floated in the breeze, and from one of the lofty poles lines of signals, colors and bunting were trained from the mast head to the ground. As the hour of one o'clock drew nigh, many citizens joined the throng which went pouring into the building, and when the meeting was organized, fully eighteen hundred people had assembled. Numbers of ladies occupied the front seats, while the great mass of workmen and visiting citizens thronged in a dense body the entire width of the spacious hall and in a semi-circle far beyond and to each side of the rostrum. The crowd continued to swell by constant arrivals until two o'clock, at which hour fully two thousand persons were present. The meeting opened at about one o'clock and continued for two hours, during which time the strictest attention was paid by the audience, and the most marked order and decorum observed.

### THE ORGANIZATION.

C. H. Cummings, F. A. Hornblower and J. R. Watson went upon the platform. The two former took seats, and the latter said: Ladies and Gentlemen—I presume it is unnecessary for me to state to you the object of this meeting; you all know what it is. The first business in order is the nomination of a Chairman. We are now ready to hear nominations. Charles A. Grow—I nominate J. R. Watson for Chairman of this meeting.

Mr. Watson was unanimously elected.

A. F. LaShells—I place in nomination for Secretary Charles A. Grow.

Mr. Grow was elected. At this time Leland Stanford, President of the Central Pacific Railroad Company, and Mark Hopkins, Treasurer of the same, came upon the stand and took seats, amid the cheers of the immense audience.

J. R. Watson then said: Ladies and Gentlemen—In accordance with a request signed by a large number of the employees of the Central Pacific Railroad, inviting remarks from the Directors of this road, they now appear before you to address you on topics that are interesting to themselves, to the Railroad Company, and very largely to the city of Sacramento. Perhaps the best thing I could do would be to read their reply to the address, which is as follows:

CENTRAL PACIFIC RAILROAD COMPANY,  
PRESIDENT'S OFFICE, SACRAMENTO, March 7, 1873.

Messrs. Grow, Stevens, Welch and others—Gentlemen: Your communication is received, requesting a personal interview and the expression of the views of the Central Pacific Railroad Company in reference to the water front and kindred subjects to be passed upon in the selection of Third Trustee.

Thanking you for your expression of a desire to know the truth of these matters, about which so much and so many misstatements have been maliciously made, we shall be pleased to meet you at the railroad shops at one o'clock on Monday next.

Yours respectfully,

LELAND STANFORD,  
MARK HOPKINS.

Ladies and Gentlemen: Any further or extended remarks of mine would now be entirely out of place, as I very well know to whom you want to listen, and it will afford me great pleasure to introduce to you the Hon. Leland Stanford, President of the Central Pacific Railroad.

### GOVERNOR STANFORD

came forward amid the hearty cheers of the audience and spoke as follows:

FRIENDS:—I use that word not formally, but as addressed to a people who are engaged in a common enterprise with myself; men who are, and who have been engaged in constructing railroads, and in operating them to-day. By your labor, mine added, we are developing the resources of a



great State. By this co-operation of labor and effort, by this community of industry and interest, we are filling this land with plenty, and building for ourselves and those to come after us a land of free and happy homes. Around this work all the good humanity may know cluster. The spread of intelligence, the advancement of civilization, the onward march of progress, these are being wrought out by those who, like us, labor side by side in all the practical undertakings of life. Such is the work, my friends, in which we are engaged, in which every man connected with the railroad is engaged. We ought to be bound together by a common sympathy, as we are bound by a common interest, and therefore I feel to have a right to address you as my friends. I can say truly of every man, however humble the station filled by him in this work, that I feel an interest in him—an interest in his welfare. Here in this city we, as citizens, are approaching an important municipal election. It has been made the occasion of vituperative abuse and libel against the Railroad Company. It has attracted your attention, of course, for in common with other citizens you have an interest in the municipal affairs of your city. It is because you have this interest that you have called upon the Directors of the Company to explain to you concerning the charges which have been so liberally and maliciously dealt out against us, that you may understand the position of the Company and its interests, and the relation of those interests to the common interest of the community. Directly then as to the questions involved, let me say I cannot call to mind anything that the Railroad Company has ever proposed, or that it has ever done that has injured this city in the least. And I can say for myself and for my associate Directors who are citizens of this city, that there is not one of them who, under any conceivable circumstances, could be induced to inflict an injury upon the city of Sacramento. We have lived here too long, we have been too long identified with her strugglings and sufferings, we have been sharers in her prosperity and her triumphs, and will not in the future, as we have not in the past, seek to do her injury, detract from her reputation or hinder her progress.

#### THE COMPANY WANTS NO MORE CITY FRONT.

Fellow citizens, the specific question at issue in this election is said to relate to the city water front. Let me say to you now, that so far as this question concerns us we want nothing that we have not already. We have an abundance of room there already to accommodate our business, and that is all we want; and if for every vessel that comes to the wharves we have built, wharves that cost the city nothing, and which could not have been built except for the use of some one like us, engaged in a regular commerce, which have increased the facilities for business of the whole city, we pay to the city government just the same tolls as if we discharged at wharves constructed at the expense of the city.

#### WHAT IS PROPOSED.

We have nothing to ask in this coming election more than you as citizens or we as citizens, interested in the welfare of the city, may not ask in every election which occurs wherein we are called upon to exercise the rights of citizenship. I mean that common interest and right which each citizen feels and has in the public affairs. It is a right every man has to be a candidate for office, and I do not believe, fellow citizens, that because you work on the railroad, or because I help to work, that you or I are thereby disfranchised, or placed under disability to exercise the common rights of citizenship. We are entitled to all the rights as when we were engaged in other pursuits. I do not know where the law is to be found that denies to any man the right to be a candidate for any office, or to have the preference of friends for office because he is connected with the railroad, or to regard the interests of his friends, his town, his State or his country. I do not know of any such law, although I constantly hear it reiterated, over and over again, that if a man wishes to be a candidate for office, and shall declare himself the friend of any man connected with the railroad, that man shall be tabooed and politically ostracized. [Applause.] So much for our local matters. I do not stand here as the particular advocate of any man. So far as Mr. Adams is concerned, I have every confidence in his capacity for the duties of the office to which he aspires, and every confidence in his integrity as a citizen. I have nothing special to ask of him. I have not conferred with him. I can say here, and now, that I never made terms in my life with a man as to what he should do after he got into office. [Applause.] And if I cannot trust a man without pledges to do right I cannot trust him under a pledge. Now, my friends, this Pacific Railroad has engaged the attention of the present Board of Directors, most of them for eleven years. We have become identified with it. It is to us our darling. Our hopes, our ambitions go with it—away beyond the mere pecuniary results. Had that been all when we constructed the road over the mountains and made its connection with the Eastern link, we might well have been content; but we wanted to do something more. We wanted to help build up the State, and so every dollar that we got was put into the building and operating of a great system of railroads. And if we have not done more it is not want of willingness on our part, but because we had no more dollars

to spend. Are these shops here, are all of you men an injury to Sacramento? Has any harm come from your living here? Does harm come from your daily toil and the money you receive and the money you expend? Surely not, I think. But I said we are engaged in building up a great system of railroads. This was our ambition, and wherever they have gone they have proven public benefactors. We have performed every obligation rigidly to the spirit as well as the letter so far as the counties, the State and the National Government were concerned. We have created wealth, and the wealth of the Railroad Company does not consist in taking money out of one pocket and putting it in the other, but actual values, wealth to itself and much greater wealth to the State and the country. Why, in the mere matter of taxes on the property of this railroad system, take all the taxes together, it pays this year over \$430,000. These taxes could not be raised excepting values had been created—wealth, actual wealth to the State. Our contract with the National Government required us to build the road and complete it in 1878. We completed it seven years earlier than that time by extraordinary sacrifices; by sacrifices of at least \$10,000,000. We were able to give to the use of the country these railroads seven years earlier than it was required under the contract with the Government, whereby the Government itself, on the two roads, the Central Pacific and the Union Pacific, is saving annually about \$7,000,000, as shown by their own reports.

#### BENEFITS OF THE ROAD.

Now in that seven years the Government alone saved \$49,000,000 by this road being constructed seven years earlier than the contract required, and at a great sacrifice to the companies—to the two companies, probably not less than \$20,000,000. [A Voice—Speak louder, please, we cannot hear you in the back part of the room.] I am not much accustomed to public speaking. Of late years, as a rule, acts have been my forte, not words [applause], but I will endeavor to make myself heard as well as possible. It has been charged upon the Company that it engages in politics; that is, that the individual managers of it do. Well, who does not? Isn't it the right of any citizen to engage in political matters? Isn't it your right, and our right, and every man's right to exercise just such influence as you are able to carry out and enforce your political ideas? More than that, isn't it your duty to do it? Gentlemen, you owe it to your fellow citizens. That is my case. I claim the right to engage in politics, if I desire, and I claim the right to use all legitimate influences that I may have to enforce my ideas, to carry out those measures which I think will best subserve the interests of the people. That is just what the editors of these papers do. I do not know that they have any more rights than any one else. Such rights are equal to every one; they are inseparable from free citizenship, and belong to you and me. But I confess that of late years I have not wished to take any active part in politics. But when you are struck at, if you are a man, you will try to defend yourself. These men are constantly putting up men for office, not because they are good men, but because they avow their intention to do a damage to the railroad, to cripple its resources, and we defend ourselves. No further than that, except that I and every other member of the Board will, when occasion requires it, if we please, stand up for the best men, and, like all true men, support our friends. Who is there would not do it? They constantly put up men, as I said before, for office who propose to make war upon the railroad interests; unfair men; men who won't listen to argument; men who, while they claim to be honest, dare not stand up in the Legislature by their own convictions, but go as this or that newspaper whip is cracked over them. These men I am opposed to. I am willing to take any fair man and let him go and let the interests of the railroad take their chances with him; but when they pack a jury I object, and I want a change of venue. [Applause.] There is a great deal to be said in reference to this railroad and its relations to the interests of the State and Government. When once you touch that subject, it is almost inexhaustible, and I hardly know whether I ought to touch it, because I cannot do justice to it in the time that would be allotted to me to-day, or that I ought to take; but I will say this, because I have no doubt you are interested in it, and I know that every one of you are interested in the good fame of the company to which your interests attach you. It is natural that you should be. It is on this question of Government aid. The entire amount that we received from the Government, when reduced to gold coin, as all that we received was, was not sufficient to carry this road over the mountains. The balance of the money came from other sources. It came from the credit of the Company, its bonds, its earnings, and as it went on, and the Government had ample security. We claim to be able to pay to the Government every penny that it is entitled to. We challenge any one to show wherein we have violated any law. We have given to the Government ample security. The roads that we have built, the main feeders,

#### HAVE BEEN CONSOLIDATED

Into the road, and instead of the Government having 740 miles of road as security, by the various consolidations it has now about 1,600 miles. Does this look as though we thought of turning over this road—of giving it up—or that we do not intend to pay the debts of the concern? You gentlemen who know what these roads are, and the country they have opened up, and their future prospects, I am sure will not think so. Now, gentlemen, I have about had my brief say, but I want to say this, that the expenditures of the railroad company are and will be in proportion to its ability—doing justice by itself and every one else. It desires to enlarge these shops, and when, if we shall have an opportunity as we sought, we shall probably do as we then intended to have done, build a large passenger depot

upon these grounds—a common one. We sought the opportunity to open Second street into a broad avenue, and to build a bridge by which that little narrow place on the levee might be relieved, and those who travel there might have something better and less dangerous than that. It is probable—we are hopeful, at any rate—that the experiment we have made in the construction of engines will justify us hereafter in

#### BUILDING ALL THAT IS NEEDED

to supply the wants of the road. Though it is possible that we might obtain them from the East cheaper than we could construct them here, we are willing to make more sacrifice in order that we might be able to extend home industry. We think that we shall, in a short time, fill up enough here to erect a rolling mill. In fact the various improvements and extensions in this connection will probably require at least double the number of men now engaged in the shops. But we could hardly do this if we are to be crippled very sadly. But I have no apprehensions of that. I know that there is a disposition abroad in the State to harass and annoy the progress of our work. It is the outgrowth chiefly of ignorance and misrepresentation. It is fostered by demagogues, who use it as a hobby to ride into power. I know that there are conspirators who are banded together and declare that they will break down the company. But they cannot do it. [Applause.] We will follow the even tenor of our way, dealing justly with men, pursuing a legitimate business, and will trust to the fairness, intelligence and justice of the honest public. We are putting forth every energy to build up this country and develop the resources of this State. In this work we will succeed, for whoever stands in the path of true progress will be crushed as a pebble that gets on the rail before the engine. I say this because I have faith in the right, because I have faith in the intelligence of the people of this State; that they will stand by in the end; that at last they will know who are their friends; and they will see that no harm comes to those who stand by them. [Deafening applause.] Now, my friends, I have said about all the occasion affords. There is a great deal in this connection that I could say with a great deal of satisfaction to myself, at least. I am glad to have met you here on this occasion. I am glad you wanted to see me, and I regret that my duties occupy my time so that I cannot often come over to these shops. I would like to know you better than I do. I would like to know you individually. As a case, I know you. I would like to go through the shops and see the machinery move, for to me its busy whirl is always interesting. But I am particularly gratified that you asked me to come, and I come with a great deal of pleasure. I thank you for your attention.

Mr. Stanford was loudly applauded at the close of his remarks.

Mr. Watson introduced Mark Hopkins, Treasurer of the company, who spoke as follows:

#### SPEECH OF MARK HOPKINS.

Friends and Neighbors—If you should call on me to make a locomotive or to construct a car you would not expect a very successful compliance; and being called upon to address an audience such as I never faced before, you must not be disappointed if in this, as in the other, I should fail. There are many things with reference to the matters under consideration here that I would like to have said, that ought in justice to be said by some one, and in the absence of any one to say them, I propose to say them plainly myself.

#### LAVA BEDS.

A portion of the city press to-day has referred to this meeting as a grand talk in the lava beds. This congregation before me of honest workmen has been compared to Captain Jack and his band. This is said in derision. You are characterized as diggers, and all of us placed upon a level with the merit of Captain Jack and his band in the lava beds. But I deny it. I share no part in such an opinion.

#### THE ELECTION.

But to come directly to the matters under consideration—the questions that brought us together to-day: An election is to be held to-morrow, and you have asked us to explain our relation to the water front issue that is involved, and the question as to who is the fittest man for the office of Third Trustee? All there is of these issues are simple and plain, so far as the railroad is concerned, for it

#### HAS NOT ASKED FOR ANYTHING

in that connection. The company does not ask for anything more than it now has. Foreseeing the usual election question, which is always distorted to involve a railroad issue of some pretended kind, Mr. McCleery, the present Third Trustee and candidate for re-election, went to General Redington and to others and proposed that he would vote with Mayor Green on the wharf question if we would support him for Third Trustee at the ensuing election. This was brought to me. I told them that I never made a bargain of that kind, and so help me God I never would. [Cheers and applause.]

I regarded all such covenants as unworthy of honest men, and that such an act would be a stultification of my whole life. I know that this very man had opposed an honest, open plan that would have long ago put a six hundred feet depot on this side of the proposed bridge of Second street. The measure was proposed in



the Board of Trustees, but it was greeted with the insane cry of "Railroad" by a part of the city press, and eventually failed. Mr. McCleery was one of the men who defeated that thing. I said I was in earnest. As a taxpayer and a citizen, when I said that the proposed improvement should be made, I believed it to be a proper thing to be done. I say to you that McCleery's vote was one of those that denied that thing and defeated that improvement. In that act McCleery planted himself in the path of the progress of this city, and I would do a wrong to the public if by any act of mine I continued to keep him in office when he had power to arrest and oppose the best interests of the city. I could not make such a bargain. It was no part of me. We have asked for nothing. There is nothing proposed by us to ask. The whole wharf issue is a fiction, a foot ball, a trick to re-elect McCleery, and that issue, my friends, is before the people for that purpose and for no other. Mayor Green has told you plainly that he is opposed to any further grants, even if we were asking for any, and Mr. Adams would judge for himself on the question. I have never asked Mr. Adams how he stood on the question, for there is nothing in it. They have told you in that connection that the railroad company monopolizes the water front. The ordinances under which the railroad company have built up and paved and docked the water front is simply this: That they should, for a period of years, have the right to use that water front, provided they would go on and construct certain docks, erect derricks and other improvements to promote the commercial interests of the city.

#### NO WHARF MONOPOLY EXISTS.

That they have done. The ordinance provides that the city retains control over it with respect to the charges to be collected from ships and vessels, tonnage dues, and all that pertains to commercial transshipments. Is there any monopoly there? It provides that whenever the docks are not in use for discharging our freight that any vessel may be moored there, and they shall discharge their vessels at a price not exceeding twenty-five cents a ton—one half the average cost of doing it without the docks. There is no monopoly there. Then where is the monopoly of the water front? It is an improvement, and facilitates the interests of commerce, trade and traffic along the city front, and with that we are content. We have asked for nothing more. Again, you have heard in this connection that the railroad wants the water works.

#### DON'T WANT THE CITY HALL.

I tell you there is no truth in it. I tell you what there is in that and all there is. The railroad company has more land and room than they have money in their treasury. They don't want the water works. If they were not Sacramentoans, and had been governed by something more than the mere interests of the railroad company, they never would have wanted this very ground we stand upon. Here are their homes, their attachments, those sympathies that cluster around every man's life, and that alone has induced the railroad managers to desire to spend the amount—which has now

#### EXCEEDED \$360,000—FOR EARTH FILLING

alone, where we stand and around these yards. In doing that we have endeavored to concentrate the mechanical industry, for construction and repairs and all that sort of work which pertains to the operating of railroads. When they commenced Freeport was looming up in the distance. A railroad was built to Freeport. Who was it tore up that track and brought the trade back to this city? When they commenced there was a railroad running—and projected—towards the upper valley, pointing down from Roseville to Folsom, across the river at Folsom and thence pointing away to San Francisco by way of Stockton. Who turned and tore up that track and brought another line of trade? Certainly James Anthony & Co. never did it. [Laughter and applause.] Now this centering of industries and building up of the industries that are clustering and centering here are evidences of no bad citizenship towards Sacramento. If this thing is to continue in the hands of the present managers of the road; if the various lines of the road extend in future as in the past, increasing in population and developments so as to increase the business of the company, it is plain to every man that there must be more rolling stock, more manufactures, more repairs, and greater facilities for doing them. It is plain to me that where the water works stand will be desirable for the railroad company. They do not want it now. But if it is ever wanted by the railroad company

#### IT WILL BE BECAUSE OF THAT CONTINUED CONCENTRATION OF BUSINESS HERE,

and manufacture at this point, which will make it ten times more profitable for the city to give it than to the railroad, should they obtain it. As up to this time, the railroad company has borrowed no trouble on that score. It is one of those things that will take care of itself in its own good time.

#### SECOND STREET.

Something over a year and a half ago the railroad company made a proposition to the city that if they would lay out Second street eighty feet wide, from Second street around to the bridge, instead of going up First street, a street only forty feet wide, where the puffing engines are running sixteen hours out of twenty-four—that we would give two feet for one and make a better street, one free from obstructions to travelers and hazards to life. You know that in its present condition Front



street from the bridge to I street is an unsafe thoroughfare. It is narrow, crowded, and follows parallel with the tracks a distance too great for the safety of those who are forced to use it. Already lives have been lost there. Charles Peake, an estimable and valuable citizen, lost his life there. Trustees McCleery and Elder did not see fit to accede to the proposition, not because it was not a wise and judicious and common sense thing, but because it was a "railroad question," and all railroad questions are forced into issue at elections, and this could be used in the then approaching election when Green was elected. But it did not win; Green was elected. [Applause.] But the failure of the measure settled the question, and we accepted the situation. The next best thing was to extend the tracks, and move back the trains up here. If ordinary business sense and sober and equitable considerations had prevailed, that broad thoroughfare from the bridge to the city, safe and handsome, would have been built, and a six hundred feet depot would have stood on the line of that street, now almost useless as a street, and certainly obstructed and dangerous. These considerations, all now things of the past, will explain to you my objections to McCleery as a Trustee of this city. You will say that all these things impeach the honesty of McCleery. I do not mean them in that sense. Possibly Mr. McCleery is as honest as the average of the purely politician class to which he belongs. He has gone in to win, and you know that in the ethics of politics there is no crime so great as defeat.

#### THE PIPE CONTRACT.

You all remember that the Trustees made a contract for some 16-inch or large pipe with an establishment down on the levee. They specified what the thickness of the iron should be, the size of the rivets and the distance that the rivets should be apart. When they came to examine the pipe they found it was not what the contract called for. But they finally compromised by agreeing that they would accept it and pay all but \$5,000, and that \$5,000 should remain until thirty days after the water works should be established, and the pressure of the machinery put upon it, and if it stood the test they would then pay the balance. That was reasonable. Now just before this primary they concluded this was good pipe, and they paid the \$5,000, and now this man thinks Mr. McCleery a first rate man for Third Trustee. This is a fact—draw your own conclusions. Then again he bought some pipe of the woolen mills. He reported to the Board that he bought it for 4½ cents per pound. A few days after they sent in a bill at 7 cents a pound. The Board would not pay the bill, but run along, and a few days just before the election they audit the bill at 5½ cents and pay it. Now the men who sold the pipe are in favor of him as a first-rate man for Third Trustee. I tell you the facts, and you may draw your own conclusions.

#### THE FREEDOM OF THE WHARF.

I am reminded that I said nothing in regard to the opposition steamer landing along our city front. I meant to say that the Harbormaster has the power to allow them to moor their steamers at any dock which is not in use. He may moor Mr. Whipple's steamer, or any other steamer, at any berth that is not occupied along the city front, and Mr. Whipple can have just as much room as the Harbormaster may assign to him, and where, in the Harbormaster's judgment, it is proper for him to land. I have heard of no complaint from any one except Mr. Whipple.

#### M'CLEERY AGAIN.

Now as to Mr. McCleery, I have told you such facts as I knew bearing upon that, and these are the reasons why I do not desire to see him re-elected to the position of Third Trustee. A powerful reason is, that he is not a regular nominated candidate. When such men as Albert Gallatin, of the firm of Huntington, Hopkins & Co., Wm. Gwinn, Robert Devlin, John Talbot, Frank Chapman, William H. Mills, Bideman and others go into a Court and proclaim the result I believe it as much as if I did it myself. I do not believe that any of those men on this Committee would commit a fraud themselves, or indorse a fraud committed by others. [Applause.] That the count declared by them is a true one I have no doubt, and the facts detailed by them in their statement to the public, it seems to me, carries on its face plain evidence of it. I need not say anything of Mr. Adams. Many of you have known him as long as I have. I have known him for eighteen years, and I know that when we founded these shops and wanted a first-class engine we went to Mr. Adams and got him to build us one, and you will all bear me witness that since that engine started it has never missed a revolution from that day to this. That engine testifies better than any words of mine could as to his mechanical merit. Then for position of Third Trustee, which is the mechanical branch of the Government having charge of the Water Works, it seems to me that there is a peculiar fitness in the selection of Mr. Adams. You well remember that when we voted on the question about whether we would have the Holly Water Works or whether we would adopt the machinery invented by Mr. Adams, there was a great difference of opinion among those who had to decide it, and among them the Sacramento Union, as usual, had its opinion. It then said that Horace Adams was one of the best men that ever came into the city limits. It indorsed him as an honest and competent man. Indeed, I am inclined to think that the publicity which they gave to Mr. Adams at that time helped to induce the people to take him up for the position of Third Trustee now. Certainly it is not because Mark Hopkins wrote him a letter, nor because the Railroad Company brought him forward. It is because of his

merit that he has been named. I favored the Holly Water Works system. I favored it because it has been tried in twenty cities in the Union, and so far as I am able to hear it has given complete satisfaction. We are now putting it in here, and these parties guarantee it for a certain length of time. During that time the manufacturers are to put their engineer there. Now I submit to you whether it is not good business judgment that this man Adams, himself a practical mechanic, himself a judge of these things, should not be put over it and see what it is before we are compelled to pay for it. [Applause.] Now I say that while I was not in favor of Mr. Adams' Water Works, for the reason I have stated, I do see a peculiar fitness that he should be now placed in this position, where these whole works would be under his supervision during that time. Now these hard names don't count much; they do not change facts. They use them to injure Mr. Adams in the estimation of his friends when they call him by hard names, such as "flunkie," "tool," and "minion." They say Mr. Adams gave two dollars and a half to the Greeley Club. Rightly understood, it is in his favor. All those who know Mr. Adams know his political standing for all these years past, and to my way of thinking this giving \$2 50 was in his favor. Mr. Adams is one of those men who do not believe that every man who disagrees with his views and opinions is a scoundrel and a villain. Those men who came to him were giving him more or less business. They come to him and say, "We are collecting some money, and as we are giving you a good deal of business you must help us." Mr. Adams puts his hand in his pocket and does help them. Now, I put that down as the act of a generous, fair-minded man, rather than a bigoted one. That they made use of it to his injury afterwards was an act of ungrateful meanness. To me it is evidence that my estimate of Mr. Adams' candor and liberality was correct. It is no more than any of you would have done. Some of you may belong to the Baptist church, and when the Episcopalians or Methodists or Presbyterians are building a church and want money, is there none of you that ever give to them? If you have not, I have, so I am as bad as Mr. Adams. The Governor has said something to you of the railroad. Those of you who have been here a long time remember what our city was when we commenced the railroad. Perhaps you can see, without my pointing out to you, whether the railroad has had a depressing effect upon the city, upon its industries or its general prosperity. I will illustrate this point in this way:

#### WHY THE LOCOMOTIVES WERE BUILT HERE.

Last Fall our General Superintendent came to us and said: "Not forgetting all the lectures you have given me in regard to keeping down expenses and getting money into the treasury, I have come to you to tell you that next year I cannot get through the grain season without you give us twenty more engines than what we have now got on the road (this was last December), so that you might determine whether you will buy them East or build them here. I have had estimates made of what they will cost here. I have also had tenders from Eastern manufacturers. They tell me what they will build them for. We can build an engine here but it will cost us \$1,500 more than we would have to pay them. On the twenty it will cost us \$30,000 more." We took that into consideration. Our Master Mechanic, Mr. Stevens, has time after time told us that good men were better than bad men, and that he never had any more than a surplus of good men in any branch of the service. He told us that if there was anything that we could contrive to keep men at work without throwing our money away, he hoped we would do it. We went in and gave the order to build these engines here, for the reason that it would be the means of keeping these men employed, that otherwise we must discharge. [Applause.] It would be the means of scattering in this city \$300,000, which would otherwise go away from here. This is one thing that I have done here in connection with my associates, but they will say we did it for selfish motives. Well, I will put it on that ground. I will say that we desired to keep good men while we had them, rather than take the chances of not getting them again. Take the motives for what you please, the fact exists. We had them made here, rather than buy them ready built from foreign parts. I will quit this subject now, but if you think you may remember something else of the same kind.

#### THE HOSPITAL.

Among other things that have been said against us there is only one thing that I have felt a great deal of surprise at—for I have ceased to wonder at most things that the *Sacramento Union* says. I allude to the hospital. About a year ago, it was near one of these elections, when they undertook to denounce the Railroad Company because they established a hospital and charged the "poor laborers" fifty cents a month to support and run the institution for their advantage. Because if there has ever been anything done by the Railroad Company—by the Board of Directors—and I will swear to you anything done by Mark Hopkins that he has taken a pride in doing, it was the establishment of that hospital. In doing that the Railroad Company patterned after no other company's institution or any other institutions in the country. They expended \$68,570, the interest on which with the running expenses since, has not been paid by the fifty cents a month of all those that have contributed to it. This shows to you that there is no selfishness in that institution. And when any man's doctor bills and nurse bills are provided for \$6 a year, I do not think our Board of Managers should be denounced for that.

#### THE TAXATION QUESTION.

Much has been said about the Company not paying taxes. The Company never failed to pay their taxes until this year. Now I am no more of a lawyer than any

of you, but I am lawyer enough to know that it is provided that all taxation shall be equal. I will submit to you whether we ought to pay when they assess the railroad \$25,000 a mile in Placer County, \$15,000 a mile in San Joaquin County, \$10,000 a mile in Sacramento County, \$12,000 in Nevada County, \$7,000 through Santa Clara County, and \$7,500 in Alameda County—all being of equal value. Some of them are very much too high or some very much too low. As to that, let me say that the rolling stock and material, which alone is taxable as property, is under rather than above \$6,000 per mile. Then when we are assessed \$25,000 a mile, do you blame us for bringing it into the Courts and having it investigated? This is the reason why we have brought this into the Courts, that it shall be adjudged whether this valuation on property all worth alike is just and equal, and we cannot test it without we bring it into Court—the whole matter together; that is what we are doing. We have expended \$360,000 on earth filling on this ground, which is a little over \$5,000 an acre for that which has been brought up to grade. The filling on this ground, when these shops stand up to grade line, has cost more than the buildings which are erected upon it; for the past eight or ten years we have never stopped the work with the exception of the time when Rider pitched in just before election to prevent the taking of dirt from the river bed. There has been no time lost since we commenced the work, and if we could have filled it in there would have been rolling mills erected on this ground to-day. Now in respect to taxes, they denounce us as though we had no part or interest in this city. They seem to think that to call a man a railroad man is to say that he has no rights as a citizen, therefore he ought not to say a word. I have been here a great while, and have noted who pays the taxes. Out of the total taxation paid into the City Treasury last year of \$195,687, I and my associates have paid \$29,997 of it, and this concern that is so long-mouthed in denouncing us pays \$1,132 and would pay \$1,133 if Seabough paid the dollar which is delinquent against him. I do not think I ought to take your time any further. I have endeavored to give you the reasons why Mr. Adams is my choice, and explained to you our position, and I say to you to the extent we are wrong, go in against us, and to the extent we are right, I beg of you to stand by us and help defend the right.

JUDGE T. E. McFARLAND

was then introduced and made an eloquent speech, which was taken in full but could not be transcribed in time for publication Thursday morning. He called upon Democrats, if they thought they could elect any man on their ticket, to go for him, but if they did not, to throw their influence in favor of Adams. He then explained fully the recount of the votes by the City Central Committee, and their right to do so. He proved conclusively that they had the perfect right to do so, calling their attention to section 1,359 of the Political Code.

F. A. HORNBLLOWER

followed in a brief but very forcible speech, in which he stated that, in his opinion, the fight was simply between the Railroad Company and the Sacramento Union. He compared the benefits of the two to the city, and showed how much damage the latter had done and the benefits that accrued to the city from the former. He was loudly applauded at the close of his remarks, and the meeting then adjourned.

**Extraordinary Resuscitation.**—A remarkable instance of recalling life by medical skill has lately occurred in Brussels. An unfortunate workman, overtaken by drink, had fallen into the Canal of Charleroi, which passes the lower part of the town, and his body was not recovered for some considerable time, when it seemed useless to attempt to recall the drowned man to life, and the bystanders, after exhausting the common remedies, came to the conclusion that the man was dead. By good fortune Dr. Joux, the medical officer of the third division of the Police of Brussels, was at home, and his assistance was called in, and at once he resolved not to regard the case as hopeless. For three hours, however, the most effective remedies suggested by modern science were applied in vain, when Dr. Joux determined to have recourse to a more stringent treatment, and proceeded to apply plates of iron heated to a white heat to the upper parts of the body near the more vital organs. After some short time, to the astonishment of the assistants, faint signs of breathing were observed, and in the course of half an hour the drowned man awoke to life. At the present moment he is perfectly restored to health, and the only inconvenience which he has sustained results from the severe canterisation which his skin necessarily underwent. The novel treatment which Dr. Joux extemporized so successfully on this occasion may well deserve the attention of the Royal Humane Society.

We have received the following pretty songs from Mr. Gray and published by him, viz: "Aladdin's Lamp," written by Charles Swain, music by George T. Evans; and "You May Win Him Back by Kindness," a ballad, as sung by G. Russell, the music arranged for him by George T. Evans. They are both very pretty songs—musical and harmonious.

NO HOME.

When the honeysuckles bloom,  
And the wrens flutter o'er  
Their nests in the vine,  
As they have, for years before,  
My heart flutters o'er  
A long deserted nest,  
And cries out for home—  
Home and rest.

When wild-roses shed their leaves  
O'er the rocks with moss o'ergrown,  
And I think of the summers  
That over them have flown,  
My heart would be a rose,  
To scatter year by year,  
Its petals o'er the rock  
Changeless and dear.

When the night-winds in the pines  
Sing their song of the sea,  
And I seem to be rocked  
As my mother rocked me,  
And dream I am lying  
Below the ground-bird's nest,  
With the pines above me sighing,  
In dreamless rest—

'Tis sweet to know a home  
Awaits me, so still,  
'Neath shadows of leaves,  
On a breeze-haunted hill.  
There my father's ashes lie,  
There on Mother Earth's breast,  
My heart will find a home—  
Home and rest.

—M. R. Whittlesey, in *Appleton's Journal*.

A PLEA FOR THE NEW CITY HALL.

Every Government Has its Parsimonious Member, and it is perhaps as well that such should be the case in order to curb the more liberal, generous spirits, who might be too lavish in their munificence. At the same time, the men who are always crying for retrenchment, for cutting down expenses, or limiting outlay on public works, are not those most respected by the people any more than they are the people's friends. This negative virtue, if it may be so called, arises from a narrow condition of mind and want of appreciation of the grand and beautiful. Such is the character of those who are continually objecting to the outlay on our New City Hall. Most of us remember with what pleasure we regarded the different plans and drawings exhibited, and how fully the majority of us indorsed the taste and judgment displayed by the Commissioners in the selection of the very beautiful design of Mr. Laver. There is hardly one of the old cities of Europe that does not possess a monument of this nature, which is a delight to the eye and the pride of its inhabitants. Why, then, should we, who boast of our superiority over those our forefathers, be inferior to them in this particular? Let any one go out to the site of this our future municipal palace, worthy of this the capital of the Pacific Coast, and see how thoroughly and honestly, even how nobly the work is done, and he will return with a longing to see it completed and a certainty that if the work is continued in like manner the money will be well laid out. Let it take ten years building, and let the expenditure be a million a year, by that time the city will have stretched far beyond the building, and the building itself will be a necessity as well as a magnificent ornament. Let those who talk about wanton, useless expenditure, only pay attention to the following calculation: Wilson's Circus holds upwards of a thousand people, and is filled nightly. Say eight hundred people pay fifty cents each admission, which is below the mark, then we have at the rate of one hundred and fifty thousand dollars a year willingly paid for a mere transient gratification. Surely, six times that amount can be given ungrudgingly to build that which will be the pride of our children's children, and from the day of its opening, of eminent practical utility. We rather mistrust those who cry against aesthetic expenditure, always remembering that a certain Judas, who objected to a small outlay for essence, was the same man who betrayed his master.

**Wool.**—The *New York Journal of Commerce* says: The following statistics of manufactures of Wool, compiled from the United States census of 1870 by James Lynch, Wool Broker, New York, will undoubtedly be found of interest to many of our readers. We give the aggregates:

Total manufacturing establishments.....	3,454
Total capital invested.....	\$132,382,319
Total wages paid.....	\$40,357,235
Total number of hands employed.....	119,859
Total pounds Wool used, domestic.....	173,389,069
Total pounds Wool used, foreign.....	46,511,105
Total pounds cotton used.....	32,473,680
Total pounds shoddy used.....	19,574,261
Population of the United States.....	38,555,983

It appears from these figures that the average wages paid per annum to woollen operatives in the whole United States is \$336 per head, say \$28 per month. There are, it appears, 38,555,983 persons in the United States who consume woollen goods, and 119,859 who manufacture them, and there are 3,454 owners of factories. To protect the interests of these 3,454 persons, duties are levied which raise the price of the woollens consumed, foreign and domestic, \$100,000,000 more than they would be with a revenue tariff. Of this sum, the 119,000 work people get \$40,357,000, or \$28 per month, and the factory owners get the balance.



## SAN FRANCISCO POST OFFICE.

MAILS FOR	CLOSE.		ARRIVE.	
	A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.
Alameda.....	3.30	.....	1.00	.....
Benicia and Rio Vista (by C. P. R. R. Co.'s steamers).....	3.30	.....	9.00	.....
Cloverdale and Coast Points.....	1.00	11.15	.....	.....
Eureka.....	1.00	11.15	.....	.....
Marysville and Sacramento.....	3.40	3.40	9.00	.....
Napa Route via Vallejo.....	6.30	.....	12.40	.....
Northern California, Oregon and Washington Territory.....	6.30	.....	9.00	.....
Oakland.....	6.30	3.40	3.00	.....
Overland.....	6.30	.....	9.00	.....
Petaluma and Coast Points.....	.....	1.15	12.00	.....
San Rafael.....	.....	.....	9.00	.....
San Jose.....	8.00	4.15	9.00	6.00
Southern California and Arizona.....	.....	.....	7.00	.....
Stockton via Western Pacific Railroad.....	6.30	3.40	9.00	.....
Vallejo and Benicia.....	6.30	.....	12.40	9.00
Visalia, Kern and Tulare County.....	.....	3.40	.....	2.30
Great Britain, Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays.....	.....	9.00	.....	.....

MAILS DISPATCHED by sea-going steamers will be closed one hour before the advertised time of sailing of steamers.

GENERAL DELIVERY open daily from 8 a.m. till 6:30 p.m. On Sundays the office is open from 9 to 10 a.m. Postal Money Order Office open from 9 a.m. to 4 p.m. daily, except Sundays.

N. B. STONE, P. M.

## MR. JAMES GRANT ON THE SAN FRANCISCO NEWS LETTER.

It is now some time since Mr. Grant brought out his two volumes on the "Newspaper Press" (Lond. 1871); but as a third was expected, we have delayed noticing those remarks which more nearly touch ourselves. The third volume has at length appeared, though, to judge by the criticisms it has evoked from the London press, it has added little to the real information contained in those already published; while it has brought about the ears of the author a fresh deluge of journalistic not water. So, though this issue has not yet reached our hands, we proceed to examine what has been already said of the *News Letter*, the only paper, by the way, on this side the continent, so much as mentioned in the "Newspaper Press"—your English historian does not fly his falcon at small game. In a comparison of the different manners in which the London *Times* and the San Francisco *News Letter* manage certain things, he says, (Vol. II. p. 396): "In connection with the 'Births, Marriages, and Deaths' department of our *Times*, I may make a momentary allusion to another [novelty]. I have now before me a copy of the San Francisco *News Letter* of last month, and I find that for our heading of 'Births, Marriages, and Deaths,' it has substituted, 'The Cradle, the Altar, and the Tomb.' Other papers are following the example thus set." Of course they are; just as they always do. The *News Letter* is the fertile mother of all the wit and wisdom heard in America since 1856. And whenever the good lady presents the world with something especially good, some silly old he-honsewife of a journalist is sure to get into the straw, and fall a groaning with it, and be delivered in solemn literary *couvade*\*, just as the buck Indians in certain nations do, *de facto*, when their women present the tribe with an heir. So far so good; but now we have a crowd of portentous proportions, a perfect *rukht*, in fact, to pluck with Mr. James Grant. How dare he temper his praise of us with such a charge as is contained in the following (p. 425): "Like our own London daily papers, the daily journals of New York treat revealed religion with habitual reverence. This is, indeed, a remarkable feature in the American Newspaper Press. The only exception, indeed, in the case of any American journal of standing with which I am acquainted, is in the case of the San Francisco *News Letter*. It is conducted on free principles, and seems to revel in whatever smells of brimstone." This is too much; what! the *News Letter*, whose blazoned motto is, "to fear God, tell the truth, and make money!" Where is thy thunder, heaven? How long shall these blasphemers rail upon the Lord's anointed? O, our Father, which art in heaven; thou, who makest the face of thy *News Letter* to shine, even as the stars for ever and ever; thou, who these many days, hast smitten the loins and loosed the reins of its amazed pernicious enemies; yea, make them to be even as Pickering, and Fitch, and Sodom, and Gomorrah, and the other cities of the plain; rebuke James Grant, and yet not altogether according to his sin, but according to thy mercy, for there has been found in this Britisher some good thing also toward God and the San Francisco *News Letter*.

\* For a full dissertation on this "couvade" custom, see Tylor's "Primitive Culture," Vol. I.

† See for "rukht," "Marco Polo's Voyage," or "Harper's Monthly" for December, 1872, p. 1.

The Bookstands have received notice to quit the Government buildings within six months. Uncle Sam is a good landlord.

### OUR WATER SUPPLY.

If There be Any One Point which, more than another, demands the especial attention of a Municipal Government, it is the securing an ample water supply; and in this great requirement our city is lamentably deficient. Every resident is aware, that frequently no water can be obtained from the hydrants—particularly, from those in the upper stories of houses. But apart from the primary sanitary considerations, there is urgent necessity that an abundance should be obtainable at any moment, in case of fire; and perhaps, but few of our citizens know how little is available for that purpose at some points of the city. We venture to assert, that in the event of a conflagration of any extent, say, between Kearny street and the city front, such a deficiency of supply would be found as to render almost nugatory the strenuous efforts of our acknowledged efficient Fire Department. That the scarcity of water was the main reason why the fire at Harpending's Block was not sooner checked, and a vast amount of property saved, is beyond question. The unstinted expenditure of money by the Spring Valley Water Company has failed to meet the requirements of the city; and it is apparent that all the available supplies procurable on the peninsula, are quite inadequate to the wants of San Francisco. The question arises, whither shall we look for some practically inexhaustible source of pure water to remedy the inconvenience and risk to which we are now exposed. With the recent warnings of Chicago and Boston before us, no time should be lost, but measures promptly taken. Some two years ago there seemed a prospect of water being brought here from Lake Tahoe; a community of interests then rendering it probable that the great expense of tunneling through one of the "Sierras" would be for the most part borne by the Central Pacific Railroad Company, and large pipes were to have been laid beneath the track. The project, however, fell through, and probably it is better that it did so, as water can be brought from a much nearer point, namely, Clear Lake, and at very much less expense. The route has been surveyed. There is no lack of money to carry out the undertaking. Why, therefore, can it not be entered upon without delay? Our Supervisors should see to it; should give their support and encouragement to any capitalists willing to prosecute the work, and every citizen who has at heart the good of San Francisco, should indorse cordially any action of the municipal authorities to further the end in view. Moreover, the city should either, on its completion, or within a very limited time, own the water, and thus have the entire control, both of it and of the rates of charges; or if not, a *maximum price* should be established, and likewise a *minimum amount of supply*, which latter, under heavy penalties, should be rigidly insisted upon. San Francisco boasts of her wealth and of her progress, but she is far behind many other cities of less importance in the matter referred to.

### NEXT YEAR'S WHEAT CROP BAGS.

Almost as Important to the Farmers of the State as the freight question, is that of how, where and at what price they shall obtain a supply of bags for the next wheat harvest. Last year for a couple of months there was a great scarcity of bags, and owing to the inadequacy of the supply, the price run up at wholesale to 18 and 19 cents each. This is equivalent to a charge of \$3 60 and \$3 80 per ton on the price of wheat, and reckoning the quantity of wheat and flour available for export which came to market as five hundred thousand tons, the wheat bags used for that purpose last year were worth \$1,750,000. This represents ten million bags; there were, however, really used twelve million bags, so that the value was one-fifth greater. This year, if the anticipations of a yield fifty per cent. in advance of last year can be relied on, there will be required over twenty millions, of which we had in the city, at the beginning of the year, only about a quarter of a million, with the material for making three quarters of a million more. This will leave about nineteen millions to be supplied from second hand sources, by manufacture or by importation. There are available about half a million second hand, and the Oakland Mills will manufacture in outline the equivalent of two millions, so that this leaves sixteen and a half millions to be supplied by importation. Last year we had at the beginning of the year a stock of four million new bags on hand, a large stock of second-hand bags were available, and the Oakland Mills supplied us with material for about a million, so that we had to import an equivalent of only about four millions. And the conditions in regard to price would be greatly altered this season, and wheat bags would cost twice as much as they did last year but for the competition of the bagmakers of this city, who say that they will this year make eleven millions, or nearly eight times the quantity made last year. They claim to be able to make them at a wholesale price of 14½ cents each, and import the material from Scotland, there being a tariff discrimination of 10 per cent. in favor of American bag manufacturers. The competition between them and the importers will help to keep down the price of bags and benefit the farmer. The manufacture of such a large quantity of bags here will give employment to hundreds of additional hands, and as we can import jute from India and have it laid down in this city for five cents per pound, duty paid, we will in a few years manufacture locally probably thirty million yards of burlaps per annum.

The Duties collected on the 7th inst., amounted to \$113,030.61, being principally collected on Australian Wool by late arrivals.

### THE GREAT COAL QUESTION.

[Taking a Hint from some of our daily contemporaries, we print the various suggestions of correspondents desirous of pointing out substitutes for the present high-priced coals.]

TO THE EDITOR OF FUN.—SIR,—When fuel of a fossiliferocarbonaceous character has risen so exorbitantly in the market, it behooves the philosopher and man of science to elaborate a remedy for the evil. Permit me to adumbrate a palliation if not a complete cure. Let us restore those ornaments for the fire-stoves, whose very name is redolent of summer, and do without fires, leaving it to our imaginations to warm us.

I am, etc.,

A PRACTICAL PHILOSOPHER.

SIR,—Now coals are so confoundedly dear, why shouldn't a few neighbors club together and have a fire in the middle of the street for the common warmth of their residences?

Yours, etc.,

CUTE.

SIR,—Not only coals but victuals are dear. It is a well-known fact that oranges are nutritious, and their peel will burn. Let us abjure the coal-merchant and the baker, and devote ourselves to the fruiterer.

Yours, etc.,

COVENT GARDEN.

SIR,—Penny dolls are cheap. Coals are not. Let us burn penny dolls! My recollections of the last Derby convince me that the supply is ample, and the article within the reach of the poorest.

Yours, etc.,

A THEORIST.

SIR,—Don't you think that, considering the price of coals and the severity of the weather, the House of Commons ought to announce a general holiday for a fortnight? We could then all go to bed during that period and so economize fuel.

Yours, etc.,

ROBIN AND RICHARD.

SIR,—I think that during this inclement winter, and with coals so enormously dear, the nobility and gentry ought to throw their well-warmed mansions open to us after office-hours.

Yours,

A POOR CLERK.

SIR,—What becomes of all the trashy three-volume novels that are constantly issuing from the press? There must be mines of them somewhere, and they would burn well and not too rapidly. For this purpose they would fetch more than in the second-hand catalogues of Mudie and Smith & Son.

Yours,

A READER.

SIR,—The present high price of coals is undoubtedly due to the machinations of Rome. The withdrawal of our representative, and the triumphant installation of Sir Roger Tichborne, are the only remedies.

Yours, etc.,

G. WH\*LL\*Y.

SIR,—There are great complaints among the poorer classes of the inclement season, and the impossibility of purchasing coals at their present price. I should recommend the poor people to call on the first Commissioner of Work, and try to shut him up. I think he would warm them.

Yours, etc.,

HISTORIC-CUSS.

SIR,—Could not something be done to stay the present wasteful consumption of coals, by a statute founded on that excellent Licensing Act of last season? Let each consumer of coals carry a little flag in his hat stating the price he gives per ton; let the police have a right to enter any house to see that no coals are burnt after twelve o'clock except in the case of *bona fide* travelers from the tropics; and, lastly, let no coals at all be burnt on Sunday.

Yours, etc.,

H. A. BR\*CE.

SUR,—Wot a row about a few shillin' on a ton o' coal: Let 'em go up, says I! Sixty-ait shillin' a ton if they likes. Wots the odds? I couldn't afford 'em if they was only five bob a ton.

Yours,

A THAMP.

### THE FRANCO-CALIFORNIAN SILK MANUFACTURING CO.

A New and Important Industry is growing in our midst, that of silk manufacture, and we heartily wish it a long and prosperous life. Messrs. Gantier and Viannay, aided by Philip Meagher, Esq., have determined to reap the golden harvest afforded by the enterprise. They have already a loom in operation, which may be seen at J. C. Bell's furniture store, on Sutter street, and intend within a few months having a hundred looms at work. The following gentlemen will serve as Directors for the first twelve months: E. Martin, Cashier Hibernia Bank, firm of E. Martin & Co.; Gustave Touchard, President Union Insurance Company; Joseph Godchaux, Silk Importer, firm of Godchaux Bros. & Co.; Philip Meagher, Capitalist, formerly of firm of Meagher, Taaffe & Co., Importers of Silks; Eugene Gantier, late Silk Manufacturer of Lyons, France. The capital stock is \$500,000, in 5,000 shares of \$100 each; 3,500 shares will be put upon the market. The thriving silk manufactures of Paterson, N. J., and West Hoboken, N. Y., point to the success that has attended similar undertakings East, whilst in California we have the superior advantages of raw material admitted free of duty, cheapness of labor (compared to France), and unequalled climate and commercial facilities.

The Ship "Orpheus," now on the way from Manila to Boston, has been purchased to arrive by C. L. Taylor & Co. on terms reserved.

## CANADIAN PLUMBAGO.

One of the most valuable products of the mineral kingdom is certainly plumbago, and this is owing to its comparative scarcity. The principal source whence it has been obtained in this country is Cumberland, where are situated the well known mines of Borrowdale, which at one time yielded their proprietors £100,000 in a year, the ore selling at 45s. per pound. But times have changed both with regard to the yield of the ore, and the price obtainable for it; these once celebrated mines being now practically exhausted. Plumbago is found at Glenstrathfarrar, in Inverness, and at Craigman, in Ayreshire, as well as in Cornwall, but in either case only in comparatively small quantities. Deposits of plumbago occur at Arendal, in Norway, and also in Finland and the United States, but the chief source of the present market supply is Ceylon and the East Indies, the Ceylon plumbago being a very high standard. There is, however, at the present time a great scarcity in the supply of plumbago, the crucible manufacturers absorbing very considerable quantities. In view of this, therefore, it is satisfactory to find that some extensive deposits of this mineral have been discovered in the township of Buckingham, about eighteen miles to the north of Ottawa, the capital of the Dominion of Canada. The mines which have been opened, are situated on the river de Liviere, a tributary of the Ottawa, and are favorably placed both as regards the working of the ore and its transport.

A recent examination of these mines, made by Mr. George Henwood, has disclosed the fact that there are fourteen well-defined lodes, in which plumbago of unusual purity occurs in large quantities. Several of the lodes intersect each other, and the mineral in some of them varies in thickness from 6 to 10 feet. Besides this, there is a quarry of disseminated ore, over a quarter of a mile in length and 70 feet in height, producing a very good percentage of plumbago. Some fine specimens of the mineral taken from the lodes by Mr. Henwood were lately to be seen at the School of Mines, but are now at the offices of Mr. Harvey, in St. Clement's House, where we recently inspected them. They are exceedingly rich in appearance, and are remarkable for their crystalline formation and purity. They display all the varieties of the ore, some being columnar and reticulated, and others laminated. One specimen measures 2 feet in length, 16 inches in depth, and about 5 inches in thickness. Assays of this ore, made by Messrs. Johnson & Sons, show it to contain 97 per cent of plumbago, the minimum annual yield of which the lodes are capable, being estimated by Mr. Henwood at 5,000 tons, whilst twice that quantity, it is stated, can be obtained annually from the workings in the quarry. The produce of these mines is said to be preferred before the best Ceylon ores, and to command a higher price in the local markets. From the appearance of the samples, and the extent of the deposit in which they occur, we may infer that this discovery will, in its results, exercise an important influence upon the market.

We must congratulate our mining community on their good fortune, if this is the case, as it will make an immense difference in the price of crucibles.

## LOCAL DOTTINGS.

Shank of the Mushroom Anchor, to which a buoy is attached, has the blame now for sinking the *Patrician*.—Meehan will serve out more drinks yet.—Mrs. Jourdon has been trying to cure the "horrors" with gentle laudanum. Stomach-pump has rather disgusted her.—Haman's little failure to exterminate the Jews was had in remembrance by all the Tribes on Wednesday and two following days.—Carl Speigler's long lost brother has been found; his name is Speigler, also.—*Chronicle* worrying the City Hall job with its distinctive bull-doggedness.—The short-hand notes of the Broadway School Investigation only cost \$379.80.—Is not the number of uninterested and kind-hearted friends great that poor old Burgot has just discovered?—The Episcopal Church Union collections in the boxes placed in all the principal hotels have been most satisfactory; during the month of February there was collected a total of eight dollars and ten cents.—A terrible discovery has been made on Steiner street. The skeletons of some few score doggies were hauled into light by some workmen, and a Bologna sausage manufacturer used to reside in the vicinity.—There was a balloon ascension on Montgomery street on Thursday. For particulars, ask the Summer zephyrs and the poor German who lost his stock in trade.—Something like half a dozen false fire alarms this week.—Seven ships are lying in the stream awaiting crews.—Three sea lions are en route for Barnum's, and Woodward's menagerie is plus four black-tailed fawns.

The Placard Exchange and Information Bureau for the Pacific Coast.—As the arrangements for the efficient carrying out this new institution progress, the assurances of approval and support from all quarters are such as to satisfy the Directors of the undoubted great success of the undertaking. In a word, the concentration of information on all points connected with the Occidental Coast of the United States will be so complete and systematized as to insure a multitude of inquiring visitors, and, as a natural sequence, offer a most efficient and attractive method of advertising. Those inspecting the Exchange cannot fail to be satisfied of this. In a very short time it will be thrown open to the public, when its value will be apparent to all. In the meantime the inspection of the business community is invited.



### THE BOILED DOWN JUICE OF THE CALIFORNIA PRESS.

**Chronicle.**—"The building of our new City Hall is an extravagant, unnecessary, profligate and wicked job, passed by a Democratic Legislature for a speculation and to give Democrats office."—"The most chimerical and foolish of all contemplated enterprises is that of the Darien Ship Canal: the canal would be of advantage to the commercial ports of the Atlantic, but it would be destructive to San Francisco."—"Look to-day; we are no longer retiring the public debt, our Congress adjourns after an infamous exhibit of official corruption, which it only partially exposed and wholly failed to punish, a whole list of shameful legislative acts, and God spare them when their enemies shall write a book."—"Of course every one will regret that Captain Jack and his band must be exterminated, but then Captain Jack has no business to be an Indian."—"The political guillotine at Washington, guided in its operations by our new Senator, Sargent, is daily furnishing new victims for the commiseration of their fellow Republicans."—"The resignation of Gladstone, the attitude of the workmen of Great Britain will continue to urge England on the road to republicanism till the death of the present Queen prepares the way for a series of political movements like that occurring during the last two or three years in Spain, and similarly terminating."

**Alta.**—"It would seem to be the order of things that the Indian must pass away before the march of the white races: but in fulfilling this destiny, let not the laws of common justice and humanity be outraged."—"The tendency of the day seems to be to condone crime, especially if it consist of capital offenses."—"The Secretary of the Treasury has begun the re-issue of his \$44,000,000 reserve notes and to reserve his gold sales, which measures will make paper more plenty and gold more scarce. The volume of gold in New York can only be increased by collecting it from a distance, and San Francisco has furnished over \$500,000 per week in coin for many weeks, as well through the Post Office as by express."—"Gladstone's Irish University bill offended the Episcopalians as well as the Catholics, and those, with the opposition, are too strong for him; he must go out or call a new ministry."—"The new line connecting St. Louis with the Gulf of Mexico is equivalent to a boundary clause of our national Constitution."—"Gladstone's resignation may be the most effective method of gaining additional power, for a general election will perhaps lead to results not welcome either to the Tories or the aristocratic Liberals."—"Sundries, twenty-one; Delicacies, six; and Miscellaneous, five. These three items of appropriation have a formidable and suspicious look, and are supposed to cover much of the stealing."

**Call.**—"It would be a grand thing for commerce if a practical route could be found for a ship canal across the Isthmus of Darien."—"Nearly one third of the railroads of the United States are under the control of a few individuals in one corporation, called the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, of which Thomas Scott is king."—"Will Stanford & Co. even at this dare learn wisdom? No railroad company located in a country where expenses are so likely to run away with profits, and where population is so sparse, can sustain itself unless in perfect accord with the people."—"If the industrial classes of England act together, they must prove a power whose demands the Crown and the Parliament will eventually be compelled to recognize."—"The Committee having charge of American interests in connection with the Vienna Exposition, make complaint: that they are unable to procure a sufficient number of pictures above mediocrity, to represent American Art abroad. This is something of a reproach to the large cities of the East."

**Bulletin.**—"There is a sort of grim poetic justice in the elevation of Disraeli over the fallen Gladstone, for Gladstone may be said to have literally banded his great rival into political exile."—"No really bad or corrupt man could, by referring the election of Senators to the people themselves, hope to buy himself into the Senate of the United States, for of the people we are not afraid."—"That terrible nuisance, the interviewer, has turned up again, and this time the victim is President Grant."—"While we are willing to admit in the broadest terms that hanging is about the worst use to which a man could be put, we cannot shut our eyes to the fact that the States which tried the experiment of the abolition of capital punishment have been forced, in most cases, to retrace their steps."

**Examiner.**—"Grant was re-elected on a platform pledged to inaugurate Civil Service reform. We never expected that he would, and therefore are not surprised that his very first acts—the recent Federal appointments—mark the violation of his pledges to the people."—"We need schools for instruction in the industrial arts open to all corners, and capable of imparting a practical knowledge of essential processes; and we need a better education of the young in the lessons of industry and duty."—"This gives a total circulating medium as now outstanding of \$758,000,000, which is worth in gold at 15 1/2 per cent. premium, \$659,100,000, or a loss of nearly \$99,000,000 in its purchasing power."

**The Pacific.**—"In what is called Society, wealth is everything. The poor man, though able to live and thrive in a moderate way, is a nobody. The possession of wealth is enough to make a man, no matter how it is gotten."

**Sacramento Union.**—"The pretended nomination of Horace Adams is a fraud put upon the people by the Central Pacific Railroad Company for the sole purpose of enabling them to monopolize the water front of the city and obtaining other properties they are too mean to pay for at a fair price."—"There is as much truth in Stanford's statement that the Central Pacific Railroad has paid \$450,000 taxes this year as that all the subsidies received from the Government would not pay the cost of building the railroad in California."

**Sacramento Record.**—"Horace Adams is a man every inch of him."—"The Pacific Coast Mining Bureau being established for the purpose of protecting investors and blocking the games of the knaves who live by plunder through wild-cat schemes, of course all the rascals who throng the curb of California street, all the Hoodlum brokers, are opposed to it and do their best to secure aid from the press."—"As no journal in this State or this Coast, or throughout the continent, has so persistently and monstrously offended against propriety, decency and truth in the measure of calumny as the *Union*, we think no better objective point (action for libel) could have been selected."

**Oakland News.**—"The San Francisco press has a wonderful faculty of discovering all about bad legislation and jobbery after it is consummated; witness the City Hall job."—"The system of cumulative punishment, which makes a second petty larceny, a felony is an excellent one, and will greatly reduce the amount of crime and render property far more secure."—"Had the scurrilous writers who have assailed the honor and integrity of Colfax, closely studied the evidence elicited in his case, they would not have dared to attack the reputation of a man who by reason of his purity, integrity and brilliant capacity has been trusted by his constituents for twenty years."

**Oakland Transcript.**—"The best life insurance is to live frugally, save your earnings, and when they have accumulated invest them yourself."

**San Diego Union.**—"Even while the malicious statement of the dangers of San Diego harbor was going the rounds of the press, the telegraph brings us intelligence which has a flavor of retribution—that of the loss of the *Patrician*."

**Santa Cruz Sentinel.**—"If our people will renew their zeal and the aid possible with many of them, there are parties now ready to take the aid extended, and construct a road from Watsonville to the point from which San Mateo will complete the road to San Francisco."

**Gold Hill News.**—"In a single day nearly all the horses on the Comstock range were stricken with the dreadful epizootic, as though a great, foul miasmatic wave from the East had rolled upon them and they had inhaled the contagion all at one breath."

**Utah Journal.**—"We fancy Brigham's corruption fund, and Hooper's bland way of distributing it, had most to do in preventing the passing of Frelinghuysen's bill."

## THE CHANGE OF MINISTRY IN ENGLAND—DISRAELI—GLADSTONE.

**This is Not an Age of Great Statesmen.**—Bismarck, perhaps, excepted. It is an age of *Sedans* and of *Credits Mobiliers*, and of a pitiful eking out of the lion's skin with the fox's. Yet, to-day, grand as these dwarfish times admit, Disraeli and Gladstone sit beside the Thames, in that rather dingy room, where the destinies of England are beaten out—Disraeli in his sixty-eighth year, Gladstone in his sixty-fourth. They are veterans, both; flesh bruised by the harness, brows pecked with the helmet—the Ulysses and Achilles of debate, as a Tory would say; the Loki and the Thor, as a Whig would have it. Ah, Benjamin Disraeli, prince of Bohemians, which of them is not proud of you? This lissom, graceful, fire-eyed attorney's drudge, scribbler in the *Representative*, writer of *Vivian Greys*, *Wonderous Tales of Alroy*, *Lothairs*, and of *Alcaros* tragedies—in his vocabulary there is no such word as tail. All know the story of his first *fiasco* in Parliament, and how soon he taught his long-eared revilers to writhe beneath the cruel lash of the greatest *arriero* of the age. Never, since Erasmus, has there been one who knew so well how "to scatter the biting salt of sarcasm beneath the flowers of rhetoric." Even the brutal Billingsgate of O'Connell sank with a thousand stabs beneath the ice-brook temper of this new sworder's weapon. Sir Robert Peel, wrapped in his prestige, his genius and his power, said, "I shall die in my nest;" but the "Young England Party" put a coal there in the person of Disraeli that scorched the marrow, bones and all, out of the Peel ministry, and scattered its ashes in '46.

Disraeli's later career is too fresh to need comment. We know how, side by side with Derby, he has fought Gladstone, and fought that grewsome ghost, the Spirit of the Age, on "Church and State" and other questions, to the proverbial "bitter end." He has at last won a fall in the wrestle of State-craft. He stands now champion of the arena. Let us see his opponent—only a glance. No such halo of romance is round this brow. This is a grave, care-worn looking man; his face bearing the recognized scholarly lines about the lip—with grave, earnest eyes, yet eyes capable of expressing a noblest, fiercest indignation when required. Often enough has even Disraeli recognized their power. A Conservative at first, G. soon found his true place in the advancing ranks of the Whigs. His mercantile origin and instincts have made him the greatest financier and Chancellor of the Exchequer, of late times in England. But he is much more than a financier; he is an Oxford scholar in its deepest and widest sense. His *Economic*, his *Homeric*, and his *Church-and-State* works are the marked products of genius and deep study. His oratory is original, unhesitating, often eloquent, and always to the point. In the sea of Irish politics he has earned his highest honors. But a fatality rests on all who trust themselves in its troubled waters. G. has only escaped Church and Land Symplegades to split on the Educational rock. Shall Disraeli fare better? We shall see; and meanwhile,

The King is dead; long live the King!

W.

## LEAVES FROM A LADY'S DIARY.

**March 10th.**—Lunched at the G.'s. Mrs. Dr. S. was there, and advocated false teeth and the wearing of false hair on hygienic principles. Unless the food is properly masticated digestion is impaired, so that if the dental machinery gets out of order it must be renewed, and if the hair falls out, a wig is more becoming than a cap, and one or the other must be worn to prevent cold. So that, as in many other instances, we must lie to save our lives. What a good name for Thiers, "*petit bourgeois*." It is only the French, and only Parisians of the French, who are so happy in their nicknames. Met Mrs. S. on the boat coming home; she has always something wicked to say about people. "Mr. T.," she remarked, "found the keeping an establishment the first six months of his marriage so pleasant that he now keeps two." Alfred H. came to see us in the evening; he has grown gray and grave the last three years. People are afraid of his criticism. I think his manner arises from his having knocked about the world, and had some hard rubs. Necessity and experience make a man reasonable, but the study of Nature alone makes the true philosopher. And yet reason or good sense is so often confounded with philosophy, whereas they are so far apart. Fanny V. and her dear friend Emily have quarreled, and that good-natured old busybody, Mrs. T., is trying to make it up. I know it will end by their both turning upon her. Mediation is a sure method of uniting two people against one's self.

**March 11th.**—Spite of Lent, Frank and Bella are married and off East. I think they have every chance to be happy. She answers Henry B.'s requirements in a wife, namely, that she should be sufficiently good looking to be married without dowry, and sufficiently rich to be married without beauty. Played at cards in the evening, and as it was for love, amused myself by cheating. I hate playing for nothing, at the same time I thought that a person who cheats for money has no pleasure in gambling. Mr. W. was there, who professes to know everything; for my part I look upon a universal genius as a savant who knows nothing.

**March 12th.**—I don't think that I was so, or that other girls were so when I was young, but I notice in most girls from twelve to fourteen more coquetry than in my time. Take a street-car full of them going down to the Oakland boat, for instance. A gentleman enters, and naturally looks at the passengers. These girls all put on the conscious-of-being-observed look, and assume the attitude or expression which they think becomes them best. It reminds me of a stupid, unmeaning line I once heard in one of those silly songs that are called "sweet things," as follows: "I knew his gaze was on my brow, By the bright flush that mantled there." Went to see little Mrs. R.; her husband was ill in bed, because he had lost some property by a fire. He is so rich that it makes no difference, in reality, to him. The heart, say physiologists, is enclosed in a sac or safe called the pericardium. It is very certain that his heart is always in its place. Lizzie M. is taking lessons from a new master, who is exercising her in trills, which she duly astonishes her friends with. Henry calls them a euphonic gargle. R., ruined in stocks, sits at home like a statue, the image of despair. His friends come to him and say, "My dear fellow, you really must rouse yourself;" and then they go away; but not one of them offers a hand to help him to rise, and in a short day or two he will be forgotten.

**March 13th.**—*Der Freischütz*—and particular attention to be paid to the scenery and decoration in the incantation scene. Thus as ever to-day. Weber sacrificed to scenic effect. In my young days the stereotyped owl, that opened its wings and glared with a pair of red eyes every time the orchestra gave that weird screech, was enough. To-day, forsooth, we must have flying dragons, a spectacular Walpurgis night, with calcium lights and mystic fire, and then the people crowd the theater. Was obliged to go before a Notary to-day about some property, and had to take an oath. I thought at the time how unnecessary such a formula is to a woman or man of honor, and what a mere illusion it is to one who has it not. Mrs. C. sank into the nearest chair to the door to-day, as usual complaining of the number of stairs she had to climb. I am uncharitable enough to think it is for the sake of the glass of wine I always offer her, and which she invariably accepts with a faint negative. She is one of those women who take care to qualify their observations about anybody. "She is one of the most delightful people I know, my dear, only—" It is praise with a stammer, a letter of credit with a postscript, or, as Henry says, a sale with an "if."

**Said a Thief to a wit:** "There's no knowing one's friends

Until they've been tried and found steady."

"Very true," said the wit, "but all yours, I presume,

Have been tried and found guilty already."

Those who once try Bradley & Rulison's photographs will never get any taken anywhere else, as they are never found wanting either in likeness or finish.

**Sympathizing with Mr. Neil** in his troubles and losses, and the annoyance that he must feel in having his name made such a free use of by the dailies, we refrain from noticing the subject till further developments take place.



## THE BEST MANAGED AND THE MOST PROFITABLE RAIL-ROAD IN THE WORLD, THE CENTRAL PACIFIC.

### Operation in 1872.

The annual statement of the business of the company, made by its New York bankers, Messrs. Fisk & Hatch, shows an increase in gross earnings during 1872 of over 33½ per cent., and that the net earnings over operating expenses have increased over 40 per cent. as compared with 1871.

### Results of Operation.

Percentage of operating expenses to gross earnings for 1871 and 1872:

	1871.	1872.
Gross earnings.....	\$9,467,072	\$12,793,001
Operating expenses.....	4,295,879	5,327,376
Net earnings.....	5,171,192	7,465,625
Ratio of expenses, percentage.....	45 38-100	41 65-100

The actual earnings for 1872, published subsequently to the above statement, were \$12,900,126, thus proportionately decreasing the ratio of operating expenses.

The earnings per mile of road operated for the past few years, shows that the increase in traffic and earnings for the year 1872 is largely in excess of the increased mileage:

YEAR.	Av. miles.	Gross earnings.	Earnings per mile.
1869.....	601	\$ 5,716,115 54	\$ 9,511
1870.....	865	7,995,116 85	9,243
1871.....	1,034	9,467,072 15	9,155
1872.....	1,175	12,793,001 91	10,896

### Financial Condition.

With the completion of the California and Oregon branch the entire system of lines composing the Central Pacific Railroad and branches will be finished, and the comprehensive plans of the company will be consummated. Upon this branch, as the work progresses, the company will have the right to issue \$7,200,000 additional first mortgage bonds, of which \$2,080,000 are now authorized by the terms of the mortgage upon the amount of work already done, and \$750,000 have been sold during the year. The entire first mortgage debt of the company, with its main line and branches completed, and the authorized amount of first mortgage bonds to be issued and the annual interest thereon, will be as follows:

	Amount Bonds.	Amt. int. in gold.
Central Pacific main line from Ogden to Sacramento.....	\$25,883,000	\$1,552,980
Western Pacific main line, from Sacramento to San Jose and Oakland, issued prior to consolidation, and now assumed by Central Pacific.....	2,734,000	164,000
California and Oregon, issued prior to consolidation, now assumed by Central Pacific.....	6,000,000	360,000
Central Pacific on California and Oregon branch (of which only \$750,000 have been sold).....	7,200,000	433,000
Central Pacific on San Joaquin Valley branch.....	6,080,000	364,800
San Francisco, Oakland and Alameda, issued prior to consolidation, now assumed by Central Pacific (of which only \$500,000 have been issued).....	1,505,000	120,000
Total debt and interest.....	\$40,398,000	\$2,993,880

### Miscellaneous bonded debt outstanding, and interest thereon:

	Bonded Debt.	Interest, in Gold.
Central Pacific 7 per cent. bonds of 1863.....	\$1,483,000	\$103,810
Central Pacific State Aid Bonds.....	1,500,000	
Central Pacific Land Grant Bonds.....	9,153,000	549,180
Total.....	\$61,534,000	\$3,646,870
* Interest paid by State of California.		
Add Premium, at average rate, at which earnings in gold for 1872 were reduced to Currency value.....		460,417
Net Earnings for 1872.....		\$2,107,287
Surplus.....		7,465,625
		\$3,358,338

Thus it will be seen that in 1872 the net earnings were sufficient to pay the annual interest on the entire bonded debt of the company outstanding, and on the remaining amount of bonds authorized to be issued upon the California and Oregon branch when completed, and the unissued bonds of the San Francisco, Oakland



and Alameda, and leave a surplus of over \$3,300,000, sufficient to pay a dividend of 6 per cent. on the issued capital stock of the company.

The capital stock account of the company stands as follows:

Authorized capital stock.....	\$100,000,000
Amount subscribed.....	59,644,000
Amount paid in.....	54,283,190

No dividends have as yet been paid, the surplus earnings, after paying interest and providing for the sinking funds, having been applied to the extension of the branch lines, increased equipment, improvement of water fronts, buildings, etc., thus adding largely to the value of the company's property, without a corresponding increase in the funded debt.

### THE ODGER-"FIGARO" LIBEL CASE.

In the Court of Queen's Bench, before Mr. Justice Brett, on February 14, Mr. George Odger sued the proprietor of the *Figaro* for damages for alleged libels published of him in that newspaper. The defendant, in addition to "Not guilty," pleaded in justification that what was complained of as libelous was true, and that the alleged libels were privileged communications. Mr. Serjeant Simon, who appeared for the plaintiff, detailed the particulars of the alleged libels, the chief of which was in reference to the occasion on which Mr. Odger presided over a public meeting held in Hyde Park on a Sunday in April last, when he burnt the Park Regulation Bill. The principal part of the article was as follows:

"ODGER VICTORIOUS.—Know all men by these presents that Odger, the cobbler, rules the Government of England. We have ere now made sport of the great man; henceforth we shall be respectful. We do not like the cobbler, we abhor his principles; we regard him as an enemy to order; we hold him to be a demagogue of the lowest and most contemptible type, half booby and half humbug, a political Cheap Jack, who would be a political sharper if he had brains enough. What may be Odger's next fancy! It is impossible to guess; perhaps he may assert the right of the Odgerites to refresh themselves in West End pantries and wine cellars, or he may demand the immediate release of all convicts who are so nearly connected with that section of the people which Odger, the cobbler, commands. Some day society will have to make short work of the Odgerites, and stamp them out as we did the cattle plague. At present Odger is supreme and triumphant, and Odgerism may work incalculable mischief before an opportunity occurs of putting an end to it with grape and bullet. How is Odger to be rewarded for his late victory? The hero of the Hyde Park railings battle is a County Court Judge. Odger has deserved as well of the Government as Beales. Odger is not professionally qualified for the judicial bench, and if Mr. Gladstone overcame the difficulty by Collier, Eweline, hocus-pocus, or by Royal Warrant, it would not do to have a judge whose soul has not soared above the three r's, and who has not so much learning as a Jack Cade or a Jack Pudding. If no office can be found for Odger, Mr. Gladstone might advise Her Majesty to grant the victorious cobbler a civil list pension."

A second libel was alleged to be contained in the following paragraph, which appeared shortly afterward amid a number of similar ones:

"OFFICE.—I have any quantity of bottled-up abuse, treason and riot. I will exchange the whole lot for any permanent appointment worth £250 per annum or upwards.—GEORGE PODGER."

Mr. Odger was then called. His counsel said he had no questions to ask him, but the Attorney-General cross-examined him to the following effect:

I did burn the bill. I am a shoemaker now. I make boots myself at my house in High street, Bloomsbury. I live partly by this and partly by my writings and lectures.

Then you live partly by making shoes and partly by making speeches? [Laughter.] Yes. I lecture on such subjects as the Irish Church and extension of the suffrage, the English Church and class government. I object to middle class and aristocratic government.

The House of Lords?—Yes. And the Monarchy? I should prefer a Republic. At Leicester did you say, that "me and my colleagues have resolved that the Prince of Wales shall never ascend the throne"?—I said that and more. I added, "without a protest being entered by us against it."

Did you not say in a pamphlet headed "Republicanism v. Monarchy" that monarchy had led to a series of unnatural marriages, and the consequences seemed at one time probable that we should have a race of Royal idiots?—Yes.

The Attorney-General: That no sensible people would choose such a race of men as our kings or governors, or if so, they would reject them as soon as their legal term of office had expired?—Yes.

Did you desire to prove that England was taxed with the maintenance of a mere puppet?—Yes.

The Queen?—Yes; but I think she is a most estimable lady (a laugh).

She will be very much obliged to you, I am sure. Did you think you had a right to have a meeting in Hyde Park?—Yes. I thought so from what had been said in the House of Commons. Besides, it had been our custom. I thought the park belonged to the people.

As to this second libel: You believe yourself to be "George Podger"?—Yes.

The Attorney-General, without calling any witnesses for the defence, addressed the jury. He admitted that what had been said of Mr. Odger was strong, and it might even be coarse; but he denied that there was any attack whatever upon his private character. The paper had said in the strongest terms that the plaintiff was a pestilent agitator, who, without any definite ends like those which Mr. Cobden and Mr. Bright had set before themselves, went about making people dissatisfied with the state of things under which it had pleased God to appoint them to live. The cross-examination of the plaintiff himself showed that he had gone through the country holding meetings, attacking the Monarchy, and endeavoring to get the people to set up a Republic. He had called the Queen a "puppet," and said that the Prince of Wales should not succeed to the throne—without a protest, it was added. He went about making inflammatory attacks upon the Monarchy, and exciting disturbances, as he submitted to have been the case at Reading. He attacked the Royal Family, who were in their position simply because the law placed them in it; and he might say of Her Majesty that she discharged her high duties with diligence and zeal, and with a reverence for the law which excited the highest admiration. (Applause.) Mr. Odger had suffered in no way whatever by the attacks of the *Figaro* upon him; he went about the country setting class against class, and making people dissatisfied with one another. (Suppressed applause.) And now need he seriously address the jury upon "Podger?" The thing was purely a joke. What would they have thought if Mr. Whalley had brought an action. It had been said that people always laughed when they saw Mr. Whalley, or even his name; but all he (the Attorney-General) could say was, that so far as his experience went, it was a very serious business indeed to listen to Mr. Whalley. (A laugh.) It was absurd to found an action of libel upon a paragraph in a column of jokes.

His lordship having summed up, the jury, after considering the matter for two hours, found a verdict for the defendant.

An application was subsequently made for a stay of execution, on the ground that the verdict was against the weight of evidence, but Mr. Justice Brett declined to interfere.

### GREAT CRY AND LITTLE WOOL.

This Familiar Proverb dates from the famous battle in which Arminius, the national hero of Germany, destroyed the legions of Varus. The German leader, patriot and warrior though he was, had like John Gilpin's wife, a frugal mind and an eye to business. A fondness for scalps was one of the many points of resemblance between our Saxon forefathers and the noble red man; and Arminius chuckled with ill-suppressed glee as he looked at the heaps of the Roman slain, and thought of the new tapestry for his wigwam. But alas! for human hopes! The Romans were all fast young fellows, and their heads, under their helmets, were smooth as billiard-balls. It was then that, in the bitterness of his disappointment, Arminius let fall the memorable words:

Viel geschrei und wenig wolle.

He spoke in High German because he was so much lifted up by his victory. We could not forbear this little digression, at the very outset, because we might never have so good a chance again for airing our acquirements; and now we are content to go back to the beginning and start afresh. What moved us to write was the distress of certain journals at the advancement of "Prince" Fred. Grant, eldest son of our re-elected ruler. This young man, it appears, was but a second lieutenant in the army, but is now, "by one stroke of the pen," Lieut. Colonel, and attached to the staff of General Sheridan. Lieut. Col. Forsythe has been reduced to the rank of major, to make way for this boy, but is still to do the work, while "Master Fred" is to draw the emoluments. This is the story, briefly told. Needless to add that the intelligent journals vie, one with the other, in ringing the changes on "nepotism," "imperialism," "despotism," "Mormonism, Quixotism and idiotism. Meanwhile, Master Fred, no doubt, disports himself at Chicago, a frisky Fritz. Why should he not? Is there anything in the theory of our Government, or in its practice, which makes this advancement of Mr. Frederick Grant a matter for public discussion? Frankly, we can discover nothing. To talk of nepotism is more than silly. Nepotism means either the foolish fondness for grandchildren, or an uncommon partiality for Cornelius Nepos. Now, we never heard that Grant had any acknowledged grandchildren; and if he had, his own son could not be one of them; and as for Cornelius Nepos, the President never heard of him. If he knows the name at all, he takes it to be the French for negus. This charge, therefore, falls to the ground. Why linger over the others? Nobody ever took Grant for an emperor; and surely, if he be a despot, he hides his own will rarely. Quixote he could not be, for the knight had a mind as large as the world and a lean body; and Grant, if not really fat, has undeniably solved the problem of living without intellect. Idiotism meets the case, very nearly; but why not, after all, openly acknowledge that the whole matter comes within the meaning of republicanism? The tools to him who can handle them; in that is the law and the gospel of the republic; and who can better handle, or, to speak more properly, who is more fit to be armed with epaulets than a brisk young fellow, of influential connections? It seems to us that the whole theory of hierarchies and routine, is opposed to the genius of republicanism, which is, above all, free to elect. In the republic, what citizen is to be excluded from a possible promotion? Is not every one free to aspire, free to hold, if he can succeed in reaching? On no possible ground, as it seems to us, other than that of military routine,—and the army, the strongest support of tyrants, is essentially anti-republican—can the free, deliberate nomination of a capable person to any dignity meet with any serious objection.

### "THE BLIND BOY."

"The Blind Boy" is a poem by Thomas Enon Hake, published in England, with others, under the title of "Parables and Tales," which the *Athenæum* comments upon as follows:

We have in this case in a poem which, by combining deep and sympathetic truth of idea with faithful and minute exposition, especially deserves to live. The tale is equally simple and affecting. The blind boy has a loving sister, who identifies herself with all his wants and interests. She is especially his minister in bringing before him those scenes of natural beauty which he is unable otherwise to enjoy:

She tells him how the mountains swell,	His hand in hers, she walks along
How rocks and forests touch the skies;	And leads him to the river's brink;
He tells her how the shadows dwell	She stays to hear the water's song.
In purple dimness on his eyes,	Closing her eyes with him to think.
Whose tremulous orbs the while he lifts,	His ear, more watchful than her own,
As round his smile their spirit drifts.	Caught up the ocean's distant moan.

More close around his heart to wind,  
*She shuts her eyes in childish glee.*  
*'To share,' she said, 'his peace of mind;*  
*To sit beneath his shadow-tree.'*  
 So, half in play, the sister tries  
 To find his soul within her eyes.

'The river's flow is bright and clear,'  
 'The blind boy said, 'and, were it dark,  
 We should no less its music hear;  
*Sings not at eventide the lark?*  
 Still when the ripples pause, they fade  
 Upon my spirit like a shade.'

The whole of this is very touching in all that relates to the pure affection described, while the study of blindness is not only accurate, but subtle. There, moreover, is a touch of tender truth beyond the reach of art in the notion of the sister shutting her eyes that she may sympathetically realize the privation of the brother. An ardent love of Nature, human and external, and a conscientious desire to present the traits of both, run through this pathetic idyl. The three stanzas that follow are remarkable even amid much that is excellent:

A while he pauses; as he stops,  
 Her little hand the sister moves,  
 And pebbles on the water drops,  
 As it runs up the sandy grooves,  
 Or to her ear a shell applies,  
 With parted lips and dreaming eyes.

'That noise!' said he, with lifted hand,  
 'The sea-gull's scream and flapping  
 Before the wind it flies to land, [wings,  
 And omens of a tempest bring;  
 She tells him how the sea-bird pale  
 Whirls wildly on the coming gale.

'And is the sea alone? Even now  
 I hear faint mutterings.' 'Tis the waves.'  
 'It seems a murmur sweeping low,  
 And hurrying through the distant caves.  
 I hear again that smothered tone  
 As if the sea were not alone.'

### PITTSBURG JEALOUSIES.

A Disagreeable Sensation seems to have been excited in society at Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, owing to the thoughtless conduct of a married lady in that neighborhood, who has been led by jealousy to commit an indiscretion she must on reflection deplore. The *Pittsburg Commercial* gives full particulars of the distressing affair, kindly suppressing the names of those concerned: Mrs. X., as she is termed, has lately become jealous of the undue attentions bestowed, as she fancied, by her husband on a young lady designated as Ida G. The other day Ida received an invitation from Mrs. X. to call at her house, as she had a letter from the country for her. Ida accordingly paid Mrs. X. a visit, and was received with the utmost affability and kindness, her hostess placing her in the most comfortable chair in the room, "an armed rocking chair," and offering her luncheon, which the young lady declined. Shortly afterward, while smiling and talking pleasantly to her visitor, Mrs. X. stepped behind the chair and suddenly dropped a strong cord, arranged in the form of a noose, over Ida's head and arms, at the same time by a sudden jerk binding the girl to the chair. "Now," said Mrs. X., "you shall see how I will avenger myself," and forthwith taking from a table drawer a pair of shears, a large knife and a revolver, she spread these implements on a table before Ida, who by this time was ready to faint with terror. Mrs. X.'s next step was to cut all the hair off Ida's head with the shears excepting one single handful, which she left, as she kindly explained, to facilitate the operation of scalping, which she intended to perform. She then brought a looking-glass to enable Ida to see the change effected in her appearance. Ida, who had by this time screamed herself hoarse in vain, complained bitterly that she was freezing, and begged to be released. Mrs. X. met this request by putting the poker into the stove with the intention, as she stated, of thoroughly warming her guest by burning her eyes out. She was about to redeem this promise when Ida, by "a superhuman effort," succeeded in releasing one of her hands, with which she grasped the glowing poker, and during the struggle that ensued Mr. X. fortunately made his appearance and released Ida.



## BISHOP KIP IN THE APRIL OVERLAND.

The *Overland* has never had much of a reputation for perspicacity, since Bret Harte left it. Refreshes of all ages, and from all quarters, have been constantly palmed off upon its innocence. "Cald brose het again" is a standing dish with its subscribers. Surely, however, there is a limit somewhere. We think Bishop Kip has reached it, in his last *Overland* article, "Cape Horn in 1704." This is the second of his translations, in a "Purchas-His-Pilgrimes" style, rather stale at this day. We allowed the first to pass, with its explanatory yarn of sea-serpent proportions; but the thing promises to be a nuisance in its continuance. We now propose to let the bran out of this pseudo-antiquarian's doll.

Bishop Kip was in England; bought there a copy of a quite common work, "*Lettres Edifiantes*" &c.; compiled and published a very dull book on Jesuit Missions out of it; is now using a potsherd to scrape up what is left for the *Overland*. Bound to make that book pay for itself, is the bishop.

We do not know what edition of the "*Lettres Edifiantes*" Kip got in England; but we have compared his translation with three of the best editions, and find said translation a botch. We have consulted, and found to agree, in the points we are about to notice, the following editions: that of Paris, 1780-83, 26 vol. 12 mo; that of Lyons, 1820, 14 vol. 8 mo; and a Spanish edition, *Cartas Edificantes*, &c., 10 vol. 8 mo., Madrid, 1753.

In the first sentence of his translation, my Lord Bishop makes the stupid blunder of interpreting "*reconnatssance*" to mean "discoveries"—he following its etymological sense; while its idiomatic meaning in its present connection is simply "gratitude." Of course the rest of the clause is distorted to fit this.

In the first line of page 348 of the *Overland* he blunders again. The original runs, "If it was *His* will," relating to the Deity, who was mentioned in the early part of the sentence. Kip translates it, "With *your* permission," the "your" referring to a certain Father de la Chaise. Unless this French Father and God be the same, Kip is at once murdering the language of the one, and blaspheming the name of the other. In the same page Kip uses the term "variegated paintings." The adjective in the original is simply "*bisarrres*" (*bizarres*, in modern French), and not a word to indicate that there was more than one color in the paint.

In page 349, is found the worst mistake of all, so far as results go. Kip translates: "Having passed the Strait of Le Maire, and seen *more numerous* islands than are marked on our maps." The original flatly affirms the opposite: "Having passed the Strait of Le Maire, and seen beyond it some islands which are marked in our maps,"—a radical misunderstanding of the connection of the adverb *au-delà*, which would bring stripes to the *cul* (Bishop Kip can perhaps translate this word) of a charity scholar. Mistake five: Kip makes his ship anchor in Conception on the 11th of May. The original says the 13th.

We finish with another misdate: The original gives the date of a disastrous earthquake at Pisco as the 19th Oct., 1632; our Episcopal dragoman translates it 13th. We want to know, now, what kind of history, what kind of geography such work as this is likely to turn out; and whether Bishop Kip can't get a French master in the city; and whether the *Overland* can't afford to pay an editor, with brains enough and culture enough—we shall not say to collect original matter, but to pick out second hand articles of some value, and a translator who can put them in decent English, without a blunder in every paragraph. For my Lord Bishop, let him keep his water-logged English for the *Pacific Churchman*, and "stick to his last."

## MARRYAT AND LEVER.

Close Upon a Quarter of a Century has passed since Marryat died; more than a quarter of a century passed since the first of Lever's novels appeared, and the books of each writer continue to hold their own: more than this, those who read these books first as boys, can turn to them again, now that they are men of middle age, with all the zest and pleasure that attended their first perusal. This one simple fact is the highest test of truth to Nature and fidelity to life to which a writer of fiction can be submitted. In his "Diary in America," Marryat tells the following charming story: "I made this morning a purchase at a store, which an intelligent little boy brought home for me. As he walked by my side, he amused me very much by putting the following questions: 'Pray, captain, has Mr. Easy left the King of England's service?' 'I think he has,' replied I; 'if you recollect, he married and went on shore.' 'Have you seen Mr. Japhet lately?' was the next query. 'Not very lately,' replied I; 'the last time I saw him was at the publisher's.' The little fellow went away perfectly satisfied that they were both alive and well." Such a power as these questions of the small American implies, is a heavy responsibility for the author who possesses it; and no author could have exercised it with an effect more uniformly beneficent than Marryat, and, it may be added, Lever. The tone and temper of Marryat's novels are those with which English parents would like to see their sons imbued—the lessons embedded in the midst of all their pleasantry are those which every lad must learn by heart, who would steer a straight course through life—lessons of constancy to purpose, loyalty to duty, loyalty to friends. And the same thing is true of Lever. Is the devil to have all the good tunes to himself? Is virtue to be perpetually condemned to wear the mien of dulness? Marryat and Lever are, above all things, national writers, and of two national writers such a boast as this is a mighty one to be able to make.

—London Society.



## JOHN CLARE.

The Northamptonshire Poet Plough-boy died in an insane asylum, England, about ten years since. The following extract, from the poet's "Lines on Autumn," affords a good specimen of his simple, delicate and perfect style:

The songs of home on every field	Some love to drink adieu to care;
From merry harvesters are heard:	I love the solitude of rest.
The hare, as yet, from harm will shield	Some meet with woman false and fair,
Where barley waves its tawny beard.	And think it joy to be distressed.
Some sing and blink o'er keps of drink,	The hazel nook, the mossy brook,
And love the denndard's bravis to own;	I love from feelings of a boy:
I love to dream by valley's stream,	The broad-topped oak, the raven's croak,
And live with quiet peace alone;	And all of Nature brings me joy.
The brook and wood, the vale and tree,	There solitude of sun and shade
Are the green homes of joy to me.	A paradise on earth hath made.

And yet the love of woman still  
Hath been my sunshine all along;  
Her voice along the upland hill  
Was music in my early song;  
Her love confessed is still the best  
To comfort every care and thrall;  
In poetry's page, her heritage  
Reigns still the empress over all.  
There's not a land where life hath been  
But looks on woman as its queen.

## A POETIC SERMON.

Dear News Letter:—There were no services held last Sabbath in the Little Chapel at The Oaks for the following reason: We had dressed our little sanctuary in mourning out of respect to our two departed friends, the Judge and Aznre-Eyed Girl. Not wishing to cast a gloom over the spirits of our congregation, instead of the stereotyped sable weeds of sorrow, we decorated our place with green. The surviving Three, with their beloved Parson, were got up in a style becoming the occasion, being arrayed in elaborate costume, with every possible shade of green. The Blond Sister wore an olive-green polonaise, with a pea-green underskirt down to her knees, which displayed to great advantage her blue-green hose, supported by sea-green garters. Her lovely pudal extremities terminated in No. 9 yellow-green slippers, each decorated with an imitation emerald three inches square, and the light of her eyes dashing through a pair of green goggles, gave her the appearance of personified jealousy. The effect was most striking. The Pet Lamb was dressed in a Paris-green robe de chambre, with nine foot trail. She wore a bunch of evergreens in her hair, and her deep-green sash was fastened with a petrified green lizard with emerald eyes. Deacon Scott wore a bolt-green suit, manufactured from an old flag of Erin, given to him by Mrs. McCarthy for services rendered, in the cutting of which brought the yellow bars of the harp on the posterior portion of his unmentionables, giving the wearer the appearance of having sat on a warm gridiron. The Parson wore a closely-fitting coat of green paint, which exhibited his Adonis-like proportions to a wonderful advantage. Our efforts in substituting green as a more suitable color than black as an emblem of mourning would have been a perfect success but for an unfortunate misapprehension which entered the minds of some of our neighbors, those of the Irish persuasion, who, misled by our verdant appearance, deemed we were paying a devotional tribute to one Mr. Patrick, the patron Saint of Erin, and accordingly rushed into the Little Chapel and filled it to overflowing. I was not aware of the mistake the Hibernians had made until I attempted to commence the service by requesting the Blond Sister to sing that sacred and time-honored hymn,

## BRITANNIA RULES THE MAIN,

when suddenly a gigantic son of Erin arose with unparalleled ease and grace, and in the usual mild and dignified manner of that cultivated race, informed me that I was a damned Englishman, and intended to insult his friends by singing a cursed British song, and he jabbers he would throttle any Briton who opened his mouth against our Ireland. I endeavored to show him we had nothing to do with Ireland or St. Patrick; that we had donned the green as an emblem of sorrow. It was no use; he pointed to Deacon Scott's suit, "Isn't that our flag, ye bar kyard? and its game ye make of it, in wrapping the heather carcass of a Britisher in its sacred folds." I remarked it was not St. Patrick's day, "An' sure it is," he replied, "it's the 16th of March;" whereupon a little wretch, with the countenance of a bull-pup, jumped up and swore St. Patrick's day was the 17th. Here a third party interferred, and referred to history, where a compromise was effected in the dispute over the nata day of the Saint; placing his advent on the 17th, each one of the disputants sought to maintain his ground, when an indignant American remarked that there never was such a person as St. Patrick; a terrible fight ensued, and in the melee we went out of mourning, and out of the Chapel, according ourselves in a farmer's barn until the war was over. Our sanctuary, the little Chapel, is now a melancholy wreck. The Three were stripped entirely, and we saw some of their green decorations adorning the lovely forms of the sons of Erin in the

procession on the following day, the 17th. Our friends were terribly indignant, and insisted on the Parson's writing a poetic sermon in regard to this growing spirit of interference in our religious liberties, by the followers of Christ, and the adherents of ceremonial worship, and give it to the world through the columns of the *News Letter* :

SERMON ON MAN.

My friends, you'll find my text in man ;  
Please cast a retrospective glance,  
And with unbiassed judgment scan  
His pathway over Time's expanse.  
Open the volume of the race,  
And with a careful finger trace  
The record, from this Sabbath morn  
Down backward to creation's dawn.  
Turn one by one the moldering leaves,  
Where Fate with ghostly finger weaves,  
In tangled webs, on every page  
The legend of each passing age.  
We there in Time's dark annals find  
Man ever preys upon his kind ;  
From age to age, from year to year,  
Through weak credulity and fear,  
A few designing knaves have swayed  
The world by their religious trade.  
Primeval man saw he must die,  
And asked himself the reason why ;  
Unnumbered suns since then have set,  
That question is unanswered yet !  
His simple mind had not the power  
To fashion an ethereal bower,  
Create a God, or make a soul,  
That through eternity should sing  
And in Elysian clover roll,  
Or roam through Heaven upon the  
wing.  
He deemed himself supremely blest,  
With death as an eternal rest.  
On rolled the years ; the records tell  
Of many a heaven and many a hell,  
Whose bowers of bliss and seas of  
flame  
Have shrunk to nothing but a name.  
And those poor egotistic fools  
Who founded their religious schools  
The Oaks, March, 1873.

Have been, by Time's remorseless waves,  
Swept into long forgotten graves.  
Man ever swings the circle round ;  
In every new decade is found  
Some pious nonce, whose vengeful  
God  
Shakes over us his iron rod,  
And threatens our ethereal ghost  
In everlasting fire to roast.  
Or bribes us with his world of bliss,  
To rob us of our all in this.  
Mankind will sacrifice the real  
To fight and die for the ideal ;  
'Tis now as it hath ever been—  
Men persecute their fellow men  
Because some minds refuse to move  
Within a theologic groove ;  
That self-same overbearing zeal  
Inflames the Christian's breast to-day  
That crushed beneath its iron heel  
The hearts of millions passed away.  
That murd'rous spirit's central home  
Is still within the walls of Rome,  
And Christian venom still is thrown  
On every truth by science shown.  
That spirit deluged France with blood,  
Rolled over Spain a crimson flood,  
Enslaved Italia's sunny land,  
Swept Erin's Isle with vengeful hand,  
And sought to raise the red cross o'er  
Old England's freedom loving shore.  
Religion! curse of human kind,  
Thou blight and mildew of the mind !  
Of all the woes beneath the sun,  
Thy presence is the greatest one ;  
Thy record on the scroll of time  
Is one long calendar of crime.

Yours mournfully, THE PARSON.

**M. Dubourg's Theories**, which have been advocated by M. Alexandre Dumas in the *Femmes de Claude*, are becoming all the rage. The ladies are alarmed, and are talking amongst themselves of forming a league against their horrid husbands, who are encouraged to murder them when they go amiss. A horrible conflict, caused by jealousy and conjugal infidelity, was fought out with fatal results in the Rue Carteaux. A crowd assembled round No. 11 in the street, where a lady was seen clinging convulsively to the railings on the balcony of the fourth story. Some of the crowd rushed up the staircase to save the poor lady, but ere they could reach the door, a man was seen to climb over the balcony, to tear the woman's hands from her grasp, and both fell into the street with a fearful crash, followed by the hideous splashing of brains and blood. The miserable pair were husband and wife. The former had detected his wife's infidelity, and resolved to dash her into the street. Subsequently he seems to have decided to share her fate. The husband was taken up, smashed to pulp, stone dead ; the wife was still living, but life cannot long linger in her mutilated frame.

**A New Motive-Power.**---Ammonia has been put to use by G. Bustianelli, of Florence, as a motive-power. It acts in the same manner as steam, and is as easily controlled ; requires but a small amount of fuel to develop its immense force, the heat necessary for producing the pressure of ten atmospheres being limited to 130 degrees to 140 degrees Fahrenheit, and can now, it is said, be readily adapted to any machinery worked by steam, the new engine being quite simple in its construction. The saving of fuel is nearly seventy per cent. The complicated copper boiler, with its 150 tubes, is entirely dispensed with. The ammonia acts in continuous rotation, as it at once condenses and returns into the boiler, the quantity escaping being observable, and requiring only annual replacement. If so, coal has looked its blackest at us all, and its price will gradually get more benign to our wants. Ammonia, as a motive-power, is a very old acquaintance, and is said to have failed on account of its danger.

## THE FABLES OF ZAMBRI, THE PARSEE.

Translated from the Persian by Dod Grile (Bierce).—A certain terrier, of a dogmatic turn, asked a kitten her opinion of rats, demanding a categorical answer. The opinion, as given, did not possess the merit of coinciding with his own; whereupon he fell upon the heretic and bit her—bit her until his teeth were much worn and her body much elongated—bit her good! Having thus vindicated the correctness of his own view, he felt so amiable a satisfaction that he announced his willingness to adopt the opinion of which he had demonstrated the harmlessness. So he begged his enfeebled antagonist to restate it, which she incautiously did. No sooner, however, had the superior debater heard it for the second time than he resumed his intolerance, and made an end of that unhappy cat. "Heresy," said he, wiping his mouth, "may be endured in the vigorous and lusty; but in a person lying at the very point of death such hardihood is intolerable." It is always intolerable.

A young eel inhabiting the mouth of a river in India, determined to travel. Being a fresh-water eel he was somewhat restricted in his choice of a route, but he set out with a cheerful heart and very little luggage. Before he had proceeded very far up-stream he found the current too strong to be overcome without a ruinous consumption of coils. He decided to anchor his tail where it then was, and *grow* up. For the first hundred miles it was tolerably tedious work, but when he had learned to tame his impatience he found this method of progress rather pleasant than otherwise. But when he began to be caught at widely separate points by the fishermen of eight or ten different nations he did not think it so fine. This fable teaches that when you extend your residence you multiply your experiences. A local eel can know but little of angling.

Some of the lower animals held a convention to settle forever the unspeakably important question:—What is Life? "Life," squeaked the poet, blinking and folding his filmy wing, "is—." His kind having been already very numerous heard from upon the subject, he was choked off. "Life," said the scientist in a voice smothered by the earth he was throwing up into small hills, "is the harmonious action of the heterogeneous but related faculties, operating in accordance with certain natural laws." "Ah!" chattered the lover, "but that thaw of things is very great blith in the thothtiety of one'th thweatheart." And curling his tail about a branch he swung himself heavenward and had a spasm. "It is *vita*!" grunted the sententious scholar, pausing in his mastication of a Cauldiate root. "It is a thistle," brayed the warrior, "very nice thing to take!" "Life, my friends," croaked the philosopher from his hollow tree, dropping the lids over his great eyes, "is a disease. We are all symptoms." "Pooh!" ejaculated the physician, uncoiling and springing his rattle. "How then does it happen that when we remove the symptoms the disease is gone?" "I would give something to know that," replied the philosopher, musingly; "but I suspect that in most cases the inflammation remains, and is intensified." Draw your own moral inference, "in your own jugs."

For a number of years an opossum had anointed his tail with bear's oil, but it remained stubbornly baldheaded. At last his patience was exhausted, and he appealed to Bruin himself, accusing him of breaking faith, and calling him a quack. "Why, you insolent mars-upial!" retorted the bear in a rage; "you expect my oil to give you hair upon your tail, when it will not give me even a tail! Why don't you try underdraining, or top-dressing with light compost?" They said and did a great deal more before the opossum withdrew his cold and barren member from consideration; but the judicious fabulist does not encumber his tale with extraneous matter, lest it be pointless.

"So dis-reputable a lot as you are I never saw!" said a sleepy rat to the casks in a wine-cellar. "Always making night hideous with your hoops and hollows, and disgusting the day with your bunged-up appearance. There is no sleeping when once the wine has got into your heads. I'll report you to the butler!" "The sneaking tale-bearer!" said the casks. "Let us beat him with our staves." "Reprieves at pace," muttered a learned cobweb, sententiously. "Requires a cat in the place, does it?" shrieked the rat. "Then I'm off!" To explain all the wisdom imparted by this fable would require the pen of a pig, and volumes of smoke.

A giraffe having trodden upon the tail of a poodle, that animal flew into a blind rage, and wrestled valorously the invading foot. "Hullo, sonny!" said the giraffe, looking down; "what are you doing there?" "I am fighting!" was the proud reply; "but I don't know that it is any of your business." "Oh, I have no desire to mix in," said the good-natured giraffe. "I never take sides in terrestrial strife. Still, that is my foot, I think—." "Eh!" cried the poodle, backing some distance away and gazing upward, shading his eye with his paw. "You don't mean to say—by Jove it's a fact! Well that beats me! A beast of such enormous length—such preposterous duration, as it were—I wouldn't have believed it! Of course I can't quarrel with a non-resident; but why don't you have a local agent on the ground?" The reply was probably the wisest ever made; but it has not descended to this generation. It has so very far to descend.—*Fun*.

The above is from the pen of our old friend, the *Town Crier* (Bierce), now in London, and who will shortly return to us.

It is said that Russia will soon appear in the market as borrower. The sum required will be twenty-five millions.

## WAYSIDE GUSHINGS.

BY MRS. HARRIS.

In 'alf an hour the Judge returned, and the jury took their places  
 With doubt and hagitation written plain upon their faces ;  
 The clerk called out the jury roll, who hanswered vun by vun,  
 Beginn' vith the foreman, vich 'is name vere Vilkerson ;  
 Then Smith, and Jones, and Brown, and Styles, the 'igh-toned 'aberdasher,  
 Vith Fisticuffs, the prize fighter, a werry famous smasher ;  
 'Iggins, the 'atter, Mullet, 'olesale dealer in stale fish,  
 De Crapaud, French cuisinier, skilled in many a savory dish ;  
 Sapsky, the old quack doctor, who by many a bogus pill  
 'As 'umbugged fools out of their cash ven fancyin' they vos ill ;  
 Tightfit, the tailor, who gives credit—'ence a man of note—  
 'Twas 'im as made Judge Sawyer that 'andsome dress-tail coat ;  
 Concludin' vith Orlando Skip, who keeps a dancin' school,  
 And hevery vun howned to 'is name and looked a perfect fool.

" 'Ave you agreed," 'ollered the clerk, " upon your werdick, gents ?"  
 " No, ve 'aven't," says the foreman, " for a law pint circumwents  
 Our hunderstandins, and ve beg the Judge to make it clear,  
 Or ve shan't agree till doomsday and ve don't vant to stay 'ere."  
 " 'Vot is it ?" said the learned Judge. " 'Vot do a noosance mean  
 By statoot ?" cries a jurymen, " that's vot must first be seen  
 Before ve're hable to decide if Sayrah's voice be sich,  
 Or Sparerib and 'is sassiges, and likevays vich is vich."  
 " A noosance, gentlemen, in law is thus defined," says Blake,  
 " A hact as causes bothers from 'ealthy sleep to vake,  
 Or breaks their necks and sich like through jumpin' out of bed  
 Ven through the ceilin' some vun pours cold vater on their 'ead.  
 To ring a door-bell at all hours, like the 'Oodlums of this town,  
 And bring a delicate lady or hastmatic lodger down  
 To hopen the door and then to find there's nobody houtside—  
 Sich houtrages is noosances and can't be justified,  
 And hevery vun who does sich hacts is justly 'eld a bore—  
 Heven a hinfant still in harms as does permiscuous roar  
 Is 'eld a noosance by the constitooshun of the land,  
 Vich, 'owever strong, sich 'orrid vays ain't hadequate to stand.  
 In short, a noosance is laid down as a hobnoxious hact,  
 And hintention is not rekisite, provided there be fact."

" 'Ere the jury began whisperin', but did not leave their places,  
 Vile they looked at vun another vith 'orrible grimaces,  
 Till the foreman rose and blew 'is nose and speakin' to Judge Blake,  
 Says, " the jury, if it please the Court, 'ave a request to make :  
 Ve're all of us unanimous in the vish to 'ear a song  
 From Sayrah, that ve may decide vich party's in the wrong.  
 Our werdick vill depend on vot ve think of 'er sopranner.  
 Provided as the gal can sing without 'er grand pianner."

" Sayrah," the Judge said, in a tone of sympathetic pity,  
 " Sing to the jury some nice toon or pleasant little ditty,  
 I know 'tis 'ard for a bashful gal to sing before the Court,  
 But the jury 'ave expressed a vish vich gratify you ought."  
 " 'Vot shall I sing, Judge ?" Sayrah cries, a-risin' to 'er feet  
 And looking at 'im vith a gaze as vos bevitching sweet ;  
 " Sing vot you like," replied the Judge, and sat back in 'is chair  
 Closin' 'is eyes vith folded 'ands and a woluptious air.  
 I never dreamed until that hour that Sayrah 'ad sich vit,  
 But Sawyer whispered afterwards, " the gal 'ave made an 'it,  
 And charmed the jury by 'er hadaptation of a song  
 By Tummus Moore, the poet, vich 'ave vorked unkimmon strong."  
 So Sayrah sang in a voice that rang through the ceilin' over 'ead,  
 " The 'arp that vunce through 'Arris' 'alls the soul of moosic shed,  
 And vould 'ave gone on sheddin', but Sparerib brought a suit,  
 And the Court did put a weto on that 'arp, vich now is mute."  
 At this 'ere pathos hevery eye pulled out its 'andkerchief,  
 Vile in red 'ot tears and hawful groans the handience found relief.  
 The Judge, he rocked 'imself like vun as is suddingly took hill,  
 Vile Sayrah's voice vos like the 'unter's 'orn upon the 'ill,  
 'Eard far and near it vos so clear, and the people raised a roar  
 Of " 'Oorar 'Arris ! vell done, Sayrah ! hongcore, hongcore !"  
 The jury all in raptur' cried, " Might ve vunce more request  
 That Sayrah sing another song and do 'er werry best,  
 Ve then may find a werdick vithout leavin' this 'ere box ;  
 " Do so," says Blake, " for I think this suit is *nihil nisi vox* ;  
 Sing, Sayrah, if you please, again, that the jury may be sure  
 Vether your voice a noosance is and you yourself a bore,  
 Or vether Sparerib is to blame for not 'aving an ear  
 For vocal moosic from a voice as is so loud and clear."  
 " Vell, then," says she, " I'll sing ' Meet me by moonlight,' Judge, ' alone,'  
 And hafter that I'll give the Court ' Ham I not fondly thy hone !"



As Sayrah bended all the jury knocked their 'eads together,  
 And hargued in loud whispers the veighty question vether  
 Sayrah or Sparerib vos to blame, and werry soon they 'ollers,  
 "Judge, ve 'ave found a werdick unanimous as follers:  
 Sayrah 'ave a hangelic voice; 'tis a hintellectshal treat  
 To 'ear 'er sing to all except a wender of cats' meat  
 And tomat sassisges, like 'im who brought the present haction,  
 But as no damage 'as been done, Sparerib can't claim a fraction.  
 Ve, therefore, finds a werdick for 'Arris, the defendant,  
 On whom the lovely vocalist, sweet Sayrah, is dependent."  
 The Judge then said, "I quite agrees vith the jury in this case."  
 And he cast a rayther hammerous vink at Sayrah's blushin' face.  
 Tyler fell forward on 'is 'ead in a happleptic fit,  
 Vile Sawyer danced an 'ornpipe, and I vos fit to split  
 My sides vith laughin', vile the haudience roared vith hexultation  
 At Mrs. 'Arris' 'appy wict'ry in this litigation.

### FOREIGN AND COLONIAL NOTES.

**Northern Pacific Railroad.**—Commissioners appointed by President Grant to examine and report upon the completed road and telegraph line of the Northern Pacific Railroad Company, from its junction with the Lake Superior and Mississippi Railroad to the "Red River of the North," have made their report. The Commissioners state that the line is judiciously located, well constructed and adequately equipped. Contracts have been recently concluded for the extension of the line a further distance of 3.0 miles.

**American Small Arms.**—The Roumanian Ministry of War is said to be negotiating for the purchase of 60,000 American rifles of the latest system, whether Peabody or Remington is not stated. A large number of Martini-Henry rifles have been ordered for Turkey. They are to be supplied by the Providence Tool Company, the only establishment in the United States which has a right to manufacture the arms in question.

**Proposed New Australian Lighthouse.**—A deputation from the various insurance companies of South Australia has urged upon the Government of that colony the necessity of erecting a lighthouse on Tipara Reef, where several casualties have occurred to British shipping.

**The St. Gothard Tunnel.**—It appears that this great work has been completed at the close of last year to the extent of 396 feet. The greatest progress had been made on the southern side.

**The Belgian Iron Trade.**—A considerable number of additional orders for railway material have come to hand in Belgium. Almost as many German adjudications are now pending as at the corresponding date of 1872. The new works of M. Germain, of Marchienne, have secured their first important contract in the shape of an order for 500 trucks for the Prince Henry system.

**Ismid and Bagdad Railway.**—Eight Turkish Government engineers who are to make surveys for a projected railway between Ismid and Bagdad, will leave shortly for the purpose of proceeding with their duties.

**Russian Railways.**—It appears that the length of railway existing in Russia at the close of September, 1872, was 12,990 verstes, divided between forty-two companies. The amount acquired on the various lines in the first nine months of last year was 47,767,354 roubles.

**Rails in the United States.**—The production of rails last year at the rolling mill owned by the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad Company was 20,043 tons, being the largest quantity ever made by the company in a single year. A liberal quantity of steel rails was laid down by the company last year at points where heavy grades, sharp curves, or constant shunting of trains subjects the roadway to great wear and tear.

**Germany and the Iron Trade.**—An important revival has been noticed in Belgium in the demand for railway plant. It is also remarked that German adjudications are becoming almost as numerous as they were at this period last year. Great activity prevails, indeed, among the German railway interests.

**Dunedin and Port Chalmers Railway.**—The ballasting of this line has been actively carried on, and already trains have been running over it with wool freights, although the line has not yet been formally opened. A goods shed and station have been erected at Dunedin, and at Port Chalmers good progress has been made in the completion of the railway pier.

**Steam Colliers.**—The net profits of six steam colliers owned by the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad Company were last year \$117,641. A plan has been matured by the Directors for a new fleet of steam colliers varying from 600 to 1,300 tons burthen, and a ship yard for repairing these vessels is to be established at Port Richmond.

**Great Western Railway of Canada.**—A rumor has been current in London, Ontario, to the effect that Mr. W. K. Muir, general superintendent of the Great Western Railway of Canada, has placed his resignation in the hands of the Canadian directors of that undertaking. This report requires, however, confirmation.

### Special Brevities.

**Sir Bartle Frere's Mission.**---The Special Commissioner of the *Daily Telegraph*, who accompanies Sir Bartle Frere's anti-slave trade mission to Zanzibar, forwards two long and interesting letters, which throw much light upon the slave system in Northern Africa, and give curious accounts of the manner in which our envoy was received by the Sultan, from whom we hope for so much co-operation in the endeavors to suppress the traffic Dr. Livingstone so vehemently denounced. By the latest telegraphic news—which came through Aden on the 3d instant—Sir Bartle Frere has found the native merchants, whom he has met in public assemblage, strongly disinclined either to believe in the suppression of the slave trade, or to help on that result; and the Sultan, while professing to agree with our Envoy, declares that his own life would be in danger if he signed any document for the abolition of slavery.

Canada is rather tardily following our example in providing for future Parliamentary investigation by granting fifty million acres of land and thirty million dollars in gold to her projected Pacific Railway. The Company is required to deposit ten per cent. of the capital with the Government, to be retained subject to the disposition of the Dominion Parliament. The entire capital stock is ten million dollars. The work must be finished within ten years, but certain sections must be completed within a less time, and construction at both ends, with the humiliating aid of Yankee telegraph lines, must be begun before the first of next July.

There have been Added to the Brighton Aquarium some Abyssinian toads, for whose special behoof a Wardian case has been provided. They have also added themselves to one of the tanks an infinite number of minute shrimp-like creatures, in size and appearance like the lower part of the body of the daddy-long-legs, with the addition of a singular protuberance beneath. They are, in fact, a shoal of opossum shrimps, the protuberance being in reality a bag in which, like the opossum, they carry their young. It is not known how these shrimps came into the aquarium.

**Killed by a Creeping Plant.**---Mr. Stephen Maple, under-gardener to F. Phillips, Esq., Lee Priory, Wingham, has met his death under singular circumstances. He was training a creeping plant of a poisonous nature (probably a *Euphorbia*), when he was pricked in the hand by one of the thorns. Mortification set in, and he died in great agony four days afterwards. He was 77 years of age. We wonder Darwin never traced the likeness in tropical plants to tropical reptiles both in their aspect and their action.

**The London Missionary Society** proposes to establish a mission in the great island of New Guinea, which is inhabited by tribes of savage, treacherous and blood-thirsty people. The undertaking is difficult and dangerous, but a number of missionaries have been found who are willing to enter the field. Their work will be confined at present to places along the coast; and to facilitate their movements, a missionary steamer is to be provided by the generosity of Miss Baxter, of Dundee.

**Manufacturers of, and Dealers in, Poetry** may be interested in hearing that there is to be a grand poetry match or contest at Bordeaux. The entrance for the same will be closed on the 10th June. We hope they will settle that old bone of contention, Which is the best rhyme for potato? excluding the latest tip, Long Acre!

**A Novel Pet.**---A lady of Danielsonville, N. Y., has a very well-trained animal in the person of a butterfly, which nestles in her hand, alights upon her shoulder or hair, at her bidding, or, by way of variety, hides in the knot of ribbon at her throat when he feels like taking a nap.

**An Art Discovery.**---There is reason to believe that the long-lost portrait of Moliere, painted by Sebastian Bourdon, has been discovered among the Ingres collection at the museum of Montauban, and that it was restored by the latter painter, who purchased it at a dealer's sale.

**M. Gambetta** has announced his intention of making a political excursion in the North of France during the Easter recess. He will make Lille his headquarters, and he has told several friends that he will speak there even more plainly than he did at Grenoble.

**Still at War.**---The German artists have threatened not to exhibit any of their works at Vienna if they are not treated on a footing of perfect equality with the French, who, it is said, have been unduly favored as regards space and light.

**We Understand that M. Bichard**, the French painter, has started from Paris for Madrid as special artist for our contemporary the *Graphic*, so that we may expect some good pictures of the events now transpiring in Spain.

**Sir Noel Paton**, some of whose works have been exhibited in Bath, exhibits in the Royal Scottish Academy this year for the first time for several years. The subject of his picture is "Christ and the Sleeping Disciples."

**Another Sportsman**, M. Cailletel, has been killed at Lamarche by a wild boar, which goaded him to death after he had wounded the animal. "The bear was found dead upon his victim."

**In Pursuance of the New Law against Drunkenness**, the Paris police have apprehended 122 drunken men in the streets during the last two days.

## A REPORTER FROM HADES IN SAN FRANCISCO.

- Satan was discontented in his palace down below,  
 He'd had a dullish month or two, the trade in souls was slow;  
 In a malicious humor was His Majesty Old Nick,  
 Giving each demon in his road a passing blow or kick.  
 At last he paused, and o'er his face came a satanic smile,  
 "My imp at 'Frisco! Call him in—he's out a longish while;  
 Bid him come down immediately, and tell me when he comes,  
 And have a banquet ready for himself and all his chums."
- The message flew at lightning speed, and quick the imp came back,  
 His note-book hanging by his side, newspapers on his back;  
 He doffed his hat at Satan's throne, and making a low bow,  
 Said, "Will it please your Majesty to hear my news just now?"  
 Cried Satan, "Yes; say on, my imp—my trusty imp and true;  
 I'll always lend a willing ear to aught that comes from you.  
 I've waited long and anxiously, and almost had the blues,  
 For things have been so slow down here; but come, let's have the news!"
- "The latest news I'll tell you first, for after you can read  
 Through my supply of *Chronicle's*, they'll tell you all you need.  
 Well, the last month round here has been a pretty stirring time,  
 And produced some of the nicest and daintiest kinds of crime.  
 There's Page has blown his brains out, and nearly killed his wife,  
 For some slight misunderstanding in their domestic life,  
 But of course your Majesty e'er now has got his soul in tow;"
- "I have, my imp, and given him a nice cool place below."
- "Your Majesty, I've wandered round the town by night and day,  
 Have watched the fiery whisky steal men's senses all away;  
 I've followed men, and watched them, under its dread control,  
 Enter those dens of infamy that damn the sturdiest soul  
 (I mean those houses on Dupont, the city's worst disgrace,  
 And those flaunting homes of sin men call the Waverly Place).  
 But it's an ill wind, your Majesty, that blows none any good,  
 And I fancy that our training school is in that neighborhood.
- They've had investigations into many public schools,  
 And have found the teachers in them are knaves as well as fools.  
 Then there's that scoundrel Robinson, we long have had our eye on,  
 He's proved a worthy member for this our nether Zion.  
 We must keep a corner for him heated with tenfold heat,  
 For a choicer kind of villain 'tis very hard to meet.  
 He's accused a worthy father of that dire crime incest—  
 Hell is not hot enough for him, but give him of our best.
- There's Russell, too, the murderer, he's coming soon, that's sure;  
 They're sick of all these murders, and find out the only cure  
 Is, strike the crime right at its root, unfurl the flag of red,  
 And hang them by their dirty necks until they're dead, dead dead!  
 And if slow-handed Justice fail, thro' gold or other cause,  
 The people are determined to uphold religion's laws;  
 For as they strung Matt Tarpy up, and tore him from his jail,  
 So will they hang the others up if Law and Justice fail.
- Our old friend, Laura Fair, has found her lectures do not pay,  
 And is right down on her beam ends—least so the papers say;  
 For the people's taste for horrors is quickly dying out,  
 And her feline elocution is drowned by hiss and shout.  
 There's been a nice addition to the sharp young men in town,  
 Our young friend, Major Larkyns, from the Islands has come down;  
 He played his game of confidence right well, I must confess,  
 But if he plays the same game here he won't be a success.
- I went to see our friend, Devine; he tells me he's all right.  
 "For if they mean to hang me, I'll blab a precious sight  
 Of very stern and ugly facts about a well known man,  
 A certain girl, a certain bridge—deny them if he can!"  
 The Mayor and Supervisors are all fat and doing well,  
 Though votes are at a discount now, they say they'll hardly sell.  
 The city's looking flourishing, and from all that I can glean  
 A better promise of a crop, for Hell, was never seen.

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The Army Register, for the current year, shows that the commissioned portion of the United States Army includes 12 general officers, 15 adjutant-generals, 8 inspector-generals, 10 judge-advocates, 1 chief signal-officer, 69 quartermasters, 26 commissaries, 163 medical officers, 54 paymasters, 103 engineers, 61 ordnance-officers, 30 post-chaplains, 425 cavalry-officers, 274 artillery-officers, 881 infantry-officers, 8 professors, 293 cadets, and 297 officers retired from active service, making a total of 2,730. There are 2,132 officers on the active list; and, contrary to the general impression, only 666, or less than one-third of them, are graduates of West Point.

[From the Town Crier Column of the San Francisco News Letter.]

**What a Relief it is to Our Minds** to find out that the charges preferred against Mr. Gordon are false, and that one of the vilest conspiracies that the world has ever known has been traced to the proper quarter. We search in vain through the annals of crime to find any case half as bad. We never for a moment believed that Gordon was guilty, but even the idea that such might be the case made us shudder and blush for our degraded race. No punishment that man can devise or God sanction could be bad enough for Robinson. Hanging would be far, far too good, roasting alive not half painful enough. Solitary confinement and a diet beginning with two pounds of Boston beans, and gradually working down to one bean a day, with nothing to read but the *Alta*, and no one to visit him but a *Chronicle* reporter twice a day, is, as being the most lingering, painful and tantalizing death we can imagine, the punishment we should award him. As for Miss Katy, we should apprentice her to Mrs. P——t S——s, and even that would be hardly severe enough.

**An Enterprising Sportsman**, by name Matt Tarpey, has been most cruelly interfered with by certain meddlesome people, who could not mind their own business. Matt, well armed with a couple of navy shooters, a Henry rifle, and a double shot-gun, sallied forth in quest of large game; after a weary watch, he at last spied his game, a defenceless woman. A well directed shot in the back, from the double gun, brought his game to grass. This adventurous and gallant son of Erin at once stepped up to make sure that life was extinct, and then, without stopping to pick up his quarry, quietly walked away. One can hardly credit it, but the people of Watsonville and the neighborhood did not seem to like this kind of shooting, and actually strung poor Matt up to a pine tree till he was dead, dead, dead. Before he died, however, he magnanimously forgave the crowd, and to show that he bore no malice, left the husband \$1,000 to buy a mourning ring. He did not seem to like the idea of taking a trip to the other world, and died as he had lived, a dirty cur.

**Kleptomania** seems to be the last new sensation in Chicago. At present this fashionable mania is confined to the fair sex, and to those whose positions in life are sufficiently high to be termed kleptomaniacs instead of sneak thieves. To our fancy the poor sneak thief who steals for a livelihood is infinitely preferable to the kleptomaniac who steals for sport. We are almost tempted to think that there is some truth in the old tale of Eve and the apple, but we take the part of the snake, and don't believe for a moment that it had any hand in the matter. Eve wanted no tempting; she saw the apple, wanted it, and, as women usually do, got it, ate it, and suffered for it. The only sort of theft that the *Town Crier* admires in women is the stealing of hearts, which he considers a just retribution on the poor fools who carry them outside their waistcoats.

**In the Evidence** brought to bear against Warring Wilkinson, in the D. D. and B. Asylum examination, a fearful and flagrant crime is brought to light: he actually took a little blind girl of six years of age up in his arms and kissed her. Now, without defending Mr. W. W.'s school management, we fail to see the enormity of the crime. But we have arrived at such an age of precocity that it is extremely dangerous to kiss a female baby out of arms. Breaches of promise cases and their probable issue are discussed in our nurseries, and visionary judgments of candy are awarded to wronged misses of six, whose too susceptible hearts have been lacerated by the blandishments of some Lotharios of eight.

**If there be Any Justice Left in this Land**, let Robinson have it. If he be guilty, as appears, and if he be sane, he is the most execrable and most atrocious hound to-day unhung. For such a scoundrel—to whom Judas Iscariot and Titus Oates are as gentlemen—the fate of Damians were too lenient, the furthest hell too cool. He has flooded the land with a revolting tale, with a nameless abomination of slander, striking at the dearest, most sacred ties yet left to us. We demand meet punishment. We demand that his name be made a by-word and a hissing for all time; that his fate be something for shuddering and amazement; that here, where we have garnered up our hearts, where either we must live or bear no life, we raise up such a ward of awful horror as the very fiend shall not dare to pass. If, indeed, this thing may be endured, there is no home safe, no relation sacred, no fame so pure, no name so high, as to know whether it stand or fall. Away with feelings of mercy! Scourge the soul from this beast and let devils snatch at it!

**A Massachusetts Medium**, who is described as a young, industrious, and somewhat illiterate mechanic, is reported to be finishing the "Mystery of Edwin Drood," at the dictation of the ghostly Boz. We are asked to believe that he never read the book, and "probably never heard of it;" but instantly recognized a picture of Dickens, when shown to him, as the face of the spirit who visits him, and the glorious beauty of whose eyes is wonderful to behold. Now, is not this infamous? Surely flogging is too good for ruffians like these spiritualists, who "put the hug" on the honored dead, and try to pick their pockets of posthumous fame! We feel sure the circulating medium is the only medium in the case, and that this young and industrious—chivalric-industrious-mechanic—is telling a Massachusetts—never mind what!

**Lord Dufferin**, of the "Yacht Voyage in High Latitudes," is the coming man. He is Governor of the Dominion of Canada, and he was sorely tempted, when traveling on the St. Lawrence, to turn up and spank various children that he saw. He is just the man to tell us what to do with "Our Boys;" and if he would only come and do it, we should all be *multum gratificati et flattificati* to make him Governor of our dominion.



**Once More the Much Forbearing Soul of the Town Crier** rebels at the infernal din made by that bell on Bush street, to which a little French church is attached. In vain has he expostulated with the demon that presides over that bell; in vain has he invoked heaven and conjured hell to help him stop its damnable and untimely ringings. Before the earliest rooster has summoned his harem to arise, it rings. At the witching hour of midnight its gigantic clapper hammers, its mollen sides extorting noises hideous enough to wake a dead Irishman, and maddening enough to make Dr. Stone damn his maternal grandmother's eyes. At last a happy thought has struck us: a giant gunpowder cartridge, tied on to the clapper, and well soaked in nitro-glycerine - that's the idea! The only question is, not who'll "bell the cat?" but "who'll cat the bell?"

**In These Day of Impecuniosity**, it is refreshing and comforting to learn that one of our shining legal lights still keeps up our prestige, and "never goes into Court for less than \$250." We congratulate our friend, Judge Campbell, on his success at the Bar, and hope he may meet with many more cases of confiding Britishers, who, having been swindled out of \$4,000, require his aid, and are foolish enough to believe in his pompous assertions and pay him his exorbitant fees for a few hours in the Police Court. The Judge evidently considers that the "Alabama Claims" have been put at too low a figure. We pity the English Treasury had he the fixing of the damages.

**A Beautiful Mexican Girl**, with hair almost as long and thick as Godiva's, appeared in the Police Court on Thursday as witness. The glorious hirsute adornments of the Aztec beauty excited the envy of several attorneys, whose upper storeys are not so thickly thatched now as long syne. The sight, says old Mrs. Atta, who happened to be present, caused several of these envious gentlemen to rub their bald pates vigorously with a bandana. Did the wipe circulate? Are pocket-handkerchiefs then as rare among the legal luminaries of our grimy little Police Court as sound arguments and good pleading?

**Mrs. Minnie Myrtle Miller** "regrets that the misapprehension exists that her lecturing tour was undertaken with the object of injuring her husband." O, the asp in a basket of flowers! Why, we are sick to death of this cant. We love a strong hater, one flinging the glove boldly, saying, "You have wronged me: I tell have eye for eye and tooth for tooth." But this, this Nürnberg image, "eiserne Jungfrau," letting the life out in an embrace of spike-stabs; this she-Judas, cross and kiss in one--faugh! sprinkle carbolic acid here!

**George Francis Train** is insane at last. We knew how it would be. We told Georgey himself how it would be. Our soul has yearned over this prodigal. We have wrestled on our knees at a throne of grace for this wandering lamb, till we rose limping like Jacob after the angel bit him foul below the belt. No use: George went on just so: kept a-bleating, kept a-wandering, took to shirking his drink, grew careless about the *News Letter*, hardly ever opened a bible, and now--poor Train!

**In Answer to the New York Tribune's Inquiry, "Do Not Jews Write Poetry?"** that exceptionally fortunate person, the editor of the *Jewish Messenger*, says he never received a dozen bits of original poetry from his co-religionists in all his experience. This, besides being a very fortunate circumstance for the readers of his journal, also shows that the people who claim to be the chosen of God have sadly degenerated since the days of David and Solomon, in that they now pay less attention to the Psalms than to the Profits.

**The Chronicle Discovered**, last Thursday, a clock in a Kearny street window that had thirteen dials. Now, by that clock, in his innocent youth, did the T. C. time his trunancies. Before that clock, in his early days, he was wont to chew gum, and muse on the flight of time, and the mutability of things. That clock was there before the *Chronicle* was born, yet De Young haits it now with a discovery shout, like a new Balboa sighting a Pacific. All alive ho! 'the live paper!"

**"Belshazzar's Feast: A Grand Affair, and What Came of It,"** was the last Sunday evening bill of Rev. F. F. Jewell. There is an unseemly levity in the announcement, tending to disparage the sacred *célibat* of the great Babylonian free lunch. This growing irreverence with our clerical end men will yet extend to the regular profession, and encourage such originals as Billy Emerson to steal St. Paul's conundrums, the holy jokes of Solomon, and other inspired gags.

**Fifty-eight Years Ago the Battle of Waterloo** was described in one-third of a column in the London *Morning Chronicle*. Volumes could not convey a more forcible illustration of the expansion of journalism than does this single fact. Our own *Modoc* war has been a godsend to our sensational press. A couple of pages would not contain one half of the stuff crammed into the columns of our local dailies.

**They Have Put Tom Quinn in the Insane Asylum** because he is crazy and imagines himself God. Well, what a damned fool this is! Why didn't he imagine himself a devil and go and kill somebody. Then a judge, and a jury, and a committee of doctors would have got him off, and sent him a-lecturing to Sacramento. God help thee, shallow man! God make incision in thee! Thou art raw.

**All the Papers in the Country** have been busy drawing the moral from the exposures in Congress. This is merely superfluous. What is really called for, and in vain, is to have some one draw the immoral out of the Congressional pit.

**DEAF, AND DUMB, AND BLIND.**

The wholesome spirit of investigation  
 Stirs in the land; the Board of Education,  
 Broad in the beam and heavy in the head,  
 With *ris a tergo* squeezed rebellion dead.  
 The fine example fires the noble mind  
 Of those who rule the Deaf and Dumb, and Blind;  
 One common impulse sways them till they meet,  
 With generous heart each rushes to his seat.  
 "Bring on the case!"—'twas Mora Moss that cried;  
 "Bring on the case!" the hollow walls replied.  
 The case was brought; it's very look was rough.  
 The pupils swore they never had enough  
 Of decent food; that half the meat was rotten,  
 The coffee slops, the very mackerel shotten:  
 The bread half chalk, half mouldy; and the tea  
 Fit for no human creature that could see.  
 One on the other gazed the high-souled men;  
 One blew his nose, one shook his head; and then,  
 "Tune up the music!" was the cry. There came  
 A boy, who testified, with red-faced shame,  
 His teacher told him he was bound for hell.  
 The teacher said the boy would not sing well,  
 And so he told him, to arouse contrition,  
 That hell was yawning for his soul's perdition.  
 This cleared the mist; the teacher was excused,  
 And his bright fancy all the Board amused.  
 Their smiles composed, a blind girl, with a face  
 Half childish, told about a warm embrace,  
 Warm as with love, she suffered in the dark,  
 From Wilkinson the younger, lively spark.  
 Called to explain, the young man, with a sense  
 Of outraged purity, made this defence:  
 How should he win these lambs to serve the Lord  
 Without a sympathetic, sweet accord  
 Between themselves and him? How make them see  
 The complex mysteries of the Rule of Three,  
 Unless, with mutual trust, they felt and knew  
 From long experience, one and one were two?  
 A five-fold sigh the glad Directors heaved,  
 The tale, so simple, had their cares relieved.  
 They rose at once; and Mora Moss, whose reading  
 Is wide and various, to the rest receding,  
 Said, with a bow, before he donned his hat,  
 "Who drives fat oxen should himself be fat;"  
 So thought great Johnson; let me say at once,  
 Who deals with dunces should himself be dunce.  
 We, who direct the Deaf and Dumb, and Blind,  
 Should close the avenues of the fallible mind  
 To outward things; be blind, and deaf, and dumb  
 To truth and light and sense, though chaos come.

**SUICIDE.**

Two or Three Philosophical Englishmen are arguing that a man has a right to commit suicide; and that it often becomes his duty to do so. How far the argument is seriously meant, there is nothing to show. The only fault we find with it is that, according to the report, there seems to be too much of an apologetic tone in the reasoning. Why should the right be inherent, and the duty a contingent one? Why not frankly admit that they are equal and co-extensive? We are too much hampered by the conventionalities of a long continued artificial system of morals. It is evident that if a man has the right to pronounce his own doom, under certain peculiar circumstances, he must be his own judge as to the existence of those circumstances; and this admission practically abolishes all limits to his right and his duty. It becomes, therefore, the duty of a man to commit suicide, not here or now, not to-morrow or next week, but just when he feels like it and it seems good to him. Undoubtedly there would ensue great confusion in the business of this world, if all men were to act on this principle; but supposing a general acceptance of the principle—and everything new has a fair chance of being generally accepted,—it is easy to see that the social feeling of men, that instinctive force which binds them together, would so far work upon them that there would be formed classes, as if for graduation. In order to enjoy his born right of suicide, each man would give up his claim to kill himself at any time, for a right to depart merely during the course of the year. Just as in a college there is the class of 1875, and that of 1876, so in the new society there would be the suicidal class of 1885, and that of 1886. The natural longing for order and regulation would be gratified in this way, without sacrificing the natural liberty.

### COAL IN CHINA.

The Pall Mall Gazette prints the following remarks upon the motion of Mr. Akroyd in the House of Commons, having reference to the China coal fields: It is of course satisfactory when enduring the inconveniences of a coal famine to hear, as Lord Enfield stated, in reply to Mr. Akroyd, that the mineral exists in almost unlimited quantity in China. And yet of what use or advantage is it to us, seeing that it is seemingly impossible to get at it! The Chinese Government have steadily declined to allow foreign capitalists to touch the immense coal fields of the country, and the only consolation Lord Enfield can suggest is the expression of "a hope" that the Chinese will yet realize the benefit they would derive from the development of the mineral wealth of China by means of foreign capital. But though we can look for no alleviation of the existing suffering caused among the poorer classes of our population by the exorbitant price of coal from Chinese sources of supply, since it is quite possible to starve within sight of abundance, the extent of the coal fields of China affords an element of comfort as to the future. China, it is reasonable to expect, will not persist in shutting out wealth from her shores forever. If her supplies could be got at and made available they must preclude all anxiety from the dread of an ultimate failure of the coal supply. Lord Enfield says there is no reason to doubt the correctness of Baron von Richthofen's estimates of the amount of coal in the provinces of Yunnan, Hupeh and Sianst, especially as they have been confirmed by the reports of our Consuls. If, then, the coal fields of China cover an area of more than 400,000 square miles, as contrasted with the comparatively small area of 12,000 square miles in Great Britain, the supply is practically inexhaustible. The quality of the coal, so far as ascertained, seems to be excellent. To make this immense supply available to the civilized world would be a feat worthy of diplomacy which is defined by Mr. Disraeli as "force without violence."

### "OUR BOY ARTIST."

During the Past Week numbers of persons have been drawn to the window of Love & Black's furnishing store, by a very attractive picture, painted in oils, by R. B. Birch. It represents some very pretty wood and scenery, with the foreground occupied by the figure of "Dolly Varden." The latter is in the act of bending down a small bough while she stands on tip-toe to peep at the inmates of a bird's nest, whom we can fancy chirruping with delight at the sweet face which beams on them. We do not propose and do not wish to enter into any minute criticism of the work, for, as a matter of course, it has cradities, but, as the production of a boy not much over fifteen years of age, who has only received a few lessons in drawing, and none whatever in painting, it bespeaks a vigor of conception and an eye for color which gives evidence of extraordinary talent, and which only needs developing to ensure us an artist of whom we may be proud. Whilst deprecating, as a rule, the premature exhibition of the student's labors, we may state that in this case there was a special object in view. The boy was desirous of proceeding to Europe to pursue his studies there for some years under good masters, and wished to be able, himself, to defray a portion of the expense of his journey. Even now his wishes are partially realized: an entire stranger to him, Mr. W. P. Stymus, of the firm of Pottier & Stymus, 625 Broadway, New York, having readily given him \$80 for his picture. Fame finds plenty of patrons, but it is in mounting the first rounds of its ladder that a friend is most needed. We are glad that in the present instance that friend has been found, and we predict that the purchaser of Master Birch's painting will one day remember with pleasure that he gave timely aid to struggling genius, and will find his reward in recognizing its success.

A Proposition has been Made in Congress for the purchase of the famous Indian cartoons of the late Mr. Catlin. These cartoons are six hundred in number, and, though very rude in execution, are the only complete and authentic representations of Indian life, possessing on this account a decided historical and ethnological value. The price asked is \$100,000.

[Some thirty-five years since we were exceedingly interested in viewing the greater number of these colored cartoons of our Indian tribes in the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly, London. The price asked from our Government is not one-fifth of their value.—ED. NEWS LETTER.]

Land seems now to be the cause of not only murders but suicides, as Mr. J. H. Gordon, of Monterey, having some little dispute about land titles, shot himself twice. This seems a very natural way of settling a knotty question, as he will at least have an undoubtedly good title to six feet by three of terra firma, and no one to dispute it.

The Investigation proves the Shipping Commissioner to be the right man in the right place—the veritable old man of the sea. The malcontent marine chysters at the city front should see the point and likewise the Colonel.

IMPLORA PACE.

[BY BAYARD TAYLOR.]

The clouds that stoop from yonder sky	The gift unreached, beyond the hand ;
Discharge their burdens, and are free,	The fault in all of beauty won ;
The streams that take them hasten by,	The mildew of the harvest land,
To find relief in lake and sea.	The spots upon the risen sun !
The wildest wind in vales afar	And still some cheaper service claims
Sleeps, pillowed on its ruffled wings ;	The will that leaps to loftier call ;
And song, through many a stormy bar,	Some cloud is cast on splendid aims,
Beats into silence on the strings !	On power achieved some common thrall.
And love o'ercomes his young unrest,	To spoil each beckoning victory,
His first ambition's flight is o'er ;	A thousand pigmy hands are thrust ;
And doubt is cradled on the breast	And, around each high attained, we see
Of perfect faith, and speaks no more.	Our ether dim with lower dust.
Our dreams and passions cease to dare,	Ah, could we breathe some peaceful air,
And homely patience learns her part ;	And all save purpose there forget,
Yet still some keen, pursuing care	Till eager courage learns to bear
Forbids content to brain and heart.	The gadfly's sting, the pebble's fret !
Let higher goal and harsher way,	
To test our virtue, then combine !	
But not for idle ease we pray,	
But freedom for our task divine.	

JEALOUS EASTERNS.

Appleton's Journal is greatly exercised over California's last discovery—that of a veritable fossil or mummy, we forget which it was, of a *bona fide* mermaid. "We have always," it says, "had a good opinion of California, notwithstanding that she has made heavy demands on our credulity. The country that produces more gold, vegetables, fruits, and wine to the acre than any other part of the continent is worthy of an unlimited degree of respect. Hitherto we have given credence to all the stories she has sent us of her wonderful resources and her unexampled growth. We have put faith in her Sierra Nevadas and her Yosemite, her big trees and her big bears ; but now that she asks us to believe that she has raised a "genuine mermaid," she rather transcends our powers of belief. Had she reported the catching of the sea-serpent or the finding of the Wandering Jew, we might have swallowed the story ; but the mermaid's tale is too fishy for our digestion. We have not yet forgotten how Barnum played that joke on a long-suffering public, and how he afterward gloried in it. No, Dame California, we don't believe in your mermaid, whose "nose is a combination of the Roman and the snub ;" whose "queer-looking head is adorned with long and broad ears ;" whose "cerebellum and Adam's apple are very prominent ;" whose "arms are long and terminate in long claws, consisting of four fingers and a thumb, with the sharpest of nails," and whose "tail is covered with scales." Better leave inventions of this sort to the "great showman."

Two Spanish Sisters, Named Nicola and Maria Santa Lulia, living in great style in the Rue Lafayette, Paris, have just been arrested for as novel and ingenious a method of shop-lifting as we have seen anywhere recorded. Their special trick was to throw down any article they wished to steal, when, slipping off the large shoe worn for the purpose, they would pick it up with their toes, and then, lifting it as high as possible, hold it between the knees until safe in their carriage. It seems that, while thus holding these articles, they managed to walk without difficulty ; but their method could not stand the ordeal of ascending stairs ; and, as they stalked up the steps of the police station, they dropped a collection of small articles by the way, which the people picked up with much hilarity. Seventeen hundred francs' worth of property was found on them when seized, and at their rooms the police seized upwards of forty thousand francs' worth of goods of all kinds, belonging chiefly to the Magasin du Louvre, which they seem to have largely patronized.

Matrimonially Mixed.—A queer matrimonial muddle has just been settled in Herkimer County, New York. A certain ex-Sheriff of that County, who passed much of his time in Philadelphia, received information that his wife was unfaithful to him, and wrote her a sharp letter about it. Her reply was equally sharp, and stung him into bringing suit against her paramour for destroying the peace of his family. Before the suit was concluded the paramour took the woman to Indiana and procured a divorce for her, took her to Massachusetts and married her, then took her home and commenced a suit against the Sheriff for defamation of his wife's character. Recently the suits were both decided. The Sheriff received a verdict of \$2,000 for his wife ; the other man a verdict of \$49 for his wife's injured reputation. Both parties cry "quits," and are glad the thing is over.



## FUNERAL OF JUDGE SHAFTER.

The Funeral of Judge Oscar L. Shafter took place at the First Congregational Church, Oakland, last Sunday afternoon. The rear dais and the organ loft were beautifully decked with wreaths and festoons of green leaves, immortelles, camellias and white roses. Wreaths were laid on the cover of the casket, and at the head was a large cross, composed of camellias and evergreens. The pallbearers were S. W. Sanderson, John Carrey, A. L. Rhodes, Samuel Merritt, J. W. Dwinelle, W. T. Wallace, J. P. Hoge, J. D. Thornton, E. L. Goold, David Crockett and Henry Durant. The services were conducted by Rev. L. Hamilton, of the Independent Presbyterian Church; Rev. H. J. McLean, of the First Congregational, assisting. The funeral discourse was delivered by Rev. Dr. Stebbins. The following is that portion of the sermon touching the character of the deceased:

Events in the life of the individual man tend to this conclusion: While society moves on in perpetual process or endless chain, this journey over sea and land, taken up in fear and hope, attended by hovering anxieties of home and filial love, pursued and borne with womanly devotion wherever the Divine signals—in cloud by day and fire by night—directed the faithful footsteps, is ended. So the mariner, storm-tossed and weary, engulfed in many seas, emerges at length into calm and gentle days; happy winds woo his sails; he spies the eternal headlands that have quieted so many eyes; the good ship rides into port, he casts the patient anchor, and finds the straightened sail in the haven of his heart.

Whether we consider life as a journey upon the land, with many devious delayings and disappointing passages, or as a stormy voyage upon the sea, there be many who are glad when they arrive at home. Religion surely makes no error when she adopts our deepest human satisfactions, carrying them forward to the future, making that a home. It was no error, but a firm insight and a delicate imagination, that said, "I am a stranger on the earth." It is a truly human experience. To the man worn by toil, burdened with grief, chastened by disappointment; to the man who has lived through this world, gained its meaning, got its leading idea and suggestion, this is not his abiding place. As early ideas of childhood no longer satisfy his mature intelligence, so a world whose import and significance he has caught and appropriated to the uses of moral being, must give way to the nobler ideas of an ever advancing experience. Whether, then, by the weariness of the body, its mental energies, like the rod that is mated by electric fire, or by the aspiring mind and soul, we do outgrow the world and have done with it. We are weary and long for rest; we are travelers and wish for home. Death is blessing, peace, hope, life.

This was the experience of our friend and fellow-citizen, Chief Justice Shafter. His physical frame had received an irreparable hurt, and he could no longer grasp the isolated fact and bind it in eternal unity to its principle. The world was no longer useful. Affliction might watch with tender fidelity: filial love and gratitude might still find comfort in the happy labors of self-forgetfulness. But life was done, the world was done, and death was the faithful friend to rescue him from the thrall of dissolved powers.

A grateful and appreciative estimate of him as a man, is not commensurate with his external history. An account of any man's circumstances would not be an account of him; for circumstances, powerful as they are, are not the chief element in his being. We cannot divest ourselves of the feeling that the real quality of a man is will, idea, thought, conviction. A man's life and his character are in his mind. And the nobler a man is, the less consequence it is where he lived or died. A universality above all local origin or event pertains to the essential quality of human nature.

I had the pleasure a few years ago to spend a day with him on the Point Reyes Rancho. I arrived on the ground in the morning, and found him sleeping beneath a little bower that he had made to protect him from the glare of day or the chill of night. I thought of Jonah, who built a bower a little way out of the city of Nineveh, and lay there frequently to see what would come to pass. But a better than Jonah was here. He awoke, gave me cordial greeting, generous as the morning. We shortly took to the saddles and spent the day riding over the domain, wherever interest, curiosity or excitement led. He was full of vivacity, observation, reflection, feeling. The hills, the valleys, the running water, the shady glen, the wood-bird's note, all attracted his attention, awoke his sensibility. The men I liked him, from the Spanish vaquero, the lingering remnant of a former civilization, to the American boy, taking his first lessons in throwing the stealthy riata. All liked him, yet none were familiar or frivolous toward him. I got on that day the flavor of his mind and character—a man of great good sense.

God endowed Judge Shafter with a physical and intellectual constitution well fitted to strive with the powers of this world. Energy, endurance of labor, and a kind of mountainous good sense that sees men and things as they are and goes free of all affectation and cant, are the sure and trusty qualities of practical excellence. He had a kind of human sagacity by which he knew man from any other animal. His judgment moved with ease and self-reliance amid a great variety of circumstances, from the measure of a tree in the forest to the action of the hour in politics, or the providence of God in human life. He was long-headed. He did not affect wisdom by much owlish silence; neither did he run to folly by talking over-much. He expressed his opinion with that easy firmness, without show of independence peculiar to feebler natures, but as to the manor born and at home in the truth. But these practical abilities—energy, good sense, round-aboutness and integrity of nature—were by no means the measure of his endowments. His

intellectual perceptions were clear, and in his statement of principles he could have had few superiors. He had that appreciation of the law of laws, the unity and generalization of truth that gives moral dignity to the intellect and the perspective of moral grandeur to all principles, without which the mind itself becomes frivolous, a mere popinjay clatter of things unreal. When themes of deep human interest were touched, his mind kindled along its summit with the fine enthusiasm of poetic feeling and insight. He did not belong to that class of minds always emphatic, never forcible; neither to that other class, "small pot soon hot," whose enthusiasm is in the blood and not in idea. His mind sometimes lay calm, intent, sullen as the Summer sea, and rolled with sleepy strength; and in all the manifestations of his intellectual activity, there was something of that repose which is the measure of reserved power and the background of all greatness. He was a pleasant companion and a good talker. I have seen him very happy in the society of children, and touched with true feeling at little expressions of loveliness in the young. He was a man of great good sense, practical, yet with wide discourse of intelligence and reason; calm, unimpassioned, yet of fine sensibility and true poetic feeling, and his whole nature, by the eternal weight of moral gravity, swinging toward the truth. His religious faith was simple and human. He derived his conviction of the character of God from the nature of man and the experience of human life. He inferred that justice is God's justice, that mercy is God's mercy, that love is God's love. I think, in commending himself to the Almighty maker of men, he would, in the devout simplicity of his heart, have forgotten all the honors and respect he enjoyed from his fellow men, and thought only that he was a man. He would have said, with David Eglinhon:

Here lies David Eglinhon.  
O Lord God, whose mercies are so great,  
Do by me as I'd do by ye,  
If I were Lord God  
And ye were David Eglinhon.

The body was taken to the Oakland Cemetery and deposited in the family vault. Among those present, besides the relatives of the deceased, were a very large number of the San Francisco and Sacramento Bar.

### HOUSE OF CORRECTION.

**Plans and Specifications Examined by the Supervisors.**---The Board of Supervisors passed a resolution in January last, inviting plans and specifications for the erection of a House of Correction upon the Industrial School grounds. The building to be two stories in height, constructed of brick or stone at a cost not to exceed \$125,000; the successful architect to receive \$1,000 for his plan. In response to this advertisement, plans were filed with the Clerk of the Board, and at noon to-day the Board met as a Committee of the Whole to consider the subject. Each architect was allowed ten minutes time for explanation, his competitors to be excluded from the room during such explanation. George Boardwell, the first on the list, explained the features of his plan for a brick building, which will cost \$124,000. The plan of Kentzler & Raun for a brick building would cost \$108,000, to accommodate 150 prisoners, and \$125,000 for 218 prisoners. John J. Newsom's plan for brick would cost \$115,000, and the building would accommodate 140 persons. Bugbee & Son proposed a building that would accommodate 400 prisoners, at a cost of \$122,000, not including cells, but by shortening the wings they could construct a building to accommodate 160 prisoners in each of the three wings within the amount appropriated. The plan of Aug. Laver would cost \$125,000, the building to be constructed of stone, with 240 cells. By the plan of Wright & Saunders a two-story building of stone and brick would cost \$560,000, and according to their full plan the expense of construction would amount to \$750,000. This building would have accommodations for 600 persons. P. J. O'Connor submitted plans for a two-story building to cost \$124,488. No definite action was taken upon the plans, and on motion of Mr. Menzies it was resolved that the Committee meet at 1 o'clock p.m., on Wednesday next, for further consideration of the matter. It was also resolved that the three architects who had submitted plans, and who were not represented at the meeting, should have an opportunity to be heard. The Board then adjourned.

**The Report of the Directors of the Anglo-American Telegraph Company (Limited),** states that the total receipts for the past year accruing to the Company, including a balance of £9,076 carried over from the last account, amounted to £347,280. The ordinary working and other expenses, including income tax, amounted to £30,280, leaving a balance of £317,000. Out of this amount three interim dividends of two per cent. each had been paid, leaving a balance of £216,500. The Directors, before declaring the net profits, had set aside £100,000 for the renewal fund, thereby increasing that fund to £150,000. The Directors recommended that the balance of £116,500 be appropriated to the payment of a further dividend of four per cent., free of income tax, which, with the three interim dividends already paid, would be at the rate of ten per cent. per annum to December 31st last, and to the payment of a bonus of two per cent., also free of income tax, leaving a balance of £16,000 to be carried forward.

## SEEING AND SAYING.

Once I said,  
 Seeing two soft starry eyes,  
 Darkly bright as midnight skies—  
 Eyes prophetic of the power  
 Sure to be thy woman's dower.  
 When the years shall crown thee queen  
 Of the realms as yet unseen—  
 "Sometimes, sweet, those eyes shall make"  
 Lovers mad for their sweet sake!"

Once I said,  
 Seeing tresses golden brown,  
 In a bright shower falling down  
 Over neck and bosom fair  
 As yon sculptured angels are—  
 Odorous tresses drooping low  
 O'er a forehead pure as snow—  
 "Sometimes, sweet, in thy soft hair  
 Love shall set a shining snare!"

Once I said,  
 Seeing lips whose crimson hue  
 Mock the roses wet with dew—  
 Warm, sweet lips whose breath was balm,  
 Pure, proud lips, serenely calm,  
 Tender lips, whose smiling grace  
 Lit with splendor all the face—  
 "Sweet, for kisses of thine, some day,  
 Men will barter souls away!"

Idly said I  
 God hath taken care of all,  
 Joy or pain, that might befall  
 Lover's lips shall never thrill  
 At thy kisses soft and still;  
 Lover's heart shall never break  
 In sore anguish for thy sake;  
 Lover's soul for thee shall know  
 Not love's rapture nor its woe.

## BOUQUETS v. BUNCHES OF FLOWERS.

The Present Season of the Year gives better opportunity, perhaps, than any other for thoughtful practice in one of the most beautiful and interesting of the fine arts—the arrangement of a few cut flowers into a bouquet deserving the name. A well-made bouquet is the little lyric poem, so to speak, of the thorough gardener. The greater and more lasting efforts of his talent—those set forth in the arrangement of his outdoor shrubs and plants—should deserve the name of his epic or his dramas; the fragrant little bunch of blossoms he calls his bouquet, culled with judgment, and arranged with due regard to the laws of harmony and common sense, should quite as well deserve to be looked upon as a sort of ode or sonnet, representing in miniature the ideas of the garden itself, though requiring a treatment of its own. However pretty individually, however sweet and shapely each one may be in itself, if taken at random, and simply tied together, flowers they are still, it is true—we cannot cancel the beauty of that little fact—but they are no more a bouquet than the run of the fingers, vaguely and wantonly, over the strings of a harp, is productive of music. There must be symmetry of general form, not mathematical symmetry, but such as we see in a birch or a chestnut—for a bouquet may in general design be either light and tender, or massive and sumptuous; there must be accurate balance also of color with plenty of white and green, and a nice concord of scents. The last-named particular, though often one of the least regarded, or never thought of at all, is in reality one of the most vital. The very name "bouquet" carries with it, indeed, this identical idea, being derived from certain ancient words which imply "perfection of odor." The dictionaries often assign it to the French term for a bush, but, excepting in connection with the arbitrary and exceptional term a "rose-bush," the latter bit of etymology may be let go whither it pleases. These three essentials, general figure and arrangement, proper blending and counterpoise of colors, and a scientific adjustment of the qualities called perfume, stand accordingly side by side in regard to the *beau idéal* of our undertaking. A trifle judiciously thrown in, of some odor comparable with deep bass, or even with a good treble, will often as completely change the quality of a bouquet as a bit of scarlet where previously there was no accent. Colors require to be disposed, as to tone and contrast, after precisely the same principle as that which guides a lady of sense in the choice of apparel. One who is a curiosity in respect of dress must never be expected to produce a good bouquet, let her try till her fingers ache: and contrariwise, if we want a gem in the way of bouquet-making, we may look with hope—well, certainly not to one dressed according to the "newest fashions" and within an inch of her life. All colors are good somewhere and at some time, though the best of the brilliant class may be utterly lost as to effect by mal-arrangement; while delicate ones may be made to seem wan and worthless just for want of a little study of what constitutes a wise and friendly juxtaposition. There are flowers that should never be used in bouquets, although it must be a remarkable plant indeed for which a suitable place could not be found in the open garden. There is not a plant in existence that is unfitted to give a charm or a tinge of splendor to scenes receptive of it; and in a certain sense there is scarcely a plant that may not be utilized as a decorative object. But the bouquet has limitations. In dealing with plants and flowers we are bound not only to treat them kindly, but to treat them justly and honestly, and as members of a community entitled to its rights as well as ourselves. They will be sure to repay our care and equity. The goodness of even the simplest nosegay is dependent exactly upon the amount of thought put into it, and of desire on the part of the artist to be as fair and faithful to the gifts of Flora as we are bound to be to all other things.

Mr. Bessemer says he is prepared to supply guns that shall fire balls of five tons at the rate of one a minute, and to construct a gun to fire a ten-ton ball.



### Court Chat.

**The Crown Prince and Crown Princess of Germany** are expected at Berlin on 10th March. Their imperial highnesses will have a grand reception, all corporations being eager to evince their sympathy with the Prince's recovery by some demonstrative act. The trades' guilds will line the streets from the station to the palace, wearing their colors and badges, and the students of the university will probably hold a torchlight procession in the evening.

**The Ex-King of Spain** is responsible for creating the Republic and giving the monarchical pretenders a parting slap in the face. When he had finally resolved to take this course, he sent for some of the leaders of the Republican party who were personally known to him, and recommended them to form a government upon their own principles. The Cortes acted on his advice, and the Republic was proclaimed.

**According to the Present Arrangements**, the Prince of Wales will pay his long-expected visit to the Duke of Rutland at Belvoir on Tuesday next (February 25th), but he will not be accompanied by the Princess of Wales. Great preparations have been made for his Royal Highness' arrival, and it is proposed that one of the features of the stay shall be a few days' hunting with the Belvoir Pack.

**The Earl of Carnarvon** left town on Thursday, February 27th, for Southampton, where he embarks for Gibraltar. There the noble Earl will meet his yacht for a cruise in the Mediterranean. His lordship returns after the Easter holidays. The Countess and family will stay with the Countess of Chesterfield, at Brethby, during the Earl's absence abroad.

**It is Stated that Prince Frederick Charles** has bestowed the pecuniary dotation conferred upon him at the conclusion of the last war upon regiments that served under his command in the campaigns of 1864, 1866 and 1870. About thirty regiments benefit by this munificent gift, invested for the assistance of non-commissioned officers and re-enlisters.

**Return Hospitalities** have been offered by the Admiral of the English Squadron in the Tagus to the King of Portugal and King Amadeus. Their Majesties lunched on board the *Minotaur* on Monday, February 24th, and they were received with royal honors. The *Bellerophon* has left Lisbon for Plymouth.

**It May Interest Teetotalers** to learn that the late King of Spain drank nothing but water, was an early riser, and set his face against late night hours. A glass or two of wine might have given him the requisite amount of nerve, brain, stamina and energy to have kept his crown.

**Prince Arthur and Suite** left Rome for Naples at two o'clock on Wednesday, February 26th. The members of the legation and many British residents, together with the local authorities, were present at the station on the departure of his Royal Highness.

**A Marriage** is arranged to take place in the Autumn between Lord Inverurie, son of the Earl of Kintore, and Lady Sydney Charlotte Montagu, sister of the Duke of Manchester. His lordship came of age last year, and her ladyship was born in 1851.

**A Novel by the Princess Mathilde Bonaparte**, entitled "*La Dame à la Rubine*," will shortly be published. This novel, it is said, was laid before M. Prosper Mérimée some time before his decease, and was corrected by him.

**On Monday, February 24th**, at the Roman Catholic Chapel in Warwick street, was celebrated the marriage of Captain Wickham (late of the Rifle Brigade) and the Hon. Lady Tichborne, widow of Sir Alfred Tichborne, Bart.

**Another Meeting of Cæsars** is to take place. The Emperor of Austria is expected to take part in the interview originally projected between the Emperors of Russia and Germany, in April next, in St. Petersburg.

**Curiously Enough** no notice has been taken as yet of the telegraphed and frequently referred to difference between England and Portugal, which had been submitted to M. Thiers for arbitration. Was it a hoax?

**Her Royal Highness the Marchioness of Lorn** and the Marquis of Lorn will be for several days the guest of Sir John McNeill, G. C. B., and Lady McNeill, at Burnhead House, Liberton.

**The Queen** held a Court at Buckingham Palace on Thursday afternoon, February 27th. The Court was in mourning for her late Majesty the Empress Dowager of Austria.

**Early in May** the Queen will proceed to Balmoral and remain there for a short time; after Easter Her Majesty will go to Osborne.

**The Countess de Montijo**, mother of the Empress Eugène, has suddenly lost her eyesight.

**Beethoven's Great-Nephew** is in a state of destitution. Here would be an opportunity for Beethoven sympathy by the lovers of the Beethoven symphony.



### THE POTTER AND HIS VESSEL.

As under cover of departing day  
Slunk hunger-stricken Ramazan\* away,  
Once more within the Potter's house alone  
I stood, surrounded by the shapes of clay.

And once again there gathered a scarce heard  
Whisper among them; as it were, the stirred  
Ashes of some all but extinguish'd tongue,  
Which mine ear kindled into living word.

Said one among them—"Surely not in vain  
My substance from the common Earth was ta'en,  
That He who subtly wrought me into shape  
Should stamp me back to shapeless Earth again?"

Another said—"Why, ne'er a peevish boy  
Would break the cup from which he drank in joy;  
Shall He that of his own free fancy made  
The vessel, in an after-rage destroy?"

None answered this; but after silence spake  
Some vessel of a more ungainly make;  
"They sneer at me for leaning all awry.  
What! did the Hand then of the Potter shake?"

Thus with the Dead as with the Living *what?*  
And *why?* so ready, but the *wherefor* not.  
One on a sudden peevishly exclaimed—  
"Which is the Potter, pray, and which the Pot?"

Said one—"Folks of a surly Master tell,  
And daub his visage with the smoke of Hell;  
They talk of some sharp Trial of us. Pish!  
He's a Good Fellow, and 'twill all be well."

"Well," said another, "whoso will, let try,  
My clay with long oblivion is gone dry;  
But, fill me with the old familiar juice,  
Methinks I might recover by-and-by!"

What! out of senseless Nothing to provoke  
A conscious Something to resent the yoke  
Of unpermitted Pleasure under pain  
Of Everlasting Penalties if broke!

What! from his helpless creatures be repaid  
Pure Gold for what he lent as Dross-allay'd,  
Sue for a Debt he never did contract  
And cannot answer. Oh, the sorry trade!

Nay, but for terror of his wrathful Face  
I swear I will not call Injustice Grace;  
Not one Good Fellow of the Tavern but  
Would kick so poor a Coward from the place.

Oh Thou, who didst with pitfall and with gin  
Beset the road I was to wander in,  
Thou wilt not with Predestin'd Evil round  
Enmesh, and then impute my Fall to Sin?

Oh Thou, who man of baser Earth didst make,  
And ev'n with Paradise devise the snake  
For all the Sin the face of wretched Man  
Is black with, Man's Forgiveness give—and take!

\* Ramazan, a month of Fasting.

**Alliance of the Duke of Edinburgh.**—Rumor is always busy with the future of the Duke of Edinburgh. The latest is that an alliance has been definitely arranged between his Royal Highness and an Imperial Russian Princess, and that it will take place in this country during the present season. The bride elect is believed to be Marie Alexandrina, only daughter of the Emperor of Russia, who was born in October 1858, sister of the Czarewitch, husband of the Princess Dagmar, sister-in-law of the Prince of Wales; but in another quarter it is told that the royal lady on whom the Duke's hand and heart are about being bestowed is Hiera Constantinovna, daughter of the Grand Duchess Josephine, sister of the present Emperor of Russia. Although it is unable to state with absolute certainty which of these Royal Princesses is to be the bride, that all the preliminaries have been arranged for the marriage of the Duke of Edinburgh with one of them is certain.

## LIFE IN LONDON.

The English Capital is now adopting a policy which, until a comparatively recent date, was never thought of—it lays itself out for an unlimited growth of population. The old districts are widened up, and the new are constructed to be loosely peopled. The ancient close-packing system has ceased, and light and space are being let into overcrowded localities. There are now half a million more people than there were in 1861, but the traffic in the chief thoroughfares is easier. There are fewer dead-locks in the streets, and business and pleasure are managed with greater facility. These are the results of the simple fact that London has within the last quarter of a century recognized the coming of the stress of an unparalleled population, and made preparations to meet it. Three hundred years ago Queen Elizabeth issued a proclamation forbidding the erection of new buildings “where none such had existed within the memory of man,” for the extension of the metropolis was not only calculated to encourage the increase of the plague, but was thought to create trouble in governing such multitudes—a dearth of victuals, the multiplying of beggars, an increase of artisans more than could live together, and the impoverishment of other cities for lack of inhabitants. At that time the whole population of England and Wales was probably less than five millions, of whom certainly not more than half a million lived in London. But the inhabitable area then was very limited. Without any of the modern machinery of speedy communication and protection from depredation, a city stretching upwards of eleven miles from north to south, and from east to west would have been an impossibility. An estimate of a population of 13,000,000 in 1973 is based upon the increase of the ten years from 1861 to 1871, which was one and a half per cent. per annum. The increase would be much greater—showing a population of something like 16,000,000—if calculated on the rate of accretion in the first fifty years of the present century, and still more if reckoned upon the percentage of the last twenty or thirty years. The ratio of increase of the last ten years, which gives the result of 13,000,000 in 1973, is the lowest since 1841. But that the rate has fallen somewhat since 1861 can hardly be taken to indicate a permanent turn in the tide. The decade in which occurred the American civil war, the stoppage of the English cotton manufacture, the greatest financial crisis of the century, and a general depression of trade, is not a fair gauge of the tendency of the population of a great city which suffered severely from all those causes. The fact that in such a time the people of London increased by 447,000 is evidence of the determined growth of London under difficulties. Judging from the state of things since the census was taken nearly two years ago, the increase of population between 1871 and 1881 will be at a greater rate than one and a half per cent. Thirteen millions, therefore, a hundred years hence, is a very low estimate for the population of London, and nothing short of irretrievable national calamity, or a complete and wholly unlooked for revolution in the conditions of civilization in the Old World, can prevent the realization of that estimate. A population of not less than thirteen millions, and a hundred years more of progress in the arts, in science, literature, the drama: from this date a century of inventions, discoveries, new modes of increasing productions and sparing toil, new pleasures and comforts, higher knowledge of all knowable things, inestimable improvements in the art of health, better laws and principles of government—Who can form a conception of Life in London at the end of that hundred years? In point of time the period is short; but there have been no ages of the past by which may be measured this century forward. A hundred years ago the machinery which regulates present habits and modes of living was not thought of, and Europeans were still struggling, not very hopefully, to emulate the highest civilization of old Greece and Rome. In all, except pure art, the English have now gone far past those ancient standards, and so close have they run once or twice on the heels of the divine masters of the past that the next high wave of genius, or the next after that, may land them far ahead of old history, even in the accomplishments in which the first civilized nations most excelled.

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Recently, at the Freemasons' Tavern, the Prince of Wales presided at the annual festival of the Royal Masonic Benevolent Institution. This is the first time his Royal Highness has occupied the chair at a public banquet since his late illness. There was a very large gathering, including the Marquis of Ripon, the Earl of Limerick, Earl of Tenterden, Earl of Shewsbury, Marquis of Londonderry and Sir Michael Costa. In proposing the toast of the evening, his Royal Highness expressed the great interest he felt in Masonry, and particularly in the institution they had met to promote. Charity was one of the tenets of their craft. His grand-uncle, the Duke of Sussex, was formerly Grand Master, and took the deepest interest in all that concerned Masonry. He was the first to suggest the institution for aged Freemasons, and the idea was warmly taken up by the Grand Lodge.

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A Russian Theater is to be opened at Vienna during the Exhibition, under the direction of Prince Oblesky and Count Markoff. The following pieces are to be performed in the course of the Summer: *The Death of Ivan the Terrible*, *A Russian Marriage*, *The Boyard of the Sixteenth Century*, *The Grave of Askold and The Silver Prince*. Every effort is to be made to give an accurate and lively representation of Russian costumes, songs and dances at this theater.

## GIRLS! PASS ALONG!

Bless me! what a rosy row  
Of girls at me their glances throw,  
As they gayly come and go,  
The light, coquettish throng!  
Can't the darlings hear me say,  
"I have had my youthful day;  
Now, I put such things away!"  
Girls! pass along!

Ah, my Zoe! pray desist!  
Sooth, I care not to be kised;  
Ask your mother if I list  
To Cupid's siren song?  
She—but that is entre nous—  
Knows what Love and I can do;  
Her advice you'd best pursue—  
Girls! pass along!

Away—away!—you madcaps!—fly!—  
Your roguish arts why will you try  
To bind a graybeard—such as I—  
With Cupid's slender thong?  
Yet, like a powder magazine,  
My heart from flying sparks I screen,  
The sparks that shoot from wanton e'en;—  
Girls! pass along!

Laura! you would hardly guess  
How your grandam used to press  
Lips of mine—well—I confess—  
We didn't think it wrong;  
Look! she's coming! Tempt me not  
In gay saloon or shady grove;  
A jealous eye the dame has got;  
Girls! pass along!

You smiling too! you naughty Rose!  
I wonder now if you suppose  
I'm not aware what sort of beaux  
Around your beauty throng?  
I know the husband-hunting crew,  
And all the pretty tricks they do;  
I'm old—but much too young for you.  
Girls! pass along!

—After Beranger by Saxe.

**Peculiarities of Different Languages.**—The Hindoos are said to have no word for a "friend." The Italians have no equivalent for our "humility." The Russian dictionary gives a word, the definition of which is "not to have enough buttons on your footman's waistcoat;" a second means "to kill over again;" a third, "to earn by dancing;" while the word "knout," which we have all learned to consider as of exclusively Russian meaning and application, proves upon investigation to be their word "knut," and to mean only a "whip of any kind." The Germans call a thimble a "finger hat" (which it certainly is), and a grasshopper a "hay-horse." A glove with them is a "hand-shoe," showing evidently that they wore shoes before gloves. Poultry is "feather cattle," whilst the names for the well-known substances, "oxygen" and "hydrogen," are, in their language, "sour-stuff" and "water-stuff." The French, strange to say, have no verb "to stand," nor can a Frenchman speak of "kicking" any one. The nearest approach he, in his politeness, makes to it is, to threaten to "give a blow with his foot;" the same thing probably to the recipient, in either case, but it seems to want the directness, the energy, of our "kick." Neither has he any word for "baby," nor for "home," nor "comfort." The terms "up-stairs" and "down-stairs" are also unknown in French. In English we "cure" meat and "cure" sick people, and we like our girls to be "quick," but never wish to see them "fast."—*Our Monthly.*

**A Letter from Neufchateau, Vosges,** relates that a band of wild boars entered the village of Belmont-sur-Vair, and took refuge in a garden. The inhabitants armed themselves with guns, spades, and whatever offensive arms they could lay hands on, and tried to destroy them. One of the wild boars, the largest of the herd, jumped over the palings of the garden, rushed through the village, entered a house and rushed into a room in which an old woman of eighty was lying in bed. Her son, who is the best shot in the district, pursued the animal and overtook it as it had its paws on the side of the bed; he cried out to his mother not to be afraid, fired at and wounded the beast, which then dashed through the window, but another sportsman, who happened to be outside, killed it on the spot. The other boars had also been hunted from the garden by the peasants, one of whom was attacked by an infuriated animal, and was so severely injured by its tusks, that his life is in danger.

**Leasing the Pyramids.**—Barnum has hitherto beaten creation as a showman, but an enterprising Aberdonian threatens to put Barnum completely in the shade. The Aberdonian man in question recently left London direct for Egypt, where he hopes to be able to arrange for a five years' lease of the Pyramids. He has been in correspondence with the Khedive, and he thinks that the right to charge a handsome sum for liberty to enter to ascend the big piles will be granted to him by the Egyptian Government for a "moderate consideration." If his offer is accepted, the Pyramids will be "put in exhibition" this summer. There is no sort of enterprise which comes amiss to Aberdonians, but I question if any Aberdonian ever before conceived the idea of making his fortune out of the work of the Pharaohs.

**The Austrian Ex-Emperor Ferdinand,** residing at Prague, is in a very precarious state of health.

### Special Brevities.

**Gladstone** tells us that the wealth which England produced in the interval of 70 years, between 1800 and 1870, equals the aggregate of the production from the invasion of Julius Caesar to the year 1800; and he further estimates the wealth produced during the 20 years since 1850 to be equal to that produced during the 50 years previous. This gigantic result is the achievement of steam. The domestication of animals—the use of the horse and the ox—added tenfold to the productive power of man. But the utilizing of steam as a motive power increases the products of industry one thousand fold. The aggregate amount of productions that outlast the use of one generation, and are handed down to the next, is thereby increased one hundred fold.

**Mr. Bret Harte.**—Mr. Bret Harte, the author of the "Heathen Chinee," and numerous short stories, in which humor and pathos are happily blended, and in which life in the Far West is described with a freshness and nerve peculiarly his own, is about to pay a visit to this country. The British public, amongst whom the circulation of Mr. Harte's books has been enormous, will be enabled to make his personal acquaintance, as he purposes delivering in London, and in the principal cities of the United Kingdom, his lecture descriptive of the early days of Californian enterprise, which he calls "The Argonauts of '49." Mr. Harte will probably arrive in London about the middle of April.

**Political Club in London for Women.**—Some of the advanced spirits in London (a correspondent writes) are about to form a political club, which will admit women as well as men. Some fifty ladies and gentlemen have expressed their wish to belong to it, and among them are Professor Fawcett, Mr. Mill, Mr. and Mrs. Moncreu Conway, and the daughter of Karl Blind. It is generally supposed that the concession of the suffrage to women will increase the strength of the Conservative party, but the lady members of this projected club are understood to be Republicans.

**Vitremanie.**—A new process for the ornamentation of windows in churches and other buildings has just been invented by Messrs. Barnard & Son, of London, under the name of "vitremanie." It may be described in a few words: the designs, which are beautiful and harmonious in coloring and design, are printed upon a paper so prepared that, after having been coated with glueine and wetted, they will adhere, by being pressed upon it firmly, to the glass. The paper is then taken off entire, leaving the colored design alone on the window. The durability of these decorations is warranted.

**Utilization of Slags.**—The utilization of the slags in iron-works has long been most anxiously sought for. The following promises well: Blast-furnace slags are granulated at Osnabruck, Germany, by allowing the molten stream from the tap to flow into water from a suitable height, in the same way as lead is converted into shot in towers. The slag is used for filling in between railroad sleepers, and also in the manufacture of concrete, and, if it contains considerable alumina, is ground and converted into alum.

**The Welsh Eisteddfod.**—A memorial to the Prince of Wales, asking his Royal Highness to preside at Mold, at the National Welsh Eisteddfod, is in course of signature by the magistrates and gentry of all parts of the principality; and it is confidently expected the Prince will return a favorable reply. The Eisteddfod committee proposes that any surplus, after the payment of expenses, shall form the nucleus of a fund for the formation of an Eisteddfod scholarship in the Welsh University at Aberystwith.

**"A Sensitive Waterfall."**—Professor Edwin J. Houston publishes, in the *Journal of the Franklin Institute*, a notice of "A Sensitive Waterfall." As flames are sensitive to musical vibrations, and alter their forms in obedience to the note produced, so it appears "thin, delicate streams" of water dripping from pendants of moss responded to certain notes of the voice, especially to a shrill falsetto. The Professor writes: "The publication of the facts will enable others to try the experiment for themselves."

**Japanese Progress.**—One of the Japanese ambassadors has wooed and won the daughter of a Paris banker. The *Gaulois* says: "The young lady marries the foreigner because a young man to whom she was betrothed was compromised in the late financial affairs. The despair of the damsel produced a deep impression on the Mikado's representative, who in order to console the fair one, offered his love, his hand, and a wedding outfit, which is said to be a collection of wonders."

**It is Stated that an Opera,** founded on Sir Walter Scott's "Talisman," the manuscript of which was nearly completed by Mr. Balfe just before his death, will be produced at Drury Lane next season. Sir M. Costa is to write the *finale*, and several "numbers" which the composer left unfinished. Mdlle. Nilsson will appear as the Queen.

**M. Thiers** has directed an architect to draw up a plan for the reconstruction of the Chateau of St. Cloud, with wings. An intention is attributed to the President of proposing the removal of the National Assembly to St. Cloud.

**Madame Lucca**, writing from Boston, speaks of a trip to Havanna and California.



## WAYSIDE GUSHINGS.

BY MRS. HARRIS.

After the werdiek 'undreds rushed to shake me by the 'and,  
 And a 'ost of people follered us, with moosic by a band ;  
 The neighbors in our alley a'l turned out to see us come,  
 And cried, "'Arris, ve 'ave missed you ; welcome, welcome 'ome !"  
 So heager vos the pop'lar rage, they burst in Sparerib's door,  
 And a 'orrid lot of animiles lay strewn upon the floor.

'Is bull dog flew at us, but soon vos beat to death vith stones,  
 And ve stood in Sparerib's kitchen, gazin' sadly at the bones  
 Of hinnocent critturs 'oom the murderin' willain vith 'is knife  
 'Ad cut off in their 'eedless youth or in the prime of life.  
 Says I, " If them there jurymen 'ad hacted as they oughter,  
 They sartingly vould 'ave brought in a werdiek of man slaughter  
 Against the 'orrid monster 'oo 'ave weltered in the gore  
 Of 'armless 'ogs and trustin' dogs vith tom-cats by the score."  
 'Ere Sayrah fell a-veepin' lond, and cried, " Is it too late  
 To rescue other animiles from this 'ere tragic fate ?

P'raps if ve search the premises ve may find some yet unslain,  
 'Oom ve may rescue and restore to their families again."  
 A bust of hadmiration rose from the hindignant crowd,  
 Vile Sparerib's name vos cursed by all vith mutterins deep and loud ;  
 Then a darin' youth, a member of the Young Men's Christian band,  
 'Ollers, " Brave comrades, foller me, let each vun bear a 'and  
 In this 'ere vork, vich vill vin respect from all the brute creation,  
 'Oo vill see in us, as they do in Bergh, their relatives' salvation !"

'Ere Doctor Stone looked in and said, " These animiles 'ave souls,  
 Tho' ven they die no requiem's sung, nor church bell ever tolls.  
 Should you find any captive beasts, tell 'em a parson's 'ere  
 'Oo vos the fust on this 'ere coast to prove their title clear  
 To 'appy mansions in the skies, after life's final knell,  
 Ven the beasts and me vill together be in 'eaven or in 'ell.  
 Meanvile, please give 'em these 'ere tracts to read vith prayerful search,  
 And say I'd like to see 'em all next Sunday at my church !"

Deep in the coal cellar below, bound captive 'and and foot,  
 Lay beasts of noble parentage, as Sparerib 'ere 'ad put ;  
 Each, thinkin' 'is last hour 'ad come, vith tears groaned forth " peccavi,"  
 Vile a skinny ass cried out " Alas ! to sassage meat and gravy  
 Ve're come at last, farewell the past, and this then is the guerdon  
 The tyrant Sparerib hoffers to an 'armless beast of burden !"  
 But the Christian young man 'ollered, " Cheer up, my hancient friend,  
 These 'ands shall give you liberty and all your troubles end ;  
 Vith this 'ere knife I'll save your life and you can cross the seas ;  
 To a freer land vere vithout fear you can live as you dam please."  
 So they cut away vile vith grateful bray and many a joyful groan,  
 The critturs free all bowed to me and then 'ugged Doctor Stone.  
 The doctor, vipin' 'is weak eyes, said, " Gratitood like this  
 Convinces me, my Christian friends, ve all shall meet in bliss ;  
 From a sassage grave our 'ands did save all you 'oo now are living,  
 So animiles, please, go down on your knees vile I hoffer a thanksgiving.  
 Your names vunce destined to appear in a Fox's martyrology  
 'Ave been saved by 'eaven, and I beg the ass vill give out the doxology."  
 Never did 'art and voice combine as in that joyful hour,  
 Ven them there animiles vos saved from Sparerib's murderin' power ;  
 Vile Stone did pray the ass did bray and a venerable ox  
 Says, " Thanks ve own to Doctor Stone and 'Allelujah Cox,  
 For them two noble ministers 'ave took pertikler care  
 Of us poor critturs 'oo too long 'ave been denied a share  
 In Christian voreship, and the 'opes 'eld out to us in tracts  
 Of carryin' the redeemed to 'eaven vith their luggage on our backs."

'Oo should come in vile the ox vos speakin' but that werry man,  
 Old Doctor Cox, who, shakin' 'ands, to thank 'em thus began :  
 " My Christian 'earers," Cox says, in a werry deep loud voice,  
 " Both in your 'ealth and frame of mind I 'artly rejoice.  
 I takes a special hinterest in a animile's salvation,  
 Owin' to circumstances vich may need some hexplanation ;  
 Ven at North Beach I vunce did preach some 'oodlum boys around  
 Refused to 'ear my voice so clear and the gospel's joyful sound.  
 They pelted me vith brickbats and apiled my new silk 'at,  
 And vith foul mud pollooted my shirt and vite cravat ;  
 " Lo ! to the Gentiles I vill turn," says I, and closed my sermon,  
 Ven comfort came to me like dew on the little 'ill of 'Ermon ;  
 A old orang-otang cried ' Shame ! you vicked 'oodlum boys,  
 As refuse to 'ear such vords of cheer from such an 'eavenly voice ;  
 Ve are the Gentiles, doctor ; all ve monkeye 'ear you gladly ;  
 Don't mind them little vulgar boys as be 'ave themselves so badly ;

Preach on and soon each ape and baboon vill villingly be christened '—  
 So to the gospel, boys refused, the monkeys gladly listened.  
 From that day to this I've found bliss in thinkin' I vos sent  
 To offer grace to the animle race, though for mankind fust meant.  
 If you vill all give in your names and join my Sabbath classes,  
 I promise equal gospel rights to 'ogs, dogs, cats and asses !'  
 A general cheer follered this 'ere, so Cox and Stone, both kneelin',  
 Laid their 'ands on all the animles and blessed 'em yith much feelin'.

### FOREIGN AND COLONIAL NOTES.

**An Exciting Hunt.**—Some constables in London had a very exciting thief-hunt the other day. They were called on by a baker to enforce payment of certain sausage rolls to which two men and a woman had coolly helped themselves. After two constables had been placed *hors de combat*, one of the ruffians escaped out on the roof, and amused himself by dropping tiles on the heads of his pursuers. When he had jeeringly declined many invitations to descend, the constables crossed the street, and having made a lasso, practiced upon him with it till they caught him by the neck. He then relented so far as to come down, but only to renew the fight on *terra firma*. At last half a dozen men overpowered him, and conveyed him to the station. For affording this afternoon's amusement, and damaging innumerable helmets, he was rewarded with four months' imprisonment.

**Shipping an Evidence of Progress.**—One of the evidences of the progress of Dublin is the increase of shipping in the port, amounting as it did in the year 1872 to an excess of 77,566 tons over that of the previous year. The deposits in the savings banks amount at present to £3,000,000, being a large increase in the savings of the humbler classes within the past few years. The extreme wetness of the last season was a serious drawback; but in former years a bad harvest and a deficiency of fuel would have resulted in a famine, whereas at present, although there was doubtless much distress, there was nothing that could not be adequately dealt with by the poor-laws.

**Coal in Nova Scotia.**—A writer in the *Times* says: Nova Scotia is now raising about a million tons annually of first-rate steam, gas and house coal. She has hitherto looked for a market to the Atlantic cities of the United States, but this market is virtually closed to her by the almost prohibitory duties imposed, and she is now casting about for fresh markets, and cargoes sent to the West Indies and to South America have yielded handsome returns. Coal is delivered on board ship at the various shipping places in Nova Scotia at 9s. per ton, and ocean steamers calling at Halifax can at any time obtain coal at the railroad wharf at about 15s. 6d. per ton.

**A Literary Surprise.**—It has been a surprise to the public to find that Lord Lytton is the author of "The Coming Race" and "The Parisians." An acute critic has surmised the authorship from the similarity of the opening sentences of "The Coming Race" to the opening sentences of "Pelham." Lord Lytton certainly missed greatness only from the lack of that indefinable something called genius. He possessed extraordinary talent and versatility, but his best efforts were spoiled by being too conscious.

**Tobacco from China.**—The importation of tobacco from China into England is a novelty worthy of record. During February there have been received large arrivals of this description of tobacco. It is used in some measure as a substitute for Turkey, which it resembles in appearance, though not equal in quality. The leaf is quite yellow, and is almost void of flavor; but the imports that have come to hand show, at any rate, that the Celestials can cultivate the weed pretty successfully.

**Egypt and Abyssinia.**—The protest of the three European Powers against the annexation of Abyssinia by the Khedive, mentioned in the *Pester-Lloyd*, has been followed, it is said, by the movement of more Egyptian troops through Nubia towards Abyssinia, ostensibly to assist Sir Samuel Baker in the suppression of slavery, while at the same time it seems to have been the cause of a quarantine being instituted in the case of all Nile travelers returning from Nubia.

**A Veteran.**—The late Admiral Sir James Scott, K. C. B., was present and engaged in two general actions, five sieges, the storming of two cities, twenty-seven towns, thirty-two batteries, twenty-two forts, and at the capture of one line-of-battle ship, five frigates, six sloops, twenty-one gunboats, three hundred merchant vessels, several privateers, and "letters of marque."—*European Mail*.

**The Latest Thing in Ornament.**—Ladies recently returned from Paris say that the latest style in ornament to wear with a necklace is one of the old-fashioned miniatures painted on ivory and set in the old-fashioned red gold. Those who possess no such heirlooms are having them painted and set in as exact imitation as possible of the old style.

**Novel Scalping.**—A factory girl about 14 years of age, while crossing from one part of a Birmingham factory to another with her hair loose, had it caught by the spindle. Her hair was wound in by the machinery with such terrible violence that her head was completely scalped all round, the skin and hair being torn off as clean as a night-cap.

## OVER THE RIVER.

[BY MRS. A. C. WAKEFIELD.]

Over the river they beckon to me,  
 Loved ones who've crossed to the farther side;  
 The gleam of their snowy robes I see,  
 But their voices are lost in the dashing tide.  
 There's one with ringlets of sunny gold,  
 And eyes the reflection of heaven's own blue;  
 He crossed in the twilight, gray and cold,  
 And the pale mist hid him from mortal view.  
 We saw not the angels who met him there,  
 The gates of the city we could not see.  
 Over the river—over the river—  
 My brother stands waiting to welcome me.

Over the river the boatman pale  
 Carried another, the household pet;  
 Her brown curls waved in the gentle gale—  
 Darling Minnie! I see her yet.  
 She crossed on her bosom her dimpled hands,  
 And fearlessly entered the phantom-bark,  
 We felt it glide from the silver sands,  
 And all our sunshine grew strangely dark.  
 We know she is safe on the farther side,  
 Where all the ransomed and angels be;  
 Over the river—the mystic river—  
 My childhood's idol is waiting for me.

For none return from those quiet shores  
 Who cross with the boatman cold and pale—  
 We hear the dip of the golden oars,  
 And catch a gleam of the snowy sail;  
 And lo! they have passed from our yearning hearts,  
 Who cross the stream and are gone for aye.  
 We may not sunder the veil apart,  
 That hides from our vision the gates of day;  
 We only know that their barks no more  
 May sail with us over life's stormy sea;  
 Yet somewhere, I know, on the unseen shore,  
 They watch, and beckon, and wait for me.

And I sit and think when the sunset's gold  
 Is flushing river and hill and shore,  
 I shall one day stand by the water cold,  
 And list for the sound of the boatman's oar;  
 I shall watch for a gleam of the flapping sail,  
 I shall hear the boat as it gains the strand,  
 I shall pass from sight with the boatman pale,  
 To the better shore of the spirit-land;  
 I shall know the loved who have gone before,  
 And joyfully sweet will the meeting be,  
 When over the river—the peaceful river—  
 The angel of death shall carry me.

**Early Birds.**—A band of fifteen juvenile robbers, under the captaincy of a lad but fourteen years old, calling themselves "Chevaliers of the Casquette Noire," has been arrested by the police of Paris. Nearly all the members of the band were under sixteen, their idea being that when captured the worst that could happen to them would be to be sent to a house of correction. They wore a black cap with a red cross as a mark of recognition, and were obliged by their rules to carry each a concealed naked poinard. They are already charged with seventy-six robberies with violence and murder, the plan being to get two girls who were associated with them to decoy passengers into quiet corners, where the boys used to murder and rob them. It seems that the youth Gellinier, whom the others called captain, though only fourteen, inspired the greatest terror, owing to the ferocity of his character, among his comrades, being only equaled in cruelty by his young lieutenant Renault. With characteristic baseness, instantly on being arrested Gellinier denounced all the rest of the gang, thus aiding in their arrest, and being careful to point out the worst. If the jury find that their youth does not render them irresponsible for crimes, he and his accomplices will suffer all the penalties which the law would under such circumstances inflict upon men.

**The Duc d'Aumale** is going to remove his collection of pictures from Twickenham to Chantilly. This collection, which consists of more than 3,500 paintings of different schools and periods, will be placed in the gallery of the Jeu de Paume.

**Business Notices.**

**Two Oysters Once**, each in his separate cell,  
 Thus to each other did their troubles tell:  
 Says one, "Before I came to this gay town,  
 My stomach was empty, my face was brown."  
 Says the other, "I quite agree with that,  
 I came here thin, but now I'm sleek and fat,  
 For Corville treats us to the best of meat;  
 He who eats us will have a luscious treat.  
 I do not mind the murdering knife or knock,  
 But shall die happy at the Saddle Rock."

**Something About the Carpenter.**---Director Meagher offered an amendment that the salary of Head Carpenter be fixed at \$100 per month. He said he saw no just or equitable reason why the Head Carpenter should have his salary increased. There were hundreds of competent carpenters idle, any of whom would be glad to take the position for \$100 per month. He referred to the former carpenter, J. W. Roussel, who did the work to the satisfaction of the Building Committee, receiving only \$100 per month, out of which he supplied his own horse and wagon. He said Roussel had saved the Department hundreds of dollars in the matter of blackboard building alone, and was worth his weight in gold compared with the present incumbent. He would be willing to give Larrimore \$150 per month, if he provided his own horse and buggy. The amendment was lost. The original recommendation was then put and carried.

**Tired and Hungry** I sat down, waiting for my dinner,  
 And called the cook a sluggard, like any hungry sinner,  
 But O, when she brought the meat in, and it was nearly raw,  
 I no longer kept my temper, but fell right to and swore.  
 Said she, "Your stoves a bad one, and so, if you want a change,  
 Go to De la Montanya's, and get a Union Range."  
 I did, and now my dinner's cooked as well as I could wish,  
 And I can never find a fault in any single dish.

**Nothing is More Likely** to make a man feel mad than to pass a disparaging remark on the likeness of his beloved. Now, the other day I sent to a second-rate photographer's and had my girl's likeness taken; to be sure it did not flatter her, but when I showed it to a friend, and asked him if he admired it, and he said "Yes, I think it's not at all a bad likeness of your mother, but they have made her look ten years older than she really is," why, I felt kind of mad. I tore them all up, and took her to Taber's, opposite the Lick House. Now, these cartes were so good that I, out of jealousy, only gave her one, for fear she should give them to some other fellow. My friends stare for hours at the one I have framed, and swear she is divine. So she is.

**The gods** in solemn conclave sat,  
 Discoursing upon this and that:  
 Says one, "O! nectar I am sick,  
 Its much too sweet and much too thick."

Said Bacchus, "I'm inclined to think  
 We'd better change our heavenly drink:  
 Let's send below, for they say that it's fine,  
 For Eberhardt & Lachman's native wine."

**A House Painter** in this city grained a door so exactly in imitation of oak that last year it put forth a quantity of leaves and produced an excellent crop of acorns. He also painted a pointer dog on the end of a bedstead with such fidelity that whenever the person sleeping in that bed had eaten quail, the dog's tail was as stiff as a poker. The owner of these curiosities moved his furniture last week to another house, and being naturally anxious not to have these rarities spoilt by careless moving, he engaged Robinson, the drayman, from the corner of Davis and Sacramento. The oak tree is as perfect as ever, and the dog points the same as before.

**"Great Heavens, What a Change** there is in you!" said a friend of mine to me the other day; "why, you don't look the same man; last time I saw you you looked pale and careworn, thin and cadaverous--what has worked such a miraculous change in so short a time?" He was correct a month ago. I was worn down with work and bother to almost a skeleton. "Can't you tell a friend," said he, "the grand secret." Not liking to be selfish, I told him that the only way I could account for the change in me for the better, was, that I had spent the last month with Mr. and Mrs. Mangenberg, at Thorpe's Hotel, on the San Bruno Road. He started off there next day.

**A Boon to Man** from heaven sent

A never ending joy,  
 Giving him happiness and content,  
 Almost without alloy.

Is that new art, drawn from the sun,

The photographer's art;  
 It keeps in mind when life is run

Those friends from whom we part.  
 Such is indeed the case, as a glimpse into Bradley & Ruiofson's windows will at once convince any one.

**An Infernal Spiritualist** came to my house the other day, and summoning some of his spirits, made my furniture dance about in such a way that the legs flew off the chairs, tables smashed, and general havoc was made with the premises. I didn't say much, but went and got it replaced at N. P. Coles, on Bush street. I then asked him up again. He made them dance about as before, but even the spirits could not break them, they were so strong and durable. I think that he did me a good turn, as he at any rate showed me where to get good furniture.



**A Fool will Ever be a Fool**; it's no use trying to make a philosopher out of such stuff: you might as well try to make a razor out of putty, or a race-horse out of a guinea-pig. One of these fools came to me the other day and spun me a long yarn about his troubles; he'd lost in stocks, his eldest little-boy had got his eye poked out by a schoolmate of an inquiring disposition. His wife had just had twins, and, to use his own expression, he was generally "sat upon." I tried to persuade him that these were mere trifles, and that as far as being "sat upon" was concerned, he ought to like that. Gilbert & Moore's school and office furniture is sat upon by all intelligent people, and it likes it. So do they. Poor fool, he didn't seem to see it.

"**There's a Drop.**" said the Peri, "that down from the moon  
Falls through the withering airs of June  
Upon Egypt's\* land, of so healing a power,  
So balmy a virtue, that ev'n in the hour  
That drop descends, contagion dies  
And health reanimates earth and skies."

\*Cutter's whisky, made in Kentucky, which is acknowledged the panacea for all complaints and woes that affect mankind.

**President Grant**, when in San Francisco, used to go in big licks for his toddy, and more than once has found that even a bold soldier can be made to succumb to the power of King Alcohol. We must do him justice, however, and state that, since he has become the head of our nation, moderation has been his maxim. His fondness for the "narcotic weed," has been made the subject of many an electioneering joke, but even the most malicious Democrat has not dared to hint at intemperance. No, the General who led the boys in blue to so many victories, and is now reaping a good soldier's reward, is temperate without being a hydropathist. His chief and favorite beverage is Gerke Wine.

**No. 604 Merchant Street, San Francisco, March 1st, 1873.**—SIR: I desire to inform you that I have opened an office at the above address for the sale and purchase of city and country property, the examination of titles, the settlement of estates of decedents, the investment of money and the negotiation of loans. As I propose to give to these specialties my exclusive personal attention, I can ask, with the greater confidence, the favor of your patronage. I am, respectfully, your obedient servant, ROBT. C. ROGERS.

**Murphy**, a witty member of the California Bar, at a dinner party pushed a bottle of old port across the table to a distinguished Coroner, who smacked his lips over it most emphatically and pronounced it very good. "Ah," said the wag, "I thought you'd like it, for there's a body in it." The Coroner told him he'd better bridle his tongue, and to insure that it should be held fast, get harness for it at Main & Winchester's. If his tongue broke that, he had better cut it out, as nothing on God's earth would hold it.

**A Pleasant Drive**, indeed, is the drive out to Harry Planken's, on the San Bruno Road. He always has a smile and a joke for all, and the mere thought of his drinks makes one thirsty.

**Can You See Plainly?** If you can't, take my advice, and instead of going to any ordinary watchmaker, go to Muller and try his Pebble Glasses. You'll soon see.

**Morals in Ecuador.**—A circumstance lately took place in the theater at Guayaquil which gives a high idea of the extreme sensitiveness of the guardians of public morality in that city which is very refreshing, according to the *Panama Star* and *Herald*, consolatory, and characteristic of that well-governed country, the Republic of Ecuador. It is this: A French lyrical company lately introduced into their programme for the delectation of the theater-going people of Guayaquil the celebrated comic opera, *La Grande Duchesse*. During the second act, when the "Grand Duchesse" shows herself very familiar with "Fritz," caressing his hair by passing her fingers through it, and other quite as innocent attentions, the chief authority of the city, who was present, immediately rose up in his seat and ordered the piece to go no further, as being insulting to the morality and dignity of the Guayaquil people, and stopped accordingly it was.

**Naval Steam Signals.**—An ingenious mode of signaling at sea has been suggested to the Admiralty. It is said to be simple, and available for night or day. The only requirements are one powerful, high-toned steam-whistle and one low-toned ditto, commonly called a buzzer, to be used as follows in signaling numbers referred to in the signal-book: No. 1, 1 whistle; 2, 2 do.; 3, 3 do.; 4, 1 buzzer; 5, 2 do.; 6, 3 do.; 7, 1 buzzer and 1 whistle; 8, 2 buzzers and 1 whistle; 9, 3 buzzers and 1 whistle; 0, 2 buzzers and 2 whistles. Example—for signal No. 1,480:—1 whistle and a pause, No. 1: 1 buzzer and a pause, 4: 2 buzzers, 1 whistle and a pause, 8: 2 buzzers, 2 whistles and a pause, 0—1,480. It is probable the plan will be tested, and, if approved, will be generally adopted in the navy.—*European Mail*.

## UNSEEN.

At the spring of an arch in the great north tower,  
 High upon the wall is an angel's head;  
 And beneath it is carved a lily flower,  
 With delicate wings at the side outspread.

They say that the sculptor wrought from the face  
 Of his youth's lost love, of his promised bride;  
 And when he had added the last sad grace  
 To the features, he dropped his chisel and died.

And the worshipers throng to the shrine below,  
 And the sightseers come with their curious eyes;  
 But deep in the shadow, where none may know  
 Its beauty, the gem of his carving lies.

Yet at early dawn on a midsummer's day,  
 When the sun is far to the north, for the space  
 Of a few short minutes there falls a ray,  
 Through an amber pane, or an angel's face.

It was wrought for the eye of God; and it seems  
 That he blesses the work of the dead man's hand  
 With a ray of the golden light that streams  
 On the lost that are found in the deathless land.

P. L. L.

## From the N. L.'s Letter Box.

**Dear News Letter:**—The study of anatomy is a very necessary subject to the medical profession and valuable to students; still, it is not right to make the United States Marine Hospital a place where clinical instructions are given, as is seen by an advertisement in the *Western Lancet*, a magazine published in this city. The hospital is self-supporting, as we will show. A sailor pays forty cents per month hospital money whilst serving in American vessels. This is deducted from his pay whether discharged at home or abroad. In the latter case the Consul receives it and is accountable for the same. The foreign seaman has to pay one dollar per diem for the time he is in the hospital, and his Consul is responsible for him when the vessel he belonged to leaves this port. The contractor's pay is ninety cents currency per man a day. This, we understand, includes everything except the doctor's salary. The hospital now has about ninety patients. A number of students are placed there for the purpose of receiving clinical instruction, and no experienced person is residing there to teach them or guard the patients, to see that no mischief is done them, such as giving poor Jack unsuitable medicine or making too free use of the lancet. It certainly seems like barbarity to treat a man, who has to pay an institution for nursing, so cruelly as to place young fellows over him that may, for whim's sake, torture him, and no redress can the unfortunate sea-faring man get. Your obedient servant,  
 HUMANITY.

**Dear News Letter:**—The *Barnacle* howls daily at Wilkinson, who wonders that a unanimous verdict of acquittal by the Committee of the Board of Trustees of the Deaf and Dumb and Blind shop across the bay cannot calm the querulousness of malice. But the *Barnacle* doesn't know it is made a tool of. You see, a fellow named Linden was Treasurer once, and went behind some. He speculated too much, and Wilkinson couldn't stand it. The Board squinted at it, and the gentleman had to resign. So he said, "Wilkinson is an honest gentleman; I am not, and so I'll have my revenge, and I'll never let him rest." He had the investigation, and he signed the verdict of acquittal, and when some one said, "Why, Harry, do you do this when you have done that?" Harry said, "I don't care a damn. I signed the acquittal, but I'm going to hound him, and I'll never let him rest."—and that's what's the matter. You see, it's in a nutshell, and the *Barnacle* is the tool, conscious or unconscious. Sign a document and stay in good company, for the sake of truth and decency, and then get behind a fence and throw mud, and don't let it be known who it is, but make believe it is done for the sake of the public interest. That's nice. By-and-by the people will find it out, and back will swing this pendulum of mud and filth, and malice and mendacity, and it will hit against the pillar of Justice, and down it will all come on the head of the man who first set it swinging. Yours,  
 JUSTICE.

**We have Received** of M. Gray, the song called "Das Leedle Plack und Dan," as sung by Billy Emerson at the Alhambra Theater. A good photo of Billy Emerson is on the cover of the song. Price, forty cents. Also, "The Fannie Marston Polka de Concert," by Frederick G. Carnes. Price, Fifty cents.

**Meat in Texas.**—There is every probability of a large trade in meat springing up between England and Texas.

## OLD KING COAL.

Old King Coal  
 Jolly dear on the whole,  
 Jolly dear on the whole is he,  
 He raises his price and he raises his toll  
 Every day by some shillings three.  
 Fifty-one, fifty-two, fifty-three, go the prices,  
 And so the poor  
 Must the cold endure  
 On account of penury.

Old King Coal  
 Is a knowing old droll,  
 A knowing old droll is he ;  
 For he's paying no wages and profits they roll  
 In fast, at the prices that be.  
 Fifty-four, fifty-five, fifty-six, go the prices !  
 And he doesn't care  
 For the deep despair  
 Of the sons of penury.

Old King Coal  
 Has a hard heart and soul,  
 A hard heart and soul has he ;  
 He brings about strikes, when he might control  
 His miners quite easily.  
 Pooh! says he ; pooh! says he ; pooh! says he, to the  
 strikers ;  
 When men are on strike  
 We charge what we like  
 To the verge of usury.

## SUNBEAMS.

— A boy of tender years and heart has drowned 17 kittens, tied tin pans to the tails of all the neighbors' dogs, ornamented his chamber by pinning flies to the wall, cut brickbats with his uncle's razor, blown up a pet canary with a fire-cracker, pulled the tail feathers out of two roosters, been thrown into the top of an apple-tree by a cow that he was teasing, brushed his father's hat against the grain, told his sister's lover about her false teeth, and still his fond mother intends him for the pulpit.

— In Egypt, mummies have been found with teeth filled with gold, and in Quito a skeleton has been discovered with false teeth secured to the cheek bone by a gold wire. In the museum at Naples, among some of the surgical instruments discovered at Pompeii, there is a fac-simile of Sims' speculum. In the ruins of Nineveh, Layard found several magnifying glasses.

— A gentleman was showing a visitor some old pictures, not long ago, which had been painted by his mother in her earlier days, and being somewhat addicted to the weakness for the possession of old masters, he exclaimed : " Those pictures are two hundred years old," and forgetting himself for a moment, he added, " They were painted by my mother."

— The following is the first verse of the new " Brokers' Anthem," composed for Wall street. It is applicable elsewhere, and is quite comprehensive enough to dispense with the entire production : " Teach me a counterleit to know, and bargains good to see, for quarters I to others show, show fifty cents to me."

— A man in Jersey City, who had ravished a kiss from a school girl, was fined by the magistrates, horse-whipped by the big brother, and scratched bald-headed by his own wife. And it was not much of a kiss after all.

— People who believe the current stories about intelligent dogs will read with pleasure that a lost dog in Norfolk, having seen his master's advertisement in one of the local prints, promptly went home.

— An Indiana Sunday-school man writes to a Bible firm in New York : " Send me on some Sunday-school papers and books. Let the books be about pirates and Indians as far as possible."

— " The books in the running brooks " were probably " volumes of water."

## THE MODOC WAR.

**The Montana War Claims.**---How much longer are we to be fooled by and have to pay for these egregious humbugs called Indian wars? It is now pretty generally allowed that the Modoc war is a farce, if not a swindle; certainly nothing has as yet been done, and, judging by precedents, probably nothing will be done, to throw honor either on American arms or policy. In the name of God, let these redskins be smitten hip and thigh, at once and forever, or else let the white man keep away from the red, leaving him in peaceful possession of that which is indispensable to his being--his hunting grounds. The English Abyssinian raid is a good model of the way in which war against barbarians should be conducted. Very little talk was made, but the desired end was attained. No money was spared to properly equip the expedition, but when the bill of cost was presented to the people for payment, they (the people) took care to know that every item was fully accounted for. As a marked contrast to this, let us briefly revert to that practical joke called a war, which took place in Montana Territory in 1867, the claims of which, to the tune of \$1,100,000, Congress has just ordered to be paid. Although the actual facts took place some years ago, not much attention was paid to it at the time, nobody seeming to consider it his business whether the good people of Montana made fools of themselves or not. When, however, they call upon us to pay so heavily for their foolery, it is about time the thing should be noticed. As the whole affair is a good sample of the present system of political economy and Indian warfare, we thought it advisable to give a fuller account of it than we otherwise should have done. For all details we are indebted to a gentleman who was through the whole business from beginning to end, and had his share of the plunder. He has since "got religion," however, and came to us to be shriven. We gave him absolution on the condition that we were to be allowed to expose this Montana swindle, in order to let the public see what kind of war it is paying for, and, if possible, to prevent a *rechauffé* of it among the Modocs. In the Spring (March) of the year 1867, the inhabitants of Virginia City, Montana Territory, were startled by the news that one of the earliest settlers in the country, named Bozeman (after whom the present city of Bozeman, Montana Territory, is christened), had been killed by Indians while traveling to Fort C. F. Smith, on the Big Horn river, in company with another man named Thomas Coover, who at the same time was wounded by a rifle bullet in the shoulder. Whether Bozeman had given the Indians any cause to murder him was never known; it is most probable, however, that he had, as the redskins were at this time peaceably inclined toward the whites. It is true they had declared their intention to put a stop to travel on the Bozeman road, alleging that it passed through the best part of their hunting grounds, and there were also rumors of their having threatened to attack Bozeman City itself: but any one who has lived in a frontier town knows that such "Indian scares" are continually afloat, and that in nine cases out of ten they are perfectly groundless. Be this as it may, the affair gave certain individuals the opportunity they had so long watched for, of having a pull at Uncle Sam's purse strings. The inhabitants of this God-forsaken Territory had indeed almost begun to despair of ever getting a drop of the blood so freely drawn from the old man's carcass nearer home. Here, however, was a chance right "into their fist," as it were. They determined to make the most of it, and they did. With the sanction of the late General Thomas Francis Meagher, who was at that time Acting Governor of the Territory, a meeting of citizens was called, the hatchet formally dug up, and death and damnation declared against every Indian in the country. The terms offered to volunteers were much the same as those in vogue among the buccaneers of yore--division of plunder. Officers were appointed, among whom were Colonel J. J. Hull as Commissary General, H. Cummings as Quartermaster, and X. Beldler as Lieutenant-Colonel. A recruiting office was opened under the auspices of one Thoroughman, who was appointed Colonel by the Acting Governor, and business commenced.

Now, had these been the *bona fide* intentions of the warlike citizens, all had been well, as no man who really knows what Indians are dislikes to see the varmints wiped out. But, as the event proved, their intentions were more to bone a fortune than *bona fide*. In the meantime the authorities at Washington, and also General Sherman, who at that time was "doing" the plains, were telegraphed to for permission to raise troops and muster them into the United States service. After some delay this request was granted, and permission to raise a force of 800 men was given. The force, consisting of rowdies from every hulk in beathendom, was soon levied, but of mustering in there was none, there being no proper officer detailed for that purpose. A certain Col. Lewis arrived from Camp Douglas, U. T., to inspect and report on Indian affairs in Montana. The reporting he did, but if any inspecting were done, it came off in the noble Colonel's office in Virginia City. Perhaps the Sioux chiefs came in and allowed themselves to be interviewed. Of course the troops wanted horses, arms and food; to procure these necessities, promises that Uncle Sam would foot the bill, in the shape of vouchers, were issued. The horses a Mr. L. Black offered to furnish. They turned out to be a lot of wild Bronchos that had never yet been straddled or saddled. These plugs, each with an abortion of a saddle, were afterwards charged to the Government at \$210 each. Shorts for horse-feed, worth from 1½ to 2 cents now, cost 15 cents; the purchaser, doubtless for their own reasons, being by no means inclined to haggle at prices. Everything else was in accordance. Sweepings of store houses, mixed with chopped straw, weighted with old buttons and facetiously yeleft flour, sold at \$22 per sack. At any other time the same quantity of an infinitely superior article cost only \$6. Salt was 25 cents per pound. Now, how about the fighting. It was



not exactly "war with a thousand battles, and shaking a hundred thrones;" in fact, it would be rather difficult to write anything in the way of an *Iliad* about it; still, looking at it from a pecuniary point of view, it certainly ought to have been no trifle. A company, commanded by a Captain Hynson, was the first to brave the land of terrors, being detailed to escort a wagon train, carrying provisions to Fort C. E. Smith. They returned safely, having only met with a few friendly Crow Indians by the road. The whole mob thus encamped on the Yellowstone, and built a few log shanties, which they dubbed Fort Green Clay Smith. About this time hostilities commenced in earnest. One Indian—a Flathead—was caught with a stolen horse. His tribe refused to interfere in the matter, so he was hung. Next, two Crows were taken, also with stolen horses. One was immediately shot by a ferryman. His companion was, however, not so easily disposed of. Surrounded by about 400 men, he turned to bay, shot one gentleman through the jaw, and jumped into the river, where the 400 actually succeeded in dispatching him. Not content with taking one scalp from each of these unfortunates, the victors "blocked out" as many small ones as the space would permit, and forwarded them to Virginia City as *spolia optima*. The honor of the whites was now considered to be vindicated, especially as Uncle Sam began to show signs of being tired of feeling them; the flotam and j-team of the mob, therefore, took the liberty of disbanding themselves, having first seized on all the Quartermaster and Commissary stores, arms, ammunition and the like, and dispersed to hulks and gallows. The moving spirits in this little spec, had, however, another game to play. They stuck together, perjured themselves, charged the government \$1,100,000 for murdering three poor devils of Indians, and the money has to be paid. When we take into consideration the great progress in rascality which has been made since '67, the year in which the above events happened, we shudder to contemplate the extent of the Modoc War claims.

### Commercial Matters for the Week Ending March 29th.

The Present Outlook of Commercial Affairs upon this coast is not as inviting nor as promising as we could desire or hope for. The season for an active Spring trade is rapidly passing by, and yet our merchants have not been favored with any considerable demand for merchandise. Business is depressed in many important lines of traffic. The interior demand for goods is not as large as we had hoped for, or had a right to expect in view of the prosperous crop year, giving us large supplies of Breadstuff for export and a correspondingly large supply of Sterling Bills with which to fill our Exchequer. With all this, money is not plenty, and why not? Because many of our capitalists, dry goods merchants and others are calling in all their available funds and shipping off East their gold coin by mail and express to take advantage of the high premium on gold now ruling in New York at 116½, and some persons even predict that the rate will touch 120 before the Summer is past. From these remarks the reader must not infer that our merchants and others as a whole complain of a monetary stringency. This is not the case, as many of our well to do merchants prefer now to discount their bills of purchase at current rates rather than issue notes for the same. It is stock operators, street speculators in mining shares that cry out for lack of coin.

The Government Steamer *Vanderbilt* has finally been sold at auction for \$42,000 currency. George Howes & Co. the purchasers. This wreck of a once noted steam yacht was offered for sale about sixty days ago, and the highest bid then obtained was \$56,000. At this rate Government officials declined to ratify. She was withdrawn and the Government now takes \$42,000—\$14,000 less than was bid when H. M. Newhall & Co. acted as auctioneers. We presume it is the intention of the purchasers to take out her machinery and convert her into a ship or bark for the grain-carrying trade.

Grain Sacks, to arrive, have been sold thus far in the season to the extent of about 500,000. Standard Gilroy Burlaps at 16c. Wool bags are now in active request at 67½¢@70c.

Instructions have been sent to Honolulu for the steamers of the Webb Australian line to return to this port without delay. The Nevada, now here undergoing extensive repairs, has been turned over to the Pacific Mail Steamship Company, and we take it that the Dakota and Nebraska are also to be transferred to the Panama line. The Moses Taylor, of same line, is now due from Honolulu. It is yet a mooted question in regard to the continuation of the Island Branch of this mail line, but we are well convinced that the Government subsidy of \$75,000 will insure us a continuation of monthly mail and steam communication with Honolulu.

**Blasting Powder.**—The Santa Cruz Powder Company have advanced prices 25c per keg—now \$3 25 per keg. The Eastern companies, Hazard and Dupont, also make their prices to correspond with those of our local factory.

Coal arrives freely and prices depressed. English Brimbo has been sold at \$10 and less, Australian \$11 50. There is no Chili in market. English Cannel for gas is worth \$15 50. Coast supplies are free. Coos Bay and Seattle sell at \$11, and Bellingham Bay \$10 50. Mount Diablo \$8 50. Nanaimo Steam is held at \$12. Cumberland commands \$18@20—latter in casks.

The Coffee Market remains in a lifeless state. Central American Greens are held at 18@19c for high grades. The demand is light.

**The Cairnmore, for Hongkong,** in Macondray's line, carried the bulk of 14,000 bbls of Flour, valued at \$72,000. The Clara Bell, for Manila, is to carry 3,000 bbls Extra, from the Lambert Mills, Sacramento. The Acapulco, at Valjejo, will carry about 7,000 bbls Starr Mills' Extra, for Cork and orders; it is probable that this shipment of silk-dressed flour will find its way to Havre for a market.

**Portland Cement.**—We note the arrival of 2,000 bbls from England, worth \$50@55. It is being used somewhat extensively in the manufacture of patent stone for building materials, and for this purpose it is preferred to the American "Rosendale," the latter commanding \$3 50@4 per bbl.

**Freights** are somewhat easier. Wheat to Liverpool direct, £3 15; and to Cork, for orders, £4, are ruling rates. Within a few days past tonnage has accumulated, as for instance: The arrivals on the 27th inst. embraced the ships James Foster, Jr., 136 days from New York, and Garibaldi, 110 days from New York, with full assorted cargoes; ship Friedlander, 122 days from New York, with Railroad Iron; ship Emily Farnum, 140 days from New York, with Lumber and Timber; French ship Reine du Monde, 98 days from Rio de Janeiro, with cargo of French ship Eugene and Adele, from Marseilles (condemned); British ship Dunfflan, 130 days from Liverpool, and British bark Casma, 133 days from Liverpool, with full assorted cargoes; French bark Gustave, 45 days from Callao, in ballast.

**The Yang-Tze Insurance Association of Shanghai,** for which Macondray & Co. are San Francisco agents, has declared a dividend of 25 per cent. upon the net premium contributed during the fiscal year ended the 30th of September, 1872. It is payable to-day.

**Our Grain Fleet** is steadily augmenting. That to the United Kingdom now numbers as follows:

	Wheat.	Ctls.	Value.
Total since July 1st, 1872.....	292 vessels.....	8,442,592	15,190,844
35 vessels since July 1, 1871, with.....		1,052,305	2,556,300
116 vessels since July 1, 1870, with.....		3,430,108	6,812,118
154 vessels since July 1, 1869, with.....		4,205,329	7,198,748

There are now 21 vessels more on the berth, aggregating 20,634 registered tons.

**The Exports** for the past week have been as follows: Constitution, for New York, via Panama, carried 3,366 galls California Brandy, 610 cs Borax, 1,200 bbls Flour, 300 Hides, 101 rolls Leather, 1,046 ctls Mustard Seed, 2,275 galls Whale Oil, 219 tons Pig Lead, 23,215 galls and 22 cs California Wine, 5,998 lbs Domestic Wool, etc., valued at \$93,855. David Crockett, for Liverpool, carried 45,793 ctls Wheat, valued at \$88,238. Messenger, for Queenstown, had 24,483 ctls Wheat, valued at \$45,072. Theodore Ducos, for Cork, had 13,675 ctls Wheat, valued at \$25,800. Hannibal, for Liverpool, had 36,532 ctls Wheat, valued at \$68,000. James Aikin, for Liverpool, carried 30,806 ctls Wheat, etc., valued at \$55,550. Lady Gertrude, for Queenstown, had 14,882 ctls Wheat, valued at \$27,500. Hermit, for Queenstown, carried 52 tons Silver Ore, 22,846 ctls Wheat, etc., valued at \$52,111. Siberia, for Queenstown, had 38,653 ctls Wheat, valued at \$77,142. Cairnmore, for Hongkong, carried 152 sks Beans, 150 doz Brooms, 13,988 bbls Flour, 15,000 feet Lumber, etc., valued at \$10,938; same, for Mexican ports, had 11,500 lbs Coffee, etc., valued at \$6,000; same, for Central America, had 325 bbls Flour, 8,823 ft Lumber, etc., valued at \$2,219; same, for Liverpool, via Panama, had 44,259 lbs Foreign Cotton, 50 rolls Leather, etc., valued at \$34,632. Ionia, for Tahiti, carried 300 bbls Flour, 97,000 ft Lumber, etc., valued at \$7,333. General Harney, for Honolulu, carried 233 sks Potatoes, etc., valued at \$2,959. Laura M. Mangam, for Guaymas, had 402 kegs Powder, 21,600 ft Lumber, Machinery, etc., valued at \$14,131.

**Our Wool Market** is exceedingly depressed, not to say sadly demoralized. We believe our surplus stock of 1872 clip, chiefly Sprinze, is about one million pounds, and for this the demand is very light, and Eastern marts not holding great inducements at present. The Boston *Shipping List* of March 15th contains the following:

At this time last year buyers were turning their attention to the Spring clip of California and contracting for Wool on the sheep's back at the West, but now there is no speculative inquiry whatever. Manufacturers are making no money, and purchase only from week to week sufficient to keep their machinery running, and the steady shrinkage in prices for the past two months, so unlooked for by the trade generally, will tend to make buyers more cautious than ever. Wool growers in California and the West must make up their minds to submit to low prices, as it will evidently be some time before the market fully recovers from the embarrassments that now surround the trade.

Within the past few days we are advised of an invoice purchase of the Spring clip of 1872 of a well-to-do Wool grower at 21c, for which the buyer offered a year since for the very identical clip 43c, and refused to sell. This we believe is a fair exhibit between the market a year ago and the present.

**A New and Splendid Organ** for St. John's (Dr. Scott's) Church is now en route by rail from the East. It is loaded in two cars, weighing 25,000 pounds. The freight alone is \$1,300, and the organ will cost upwards of \$8,000 when put up in the church. This instrument is said to be the finest organ ever brought to this coast.

## BUCKLE'S RELIGIOUS VIEWS.

We Have Lost the Author of the "History of Civilization," but his work and words which remain, will never permit us to forget the great ideas to which he gave name and local habitation. Since Hesen Taylor has collected and published his *Miscellaneous and Posthumous Works* (3 vol. 8vo. Lond., 1872), we may consider our sum of his labor-results as virtually complete. Now, from the time of Southey, it has been a not uncommon thing for the scrap and commonplace books of great authors, to be placed before the public, in a more or less complete and arranged form. The three volumes of this sort that now lie before us, are interesting, apart from their intrinsic value, through the insight they give into the methods of their owner, and, through these methods, into himself. Time falls us to treat of this matter now; neither can we hope to give here any just idea of his great parts and abilities. Happily for our exigency, they have been long since recognized and crowned by the chief thinkers of all schools. Proud, representing an opposite and almost wholly antagonistic pole of thought, says of Buckle: "He took the measure of his abilities. He knew that whenever he pleased he could command personal distinction, but he cared more for his subject than for himself. He was contented to work with patient reticence, unknown and unheard of, for twenty years; and then, at middle life, he produced a work which was translated at once into French and German, and fluttered the doves of the Imperial Academy of St. Petersburg." *School Studies*, First series, p. 8. New York, 1872.) This is the man, from whose works, as well as from a Boswellized letter of Mr. Longmore's (now, opportunely, brought to our notice by the *Athenæum*) we propose to select a few key-note utterances on matters religious, and lay them before the readers of the *News Letter*. He characterizes the Hindoos as "that people between the Indus and the Ganges, whose philosophy formed one of the elements of the school of Alexandria, whose subtle speculations anticipated all the efforts of European metaphysics, and whose sublime inquiries, conducted in their own exquisite language, date from a period when the Jews, stained with every variety of crime, were a plundering and vagabond tribe, wandering on the face of the earth, raising their hand against every man, and every man raising his hand against them." (*Hist. of Civilization*, I. p. 724, Lond., 1861.) Of the examination and refutation of error in general, he says, plaintively enough: "To examine the notions in which we have been educated, and to turn aside from those which will not bear the test, is a task so painful, that they who shrink from the suffering should pause before they reproach those by whom the suffering is undergone." (*Hist. of Civilization*, I. p. 863.) The precise boundaries and functions of speculation and practice he would fix as follows: "Inasmuch as practical men should never allow the speculative conclusions of philosophers whatever be their truth, to be put in actual operation, unless society is, in some degree, ripe for their reception; so on the other hand, philosophers are not to hesitate, and tremble, and stop short in their career, because their intellect is leading them to conclusions subversive of existing interests." (*Hist. of Civilization*, II. p. 475.) Our next extract strikes right down into a question, which it is too much and too persistently the custom, to misrepresent or at least ignore: "Our appetites, being as much a portion of ourselves as any other quality we possess, ought to be indulged, otherwise the whole individual is not developed. If a man suppresses part of himself, he becomes maimed and shorn. The proper limit of self-indulgence is, that he shall neither hurt himself nor hurt others. Short of this everything is lawful. It is more than lawful, it is necessary. He who abstains from safe and moderate gratification of the senses, lets some of his essential faculties fall into abeyance, and must on that account be deemed imperfect and unfinished, and such an one is incomplete; he is crippled; he has never reached his full stature. He may be a monk; he may be a saint; but a man he is not. Now, more than ever, do we want true and genuine men. No previous age has had so much work to do and, to accomplish that work, we need robust and vigorous natures, whose every function has been freely exercised without let or hindrance." (*Hist. of Civilization*, II. p. 403-4.) His view of churches is one to make their supporters stare: "There are few better measures of the superstition of a nation, than the proportion which the money spent in them bears to the general wealth of the country." (*Miscel. and Posthum. Works*, I. p. 109.) Yet he can do full justice to the ramanerating influences in the Dark Ages. For such obligations, however, he holds that "Europe should be grateful, but she should not be superstitious." (*Ibid.* p. 134.) Mr. Buckle's opinion on spiritualism, as related by Longmore, is interesting in view of the late discussion of this matter in the *Spectator*, *Saturday Review* and other high-class journals: "While I cannot admit there is anything supernatural about it, I think it quite possible there may be a development of some new force well worthy of scientific investigation." To the *Athenæum* letter we are also indebted for a definite statement of our historians' view of Christianity and its founder: "He (Buckle) said he believed the New Testament after eliminating the supernatural; that he considered Jesus Christ the greatest teacher and civilizer of mankind that ever lived; and he even admitted that there was that in His teaching which it was difficult, indeed impossible, to account for without believing Him to be divinely inspired. In reply to a question who he placed next as civilizer of mankind, he answered, without hesitation, William Shakspeare. He afterwards said he had never known but one real atheist, and that he was a Cabinet Minister."

The Blacksmiths of Bangor, Maine, are preparing for a strike. Don't prepare too long; blacksmiths, beyond all other men, should strike while the iron is hot.



## A DREAM OF LOVE.

Her tresses o'er my shoulder streamed  
Luxuriantly fair;  
Her eyes looked into mine, and seemed  
To read my secret there,  
Rich censured idly overhead  
Were swinging; and the room  
Was paved with roses, white and red—  
A wilderness of bloom.

Locked in an amorous embrace,  
So lightly on we sped  
That not one rose's upturned face  
Was dimpled by our tread,  
At length the music, soft and low,  
Grew fainter—died away!  
And I awoke (why was it so!)  
At purple blush of day.

A dream! but ah, those love-lit eyes,  
That little hand of snow!  
Came she to meet me from the skies,  
Or from the realms below?  
I never saw that face before,  
Those tresses soft and bright—  
Ah, tell me from what shadowy shore  
She came that happy night!

—F. B. Dovelton.

## ART.

**Shedd, the Marine Painter**, has a study of forest trees, in oil, in the window of a picture store on Kearny street. As far as we could see—against refracted lights, reflecting shadows, and the ill-placed position of the canvas by the shopkeeper—the painting seemed an unusually good one. The massive oak, standing at the pool's edge, is well drawn; the trunk, the sturdy limbs and crisp-strung foliage are well made out. The lighter foliage of some other class relieves the forest king's finer dress, and gives variety in color. The trunks of distant trees against the blue-gray sky, beneath the far-spreading perspective of leafy shade, are handled with artistic skill; and the little glimpse of azure above the foreground trees, between whose green tops and the blue sky comes one white, fleecy bit of cloud, show judgment in color and effect. The shopkeeper, who sat at ease, with his cranium sheltered from any passing zephyrs, could not, or would not, give us a word of information about this really good picture; but yawningly suggested that "If we would come at another hour the lights would be different," though the picture wouldn't have been a very heavy one to move. A good artist may place good pictures in a very unfortunate shop.

**We Recently Paid a Visit** to the studio of Benoni Irwin, Esq., a young artist whose brush is principally employed in portrait-painting. Amongst studies of all kinds, good, bad and indifferent, and paintings in all stages of progress, a head of Thomas Carlyle struck us particularly. The portrait, which is an enlarged copy in oils of a cabinet photograph, is marked with undoubted evidences of skill in facial delineation. This head of the misanthropic sage of Chelsea is full of strong lines and evidences of marked and rugged character. The eyes have that mingled expression of sternness and sadness in them which one would naturally look for in those of the man whose soul is divided between sorrow for his fellow-man's frailties, and bitter crusading against all species of arrant humbug. These well portrayed characteristics, and its unusually good flesh tints, serve to make this portrait an object of immediate and critical attention. It is now on exhibition in the windows of A. Roman & Co., Montgomery street.

**We Must Congratulate Chicago** on the possession (if all accounts are true) of a painter whose name bids fair to make Mount Shasta immortal. Mr. A. H. Elkins is only a young artist, yet so highly is his picture of Mount Shasta esteemed by good judges that it is now on its road to Vienna, there to help represent Western art. What "The Yosemite Valley" was to Bierstadt, and "The Heart of the Andes" to Church, "Mount Shasta" is destined to become to Elkins.

**At the Election of Officers of the San Francisco Art Association**, held yesterday, the following gentlemen were elected for the ensuing year: For President, Hon. Wm. Alvord; First Vice-President, S. W. Shaw; Second Vice-President, A. S. Halladie; Secretary, B. P. Avery; Treasurer, Ford H. Rogers; Directors—Wm. Norris, Edward Bosqui, Pietro Mezzara, D. O. Mills, Harry Edwards, H. J. Booth.

**Mr. Simpson**, artist for the *Illustrated London News* during the Crimean War, the Indian mutiny, and the recent marriage of the Emperor of China, is now sojourning at the Grand Hotel. He is busily engaged inspecting and sketching all that is worthy of note, including Chinatown, and will shortly proceed to England, where his reputation is second to none in his particular walk. He is an artist of the highest merit.

**"Public Opinion"** says: "Mr. F. H. Whympers has been appointed by Mr. Bruce Assistant Inspector of Factories for the west and southwest of England, with Bristol for headquarters." [The nearest relative of the above F. H. Whympers, Mr. Whympers, of this city, has been appointed Curator of all matters of artistic effect to the California Placard Exchange and Bureau of Information to the Pacific Coast.]



## NOTES OF THE DAY.

We are Passing Through the long Winter lull in politics. The fury of last year's storm is exhausted, and no new forces have been set in operation. The Executive session of the Senate is ended, and men's heads are a trifle more secure upon their shoulders than before the happening of that event. Mr. Wheaton is not so happy as he was, but Mr. Stone is sufficiently jubilant to make up the aggregate of joy to its usual standard, and nothing is lost. In the meantime the rival powers that are contesting for the seat of Casserly in the Senate are not sleeping, but hard at work day and night. So far as we are concerned, we are neutral and don't care who wins; but it is fun to watch the proceedings. Our old friend Stanford is resolved to have his way or know the reason why. He will make the Senator unless he has forgotten his cunning. William B. Carr has returned from Washington and brings comfort and reassurance to the faithful. "Faint not by the wayside, hearts of oak," he says, "for we will win or die in the breach." The overwhelming success of the friends of the railroad at Sacramento a month ago is not only a crushing defeat to those who believe that money and wealth ought not to rule in a free country, but it furnishes a lesson to the weak-kneed friends of low-grade politicians, who had become frightened and were wending their way towards the camp of Booth. It says to them, "Come back, my boys, we shall still have good things to divide and we give them to our friends, and who our friends are we don't forget." It is a warning to Mr. Higgins and to all of his followers not to go away in search of strange gods. It is as much as to say to the political element of the land, "Hang together, there is whisky in the jug." In the end they will hang together or we are greatly mistaken. Politics as politics, may be said just now to be slightly under a cloud. A good many things have been done that the non-political element thought ought not to have been done, and in ways of a doubtful character. Subsidies have been obtained sometimes, we suspect, by discounting slightly the funds before obtaining them, until at last the masses, who cannot be reached by coin direct, have become to a certain extent incensed at the whole system. But what are the masses? Merely a vulgar rabble of toilers, who do not think, but merely exist and work. To use them is the science of politics; make them perform, to fetch and to carry, the art of the politician. Governor Booth seems impressed with the absurd idea that there is virtue in the common people. We know better. We have watched them too long. The longest purse will carry them off, and just now the longest purse happens to be with the politicians, and Governor Stanford holds the strings of it as he ought to do. Add to this his long experience as a controlling mind, his active and skillful henchmen, who are ever ready to carry out his ideas and plans, and we feel safe in predicting that he will control the politics of California in the future as he has done in the past. We have nothing against Governor Booth; indeed, we have been disposed to admire him. He would fain elevate that which from the nature of things cannot be lifted up. He would purify the corrupt and cleanse the foul, if he possessed the power. But the effort will be futile. This is the age of action, of accomplished events. The men opposed to Booth possess all of his ability, and besides, have been accustomed to doing things. They have sought for fruits and have found them, and they do not intend to give up the search. Mr. Gorham is young and full of talent. He selects his point and moves toward it, not always by a direct line, it is true, for sometimes the direct line is the most difficult, but by the line of least obstacles, and he never takes his eye away from the point he intends to reach. We believe that Governor Stanford will make the Senator this coming Autumn, and if he chooses to have it so it will be Mr. Gorham, and we believe he will choose to have it so. Let the active politicians take note and govern themselves accordingly. Those who have hesitated will do well to see the controlling powers before it is too late, and be taken care of. *Verbum Sap.*

The Meagreness of our Early Education has ever been the most poignant regret of our singularly active and uniformly benevolent and useful life. Oh that we might have stayed at school a few days longer to finish our study of the differential calculus; why should we have been torn from our books when Sanscrit was just becoming a pleasure to us, and when the midnight candle would flicker in its socket and surprise us as we pored over Chaldaic manuscripts in our little bed. We had just bought a Hesiod and Theognis when our father told us that he had apprenticed us to a job-printer, warning us at the same time that should we prove insufficiently diligent or intelligent for that business, that we might have our indentures canceled and perhaps be compelled to accept a position on the editorial staff of the *Bulletin*. Had such a dire fate befallen us we might have slopped over, as one of the *Bulletin's* editors did on Saturday, as he with hungry belly opened a volume of the minor Greek poets, and proceeded to review Hesiod and Theognis as follows: "The superficial course of American colleges prescribes but a few pages of the minor and a few hundred lines of the major Greek poets; but with what an unsated appetite the student rises from the meagre banquet! With what an earnest longing he looks to the time when he may have his fill of the quaint old masters! The chances are, however, that his acquaintance with them ceases with the Junior Year; that Hesiod and Theognis will ever be little else than dim memories of half-forgotten classic lore." "Half-forgotten classic lore" might be forgiven in a *Bulletin* editor, if he would only refrain from quoting the half-forgotten classic lore of other people, and had not wholly forgotten his own English grammar.

## AMERICAN COMMERCE WITH CHINA.

[We present our readers with the following statistics, never before published, concerning our trade with China.]

**The Report of Our Commerce for 1871** has been published, and contains some very interesting statistics on our Chinese trade. Beginning with the port of New-Chang (the returns from which are for the year ending Dec. 31, 1871), we find that of the foreign goods imported to the amount of \$3,283,277, paying \$124,157 duties, almost the whole was of European and Japanese production. The Consul says: "The trade in American Cottons, not only at this port but throughout China, present this year a new and unpromising future.... It is possible that the present cost of labor in the United States adds so much to the expense of manufacture, as compared with similar outlay in England and Holland, that the increase in selling price is not compensated by the acknowledged durability." The movement of shipping shows 3 American steamers and 14 sailing vessels entered and cleared from the port as against 15 British steamers and 110 sailing vessels, and 1 North German steamer and 70 sailing vessels, in the same time.

At Shanghai the imports (for the year ending Dec. 31, 1870), amounted to 12,902,365 taels, equal to nearly \$18,000,000. The exports reached the sum of \$49,460,927. The imports of cottons, linens and woollens were wholly from Great Britain and Europe, and amounted to 3,684,000 taels, or about \$5,300,000. There is but one considerable item of exports in which America figures, the article of green tea, of which \$7,825,853 worth were shipped to America and Great Britain; the report not distinguishing the respective quantities. In the navigation returns the American flag makes a far better showing. There entered the port 730 British ships of the tonnage of 386,902, 623 American, measuring 421,363 tons, and 79 North German ships, measuring 29,470 tons. The clearances were 723 British, of 385,919 tons, 620 American, of 426,056 tons, and 69 N. German, of 26,026 tons.

The imports at Ningpo (for the year ending Sept. 30, 1870), amounted to 960,000 taels, about \$1,400,000, and the export to 1,160,000 taels, or \$1,700,000. In the imports American drilla figure to the amount of \$42,000, and the Consul observes that some 20,000 pieces of American goods more had been imported that year than in any previous. The shipping entered and cleared was: American entered 233 ships, measuring 154,922 tons; cleared 238 ships of 155,125 tons; British entered 83 ships, of 18,856 tons, cleared 81 ships, of 16,331 tons; North German entered 56 ships, of 15,237 tons, cleared 55 ships, of 14,898 tons.

At Hankow, for the year ending Sept. 30, 1870, the imports amounted to 19,323,325 taels, and the exports to 14,780,433 taels. The movement of shipping was as follows: American vessels entered and cleared, 197 of all classes, of which 173 were steamers, of 155,210 tons, British vessels 144, of which 61 were steamers and ships, measuring 53,589 tons; North German, none.

The number of foreign residents at Hankow is one hundred and twenty-five. Foreign business firms, twenty-two, viz: 16 English, 3 Russian, 1 German, and 2 American. The most important American interest on the Tang-tze river, according to the Consul, is the Shanghai Steam Navigation Company, Russell & Co., Agents, Shanghai. They have eight steamers, of 14,413 tons, plying between Shanghai and Hankow, three steamers leaving each port, each week. The direct shipment of tea from Hankow for foreign ports, for 1870, and up to October, 1871, were 191,167 piculs, of 133 pounds each.

From Kin-Kiang, which is really a subsidiary port to Shanghai, the report is to Sept. 30th, 1871. For that year the total imports under the American flag were 2,992,785 taels and the exports 5,540,362 taels. The amounts under the British flag were: Imports, 375,933 taels; exports, 1,416,945 taels. The ships entered and cleared were: American steamers 320, tonnage 306,304; sailing vessels 23, tonnage 1,919. British steamers 92, tonnage 82,205; sailing vessels 65, tonnage 7,253. The year had not been favorable, navigation having been seriously impeded for three months by the low state of the river, and the formation of sand-bars near Olyphant Island, ten miles below Kin-Kiang, and again at a point eighteen miles above, near Hunter Island.

The value of the imports entered at Amoy, for the year ending Sept. 30th, 1871, was \$7,493,935 77; the exports for the same period amounting to \$6,376,874 97. Of the ships entered and cleared there were steamers: 9 American, tonnage 5,081; British 223, tonnage 120,369, North German 1, tonnage 550. Of sailing ships: 16 American, tonnage 3,748, 76 British, tonnage 25,779, 59 N. German, tonnage 14,768.

At Tamsin and Kelung the imports for the year ending Aug. 31, 1871, were \$1,168,875, the exports \$745,352. The vessels under the American flag entered were 1 steamer, 505 tons, and 3 sailing vessels 801 tons; under the British flag 19 steamers 9,035 tons, 36 sailing vessels 10,967 tons; North German 8 sailing vessels, 2,199 tons. Clearances the same.

The commercial movement of Taiwanfoo and Takao shows, for the year ending September 30th, 1871, a total of imports of the value of \$2,062,971 52, and of exports \$1,523,245 49. The flags represented numbered: American 1 steamer, 509 tons, 9 sailing vessels 1,534 tons; British 4 steamers 1,768 tons, 51 sailing vessels 11,298 tons; and German 31 sailing vessels 5,269 tons.

The exports to the United States from Canton for the year ending Oct. 30th, 1871, amounted to \$2,401,510 09. In this total Raw Silk figures for \$1,196,875 72, Matting for \$363,701 66, Cassia for \$220,745 60, Fire-Crackers for \$203,286 36, and Tea for only \$175,827 39.

**Madame Lucca**, writing from Boston, speaks of a trip to Havanna and California.

## LEAVES FROM A LADY'S DIARY.

**March 24th.**—Back from the country, having satisfied my longing to go, and yet glad to return to home comforts and surroundings. Green fields and wild flowers and life in a cottage, with the fresh air blowing in at the open casement, are beautiful to contemplate and easily expatiated upon on paper, but my experience of these delights is mingled with wet feet, tough beef, sour bread, straw mattresses and fleas. The opened morning window brings in a confusion of sounds and smells, the cackling of hens, barking of dogs, manure and drainage from pigs and cows. The people, too, prey upon strangers. I remarked that country cats will never eat honestly out of a plate, however openly it may be given them. They prefer to steal the piece of meat off it and then devour it surreptitiously. It would lose its charm were the idea of its having been fraudulently obtained rectified from it. It is the same with some people, X, for example. Found some letters lying for me, among them one from China, introducing Mr. S., who I really am curious to see. Henry went to call on him, but he was not at his hotel. Amused myself in the afternoon scanning the faces of strangers (they are always to be recognized in San Francisco) and trying to pick out my new acquaintance that is to be. I dare say very different from the good-looking, well-dressed, gentlemanly man I have selected.

**March 25th.**—Mr. V. called. I never met so frank a sinner in all my life. He wears his vices on his sleeve like a decoration, and tells everybody how awfully dissipated he has been of late. Not from bragadocio, but simply from want of shame. At the same time he thinks that he has strength of mind enough to change his mode of life whenever he chooses, and can don respectability in the same way that a man puts on a clean shirt. He little thinks how the old-soiled raiment will cling to him, and, even if torn off in a moment of remorse, he will return to it and put it on again. Mr. W.'s will opened after the funeral; he didn't die worth a cent; but nevertheless left liberal legacies to different charities. An indirect way of bribing God by showing what he would have done had he been possessed of the means. On the other hand, here is M., who has left large sums, but so hampered them as to take away their utility. It's not enough to do good, but that good must be properly done. Young S. spent the evening. He thinks that as he is studying law he must necessarily be didactic in his conversation and controversial upon every subject. He doesn't yet know the difference between a reasonable man and a reasoning man. The one knows when to be silent, the other never knows when to leave off talking.

**March 26th.**—Mary F. tormenting herself again with her jealousy of any one interfering with her friendship for Mrs. B. She hates her rivals infinitely more strongly than she loves her friend. Friendship with her is a pretty play-thing, but hate is a fierce enjoyment. To make a bad comparison, it is like some dogs who growl all the time they are gnawing a bone. Went to see *Coriolanus*, or rather a tragically *costumed*. Miss Tracy certainly was charmingly correct and most elegant in her drapery and *poses*. Mrs. T. came home to supper with us. One of those women who having exhausted love now cries it down. I have always remarked that when a woman rails at love, or a writer affects not to care for public opinion, that the charms of the one have passed away and the talents of the other beginning to wane. For after all what nonsense it is to declaim against the passion of love, and yet it is the fashion to attribute all sorts of evil to it. Without it neither man nor woman would be inspired, nor could they rise above mediocrity. A temperate lover is generally a very common sort of person.

**March 27th.**—Emily S. lunched with us. Since her return from Europe she does nothing but talk dress. The last fashions and the latest follies. Henry got quite cross, and broke out at last. "The only thing," said he, "that women have learnt since they were chased from Eden is how to wear their fig leaves, and the only conversation among them for the past four or five thousand years has been, 'My dear, you are wearing one of last Autumn's fig leaves,' or 'What a pretty shade of green your fig leaf has got,' or 'Your fig leaf is all on one side,' and then women wonder that we treat them like children." After he had gone, however, she told me a good story about Mr. H. and Mrs. C. He has been always making love to her and she suspected that it was more feigned than real; so one day last week, when he was more ardent than usual, she turned to him with an imploring look and said, "For God's sake, Charles, forbear, or I can no longer resist you." He cooled almost immediately; his simulated love was only a pastime and she was clever enough to perceive it. Men often sin in this careless way and make weak girls very unhappy, as is said in that fine play, *The Marble Heart*.

"Love, which is the substance of a woman's life  
Forms but an episode in man's."

**The Intelligent Divine**, who, with a wonderful knowledge of gas and its properties, smelling an escape, lit a candle to see where it was, wonderful to relate, got blown up. We don't pity him a bit, for every parson ought to know that gas is apt to explode when lit. But we pity his companion, Mrs. Hall, and advise her never again to trust herself alone with Parson Knight, at any rate not till he has studied natural science a little more. As for the damage done to Stone's church, he and his congregation are rich enough to pay for that. The question suggests itself to our mind, what were they doing there?



## A REPORTER FROM HADES IN SAN FRANCISCO.

Your Majesty has no idea in what an awful rage  
 The parsons are with Tyndal and his test, the new prayer gauge;  
 Not one of them will try it, for they one and all declare,  
 That though he's good at science, he's not worth a cent at prayer;  
 They say their God is much above such hanky, panky tricks,  
 And that they leave such little things to Catholic priests and Micks;  
 But we know pretty well down here, and they know quite as well,  
 That if they tried the dodge on once, their sermon's wouldn't sell.

The brother of Matt Tarpey's on the war path, so they say,  
 And going to go right in big licks to cut and shoot and slay.  
 He'll have to be more careful or he'll share his brother's fate,  
 And join our little party at some not far distant date.  
 Our good old friend and medium, poor Mrs. Martha Poole,  
 Has got herself in dire disgrace (I fear 'twill hurt the school)  
 About some paltry jewelry that folks will say she stole,  
 Then faked and called the spirits up to dig it from its hole.

Stocks are so low, the brokers say, they don't know what to do,  
 And asked me as a favor to get them help from you."  
 Cried Satan, "I will help them, for they've been good friends of mine,  
 And given countless souls a shove down our steep incline.  
 The bankers are good friends of ours; I'll send and let them know  
 That if they hold their coin too tight, I'll give *their* stocks a blow;  
 Why they will grasp for money so I can't form an idea,  
 I know they never bring a cent of what they make down here."

"And now, my liege, I've told you all the news I have to tell,  
 And if you look the papers through you'll find good news as well,  
 For as the giant hand of time moves on from day to day,  
 'Frisco supplies us many souls; most all will come this way.  
 Now may I crave, your Majesty, permission to retire,  
 I've felt so cold up there above I need a little fire."

"Yes, go," cried Satan, "when you're warm, get up to earth again,  
 Your news is good, and on the whole, I've no cause to complain."

## PEANUTS.

May the Foul Fiend light on these eternal munchers of peanuts. May ten thousand devils torment them while they live and Tartarus be their lot when they die. May the whole tribe be carted off bodily to Hades, plunged *a la* Tantalus, even to the chin in a sea of peanuts, unable to grasp so much as one. For their offence is rank, and stinks even unto heaven. No matter to what place of amusement one goes, nor in what public conveyance one travels, the air is sure to be filthily redolent of peanuts. Go to church, and peanut shells will crackle under your feet as you rise to praise the Lamb. Go to Oakland, and the steamer leaves a wake of peanut-shells behind it. We took the street-cars the other evening, on our way to the theater, and after wading knee-deep in peanut-shells from one end of the car to the other, seated ourselves between a lady and gentlemen, each of whom were voraciously devouring peanuts. In the space of three or four blocks several people entered the car, some carrying bags of peanuts, others having peanuts concealed about their persons, which they invariably drew forth just as we were beginning to hope better things of them. One old gentleman in particular, deceived us most cruelly. We had watched him closely for some time, and as he made no motion, but appeared to be wrapped in contemplation, we began to think that there actually was balm in Gilead yet, that is—a man who did not eat peanuts. At this moment the conductor touched the old man on the shoulder and asked for his ticket, at the same time of course scattering peanut-shells profusely around. One or two shells fell into the old man's lap; this seemed to remind him of something he had forgotten, for he immediately snatched off his hat and there, gracefully poised on his head was a paper bag containing a small bushel of the eternal peanuts. The climax was reached, our faith in human nature destroyed, (for we had firmly believed in that old man,) the atmosphere of the car positively reeked, and had not the foulness of the air been at this moment somewhat corrected by the entrance of a woman with a baby smelling fearfully of sour milk, while at the same time an old lady on our left happened to draw off her boots to put on slippers, we must have succumbed. Little more need be said. The theater turned out to be a second edition of the car; as we had paid our money, however, we just hung our hat up on the smell, which was fearfully and wonderfully strong, and struggled hard to stick it out. It was no use; surrounded on every side by nut-cracking boodlums we grew desperate, drew our penknife, cut our way through the pestiferous odor and departed. After this we are prepared for anything. We expect when we cross the Styx, to have to row the boat while old Charon chews peanuts. We also intend to carry a supply ourselves, to bribe Pluto to give us a position as fireman. Should we succeed in procuring the situation, we beg to inform all who like the diet that there will be a supply of roasted Hoodlums constantly on hand. In conclusion let us add—damn the omnipresent peanut. T. H.



## THE NEW CITY HALL.

There Have been Several Attempts to Mix Issues in this matter of the City Hall. Now, the thing is not at all confused; to us no hazziness is anywhere discernible, nor, indeed, can be to any informed man, however he may pretend. Let us see: Do you need a City Hall or do you not? If you need one, has your city cash enough or credit enough, is it big enough and rich enough, or ever likely to be big enough and rich enough to afford one of any fitness for its requirements? A negative answer to either of these queries and the question is at rest. Is it so to the first? We think hardly. We have not yet met the face carrying brass enough to pronounce it so. The notorious and palpable fact is, that the present building is wanting in every requisite, from sufficiency of accommodation to lowest minimum of shabby gentility. San Francisco grumbles that the Supreme Court will persist in sitting at Sacramento. Supreme Court, indeed! What has San Francisco got to do with Supreme Courts, and other large chickens, when she cannot raise wing enough to cover her own shyster squabs? Her District Courts are lodged out through all the city; wherever there's a room found too small for a restaurant and too shabby for a grocery, there sits a District Court. But there remains the second query: Can the city afford itself a respectable building? Momentous question! not to be glossed or avoided. Let the "Lightning Calculator" be called in; let the municipal pocket be turned out from its posterior concealment; clink the coins out one by one—you are *supposed* to be too rich for nickel or paper—and then, why then, if you are dead broke say so. It will be time then that the city move across the bay. Rome was burned, yet the capitol remained, and Rome would not go to Vell. But, for San Francisco, it is her curse and cancer that she wants public spirit, wants at least one public building for its nucleus and center of crystalization; when she "busts" let her emigrate to Oakland; she will have little to carry and nothing to regret. That New Zealander shall find no broken arch to stand on; should, indeed, find nothing to sketch if he did, save a village of crumbling shanties, more pretentious but not more substantial than the "pahs" of his Maori ancestors. One question more: Suppose we grant that you need no C. H., grant that you could not pay for one if you did, then why did you begin it? What refinement of undiluted idiotism set you to making zanies and jackasses of yourselves, in sight of the beasts of the field and the fowls of heaven, on a certain memorable day, when you marched out in solemn procession, with ringing steel and flapping banners, and the brass and blast of martial music and the roar of cannon, gun answering gun from hill to hill to the Sierras? What caused you, we ask, to halt by a certain stone, and then and there, after inordinate spoutings, "great applauses," and "long-continued cheerings," etc., bid the world to stand and mark how the mighty "Queen City of the Pacific" did lay the foundation-stone of her mansion? That the grizzly of the Western Slope had laid his paw to the plow in a sufficiently imposing fashion, few were then found to question; but things seem to have altered in certain quarters since. More especially, it would seem, with our grizzly's posterior quarters, to which several small curs have attached themselves, in a highly inconvenient manner. It is even a question whether the poor brute will not stop his furrow and lose his seed-grain for the sake of peace:

"Peace sitting under her olive and slurring the days gone by."

But none of that for the *News Letter*: this watchman on the walls of Zion now putteth his lip to the trumpet; he shaketh the glittering spear; he encetheth iron as straw, and brass as rotten wood. Let Sanballat, and Tobiah, and Geshem, the Arabian, beware, for the walls he watches *shall* go up, aye, till there be no breach left therein. Stand to your arms, my garrison; stand to your arms. Relief is at hand—"Dinna ye hear it? dinna ye hear it *noo*, the slogan to the Highlanders!"

Our English Cousins need say no more about American designs upon Cuba, for they are now pursuing the same course towards Spain that they pursued towards the United States during the late sectional war. A Carlist Committee has been organized in London, and a Carlist subscription has been publicly opened at the office of this Committee in St. James street, Belgrave square. The journals publish a long resolution, adopted at a recent meeting, in which Don Carlos is pronounced the legitimate sovereign of Spain, and is addressed as "His Majesty, Charles VII." The resolution goes on to say that by the law of succession and the law of inheritance, he is the only claimant who has a legitimate title to the throne of Spain. The Committee then appeals to all "lovers of right and justice," and announces that a public subscription has been opened in aid of the cause of His Majesty Charles VII., of Spain. The *Westminster Gazette* has opened a public subscription in its columns. As we are among the "lovers of right and justice," we make the required announcement, but beg leave to add that England is once more pursuing a dangerous course. Virtually she is raising money in order to encourage civil war in Spain, and if she finds another *Alabama* case on her hands when the Spanish Republic is established, she may remember our warning against such acts as that in question.—*From the American Register, March 1st.*

A North Carolina Physician was kicked to death by a mule a few days ago. Sensible beast! The doctor disregarded the Scripture injunction, "Physician, heal thyself!" So the mule heeled him.

[From the Town Crier Column of the San Francisco News Letter.]

**"One Cannot Make a Silk Purse Out of a Sow's Ear,"** nor can Mrs. Bacon be made to believe that the spirits reveal the whereabouts of stolen treasures without the medium being the thief. O, earthly minded Bacon, thus to doubt those favored ones to whom his Satanic Majesty vouchsafes his advice and presence. If every one "under the influence" were hauled up for grand larceny, what a clearance there would be. They all deserve it. Petty larceny and obtaining money under false pretences are charges that ought to be preferred, and could be substantiated, against all those gross imposters whose shingles offend the senses of all sensible people, and whose damnable trade is nothing more than a swindle from end to end. Only a few years since they would have been burnt as witches and wizards. If we do not acknowledge them to be these, the natural inference is that they are mean, despicable rogues, who make their dirty living by playing upon the nerves of the sensitive, and who cause more unhappiness in families than does a visit from grim death himself. Our contempt for these filthy leeches is only equaled by our pity for the poor fools who are their dupes, and allow themselves to be bled by them.

**So the Dominicans** are to have a convent at the corner of Steiner and Bush streets. The mole-eyed, bloodthirsty old vermin, founders of the Index Expurgations and the Inquisition, hiding the white robes under the black gowns, as they have tried to darken the world and blot out its whitest souls in the black hell-smoke of their presence! They have come to fatten in this city. Why not? Let them bury the snout to the ear. here seems wallowing enough and swill enough for all the swine that ever slobbered a sow's dug. We have quacks at every corner, fortune-tellers in every block, and a herd of choked frauds that rant and snifle at Meiggs' wharf till the very monkeys vomit. Why, last Sunday a sucking ape died in convulsions in its mother's arms at its first sight of Cox. So tramp, tramp the new squad! Wheel in, ye dead-beats of the universe! ye bummers at the bar of creation, forward march!

**One of Those Hotbeds of Vice** and nurseries of sin, too many of which flourish in our midst, has, thanks to Chief Crowley and Judge Londerback, received a blow from which we hope it will never recover. We allude to the case of Mr. and Mrs. Demesa, alias Hanson, whose cool deeds have been brought to light. Theirs is only one case in a hundred, and no one knows how many poor and innocent girls are led astray by these purveyors of human flesh. We say out upon them, stamp them under foot, and let not the air we breathe be defiled by these demons, for whom hell is too good. Judge Londerback let them off too lightly, though giving them the full weight of the law; we only wish he had had in his power to order both Demesa and his wife a couple of dozen with the "cat."

**The Worthy Powers** that rule Salinas City have suddenly discovered that the late Mr. Tarpey did not deserve the summary justice awarded him. How could he? Why, the thing is absurd. "A man with \$70,000 deserve lynching!" Out upon the idea. He never meant to shoot Mrs. Nicholson, or any one else; besides, if he did, a man possessed of that amount has a decided right to shoot how, when and what he likes. No wonder his brother Dom. went for any one he thought had a hand in the pie; but of pure curiosity we should like to know just what amount of dollars it took to convince the Bench of Salinas City that Tarpey was a martyr, and ought to go on the calendar. If stocks are down there as they are here, a trifle would do it.

**In Wading Through** one of the *Alta's* ponderous editorials of Wednesday, headed "Trouble in the East," we came across the astounding statement that "Between eleven and twelve millions belong to the Greek and American professions." Poor old *Alta*, we knew that you were in your dotage, but thought that there still remained a particle of sense in the antiquated brain. Confine yourself to subjects that you know more about, and come out boldly as an advertising medium alone.

**Poor Old Horace Hawes** must rest uneasily in his grave, for not only has the old man's will been disputed, but even his modest request that a "plain slab of Aberdeen granite" should be put over his grave has been evaded, and Peter Head granite substituted. We can imagine how the old boy must spend his time trying to kick off the slab. The gorgeous monument that a hundred years hence was to show the world where Hawes lies, stands but a poor chance of erection. A hundred years hence people will not trouble much what he has over him or where he is. "*Sic transit gloria mundi.*"

**The Ship "Patrician"** was wrecked on the Potato Patch. Her sometime pilot takes the *Chronicle*, and has friends who take the *Chronicle*. So it delivers itself thus: "Had the captain stayed on deck, and not gone down to look at his chart, this ship had not gone aground." But if the pilot had stayed on board, as *was his duty, till the ship was in deep water*, what then, O second Daniel of live journals?

**Senator Hannibal Hamlin**, of Maine, is said to be comparatively poor, contrary to a report widely published. "Comparatively" is good; I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word. He is comparatively poor. So is Luning, so is Mike Reese, so is Stanford. Dash it, who wouldn't be comparatively poor. We're sorry for Hannibal.

**Commend Us to a Good, Right Down Liar**, one who lies by instinct, and who never, even by accident, tells the truth. We have ever held Sapphira as a martyr to a good cause, and have revered her memory. We revere it no longer, for in our midst has arisen one to whom Sapphira could not hold a candle; one from whose lips a gentle stream of lies drop like water from melting icicles. Fain would we make a pilgrimage to the wilds of Oakland and press her to our heart, soiled dove though she be. San Francisco has its poets (vide Kendall), its artists and its sculptors; but it never has and never can produce such a prodigy as Oakland boasts of in Miss Kate Gordon.

**The Pioche Lawsuit** is bringing to light the nice way in which mining affairs are conducted, and it must be very refreshing to shareholders to know how easily the books can be stolen, suits ensue and their stocks go down. Mr. Patten seems to have a most accommodating memory. At one time he knows and for a consideration will tell where the lost books are. Then, again, his memory is a blank, and he knows nothing about them. Now who lies? That some one does, is very evident. If Mr. Patten is not careful, contempt of Court will be the lightest charge against him.

**The Young Young**, son of "the prophet" Brigham, figured as a "drunk" in the San Francisco calaboose this week. The much-married Eli of Salt Lake City will be falling off his stool, to the tune of Ichabod, and breaking his damned neck, when he hears of it. The *Town Crier* don't give a cent; he used to go a heap on the old he-Rose Mackinley; he thought the old man was raising young saints by the round dozen; but if he is only breeding hoodlums with a fifty-wife-power, why, by the burning ghost of Joe Smith, the T. C. won't stand it!

**The Concordia Club**, which spread such a marriage feast at the opening of their new rooms last Saturday, is a musical society." Ta, ta, ta! a very good story for the clubbist's wives, De Young; but really, you know, we are not old women. The tune they play at the Concordia is called *Poker*. Such clubs were called *gambling clubs* before euphemism was introduced to the pages of the *Chronicle*. Even yet we wouldn't trust little Faro sharps to its tender mercy, but Pokerists—Pokerists who can fit up a \$30,000 hall—th' th' that's quite another matter, you see.

**Much Sensational Nonsense** has been written about the arrest of Bogart. No doubt the arrest was ill-timed, and that the idea of it originated from petty spite on the part of some frightened official rather than from motives of justice. There seems to be no doubt that he is a deserter from the service, and as such is liable to arrest at any time. Were we in Mr. Bogart's place we should take it as a compliment to our writing that the venom of such "big bugs" had been stirred up by our little pen.

**Dr. Cheever** advertises this week that he "has taken the bull by the horns;" that "the materialists, Darwin, Huxley, Spencer and others" are played out.—Yes: taken the bull by the horns, as Arnold von Winkelreid took the Austrian spears by the points at Sempach. Arnold made a way for his comrades, however; Cheever has made no way for anything, save for his own literary bowels to gush out. Let them gush!

### BOOK NOTICES.

**Scribner's Monthly** for April, just received, is full of good illustrations and interesting reading. It also contains some original poetry of more than average merit. It treats of subjects varied and instructive, and is, on the whole, a first-rate number of a first-rate periodical.

**Wishing-Cap Papers.**—By Leigh Hunt. The "Wishing-Cap Papers" are composed of a series of essays and sketches from the *Examiner*, *Tattler*, etc., hitherto uncollected and written with the graceful ease and chattiness peculiar to the brilliant Leigh Hunt. In reading these papers one is invested with a wishing-cap of his own, whereby he is transferred to pleasant places and among charming people in a very delightful way. For sale at the house of A. L. Bancroft & Co., 721 Market street.

**Partingtonian Patchwork.**—By B. P. Shillaber. In one of the patches we are reintroduced to our old friend Mrs. P. and her remarkable offspring, invested with all their old eccentricities. Those desirous of a good laugh are advised to follow Mr. Birkins through his domestic tribulations, and Dr. Spooner in search of "The Delectable." For sale at the house of A. L. Bancroft & Co., 721 Market street.

**The Pacific Mail Steamship Company.**—The recent irregularity of the arrivals and departures of Pacific Mail Steamship Company's vessels is variously commented upon, and as Captain Phelps, one of the Directors, is now here, it is probable he will ascertain where the fault lies. The repeated disasters which the Company's ships have lately met with, forcibly suggests recklessness or incompetency somewhere, in marked contrast with the former administrative ability displayed in the management. How far the removals and new appointments made some time ago are the cause of this, we have no means of knowing, but we may remark that prompt measures must be taken if the Directors desire to retain that prestige which the former business-like conduct of affairs and noted punctuality of sailings and arrivals obtained for the line.



THE NEW YORK DAILY GRAPHIC.

We Have Rather a Good Opinion of this new illustrated paper of Gotham, the *Daily Graphic*. It is a marvel of cheapness; too cheap, we almost fear, to live. Its reading matter has the sparkle and flavor of the true Attic salt. Its illustrations, compared with the scummy trash of the mass of ink-splotch weeklies, are not so much as wine is to water, but as wine to hog-wash. Some of them remind us—not in choice of subject, indeed, but in effect—of the best results achieved by the Parisian school of caricature, by the *Charivari*, *Journal pour Rire*, and *Journal Amusant*, for instance—the same careless, crayon-style detail, the same bold and telling ensemble. The *Graphic*, moreover, has reached a subtlety of shading in places (e. g., its *Study of Noses*, in the ninth number) superior to anything, in that particular style, yet attained elsewhere. Unfortunately, there is generally at least one rather scaly specimen of art in each number, looking all the worse beside its handsome neighbors. Out with it; leave a blank first, cousin *Graphic*; then come round to the *News Letter* office, and verily, we say unto you, you shall have your reward.

**Change in the Transportation of English Mails.**—The Postoffice Department at Washington gives notice that in consequence of the withdrawal of the direct line of mail steamers running on the route between San Francisco, New Zealand and Australia, correspondence for New Zealand and the Australian colonies can no longer be forwarded *via* San Francisco, but must be prepaid for transmission by British mail *via* England at the following rates, viz: First, by British mail *via* Southampton—letters, sixteen cents per half ounce or fraction thereof; newspapers, four cents each, if not exceeding four ounces in weight; other printed matter and samples, four cents if not over one ounce; eight cents if over one, but not over two ounces, fourteen cents if over two ounces but not over four, and fourteen cents for twenty additional four ounces or fraction thereof. By British mail *via* Brindisi, letters twenty-two cents per half ounce or fraction thereof; newspapers eight cents each, if not exceeding four ounces in weight; printed matter and samples, twenty cents per four ounces or fraction thereof; register fee, sixteen cents, by letter rates, in addition to the ordinary postage.

The San Diego Property Union presents to the public a first-rate chance of good land investments at low figures. San Diego will, at some future day, hold no mean place among our Californian cities, and money laid out in town lots there will, we believe, repay the purchaser for his outlay in a very short time. Land grows in value as the country gets more populated, and where would such men as Michael Reese have been had they not invested their hard earned money in real estate? A purchaser of a \$30 corner lot may in a few years become quite rich. And after all, what is thirty dollars? Knock off your whisky and cigars for a month, and take to beer and a pipe, and you have the sum saved; and instead of being a mere machine working for others, you become a landholder. The prices asked are so small, and the terms so easy, that we have no doubt many people will avail themselves of this opportunity and invest their capital in something tangible and worth the money. Any one who has been to San Diego knows what a beautifully situated place it is. Those who have not been we recommend to go, and see before they buy, feeling sure that they will come away pleased with their trip and the locality.

**The Failure of the Mexican House of Messrs. F. de Lizardi & Co.,** whose acceptances were recently returned unpaid, has been definitely announced in the following circular. The firm in its present form was constituted twenty-five years ago, but its actual origin dates much further back. At the time of the great American panic in 1837 it occupied a very important position, and was largely interested in the trade with New Orleans. The outstanding liabilities have not been ascertained. Probably they are much below those which have been current in former years. "124 Cannon street, London, E.C., Feb. 17, 1873: We regret to be under the necessity of informing you that we have been compelled to suspend payment. We have placed our books in the hands of Messrs. Turquand, Youngs & Co., for the purpose of submitting a statement of our affairs to our creditors at the earliest possible moment. Yours obediently, F. DE LIZARDI & Co."

**The Report of the London and San Francisco Bank (Limited),** presented on March 4th, recommended a dividend on the paid-up capital of £600,000, at the rate of twelve per cent per annum, of which one-half was paid on account last September. The balance of £20,000 for the good will of the business of Parrott & Co. has been written off.

**We Must Congratulate the Harbor Commissioners** on showing their good sense in appointing such a well known and talented man as John F. Swift as counsel for the Board, and feel sure they will never have cause to regret their choice.





## CALIFORNIA SPRING MARKET.

A Very Respectable and Somewhat Surprising Idea of the immense resources of California may be obtained through a visit to the market places of San Francisco, with the organs of observation on the *qui vive*. Were this great country of ours a producer only of such an unlimited supply of food for man and beast, it would claim the attention of all seeking a home in a land of plenty, where no want is. California began its career with a reputation of a somewhat peculiar character. Known for years only as a land of precious metals, and precious rascals working them (of course this remark has no present application), outsiders imagined that with the exhaustion of the works and the workers would come what the self-culturists style "a cessation of vitality." But kind Dame Nature revealed other secret treasures to those who came hither only to pit and scar her face, and put them up to a wrinkle or two better than wasting their life in a hole, with five hundred chances towards getting rheumatism to one of getting rich. The greatest wrinkle of all was that of *furrowing* the brown face of our Common Mother, and strange as it may seem, the more she was furrowed, and the deeper the furrows, the more she smiled. In fact, to drop this rather worn out idea, we began to see that our riches were not *confined* to gold, or any other metal for that matter, and that as an agricultural country California was destined to make her mark in the world. In two words, California is taking rank and will take rank amongst the greatest exporting countries of the world. She has no need to import anything. She has raw produce and the means to work it into any manufactured staple the manufacturing market needs. Our waters, our ranches, and our market gardens are unfailing and legitimate sources of true wealth, and it is with the products of these that we have now to deal. A priced list in detail of what our San Franciscan market supplies will be useful in two ways: useful to Californians, those of us who rather look down on Agricola, and especially useful to those unhappy ones who have not yet made this their home. Beef is plentiful, and is improving every year in flavor and quality, as more attention is paid to these particulars by feeders and breeders. The present prices range from 10 cents per pound, for corned beef, up to 25 cents for prime cuts in fresh; lamb is sold at from 20 to 25 cents; spring veal, 12 to 25 cents; pork, fresh, 15 cents; hams and bacon, 18 cents; salt pork, 15 cents. Odds and ends may be bought at very few cents a pound. At present hams are imported from the East for 3 or 4 cents per pound less than they can be made here. There is no earthly reason why this should be so, and we believe that pork-packing will see very much better days in a short time. The extent of the retail beef business may rather surprise some of our readers, when they learn that from 25 to 30 cattle are sold from some of the stalls in the California Market every week. Poultry is dear; unreasonably so. For chickens, from 60 cents to \$1 each is asked; tame ducks, \$2 to \$2.50 a pair; tame geese, \$3.50 to \$4 a pair, whilst turkeys fetch 25 cents a pound. Game is just as expensive; hares may be bought for from 25 to 37 cents each; jack snipe cannot be bought under \$2.25 or \$2.50 a dozen. In season, wild ducks are sold at from 50 cents to \$1 a pair; geese, 75 cents to \$1, and quail, \$2 a dozen. Venison remains at an average price of "a bit" a pound. The supply of fish is of the best, and in quality and variety unsurpassed in any market in the world. These are the prices per pound: salmon, flounders, and tom-cod, 15 cents; rock-fish and cod, 10 cents; sturgeon, 6 cents; soles, 35 cents; salmon-trout, 25 cents; sardines and perch, 25 cents. Shell-fish in any amount and at reasonable prices, notably oysters, \$1 per hundred; clams, 50 cents, and mussels, 25 cents. Dairy produce of the first order may be said to be a specialty of California, and an inspection of the stalls, crammed with good things, will prove an incentive to even the most wide-awake to dream of cool dairies, lowing cows, sunlit hills, the sweet smell of the waving grass and the hum of the tireless bees. To come down and be prosaic, the possession of the aforementioned good things may be obtained by the exchange of current coin to this value: butter, from 50 to 75 cts. per 2-pound roll; cheese, 20 to 25 cents per pound; honey, 20 cents a pound, light or dark; eggs, 30 cents a dozen. But the greatest treat of all we have reserved for the last, that is, sunning one's self in the smiles of great, rosy-cheeked apples, exchanging winks with sly-looking lemons, trying to find out what the joke is that the great, heavy old melons and squashes are bursting their sides about, and how many snails are hidden in the biggest cabbage. California has a right to be proud of her fruits and vegetables, and no one need be afraid of the prices, as the list will show: oranges and lemons, 75 cents to \$1 per dozen; apples, 5 to 8 cents per pound; rhubarb, 10 cents; peas, 5 to 8 cents; potatoes, new, 5 to 8 cents; old, 7½ cents; sweet, 4 cents; figs, white and black, 20 to 25 cents; onions, 3 to 8 cts.; asparagus, 6 to 12½ cents; almonds, 37 cents; walnuts, 25 cents; filberts, 25 cts.; squash, 3 cents; beans of all sorts, 4 to 6 cents per pound; cabbages and cauliflower, 10 to 12½ cents each; artichokes, 50 cents to \$1 a dozen; lettuce, 25 cents a dozen; carrots, turnips, parsnips and beets, 25 cents a dozen; cress and salads of all kinds, 25 cents a dozen; celery, 75 to \$1 a dozen, with many other things "too numerous to mention." Strawberries are an old story with us, and we shall soon revel in these luscious berries of the straw by only an outlay of 10 cents. No one reading the above lists can fail to exclaim, "Well, here is a country, indeed, a very Goshen." There can be no doubt about it, California can raise whatever she takes the trouble to cultivate, and to the legend on the seal of the Queen City of the West, "Gold in peace, iron in war," we would make the addition, "and plenty at all times."

A Rib of James V. of Scotland is preserved as a relic in Virginia.

## SHIP OWNERS AND UNDERWRITERS.

The English Board of Trade reports that in 1871 there were one hundred and twenty casualties to smacks and fishing vessels; that in addition to these the number of vessels employed in the regular carrying trade, which suffered wreck or casualty, was 1,807. In 1868 the losses in the regular carrying trade were about 2,000, and the Board of Trade in commenting on them, casts a terrible light on such figures as those quoted above. The Board said that about "half the loss is represented by the unseaworthy, over-laden, or ill-found vessels of the collier class, chiefly employed in the coasting trade." Such facts as these are suggestive, and it is certain that a peremptory necessity for inquiry has been established, and that Parliament cannot any longer postpone the question of further legislation for the protection of merchant seamen:

## THE RHYME OF THE MODERN SHIP-OWNER.

It is a drowned mariner,  
And he stoppeth an M.P.  
"By thy dank gray beard like wet seal fur,  
Now wherefore stopp'st thou me!"

"The great Club's doors are opened wide,  
But I would fare within:—  
The members met, the House is set  
To spend the nation's tin."

\* \* \* \* \*

The western wave was all a-blaze,  
The day was well-nigh done;  
Almost departed from our gaze,  
Faded the blood-red sun—  
When a strange shape from out the haze  
Was seen by every one!

His ships are sped, they're book'd at sea,  
He looks, that fellow, for gold,  
He's on them a good insurance fee  
And deuce a bit for the crew cares he  
And their dangers manifold.

The phantom bark made never a sound,  
And the twin were casting dice;  
"Let the crew be drowned, for the sum is  
round,"  
Said he, "and its worth the price."

The night was calm, tho' no stars were  
The leak sprung in the dark— [out,

'Mid unheard horror, and hopeless shout  
Down went the fated bark!

\* \* \* \* \*

How many lives were that time lost  
I truly do not know;—  
But the underwriters paid the cost,—  
And the owner won that throw!

\* \* \* \* \*

Farewell, farewell, but this I tell  
To thee, M.P., distressed,  
That you ought to hang one gambling  
swell  
To encourage all the rest!

He prayeth best, whose interest  
'Tis to have his vessels founder;  
It does't compass his ends to invest  
In making those vessels sounder!

\* \* \* \* \*

The mariner, who had been drowned,  
Quitted that senator;  
And our M.P. in thought profound  
He trod the House's floor.

He backed-up Mr. Pimmsoll's plan  
To aid our tars forlorn:  
A better and a wiser man,  
He did the House adorn!

—English Paper.

## SIZE OF ANCIENT AND MODERN MEN.

The Heroes of Antiquity, esteemed godlike in their attributes, were naturally represented as being godlike in stature. In every exhibition of arms and armor thrown open to the observer, from the Tower of London to that collection exhibited in Somerset House by the Society of Antiquaries, and which has just been closed, abundant evidence is afforded that the men of the earliest times were smaller in limb and shorter in stature than the men of the present day. The ancient British and Roman arms exhibited in Somerset House could have been effectively wielded only by a smaller race of men than that of our time. The handles of the swords and daggers were too small to afford a firm grasp to the hand of a modern Englishman, and even few women's hands would have fitted in between the guard and the extreme end of the hilt. In armor, again, it is a remarkable fact that none but the smallest and slimmest men amongst us could squeeze ourselves into the cor-lets worn by such heroes as "dattered the Volscians" at Cressy and Poitiers. Darnley's cuirass at Holyrood Palace cannot be got outside of a man of five feet eight and of proportionate build. Wallace's sword, a huge iron contrivance which few of us could swing, and which it is certain the hero of Scotland never wielded, has been found to be no more genuine than the poker still shown as Bailie Nicol Jarvie's at the Clachan of Aberfoyle, and has been withdrawn from exhibition at Dumbarton Castle; and the armor of the Black Prince is too small for an average guardsman. It seems, then, that England, instead of producing a race inferior to that which flourished in the early heroic times, now breeds men of clearly grander and more athletic frame than she has hitherto done. In the light of this fact we must revise our early historic impressions. Richard Cour de Lion, the Prince of Crusaders, and the fear of Saladin, we must now be compelled to regard as, after all, only a light weight; Edward the First, that Longshanks who was the "Hammer of the Scottish nation," as being considerably short of the standard of our own Horse Guards, and the famous and splendid Black Prince as a hero of infinite more skill and energy, but of very ordinary form, and with a constitution so delicate that after a few years' campaigning in France, and a disastrous raid into Spain (where he suffered severely from the heat), he pined and faded and dropped into an early and premature grave. So much for mediæval giants.

A Kentucky Man recently committed suicide because he was so wicked.

### A WELL-KNOWN CITIZEN INSANE.

**We Regret to Learn** of the alarming mental condition of our well-known fellow-citizen, Mr. Michael Reese. It has long been observed by physicians that the strongest brains are most likely in the end to be attacked by and to yield to cerebral disorders. Yet we were disposed to hope that active as was the mental organization of Mr. Reese, that he might be spared to us yet for some years of further usefulness. Even as late as the commencement of the present year his gigantic mind was observed to be perfectly normal in its operations, and he made his usual annual preparation to resist the Tax Collector with his wonted coolness, precision and foresight. He assembled his legal advisers about him directly that the new Code went into effect, and with a pencil in one hand and a copy of the tax levy in the other, observed in a voice unusually free from emotion, considering the importance of the crisis, that at the rate his property was increasing he must inevitably be a beggar in just seventeen years, seven months, four days and three hours, unless this burden of taxes could be shuffled off. Mr. Felton, who stood by, was quite thrown off his guard by the naturalness of the thought, and would have wagered his interest in the Pioche-Robinson estate that Reese was then sane. But alas! The demon of insanity at that very moment had possession of his soul, and the maniacal fires coursed up and down his distorted system and ran riot through his nerves and tissues like the baleful poison of the Upas tree. But we refrain from indulging in sentiment, the subject being too serious. At the very instant of his marshaling his forces for an onslaught against the remorseless Austin and his unconscionable myrmidons, who would wantonly have reduced the poor gentleman to penury, he was actually meditating upon a deed which is the conclusive evidence of the final overthrow of that splendid intellect, and which, we doubt not, will be taken advantage of by his heirs-at-law to consign him to the sombre precincts of Stockton as a hopeless maniac. It appears that a Dutchman of the name of Lager, Dr. Lager, we believe—an unusual name in the nomenclature of that graceful and euphonic people—recently in the city of New York let go his beer and quit. He left some books. What kind does not appear, but most likely they were books of accounts, as the price asked for them was \$2,000, and from that circumstance we infer that the claims or charges in the books must have passed with the books themselves. Mr. Reese had in some manner become informed of the bargain offered in closing up this gentleman's business, and reached out for it and bought them. Had he stopped then, no sufficient reasons for alarm would have appeared. But he did not. He went on with that mingled deliberation and wildness that characterizes failing intellect in incipient mental disease, and gave Dr. Lager's books to the University of California. No steps have been taken, so far as we know, to confine Mr. Reese, but his symptoms remain serious.

### INVESTIGATE THEM ALL.

**If There is Anything we Hate** it is favoritism. Our motto is, a fair field and no favor, and the devil take the hindmost. (There is nothing like a text of Scripture to wind up with. It relieves the monotony.) The way these investigations have been going on is all wrong. It is favoritism throughout. Broadway School, Industrial School, Deaf and Dumb Institute, Almshouse; what are all these but high-toned establishments, filling the public eye to such an extent that a man accused of misconduct in any one of them is sure of political advancement and social influence? Old Col. Chartres knew the world. When he said that he would give £10,000 for a good character, because he could make £50,000 by it, his head was level with the plane of the horizon. It is a certificate of eminence and a sure title to public esteem to stand in the sight of men, under a charge of utilizing the supplies of the Almshouse, or creating a necessity for ventilation in the Broadway School. But there are other public offices and services than those to which we have alluded. Why should not they have their investigations? Is there any constitutional reason why the Inspector of diseased meats should not be inspected? He could furnish some very savory items to the daily papers. There is also the Contractor for removing carcasses of defunct beasts: why not have an investigation held, together with noses, into the discharge of his trust? Both of these gentlemen are public officers engaged in the prosecution of arduous undertakings. They are entitled to public attention. There are also the several excellent citizens, engaged month after month, in Sisyphean task of purifying the pavements and corridors and asphaltum floors of the City Hall and its environs from the tracks which Nature and the principles of Chemistry combine to reproduce continually. What is to be done for these fellow-citizens? Can it be that the higher officials, puffed up by the possession of authority, pretend to ignore the claims of a class renowned in history, a class vindicated by that careful administrator, the Emperor Vespasian, in his famous question to his son Titus, on offering him a piece of gold to smell; Num quid offenderetur? We trust that this independent class of our fellow-citizens will assert its rights and insist upon an investigation.

**A Commission** appointed by the German Government, and consisting of a captain, several inspectors of arms, and some marksmen, will shortly arrive at Birmingham to inspect the first lot of the large quantity of rifles now being manufactured there for the German army. The rifles, which are of the class known in Germany as the "M 71," are all to be inspected before reception.



## UNICA.

I heard three maidens singing,  
And thought their song so sweet  
My heart was almost ready  
To worship at their feet.  
But when the song was ended,  
My worship ended too:  
"I bowed," I said, "fair maidens,  
To music, not to you."

I saw two maidens talking,  
In gentle voice and kind;  
And love was almost ready,  
Love-born, to fill my mind.  
But when the maidens parted,  
Their love seemed parted too:  
"I loved," I said, "your friendship,  
Fair maids—I loved not you."

I saw one maiden look at me  
Out of her dark grey eyes;  
My spirit bowed to worship her,  
And never more shall rise.  
I heard one maiden speak to me  
In wisely measured tone:  
My heart went forth in love to her,  
And will love her alone.

—Good Words.

## FAR CATHAY.

It is Worth While, now that there is so much noise made about the danger of admitting the Chinese to our shores, to take a look at them in their own country, where they feel themselves strong, and hear the report of the European stranger among them. Mr. Medhurst, British Consul at Shanghai, has just published a little volume of 200 pages, embodying his views of the Chinese character, and the condition of the Empire; views entitled to the greater respect that he is an old resident of China, the son of a famous Chinese scholar, and himself well acquainted with the life and the language of the people. The generally "prominent idea with regard to a Chinaman," he says, "is that he is a quaint but stolid besotted creature, who smokes opium perpetually, and drowns his daughters as fast as they appear, whose every day food consists of puppies, kittens, rats, and such like garbage; whose notions of honor, honesty and courage are of the loosest; and to whom cruelty is a pastime. This opinion may not quite tally with the impression as to civilization and social advancement, . . . but no trouble is taken to explain the contradiction, and the more ridiculous and familiar fancy is indulged in." Any one would suppose Mr. Medhurst had written these words after talking with some of our enlightened San Francisco Caucasians. He gives us, further on in his book, a chapter on the Chinese character; and according to his study of it, it is distinguished by qualities a good deal like Western, or, let us say, American character. It appears that the Chinese walk erect on two legs, not for nothing. They have something of a sense of honor. Mr. Medhurst says: "Even in intercourse with foreigners cases constantly happen where the Chinaman's honor is the sole guarantee to the merchant for the fulfilment of the agreement." The singular unteachableness of this people, however, is shown in the fact that here, in California, many Chinese traders, resident among us for years, show the same scrupulous regard for their honor; the more liberal and elastic tone of our commercial morals having failed to affect them.

Probably the most significant and frightful page in Mr. Medhurst's book is the following: "They (the Chinese) are good agriculturists, mechanics, laborers and sailors, and they possess all the intelligence, delicacy of touch, and unwearied patience which are necessary to render them first-rate machinists and manufacturers. They are, moreover, docile, sober, thrifty, industrious, self-denying, enduring and peace-loving to a degree. They are equal to any climate, be it hot or frigid; all that is needed is teaching and guiding, combined with capital and enterprise, to convert them into the most efficient workmen to be found on the face of the earth." Alas! and alas! Is there any sorrow like unto our sorrow? It is against men like these that we have to defend the ark of our Christian civilization; and who are they that fight for us? Father Buchard (Irishman or gooseman, which?) the *Chronicle*, the *Evening Post*, and General Wind. Windiness and the rooted antipathy to work against sobriety and thrift. We should despair, if we did not remember that, in the inscrutable providence of God, who doeth all things well, the useless, the ornamental, the peripatetic horn-blowers have always ruled the roast, while the most efficient workmen in the world have been made to

Learn how divine a thing it is  
To suffer and be strong.

We are doubly thankful to Consul Medhurst. He has taught us that we were right in looking on the Chinese as men somewhat like ourselves; and at the same time he has satisfied us that we need have no fears of their becoming Caucasians. Their perfectly gratuitous and low-lived love of work is the impassable barrier between them and us. Our heart is dilated, and our anxiety ceases. They would have no use for Winn in China; for even scare-crows are made to work in that country.

The Students of the Paris Polytechnic School have been utilized for a grand experiment in the use of tobacco, and the result is fatal to the weed. The minister of instruction has issued a circular to all the colleges, forbidding the use of tobacco as baneful to studiousness, and injurious to mental and physical growth.

### Court Chat.

**The German Emperor**, while visiting a village in his land, was welcomed by the school children of the place. After their speaker had made a speech for them he thanked them. Then taking an orange from a plate, he asked: "To what kingdom does this belong?" "The vegetable kingdom, sire," replied the little girl. The Emperor took a gold coin from his pocket, and holding it up, asked: "And to what kingdom does this belong?" "To the mineral kingdom, sire," replied the little girl. "And to what kingdom do I belong, then?" asked the Emperor. The little girl colored deeply, for she did not like to say "the animal kingdom," as he thought she would, lest his Majesty should be offended, when a bright thought came, and she said with radiant eyes, "To God's kingdom, sire." The Emperor was deeply moved. A tear stood in his eye. He placed his hand on the child's head and said, most devoutly, "God grant that I may be accounted worthy of that kingdom."

**The Pope Seems to Know** that there have been some irreverent allusions made to him on the Corso, for in his speech to the Lenten preachers he said: "I know that there are many snares, and that we are surrounded by ridicule, insults and threats, but was not Jesus Christ Himself while on earth often subjected to similar miseries?" His Holiness then alluded to the temptation in the wilderness, and hinted that Victor Emmanuel had complied with the devil's conditions: "Is it then necessary, in order to sit upon a usurped throne, to retain it in some manner or another, even only for a short time, to take what belongs to others—is it necessary to kneel down before the devil? *'St cadens adoraveris me?'* People sit upon thrones. \* \* \* But enough." And with this opportune *basta*, Pius IX. interrupted his comments on the King of Italy's conduct.

**Statements are Current in Paris** of a reconciliation between the Duc de Montpensier and the ex-Queen Isabella, based upon an arrangement that Prince Alphonso shall marry the daughter of the Duke, with, as a consequence, the Regency devolving on the Duc de Montpensier himself. It is even asserted definitely that this understanding was effected recently, and it is added that the intervention of Queen Christina and her strenuous co-operation have contributed greatly to the result. It is a curious instance of mating for the hatching of a crown. Will the egg, however, be added or not?

**President Grant**, on taking the oath, the other day, kissed these words in the 11th chapter of Isaiah: "And the spirit of the Lord shall rest upon him, the spirit of wisdom and understanding, the spirit of counsel and might, the spirit of knowledge and of the Lord; and shall make him of quick understanding in the fear of the Lord; and he shall not judge after the sight of his eyes, neither reprove after the hearing of his ears."

**A Young Frenchman** in the department of the Seine-et-Marne has lighted upon a new expedient for avoiding military service. He assassinated his father in order to be able to claim exemption as a "widow's only son." The law does not, however, appear to view this novel device with much favor, for the Court of Assizes has found him guilty of murder and condemned him to death.

**Recently, in Driving Down Pall Mall to the Levee**, the off hind wheel of the brougham in which Mr. Gladstone was riding became detached, and the carriage fell with a crash. Mr. Gladstone alighted and walked in Court costume to St. James's, apparently not best pleased with his *contretemps*, and the bystanders did not fail to remark upon the downfall of the Prime Minister.

**Robert A. Ellis**, who served under Lord Nelson at Trafalgar, is living in Chicago at an advanced age. He retired from the British Navy shortly after the battle of Waterloo had restored peace to Europe, and came to this country. He at one time served on board the *Royal George*, the flagship which subsequently foundered at Spithead with all hands on board.

**The Son of Baron Rothschild**, the head of the Austrian branch, has not only married a Christian, but has abjured his faith for hers. He will succeed his father, and is, indeed, his only son and heir. His wife is a daughter of the Austrian Archduke Regner.

**On Her Marriage** it is said that the Emperor of Russia will settle £50,000 a year on the Grand Duchess Maria, his only daughter. The lucky husband (not for cash sake) gossip has now freely named.

**The Emperor and Empress of Germany** invited themselves to dine on Wednesday, February 19th, at Lord Odo Russell's, a distinction never before conferred on a foreign diplomatist.

**On the 1st of March the Princess Ada Troubetzkoy** sang at the Theater Italien of Nice in *Lucrezia Borgia*. The two representations were for the benefit of the poor of Nice.

**The King of Sweden and Norway** will start in the month of June for Fimmark, and the coronation will take place on his return, probably on the 18th of July.

**A Novel by the Princess Mathilde Bonaparte**, entitled "La Dame à la Rubine," will shortly be published.

### Special Brevities.

**Spiders Traveling by Balloon.**—A correspondent of the *Scientific American* relates a singular incident. In company with other persons he was crossing Seneca lake on the 10th of October, when a small wave was seen near the center of the lake, caused by the moving of some insects. Upon investigating the matter, it was found that three spiders were gliding over the surface of the water, and attached to them was a single thread, the size of a knitting-needle, extending in the air to the height of 30 feet, at an angle of 60 degrees, and terminating with an enormous balloon-shaped web. This latter was judged to be eight feet long and five feet wide, with stays fastened at the main thread, something similar to those of a balloon, and it was managed apparently by an innumerable number of the insects stationed at proper intervals. The party attempted to obtain a closer view, but when within a few feet of the web it began to rise, though the last spider, which proved to be about the size of a horse-fly, was brought back by the stroke of an oar. The balloon went onward and upward until lost to sight.

**A Good Story is Told** in connection with Bishop Gell's late visitation tour through Travancore. A high-caste Nair complained to the bishop that a member of the Protestant congregation in his neighborhood had encroached on his garden, removing the boundary line. The bishop directed him to make his complaint before the proper authorities, but the Nair insisted upon his lordship giving him an opinion before leaving the spot. On hearing this, Bishop Gell, stepping out of his palanquin, said, "If you must have an indorsement, take it in these words: 'Cursed be the man that removeth his neighbor's landmark.'" The Hindoo, it is said, was struck with terror on hearing this, and he speedily drew back, conceiving that the curse would recoil upon himself, the real offender in removing the "neighbor's landmark" in the first instance being not the Christian convert, but the Nair himself.

**The Executive Mansion at Jefferson City**, the capital of Missouri, is a vast depository of electricity—an immense Leyden jar, in fact. If a visitor touches his finger to a door-knob or a picture-frame, a spark and shock ensue, and strangers are often surprised by the storm of electrical sparks that stream from their feet as they pass over the carpets. The governor's family got a little tired of having so much of the stuff around, and summoned a "scientist," the other day, to look into the matter, and he is of the opinion that the mansion is built upon an immense loadstone, which generates this electricity.

**A Duel was Fought Lately** between two women living in the Boulevard de Courcelles. The cause of dispute was rivalry for the affections of a man named Juglin, and the two women agreed to decide their dispute by means of a duel with knives. The frightful conflict was waged in the house 84 Boulevard de Courcelles, and the result was one woman mortally and the other dangerously wounded. The cause of this dreadful contest, the man Juglin, has been arrested.

**George M. Pullman**, who is now in England, has concluded contract for the adoption of his sleeping and drawing-room cars on the Midland Railway, which runs between London and Liverpool, and is the longest and most important railroad in England. The first cars will be shipped in September, consisting of ten of the different varieties which are already in progress of manufacture at the Pullman works in Detroit.

**A Disastrous Incident** is reported from the seaport town of Palamos, in Catalonia. A cutter arrived, the captain of which was quite unaware of the abdication and its consequences. Having been greeted with what he thought a treasonable cry of "Viva la Republica" from another vessel, he ordered his men to open fire upon it, and several of the crew were killed or wounded.

"**We Claim the Honor**," says the *Mobile Register*, "of having started a new interest in Japan Peas, and we are proud of it, for the Japan Pea is undoubtedly one of the best things for our climate. It is easily raised, will grow on almost any soil, and yields enormously. As food for man we think it has no equal in the pea or bean way." What is this Japan Pea?

**The Latest Lively Notion of the Communists of Germany**, which they wish to transplant to British soil, is that no father shall leave property to his children—his acquired wealth shall go to the nation at large, and the children shall begin life for themselves. The Germans are, of course, a very philosophical people, full of culture—usual costume, the strait jacket.

**The German Geographical Societies** propose to send an expedition to explore the western part of Africa, and supplement the discoveries of Dr. Livingstone. A considerable sum of money has already been raised to meet the expenses of the undertaking.

**The Paris Municipal Corporation** has refused to accept legacies made by a German of 5,000 francs for the German poor of that city, and of 30,000 francs towards the establishment of a German hospital.

**At a Temperance Meeting** held in London recently, Mr. Charrington, the great brewer, announced that he had abjured his vocation because he had come to see the mischief which the trade inflicted upon the morals of the people.

**A Business-Like Young Lady of 22**, in Waterloo, Michigan, got \$11,000 cash in hand from her bridegroom of 80 before the marriage ceremony.

**HAIL! AND FAREWELL!**

Hail! and farewell! Such is the trail condition  
 Of earthly intercourse. We meet to part.  
 Joy perishes in rapture of fruition:  
     Alas! my heart!  
 The flowers we gather wither in the grasping;  
     On beauty's cheek no fadeless lilies dwell;  
 The hand we clasp grows throbless in the clasping;  
     Hail! and farewell!

Hail! and farewell! The smile of welcome beameth  
     Brief as effluent upon lovers' lips.  
 In hope exultant youth but little dreameth  
     Of hope's eclipse;  
 Nor cares to think that Time, who looks so radiant,  
     Is disenchanting Fancy's magic spell,  
 To dust dissolving all her fairy pageant:  
     Hail! and farewell!

Hail! and farewell! 'Tis thus each short-lived pleasure  
     Fades from our vision like a phantom wan;  
 We turn to gaze upon our new-found treasure,  
     And lo! 'tis gone!  
 Mid the delights that we most keenly covet  
     Still are we startled by fond Memory's knell;  
*Ave! et vale!* Oh, my heart's beloved,  
     Hail! and farewell!

**HOW THE MADRID LADIES SNUBBED MRS. AMADEUS.**

From the First, the hostility of the grandees of Spain against the democratic monarch was united, determined and persistent; so much so that any effort to mitigate it was speedily recognized to be hopeless. The Court consisted wholly of new people—liberals ennobled by the new king, business people. A strange device of the female aristocrats was adopted to indicate to the Queen that they considered her an interloper. The white mantilla fastened to a high tortoise-shell comb was, in the old days, the universal head-gear of Spanish ladies. The grand ladies, at the instigation, it is said, of the Marchioness of Alcanices—better known as Duchess of Morny—determined to revive this costume, and to appear in it simultaneously one day on the afternoon drive in the Prado. The day arrived. Parisian bonnets gave place to the white mantilla, and bewildering coiffures to the plain braided locks and the high tortoise-shell comb. The Queen, as she drove, noticed the strange change of fashion, and innocently pointed it out to her husband, wondering in her foreign simplicity what it meant. Had the matter ended there, it would have been well. The paltriness of the motive took away the sting of the slight. When the ladies of the Spanish noblesse chose to indicate in this tortuous fashion to the Queen that they were Spaniards of the purest blood, and that she was a foreigner unentitled to recognition as a Spaniard, they only told the royal couple and the Spanish people what both knew well already. But Sagasta, who was Prime Minister at the time, could not see that dignified indifference was the best retort. He sought out a number of the best known women of disreputable character, had them arrayed in white mantillas and tortoise shell combs, found for them handsome private carriages, and suddenly turned the good-for-nothing cortege on to the Prado to mingle with the dames of ancient lineage and reputations untarnished. It was *saute qui peut* with the noble ladies. Madrid took up the coarse and undignified joke. Some of the women were mobbed as they drove home in a splendor to them so unwonted, their mantillas were torn off and the tortoise-shell combs seriously maltreated. It is not certain but that some of the ladies were handled after the same fashion; anyhow, Sagasta's *coup* abolished white mantillas on the Prado. No one insinuates that either the King or Queen was privy to a piece of retaliation of a character so questionable.—*Letter to London News.*

**THE FLAT-FISH BIRD.**

The Joy of Man, who sees an errant porker suddenly erect himself on his streaky part, clap his petticoats, and crow like a Shanghai, is not much when compared with the rapture caused in the scientific bosom when *The Globe* waxes paleontological. Speaking of the discovery by Professor Marsh of the ichthyornis or fish-bird, it says: "Further investigation revealed still greater wonders: the head of the first discovered species was displayed in such a manner as to show that it belonged to the skeleton, and was found to be furnished with numerous small teeth implanted in distinct sockets, in both jaws! A bird with teeth is certainly an anomaly, and if Professor Marsh is right in all his facts, he is undoubtedly justifiable in proposing for these most extraordinary creatures the establishment of a new sub-class of birds (*Odontornithes*). What this designation may mean is worse than Greek to us, there's so much Whitechapel in it, but perhaps it should be *Odontornithes*. But why all this about a bird with teeth? Hasn't the writer of that article teeth in his head, and does he not write himself down a—well, a bird, with one of his quills!



## LEAVES FROM A LADY'S DIARY.

**March 31st.**—Mary came to pay a visit, accompanied by her betrothed husband, and, as she would fain make the world believe, her lover. He reminded me more of a tame bear being unwillingly led round to display his docility. It's the same after marriage. How many a woman clothes her bleeding heart with smiles, even her bruised body with finery, to hide the bitter words and the cruel blows received at home. When a man is ill used by his wife, he either takes to drinking or moping, he drowns his grief or hides his head, but a woman shuns the world's sympathy and is a hypocrite even on her deathbed. Went out shopping, and could not help thinking that there is a pleasure in buying, independent of the mere act of acquiring dresses or other things. For example, a dozen women or so are looking into the windows of the White House, or the many other equally attractive show windows in the neighborhood. One of them enters for the purpose of buying something, and immediately achieves a triumph over the others, which she feels. The others follow her with looks of admiration, not unmixed with envy. She is going to possess what they can only long for. It is that feeling which makes a woman drag at her husband's purse strings. To see some vulgar woman who is going to buy push through the crowd of gazers, changes the feeling of envy into one of derision, but the desire to be able to do likewise remains the same. It is the secret motive of many sins.

**April 1st.**—Nothing is more *bourgeois* than the practical jokes of this day. I was made the victim of one and was angry at being duped. Found Mrs. W. at Mrs. B.'s, both of them well-bred women, and both disliking one another immensely. They are always on mutual attack and defence, but never with gross expression. Their phrases are like the arrows of the South American Indians, adorned with brightly colored feathers and only the point poisoned. Their very compliments are venomous. Charles F. has gone to live with his young wife in the country, entirely shut out from society. He says that they are going to bury themselves and their happiness for a whole year, perhaps for ever. They will be back in a month. They are like children who, instead of discreetly spreading the jam over the bread, swallow down the whole pot at a gulp and find it nauseous; or like people who spend their capital instead of living on their income, and if by a miracle they are happy, the world won't forgive their having turned their backs upon it. Mrs. Y. complained to me to-day that she felt quite idle of late, and had lost all her inclination to write. My opinion is that she has written herself dry, and is in the position of an old man who no longer has any desire to run. She had one idea, which she has worked out. And yet, after all, women in general write better than men, for they write directly from the heart; their style is formed by their dominant passion, and that is the reason why some women write like angels, although they have never learnt grammar nor composition, while some men can't put two lines together, although they have passed their life in close application. The one is natural, the other a pedant. The one learns without studying, the other studies without learning.

**April 2d.**—Mr. S. off again like the Wandering Jew. He finds no pleasure and obtains no profit by this constant going to and fro over the world. He is like a man to whom fortune has given a richly furnished palace and who passes his time running from the cellar to the garret, and back again from the garret to the cellar, never for an instant stopping to admire the works of art that decorate the walls, or the rare flowers which fill his conservatory, hardly even stopping to make acquaintance with his many visitors. Went to a lecture where the whole happiness of man and woman was merged in force of character. All very well, if that force is evenly directed. If all our passions were equally strong, so that hope should be balanced by caution, courage by love of life, the incitement to pleasure by a due regard for one's health, then we would neither be dissipated, rash, nor cowardly. Little Fanny X. always complaining about her husband saying, "My mother sacrificed me at the tender age of sixteen; what do you think of that, only sixteen?" Old Mrs. T. growled out, "It was quite time she did." After she was gone the same cynic continued: "She is one of those women of whom it cannot be said—'She has made a false step, because she was always fallen.'"

**America at the Vienna Exposition.**—From the advance sheets of Mr. Eben Brewer's official catalogue of the American section of the World's Fair at Vienna, we are enabled to present to our readers a synopsis of the number of exhibitors. The whole number of exhibitors to the American section is so far 645, which will be somewhat increased before the exhibition is closed. This addition will rise from American manufacturers and artists resident in Europe, who will forward their works from thence. Divided by States, the following resume may be of interest: Alabama has 3 exhibitors; California, 2; Colorado, 3; Connecticut, 23; District of Columbia, 8; Florida, 1; Illinois, 18; Indiana, 3; Kentucky, 9; Kansas, 1; Louisiana, 61; Maine, 1; Massachusetts, 61; Michigan, 3; Missouri, 30; Mississippi, 2; Minnesota, 1; Maryland, 4; New York, 228; New Jersey, 16; Nevada, 1; Ohio, 86; Pennsylvania, 44; Rhode Island, 12; Texas, 1; Tennessee, 2; Vermont, 11; Virginia, 2; West Virginia, 1; Wisconsin, 1. To this is to be added 5 from England.

**An Official of the French Foreign Office,** hearing in dictation the name "Lord John Russell," wrote, "*L'or jaune russele.*"

## DREAMS THAT CAME TRUE.

How sweet the life of my youth with thee!  
 Though bitter the world of man to me.  
 We dwelt in an attic lone and bare,  
 And coldly the winter stars shone there.  
 And scant the bread that we had to eat,  
 And sad our lives, though our love was sweet.  
 She said—"My love, my poet, my friend,  
 Hope on, the true must win in the end.  
 "So long as you doubt my prophecies,  
 How can I trust when you call me wise?  
 "At last men will hear and understand  
 A poet's voice that speaks in the land.  
 "And rich in time we two will go,  
 To ancient lands you have yearned to know.  
 "We'll fly like the birds, without a care,  
 O'er purple seas and through cities fair.  
 "And taste the breath of a morning breeze,  
 Blown off piny clefts of the Pyrenees.  
 "And hear in Venice sweet Tasso's song,  
 By stately gondola borne along.  
 "We'll sail to Egypt, and rest awhile  
 In palm-girt palace beside the Nile.  
 "And watch from our roof Canopus rise,  
 In silver splendor 'mid opal skies.  
 "Then dream sweet days in the southern seas,  
 Till we reach the land of Pericles!  
 And see Athene's purple hill,  
 Whose marble columns gleam golden still:  
 "And find wherever we chance to go,  
 That my poet's fame has journeyed too!  
 "What days to wait for!" and then she smiled,  
 By such fond fancies from care beguiled.  
 The years have passed. And passed as she said;  
 Alas! the seer of my life was dead!  
 They call me poet and crown my brow,  
 I heed not fame or its guerdon now.  
 What praise can alter the past for thee,  
 Whose love was stronger than death for me?  
 Ah! could we meet at our attic door,  
 In tears as often we met before!  
 How sweet the sorrows we shared as one!  
 How bitter the joys I taste alone!

—Good Words.

## A SHEEP PICTURE.

Sunrise in Knight's Valley, Napa County, painted by Thomas Hill, is on exhibition at Snow & Roos' store. Any competent art critic in Europe or America would pronounce this painting the work of a great artist. The whole of this picture is masterly—the composition, color, drawing, sentiment, everything upon the canvas. The sheep are no washed and combed specimens for cattle-fair-prize competition. They are natural grazers, their fleece wet by night dews and begrimed by the hot, floating dust of noon. The flock is just startled by the shepherd boy, whose staff is tucked beneath his arm, that he may bury his numbed fingers in the shelter of his pockets. He looks pinched and stiff with the cold of early morning, reluctant to leave the red, smouldering embers in the old oak stump—his last night's camp fire. The slow-coming sun gilds the horizon's rim and flecks with gold the trunks and limbs and leafy crests of trees, and glitters in the cold, wet weeds and grass. The trees are shapely, subarose and natural, and the perspective faultless. The sheep act just like sheep in the cold, early morning—timid, slow and silent, gliding away among the dark, damp trees with a kind of unreality unknown to broader daylight, half-wakened and reluctant, like their shivering guardian. The misty dimness hanging over everything, coy, chill and shrinking, waiting the warm sun's amorous kiss; the action of the shepherd and the creatures in his charge, that cautious hesitation at early dawn when the whole frame is calm and the brain cooled by recent sleep, are all delineated with the power of one whose poetic observation is expressed most eloquently by the medium of his pencil. Eight years ago we said that Mr. Hill would stand among the foremost of American painters. To-day the Atlantic journals, authority in art matters, republish the *News Letter's* notices of Hill's pictures.

### ENGLAND AND RUSSIA IN CENTRAL ASIA.

**A Recent Number of the Vossische Zeitung** contains an exhaustive article weighing the relative strength of Russia and England in Central Asia, and points out that, by the recent transformation of the Russian army formerly employed in the Caucasus into an Asiatic army, admirably appointed, armed with breech-loaders, and numbering one hundred battalions, thirty-six batteries and twenty squadron of horse, besides engineers, pioneers and Cossacks, the Russian force is sufficient to defy all the efforts of Great Britain to protect and uphold the Central Asian States! The same journal considers that Russia only awaits any false steps that may be taken by the English Government, and it asserts that the British military forces are utterly insufficient to stop the advance of Russia. This may be true as to military preparations, but it is simply absurd when referring to "any false steps which may be taken by the English Government," and in speaking of "our forces being utterly insufficient to stop the advance of Russia." Let the reader take the disputed line in his mind's eye, and the long line of troops and supplies required to reach it from the Russian side, and then remember that there are sufficient native troops in India in our pay, backed by a railway system which would take them to any given point, and he will realize at once that we are not without the means of resisting Russian aggression in Central Asia. Our Indian railway system would enable us to send the troops "fresh and eager for the fray" to the very points assailed, while the Russians would have to march through a country rich in nothing but sand, and the further they marched the thinner would their line become. Under all the circumstances of the case, then, there is little fear of the action of Russia in Central Asia weakening our position in the East. As we said before, it may suit politicians and place-hunters to hold contrary views, but manufacturers, and the Cottonocracy generally, know that they are only talking bunkum.

### CONCERNING PRAYER MEETINGS.

**We Commend the Attention of our Methodist Brethren** and the lights of the Y. M. C. A. to the following sensible remarks, although they are from the organ of a people whose road to salvation lies through a plunge-bath: "Something might be done by those who conduct our prayer-meetings to throw more life and variety into them. Monotony is, from the necessity of the case, the sin which most easily besets these services; the sin against which it behooves those who lead them most anxiously to guard. Some conductors of prayer-meetings are little more than machines for giving out hymns and calling on persons to pray. Hymn and prayer, hymn and prayer, in unbroken alternation, often a long hymn sleepily sung, and followed by a longer prayer, this is the mechanical round into which these services are, by such leaders, permitted to fall. The president of a prayer-meeting should be a living man, infusing his own life and individuality into the meeting which he leads. There need be, there ought to be no rant, or bluster, or eccentricity. Naturally and unobtrusively, by the very tone in which he reads the hymns, by a word or two spoken sometimes about the hymn before it is sung, by the reading of a few verses from the Bible with two or three sentences of homely, warm-hearted comment, by calling on two occasionally to follow one another in prayer, without the intervening hymn; by methods which his own thought and judgment will suggest, the conductor may save the meeting from dullness and routine. The conductor of a prayer-meeting is not a service which can be rightly fulfilled by any man, anyhow. It is a service of much spiritual delicacy, involving serious responsibility, claiming earnest thought and preparation of heart in him who undertakes it. For lack of remembering this many a meeting is marred.

### A MAN WITH NINE WIVES.

**At the London Central Criminal Court**, recently, William Morgan (49) a laborer, pleaded guilty before the Deputy Recorder to a charge of feloniously marrying Mary Elizabeth Furtado, he having at the time a wife living. The second wife, a fashionably-dressed young woman, stated that she was married to the prisoner two years ago, when she had not the least idea that he was a married man. He treated her kindly while they were living together. The Common Serjeant inquired how she discovered that the prisoner was a married man? She replied that another woman to whom the prisoner had been previously married came to the house where they were living with two children, and claimed the prisoner as her husband. (A laugh.) The Common Serjeant said he saw by a certificate that the prisoner had before been convicted of bigamy, and sentenced to five years' penal servitude. A detective officer informed the Court that he had reason to believe the prisoner had married no fewer than nine different women, and he had ascertained that he never did any work, but lived on the unfortunate women with whom he had contracted marriage. The father of one of the prisoner's wives said, in reply to a question, that the prisoner had not treated his daughter with actual cruelty, though he did not behave well, and stayed away from her for days together. He had also once or twice thrown water over her. The Deputy-Recorder said the conduct of the prisoner had been mean and disgraceful in the extreme, and he considered the case one of the very worst description. He, therefore, felt it to be his duty to sentence him to be kept in penal servitude for ten years.

### A REMARKABLE CAREER.

A Correspondent at Beyrout writes to the *German Gazette* of Vienna: I met to-day an old acquaintance, the camel-driver, Sheikh Abdul, and he told me that his wife had died. Abdul's wife was no common woman. Her name was once known all through Europe. Sheikh Abdul is the ninth husband of Lady Ellenborough, whom I met for the first time about thirty years ago at Munich, just after she had eloped with Prince Schwarzenberg from the residence of her first husband. She then went to Italy, where, as she told me herself, she got married six times in succession. All these unions were dissolved after a short duration. In 1848 I met her at Athens, where she concluded an eighth marriage with the Greek colonel, Count Theodoki—however, only for a short time. Her affections were now bestowed on an old Palicar chieftain, for whom she built a beautiful house at Athens. When her latest marriage was again dissolved she went to the Levant. During a journey from Beyrout to Damascus she got pleased with the camel driver, Sheikh Abdul, and selected him for her ninth husband. She was married to him after the Arab fashion, and accompanied him for a full year on his journeys between Beyrout and Babylon, faithfully fulfilling her duties. She even milked the camels. When she had grown tired of the nomad life, she built for herself a charming palace at Damascus, where her latest husband, whenever he came to Damascus, found hospitality for some days. I had not heard of her since 1855, when I met her here dressed as an Arab woman, and, notwithstanding the wrinkles in her face, still beautiful. Soon after she won the lawsuit against her first husband, and with it a colossal fortune, which will probably go to her relatives in England, for she had no children, as far as I know.

**Why Jews Don't Proselyte.**—We are not and never can be propagandists, in the Christian sense, because we sincerely believe that it is by the life and not by the creed that men are judged. It is an old saying of our rabbis that the pious of every nation have a share in future bliss. Holding to this belief, we do not regard it as our duty to propagate our creed, even if we had the influence and the numbers to devote ourselves to such a wild scheme. Jews never court proselytes. A good man is no better by becoming a good Jew. It is the goodness, after all, which has the saving power, whether the man be Jew, Christian, or Mohammedan. We have nothing but praise and admiration for Christians who work to lead men to a better life—who are carrying our Bible and theirs throughout the habitable globe, that its light may warn the ignorant and redeem the vicious. In the Christian's labor of self-sacrifice, the Jew, too, may join at no very distant date. Hitherto, we have not had time to grow and flourish. Scarcely have we rested our feet and acquired a little influence, before presumably Christian kings have pounced upon our treasures, and cast us into prison or exile. We do not bear them any ill-will on that account, for they religiously supposed they were fulfilling prophecy by spitting on us and plucking our beards, but it was a little unjust thus to knock us into the mud and blame us for being smeared with dirt. However, that day is past. At present, we have work enough to purify ourselves, rather than cleanse the Hottentot. Let us live quietly in America for fifty years more, and if our people are true to themselves, who knows what sublime scheme of propagandism they shall originate?—*Jewish Messenger*.

A Merry Party of Ladies and Gentlemen had a narrow escape from a terrible death among the Thousand Islands of the St. Lawrence recently, but were saved by the presence of mind and heroism of one of the ladies. They were out in a yacht at a late hour in the evening, when the clouded sky rendered it almost impossible to distinguish objects on the water at a short distance. They were sailing about thoughtlessly, and enjoying themselves as such parties are in the habit of doing, when suddenly a dark object loomed up before them, which was evidently a large steamer. A collision seemed inevitable unless the steamer could be signaled to change her course, as it was impossible for the sailing craft to do so. The party were in a terrible dilemma, as except a few matches there seemed to be no means at hand to procure a light. The young ladies, except one, screamed with terror, and a fearful catastrophe seemed on the point of consummation. A slight jostling, however, was observed in the direction of the silent young lady. No one could see what she was doing, but she soon handed a roll of paper to one of the gentlemen. In a moment it was ablaze, the steamer's course was changed, and the party were saved. When they recovered from their fright there was naturally much speculation as to where that important roll of paper came from; and it finally leaked out that the fair one had heroically sacrificed her bustle to secure the safety of her companions.

**Paying for a Blunder.**—In the Court of Common Pleas, recently, a case was heard, in which Messrs. Scholefield & Co. (Limited) sought to recover damages from Messrs. Roberts, Lubbock & Co., for the dishonor of two acceptances by the plaintiffs' bankers. It was shown that this was the result of a blunder, and the defendants contended they did all they could to prevent mischief arising from it. The jury found a verdict for the plaintiffs—damages, £200.



**THE HOGS IN THE MANGER.**

Three monarchical hogs, with their bristles erect,  
Once met in a solemn conclave,  
Their subject the new-born Republic of Spain,  
What to do with it, how to behave.

Says Hog number one, "This Republican fun  
Will in time shake our thrones at their base;  
I think for my part, and I speak from my heart,  
It's a flagrant, outrageous disgrace."

Says Hog number two, "What you say is quite true,  
And Russia will no longer bear it;  
Let's join it to France, our power enhance;  
Let's match for it, or let us share it."

Said Hog number three, "Let us all now agree  
Its Republic we never will own,  
Or else let's unite, and if needs be let's fight  
To put a new king on the throne."

W. L. E.

**A NOVELTY IN STEAM-STEERING.**

The Royal United Service Institute has had submitted to it by Captain Bremner a most interesting paper on the Bremner steam-steering screw—a recent invention that seems destined to effect quite a revolution in the method of steering a vessel. By means of it a ship will be enabled to turn without headway, to keep her position, when hove to, and revolve rapidly in cases of emergency. Judging from the model exhibited by Captain Bremner, we should think this was the most perfect steam-screw ever brought before the notice of the public. If it had no other merits, the fact that it is calculated to lessen the risks of collision at sea ought to claim for it a large share of attention. It is particularly applicable to a broad-side man-of-war, as her guns could be brought to bear upon an enemy as rapidly as by a turret. The contrivance seems to us to be an exceedingly simple one, and free from the complications that generally attend such inventions. A circular aperture is formed near the heel of the ship, in what is technically termed the dead-wood, as near the keel as possible, and below the ordinary screw propeller shaft. A water-tight trunk is then fitted in the vessel, extending sufficiently far into the circular aperture, and made sufficiently strong to carry the weight and pressure of the screws when in operation. Two chain-driving wheels are placed in this trunk, one at each extremity, having an endless chain round them, and mounted in shafts, the arms of which extend outside of the trunk, and are packed water-tight. To the arms of the after shaft the steering screws are attached, one on each side. The motive power required to drive them is a small donkey engine, on deck or below. As these screws are placed in the lowest possible part of the ship, and where the water is densest, and get a perfect bite, and are not liable to be damaged either by shot or wreckage.

**Anniversary of the Arrival of the Second Pioneer Steamer.--**

Twenty-four years ago, the Pacific Mail steamship *Oregon*, Captain R. H. Pearson, arrived in San Francisco from Panama, with 250 passengers, being the second pioneer steamer. Among the officers of the vessel were Messrs. Whiting, Dall, Huntington and Purser Whittlesey. The passenger list included Capt. E. Simmons and wife, Capts. Goldsborough, Knox, Van Brunt and Rogers, and Lients. Blunt, Blair, and Dr. Bowie, of the navy; Maj. R. P. Hammond, Capts. Williams and Keyes, and Dr. Turner, of the army; Capt. Ruth of the Coast Survey; Frederick Billings, A. C. Peachy, Rev. A. Williams, F. J. Thibault, G. W. Wright (first member of Congress), J. C. Palmer, Dr. Eugene Crowell, Charles Kelsey, John Benson, Capt. M. R. Roberts, J. P. Monro, F. D. Atherton, Capt. Macey, Theodore C. Johnson, W. H. Glading, E. F. Northam, Rev. H. M. Whitmore, O. P. Sutton, D. N. Hawley, Col. J. W. Geary and wife, C. P. Haven, Col. G. A. Grant, Capt. David Van Pelt; also, Fred. Marriott, the proprietor of the NEWS LETTER and founder of the Placard Exchange and Bureau of Information for the Pacific Coast. Many of the above mentioned have gone to their long home, and only a few remain to tell of the hardships endured on that memorable trip, and of their struggles for "the one thing needful" when on shore.

Last Year the United Kingdom exported 3,535,157,576 yards of cotton piece goods. This shows how dependent England is on foreign demand for the prosperity of her factories. This item, which is now going the rounds of the press, is a fine example of reasoning under difficulties; nevertheless, it was hardly worth while to go so far away for a drop of comfort, always close at hand. Messrs. Jones and Smith, the eminent grocers, last year sold 1,000,012 lbs. refined sugar. This shows how dependent they are on their customers, for what they sell; and we are told by the head of a Business College that, unless somebody wanted to buy them, there would be no sale for either sugar or cotton piece goods.

[From the Town Crier Column of the San Francisco News Letter.]

**The California Art Journal**—one of those evanescent foam-bubbles, continually cast up to the surface of our periodical literature, to dance and glitter awhile and then burst forever—recently published a full-page engraving of a gentleman, minus his trowsers, with a rapt expression of countenance, like Elder Miles Grant in a state of religious catalepsy. It purported to be a portrait of Mr. John McCullough as "Coriolanus," drawn from life by a native artist. This is how it came about. Mr. McCullough, deploring the low ebb at which Art stood on this coast, and feeling that something ought to be done to bring out native talent, grandly surrendered himself, toga and all, to the tender mercies of a home-born genius. Like the "noble Roman" he loves to personify, he was willing to sacrifice himself for the public weal. Another Quintus Curtius, he threw himself into the yawning breach for the good of his country, and let us hope the vengeful manes are appeased, for it is difficult to say which of the two received the more horrible mangling. We are ever favorable to the culture of aesthetics; we like to talk about encouraging home enterprise—sounds big; but *flat experimentum in corpore vili*, our embryo John Leach or Thomas Nast should have commenced on meaner game. For instance, he might have tried his prentice hand on Michael Reese, as "Only a Jew," or Ebenezer Knowlton, as "Sir Toby Gumsucker." The most mournful part of the production is the nose. Everybody is aware that the most distinctive feature of Mr. McCullough's face is his noble Roman—not to say aquiline nose. It gives a sort of patrician cast to his countenance. And when we see this majestic organ shorn of its fair proportions by some miserable "artist," and softened down to an unromantic snub, we feel like mingling our tears with those of the injured John, and cursing "the deep damnation of his taking off."

**Those Long-faced Hell-tooters, the Methodists**, have arrived at the conclusion that Woodward's Gardens ought not to be open on Sunday. They state that, in thus throwing the Gardens open to the public, several monkeys, who are good Methodists, have been interfered with while at their devotions. They also mention that the donkey (who is a class-leader among the higher animals) cannot possibly devote his attention to his Maker and "our boys" at the same time. A petition has been drawn up and signed, asking Mr. Woodward to forsake Mammon and be a good Methodist, to shut up the Gardens as a place of pleasure, and open them for purposes of devotion. As a bribe, these gentlemen are going to present the Gardens with some fine specimens of the ape family, brought up and trained by themselves, and calculated to improve the morals of the whole establishment. No doubt Mr. Woodward will comply with their modest and proper request, and sweet strains of heavenly music will take the place of bursts of hilarity, souls will be saved, and Woodward will be put on the calendar as the boss saint of modern times.

**The Late Fenian Procession** has impressed our minds with a wonderful awe, admiration and love for that most illudial of God's creatures, a Fenian exile. With tears in our eyes have we listened to his tale of woe, and in moments of abstraction have found ourselves clutching the editorial scissors, and stabbing at the imaginary foes of Ould Ireland. Of all the many blessings that God has vouchsafed to America, none have proved of such service in ennobling her race, promoting her peace and commercial integrity, as the kindness of these Fenian exiles in favoring our land with their patronage. We, on our bended knees, thank heaven for these and all its other mercies. We always knew that kind Providence has ever watched America's welfare with a jealous eye, and has given her privileges denied to other lands. No land can produce such grizzlies, such rattlesnakes, such Credit Mobiliers, such gentlemanly murderers. No, indeed, we have much to be thankful for, much to be proud of.

**The Chinese** seem to look at sickness from a very matter-of-fact point of view. If a man is sick and disabled, he is useless, and so they leave him to die at his pleasure. This is thought by some people to be a little cruel. Perhaps it is. But the theory is good, and would apply to half those bummers (who are worse than useless) that block up the Montgomery and California street sidewalks, and who pounce on the unsuspecting like a spider on a fly. Theirs is mental sickness, in most cases of such long standing that a cure is impossible. We say leave them to die, and don't stand them a drink even if they call you Colonel, praise your personal appearance, or even, in their ultra kindness, offer you unlimited wildcat. Don't you do it. Let them earn an honest living or die as the dogs do in the pound, when unalable and useless.

**Unfortunately for the Ranters**, but fortunately for himself, Mr. Lay, the aeronaut, who left earth last Sunday, has descended again all safe and sound. What a nice little item for them to introduce into their sermons, and what a warning it would have been to Sabbath-breakers, if Mr. Lay had been picked up in microscopical atoms. O, how they would have howled and blurted out brimstone by the yard! Of course it would have been only Heaven's just retribution on a sinner. No little boy, anxious to have a wash on Sunday, ever got drowned, but what these humbugs made trade out of it. But they are sold this time, and more than one hell and damnation sermon will have to be toned down a bit, and stale old Bible warnings used instead of the real incident. Like the angler who can't get natural bait, they will have to use artificial. No doubt the fish will take it just as well, as usual, for their hooks always were, like their stupidity, sticking out.

All the Dailies, even to the solemn *Alta*, have had their little April-fool tricks recorded (not that it is an unusual thing, for to them each month and day is April the 1st.), and why should not the *T. C.* tell his little joke? It's true that it has not the same force as some of the others have, who sent men with coffins for men who weren't dead, and reporters to interview dying men who never felt better, but still it amused him and hurt nobody. He collected all the old *Altus* and *Bulletins* he could lay his hands on, and wrapping them in *News Letter* wrappers sent them round to his friends. Imagine their disgust when, after settling down for a good square read at something worth reading, they found that the tempting wrappers contained only an old BULLETIN or ALTA. How they must have—cursed Pick and his bosh, and how eagerly must they have clutched the lively weekly when it did come.

Children should not play with edged tools, nor should members of the P. P. R. handle those dangerous little "mementoes" known as derringers. No more will the sporting journals describe the telling way in which "Tommy landed his right on Billy's left optic," or record how "A lightning left-hander was stopped by Tommy's right." No, the little dogs of the ring will now snarl at the dead lion, and *Olum cum dignitate* will have to be the order of the day. Perhaps Tommy will join the Young Men's Christian Association, and become a shining light, or else propound doctrines at the Dashaway Hall. No, we have a better opinion of him, and if his right is damaged, think he has a little sense left.

Strikes seem the order of the day, for the Occidental waiters, flushed with the glories of St. Patrick's Day, have determined to have five dollars a month more or else no more cracker slinging for them. We say go it, Mick. The visitors will be all the better off, for surely worse waiters never carried a napkin than these sons of Hibernia. They are seldom civil, often dirty, and always slow. When this slight temporary inconvenience blows over, we hope to see good men filling up their places. No one makes a better waiter than a negro, and we are surprised that some of our hotel men don't prefer them to the ignorant self-sufficient Celts.

A Correspondent calls our attention to an interview, reported in a late number of the *Figaro*, between our dog Jack and its dog Johns. The following is an extract: "Jack snarled in contemptuous manner with his nose and wagged in a friendly manner with his tail, thus expressing two distinct emotions at the same time—contempt for his master, affection for us." Now, why should the one end of Dog Jack manifest contempt for us? And why should the other end express affection for Mr. Johns? Ah, poor Jack! You are a sad dog, but there is at least one part of you which retains a lively sense of favors bestowed.

Never Since the Hanging of Tarpey, the other day, has there been such excitement in the rural districts. Vigilance committees are being rapidly formed, men stand in threatening groups upon the streets, women and children are being removed to places of safety, and all the free-lunch tables have been covered with iron gratings. The commotion is understood to have its origin in an item which appeared in the *Call's* San Jose letter on Wednesday last, viz: "Dr. Lucky, Principal of the State Normal School, will start soon on a lecturing tour through the State in the interest of the school and education generally."

The Chronicle gives a certain test of death, namely, tying a piece of string round the tip of the finger. If the tip swells and grows blue red, there is still life. The *Town Crier* has a much better and more simple mode of seeing if people are dead, and has tried it with wonderful success in several instances. He reads in an audible voice half a column from the live paper's Sunday edition. If they don't get up and kick him, groan, or otherwise express extreme disgust, they are indeed dead—dead—dead! He has tried this plan so successfully with wives supposed to be dead, that husbands now object to the test.

Poor Mary Kiedler, an innocent girl of sixty Summers, has, after eight years' experience of illicit love with E. Nelson, arrived at the conclusion that she has been betrayed. Poor girl, how we pity her. We can picture to ourselves the tears of outraged innocence coursing down her wrinkled cheeks and washing the peach-like bloom from them. O, unworthy namesake of the hero of Trafalgar, thus to trifle with a young heart and ruthlessly to scuttle such a fair craft when within sight of port. The *T. C.* kissed his late wife's grandmother, the other day, and now lives in hourly fear of being the defendant in a breach of promise suit.

John P. Wilson, who left this vale of tears on Tuesday, per his own pistol, for a better world, was kindly left on exhibition fifteen hours *in statu quo* by the Coroner. No doubt that worthy and efficient official thought that the sight would be a warning to those contemplating suicide. It was kind and considerate of him. As Mr. Wilson chose the lively neighborhood of Lone Mountain for the theater of his tragedy, we fear the Coroner's kind thoughtfulness was misplaced. They see so many funerals up that way that they don't scare worth a cent at a corpse.

So the Poor Old City's been done brown again. \$7,000 gone in bad hose; that's the way the money goes. Well, suck away at her, but as the *T. C.*'s going to run for a Supervisor at the first opportunity, leave a little milk in her much drained udder. It is computed that a Supervisor of ordinary capacity can become independent in three years, wealthy in four, and a millionaire in five. After that they degenerate. Constant supplies of whiskey, even as good as they drink, will weaken in time the best regulated money-making brain.



**"WHAT IS THE PLACARD EXCHANGE?"**

'Tis a Place where a man, if he likes to, can find  
 Anything he requires, both for body and mind;  
 If you're going a trip by the overland route,  
 You can there find the roads and the time that best suit;  
 If you want a new house, or a nice piece of land,  
 Or to draw up a bill to be paid on demand,  
 If you want a new hat, if you want some old wine,  
 If you want to inspect sample ore from a mine,  
 If you want some new linen, a necktie, or socks,  
 If you want a safe broker to buy you some stocks,  
 If you want some good ribbons, or rare kinds of lace,  
 If you want a good lawyer to fight out your case,  
 If you're anxious to buy a good watch or a chain,  
 If you've wants for the body or wants for the brain,  
 If you want a good photograph, taken like life,  
 Or begad, I believe, if you wanted a wife,  
 If you want a good doctor to cure all your ills,  
 If you want a good druggist to make up your pills,  
 If you want to know what are the new city laws,  
 You will find them all there, with each chapter and clause;  
 If you want some new matting to put on your floor,  
 If you want to know aught that concerneth this shore,  
 You can know it right there, at the Placard Exchange.  
 You can find what you want, and your business arrange,  
 Not only advertisements there you will see,  
 But things of great interest, from land and from sea;  
 Canary birds sing in their cages around,  
 And a fountain's soft ripple adds beauty to sound.  
 In fact, in a word, all these matters to tell,  
 It's the whole of the State in a simple nutshell;  
 For the man in whose brain this idea had its birth,  
 Has wandered all over the face of the earth,  
 And now to the world he says, "Come in and see,"  
 For you've nothing to pay, the admittance is free.

**We have Great Pleasure in drawing attention to the following circular :**

PARIS, March 12, 1873.

CHARLES LE GAY, American Commission Merchant, 1 Rue Scribe—Dear Sir—  
 You will find at my office complete files of the *San Francisco News Letter*, *Daily Sacramento Union*, *Daily Alta California*, *Daily Bulletin*, *Daily Morning Chronicle*. Which I cordially invite you to consult at your pleasure and convenience.

MR. F. MARRIOTT, San Francisco, Cal.

CHARLES LE GAY.

The many friends of Charley Le Gay will rejoice to hear that after traveling over the greater part of the civilized world, and acquiring a store of information, both intellectual and commercial, he has settled down in Paris, where already his business qualities have been useful to many houses in San Francisco in the shape of commissions to purchase goods for this market. He has struck out a new branch of industry in connection with San Francisco, as well as with its traveling public, which cannot fail of success. It must at the same time be highly gratifying for an old resident of California to act as interpreter, and assist in effecting business transactions wherein judgment, experience of foreign and American interests, can be promoted by the solid capacity and high standing of an American gentleman. Among the many influential Americans that do business with him, we may mention the name of Calvin Brown, of Mare Island, who is on a tour of observation for the Government, who was recommended and introduced to him by Mr. Washburne, U. S. Minister to France. Gen. Fred. Starring, the Special Agent of the Treasury Department in Europe, also does most of his business with him. The patent wind-mill with which he is interested (in America only) meets with universal approbation, and is said to be just the thing for California use.

**Grace Greenwood's Opinion of the San Francisco News Letter.**—As for investigations the cry is, "Still they come!" Even Mr. Bogy is frightened by the great bugbear, and calls for a grand tear-up of his affairs, and the newspaper correspondents say that Jones and Nye need looking to for buying and selling—the one being suspiciously rich and the other ostentatiously poor. From the Pacific coast comes a demand for the investigation of Mr. Casserly. Bribery and corruption again! Ah! on those paradisaical shores can such things be? The authority for these charges is the *San Francisco News Letter*, which a Washington paper indorses as a "journal of high reputation." This tribute would be regarded as a good joke in 'Frisco, even by the *News Letter* itself. It is a paper which I characterized a year ago as half bandit and half jester. It has the ferocity of a Marat and the wit of a Rabelais. It spares neither man, woman, clergymen, nor Celestials. It has neither the fear of Heaven nor of the Bank of California before its eyes.



**Business Notices.**

**"Come Hither, Come Hither, by night and by day,**

We linger in pleasures that never are gone;  
Like the waves of the summer, as one dies away,  
Another as sweet and as shining comes on,  
And the love that is o'er in expiring, gives birth  
To a new one as warm, as unequaled in bliss;  
And, O, if there be an Elysium on earth,  
It is this, it is this."

To spend a week with Mr. and Mrs. Mangenberg, at their beautiful hotel and gardens, on the San Bruno Road.

In a Snug Little House on one of our most fashionable streets lives a young couple who have only lately started housekeeping. For the first three months all went on happily. After that time constant quarrelling became the order of the day. Their quarrels at last became so violent that they mutually agreed to live separately. Before the final separation took place they decided to divide the furniture, etc., and appointed a day and a third person to see that the division was a fair one. The day came, and the division proceeded without a hitch till they came to the stove. The wife, with tears in her eyes, said: "O, Henry, had we instead of this wretched thing bought one of De la Montanya's Union Ranges we might have been happy." Henry immediately went out and ordered one, kissed his wife, and now they are as happy as two doves.

"The Human Form Divine" has been a study to artists, since the day that Abel drew Cain's caricature with a burnt stick, to the present day. Michael Angelo, Corregio, Lipy, and countless others, have got as near nature as the painter's skill can ever get. Still, there is even in their matchless productions something wanting. Art has stepped in, and in helping nature has made it subservient to art. Could the shades of these departed ones return to earth, we can fancy with what awe and wonder they would gaze at Bradley & Rulofson's matchless photographs, and with what crest-fallen countenances they would exclaim, "We were but novices, let us hide our diminished heads."

**Twenty Dollars' Reward** I had the least.  
I offered in vain; Last week I was wondering, puzzled in  
I'd offered it over and over again mind  
For a likeness I'd lost that I could not If a likeness so lovely I ever could find.  
replace; To I. W. Taber's I happened to stray,  
'Twas that of a loved and beautiful face. And, looking all over his wonderous display,  
I lost it last month when away in the play,  
East, I found one as lovely and taken as well;  
And never could get one that's like it I bought it my trouble and care to dispel.

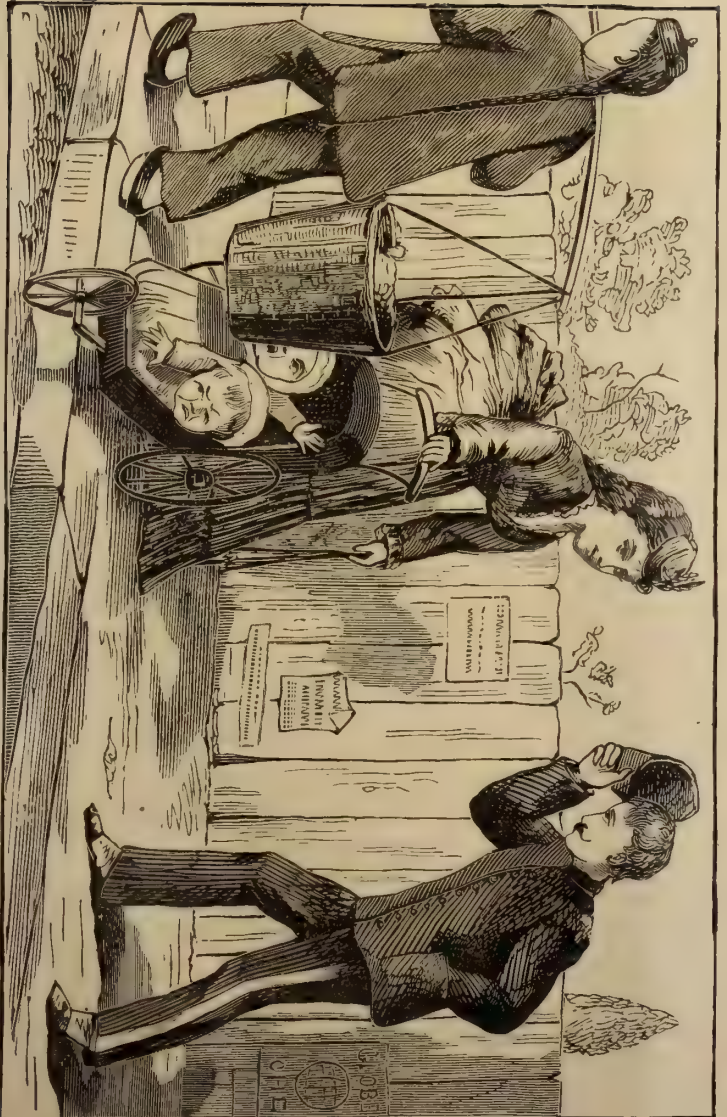
**Consumption, That Dread Monster** whose hand spares none, but often plucks our fairest flowers ere they have bloomed, has at last received a check. It has been found out that a certain preventive, if not a cure, is found in the best kind of oysters. The oysters must be fat and fresh, or more harm may be done than good. Several friends of ours have thus staved off the attack of the dread complaint. They all unite in saying that to insure really fat, fresh oysters, one must go to Emerson Corvile's. There both Eastern and native can be obtained at moderate prices and served up in any style that may suit. We have tried them and can vouch for their being O. K.

**While Driving Last Week**, to my utter surprise,  
I came on a building quite new to my eyes.  
Said I, "What is that?" "It's the last new school."  
For no child born here can grow up a fool.  
It's to be neatly finished, as you may be sure,  
The furniture's coming from Gilbert & Moore,  
Whose furniture ever has held the first place,  
For comfort, economy, lightness and grace."

**Coriolanus**, and its pronunciation, has occupied our pedants for the last week, and several peddlings have aired their virgin quills in defence of the pronunciation taught them at school. Of course each thinks he is right, and that the other is an arrant ignoramus and ass. Let them fight it out among themselves, and then give the world the benefit of the conflict. Let them refer to the spiritualists, and get the shade of the immortal Bill to enlighten them. However much they may dispute about Coriolanus, every one agrees that no one makes better harness, rugs, etc., than Main & Winchester.

**James Montgomery**, aged eleven, while playing "Hanging Foster," yesterday, at the residence of his parents, in Brooklyn, strangled himself to death. His parents now think that hanging is played out. The deceased has a surviving brother, however, and the neighbors hope it isn't.

**John Moor, alias Alcohol Jack**, was found drowned in the bay, at the corner of Davis and Vallejo streets. We often thought spirits would kill him, but never water. It points a moral to all old drunks, never to take water after their grog.



“GUARDIANSHIP OF MINOR HEIRS.”

An original sketch by a young and rising California Artist, aged 15 years.



# REAL ESTATE TRANSACTIONS.

Monday, February 10th.

GRANTOR AND GRANTEE.	DESCRIPTION.	PRICE
Tide Land Com'r to B J Broderick	Sundry lots (122 deeds).....	\$ 793
Bay View H'd to W F Norcross	Lots 8 blk 536.....	500
Charles Jackson to City & Co S F.	Vallejo 162:4½ e Stockton, etc.	14,263
Chas Lyons to Patrick Doyle.....	Capp n 65x115—sub Mission Block 182; also, lot 7 blk 325 S San Fran Hd.....	4,000
John Callaghan to E F Northam..	5th nw Bryant 97:6x275—sub 100-v 184..	30
Theo Dellwig to F Ehrenpfort....	Lots 873, 875, Gift. Map 3.....	1
John Apel to Otto Baur.....	Lots 1 to 24 inclusive blk 1036.....	
Peter Wynants to Thos Clark.....	Minna e 7th, 25x80.....	3,650
Lewis Maison to A J Plate.....	E side of continuation of Guerrero 350 s 17th s 100x140.....	2,000
Chas F Brown to H Hargrave.....	Lot 22 blk 37, H A.....	(900)

Tuesday, February 11th.

O J Preston to Jos H Bailey.....	Stockton s Union 45:10x137:6.....	5
B J Brodersen to John Apel.....	Lots 1 to 24 inclusive, blk 1036, Tide L'ds	2,000
L M Cem Co to N H Wunnenberg	Lot 1237, Laurel Avenue.....	275
Garden Tract Hd to O Blomquist..	Lots 38, 39, blk 3.....	700
E A Marchant to Thos Donnelly..	Harrison sw 6th, 25x75—sub 100-v 232..	5,450
Laurel Hill Cem Ass'n to A J Plate	Lot 1986.....	96
Louis Borle to Margaret Borle....	Und ½ Jessie sw 6th, 25x75.....	1
N H Wunnenberg to A J Plate....	Lot 1237, Lone Mountain Cemetery.....	275
Louis Kruse et al to Wm Besecke.	Clay e Brockerick, 27:6x100.....	1,200
John Coffey to M B Murphy.....	Everett ne 4th, 30x80.....	3,300
Henry L Davis et al to P D Code..	25th w Church, 50:11x114.....	550
Margaret McKeon to John Dignan	Harrison Ave se Folsom, se 25x75.....	2,000
S Morganstern to Susan M Eisan.	Pine w Webster, 27x100.....	850

Wednesday, February 12th.

Mathew Crooks to Eliz'h Finnigan	Pine and Jones, se corner, e 60x60.....	Gift.
George Bates to Edw A Morse.....	Sundry tracts and parcels land.....	1,000
Willett Culver to Herman Wendt.	Tyler and Lyons, 137:6x137:6.....	2,000
Patk W Lahaney to Cath Lahaney	Lot 16 blk 236, O'Neil and Haley Tract.	600
Emile Kower et al to Henry Winkle	Railroad Ave w Scott, 2.42 acres.....	7
Henry Winkle to Emile Kower.....	Same.....	10
Chris Rosenzweig to Jno L Reilly	Corbett w 2d Ave, 30x115—sub M A 39..	2,500
Bay City Hd to S C E Thayer.....	Lot 38 blk 493.....	386
Herman Wohler to Henry L Davis	Und 10 acs Rancho Laguna de la Merced	2,800
R E Raimond to Mary A Raimond	Howard e 3d, 110x40.....	Gift.
Masonic Cem Ass'n to Fred Seibel	Lot 137 Circle Flat.....	121
E R Carpenter to W A Aldrich....	Old San Jose Road, 127 s initial point of Rancho Bernal, s 309:10 e to point 120 w Valencia, n to point where line, etc.	5,500
City Land Ass'n to Cath'ne Brown	Lot 5 blk 13.....	55
Henriette Hauff to Susannah Scholl	Dupont n Post, 18:5x108.....	Gift.
Fredk W Haubrich to B Haubrich	2d Ave n 17th, 36:6x120—sub M B 39.....	2,000

Thursday, February 13th.

W H Allen to Edw Ford.....	Undivided ½ of 50-vara 5 blk 449, W A.	\$2,250
Mary A Taylor to Wm Taylor.....	Green w Hyde, 60x20—sub 50-vara 1388.	Gift.
Tide Land Com'rs to J J Johnson	Lots 15, 16, 13, 14, 17, 18, blk 876.....	1,216
E L Sullivan to Julia Lovejoy....	West 12th Ave s Pt Lob Ave, 25x120.....	400
G W Frink to Minerva Frink.....	7th nw Folsom, 95x165.....	Gift.
W K Doherty to Herman Schnpler	Van Ness Ave, w 60 n McAllister, 30x109:9	3,950
A J Watson to D W James.....	Sacramento 270 w Franklin, 34:4x137:6.	1,000
City and Co of S F to A Drucker.	McAllister w Devisadero, w 275 s 137:6 e 68:9, etc.....	Prem
Same to Jos S Friedman.....	Fulton and Broderick, nw cor, 137:6x75.	Prem
Same to same.....	Fulton w Broderick, w 190:7½ n 275....	Prem



## Friday, February 14th.

Rudolph Cohen to Daniel Meyer—	O'Farrell w Filmore w 137:6 n 97:11 se 139 s 177; also, und $\frac{1}{2}$ Laguna and Grove se corner e 156:3x120 .....	20,000
Pt Lob Av H'd Ex Assn to J Howes	Lots 8, 9, 10, 11, blk 644 .....	1,000
Same to same.	Lots 32 blk 338, lot 4 blk 425 .....	530
City Land Ass'n to A Shapera .....	Lots 7, 8, blk 48 .....	180
City and Co S F to J Martenstein ..	Tyler and Broderick, 137:6x137:6 .....	Prem
Same to F Metzger .....	McAllister w Broderick, 68:9x137:6 .....	Prem
James L Blakie to T W Mulford ..	Webster e Sutter, 27:6x96 .....	1
Pat McCloskey to Mich McCloskey ..	Dora nw Bryant, 25x80 .....	975
Martha B Hunt et al to D Plato .....	Valencia n 20th, 25x80—sub M B 7 .....	250
Tide Land Comrs to Ed Redmond ..	Shipley ne 6th, 23x75 .....	6

## Saturday, February 15th.

A B Bates to P Merle .....	West half of east half of 50-vara 332 .....	\$ 5
E Judson to J H Buck .....	Jersey n Butte, 25x100 .....	930
Spring Val Hd to Louise N Muller ..	Lots 846, 47 .....	147
R H Lloyd to Henry Matthews .....	McAllister w Webster, 107:6x137:6 .....	10,000
John C Swett to James Ross .....	Devisadero s O'Farrell, 25x90 .....	600
Martha B Hunt et al to P Truman ..	Jessie n 19th, 25x80 .....	140
W K Doherty to J C Meussdorffer ..	Van Ness n McAllister, 30x109:6 .....	5,750
C T Emmet to David Porter .....	California and Powell, w 250:3, n etc .....	27,000
Alice McCarthy to G W Gibbs et al ..	Main nw Folsom, 45:10x137:6 .....	7,000
Eugene McCarthy to same .....	Same .....	1
Henry O Howard to James T Boyd ..	Same .....	5
Same by Sheriff to Eng McCarthy ..	Same .....	12,000
Cal B & L'n Society to B J Shay ..	Broadway e Mason .....	1
Brooks Mayers to John Dugan .....	S Sierra e Iowa, 25x50 .....	600
Pierre Merle to B J Shay .....	Broadway e Mason, e 12 $\frac{1}{2}$ -v x n 59-vara ..	5,000

## Monday, February 17th.

H W Stahl to L H Edelen .....	Lots 48, 49, 50, blk 4 and lot 70, blk 32, Mission and 30th Street H'd Union ..	\$
Joseph H Bailey to City & Co S F ..	Commencing at a point 88:3 $\frac{1}{2}$ w Stockton s Union w 49:2 e 11 se 59:7 .....	2,716
Frank Callum to Rose Shaw .....	Lot 241, Cobb Tract .....	225
City and Co S F to Fannie H Leon ..	Tyler 137:6 e Broderick, e 80x137:6 ..	1,343
Tide Land Comrs to Ed Duane .....	Natoma ne 7th, 25x75 .....	7
Same to same .....	Same 50x75 .....	15
Joseph Stolz to T & A Stolz .....	50-vara 4 blk 60, W A .....	5,000
John L Hunt to S F Butterworth ..	Valencia s 19th, 50x160 .....	800
Jacob Greenebaum to Henry Levy ..	Hayes w Gough, 24:6x120 .....	100
John McCombe to E F Northam .....	Powell n Francisco, 22:11x91:8 .....	330
San Mig H'd Assn to E Higgins .....	Lots 17, 18 .....	1
Same to W T Davis .....	Lots 30, 31 .....	1

## Tuesday, February 18th.

Park Hd Ass'n to John B Chase .....	Lot 40 blk 415 .....	\$ 570
John Jay Hall to Wm Alexn Hall .....	Sw Pacific and Gough, w 50 s 100, etc ..	1
City and Co S F to O Lawton .....	Por Outside Lands, sundry blks .....	Prem
Same to same .....	Same .....	Prem
James Lick to Soc Cal Pioneers .....	Sw 4th, 195 se Market, sw 195 se 80, etc ..	Gift.
Jno F McCanley to Saml L Wilson ..	Nw Townsend ne 3d, 275x275 .....	10
Geary St Ex Hd to S B Goddard .....	Sundry lots in blks 261 and 166 .....	6,800
A Cron to Francis Roland .....	Nw Montg'y and Greenwich, 137:6x137:6 ..	1,800
Jno Sword to Sarah Sword .....	N Washington e Mason, 55x137:6 .....	Gift.
Paul Tract II'd to Fred Scheffer ..	Lot 6 blk 60 and lots 1 2 3 blk 27 .....	2,000
C M Boyd to Johanna Crowe .....	N Sacramento w Webster, 25x103 .....	100
Geary St Ex Hd Assn to J L Fields ..	Lot 1 in blk 263 .....	350
David Porter to C Temple Emmet .....	Nw Folsom ne 11th, 34:6x138 M B 7 .....	12,000
Masonic Cem Assn to J F Keasing ..	Lots 40 41 sec 6 .....	180
D F McDonald to Jno C Bell .....	2 acres, portion McDonald Ranch .....	200
Lloyd Tevis to R M Sherman .....	Lot 2 blk 304, W A .....	1
James O'Brien to John Markham ..	Clary ne 6th, 25x80 .....	1,100
Louis Braverman to I Wormser .....	Lots 1 to 6 15 16 blk 529; 7 to 16 16 blk 526, Tide Lands .....	4,500
James Nihan to Mich'l Dunigan .....	Dora nw Bryant, 25x75 .....	...
L Dutertre to City and Co S F .....	Dupont and Broadway, e 46 n 60:3 $\frac{1}{2}$ nw 41:10 $\frac{1}{2}$ w 19:3 s 92:6 .....	48,509

## Wednesday, February 19th.

Geary St Ex Hd to John Crodan .....	Lot 25 blk 282 .....	\$ 350
Same to Henry Blythe .....	Lot 26 blk 166 .....	350
Paul Tract H'd to S H Thompson .....	Lot 3 blk 56 .....	100
Jno Stapleton to Odd Fel Sav Bank ..	Sw Mary se Minna, 23x57:6 .....	3,370
Charles Hare to same .....	Ne Main se Folsom, se 137:6, nw 87:6, etc ..	19,669
Patrick Haynes to the same .....	Sw 23d and Alabama, 50x104 .....	3,007

Thos S Jackson to Hen B Wagner	S Stevenson e 7th, 25x75.....	2,100
City & Co S F to Jno Conley.....	E Iowa s Yolo, 100x50.....	Prem
Wm Hollis to Margaret S Hurley.....	N Grove w Laguna, 22:11x120.....	4,500
Thos Brown to J J Green.....	E Ellis e Polk, 27:6x120.....	3,500
J S Alenany to Ellen Doyle.....	S Pt Lobos Ave, w Masonic Av, 50x125.....	1,000
Geary St Hd Assn to Laura H Wells.....	Lot 42 blk 262.....	350
Paul R Reese to Henry W Smith.....	S Post w Octavia, 25x10x120.....	1,750
J C Duncan to Wm Stebbins.....	Lots 8, 9, block R R R H'd No 2.....	130
Wm H Lyons to City & Co S F....	137:6 n Washington 51:2½ w Montgom- ery, w 104:1, nw 39:3, n 34:9 75:2 and se 84:6 ½.....	66,107
Hannah G Shattuck to G Wright....	Subdiv O L 320.....	700
Fred Iken to L S Whelton.....	E ½ Welton and Horstfall Tract.....	1
Ben Franklin H'd to J O'Donnell....	W Talbett s Visitation Ave s 25x114.....	300
L S Welton et al to R R Norton....	Ne Webster and Sutter, 137:6x137:6.....	2,000

Thursday, February 20th.

Paul Tract H'd to Nicholas Bruns	Lot 1 block 60.....	\$ 260
J M Shotwell to W C Ralston.....	E 14th Ave, 66:10 s of I, etc.....	120
Thos Brown to Tristram Burgess.....	S Pine e Hyde, 25x87:6.....	2,400
City and Co S F to W C Ralston....	Portion six blks Outside Lands.....	Prem
F R Berryessa to Cornelia E Hill....	Lot 8 blk 45, University H'd Association	200
Lawrence Higgins to C Delahanty....	N 25th, 100 e Columbia, 25x109.....	800
S L Funkenstein to P Funkenstein....	Sw cor Sac'rto and Leavworth, 37:6x55	1
L Gautier to Edward Hartman.....	Se Greenwich and Stockton, e 28:x37:6	1
Martha B Hunt to Henry Picboir....	Nw 19th and Jessie—por M B 38.....	550
T D St German to Ed Hartmann.....	Se Greenwich and Stockton, 28:9x37:6..	1
Ed Hartmann to Cit & County S F	Same.....	3,663
Emily Bruck to John Horstmann.....	S of 21st w Sanchez, 114x50.....	640
M O Melia to Elizabeth Bruckes....	E Jones a Geary, 68:9x22:11.....	3,000
Wm M Pierson to Frank Kennedy.....	Sundry properties in Western Addition.	30
Pearl Richards to J B Lewis.....	50-vara 3, N B blk 13.....	11
Wm Hollenback to City & Co S F	Se cor Chest and Taylor e 42:4 se 149, etc	8,011
Felton Tract Hd to Mary J Wiard....	Lot 48 blk 1200.....	170
Wm Sharon to Wm Hollenback.....	E Taylor s Chestnut, 17:6x137:6.....	1
Conrad Troeli to Jno Allen.....	Sw of Jones and Glover, 20x68:6.....	501
Jas Lick to Cal Academy Sciences	Se Market 195 sw 4th se 195, etc, being a subdivision of 100-vara 126.....	Gift.

Friday, February 21st.

B Kenny to J J Brady.....	50-vara blk 350, W A; also, w Webster, 110 n Post, 27:6x93; also, n Bush, 82:6 e Scott, e 55x137:6.....	.....
F L A Pioche et al to John Cooper	Lots 1, 2, 3, 4, blk 7, City Land Ass'n ..	360
L S Welton et al to C C Butler et al	Sundry lots in western portion city....	7,000
Wm Hollis to Jno C Wright.....	S Turke e Deviesadero, 30x75.....	2,800
S S Welton et al to H M Newhall....	Lots 3, 4, blk 275, W A.....	10,000
Webster St H'd to Philip I Fisher....	W Webster s Sacramento, 25x103:3.....	1,525
D Oblandt to Henry Oblandt.....	E Potrero Ave n Yolo, 108x10.....	3,000
Webster St H'd to Pincus Berwin....	Se Sacramento and Fillmore, 26:3x132:7.	1,660
Same to Alexander L Badt.....	N California e Fillmore, 25:6x132:7.....	1,630
Martha B Hunt to B C Lewis.....	N 20th e Valencia, 25x85—subdiv M B 67	125
Same to John Hart.....	S 19th e Stevenson, 25x85.....	200
L Anderson to Katinka Anderson....	S Jackson w Leavenworth, 45x137:6.....	Gift.
George Treat to Wm Hollis.....	New Potrero blks 158 and 180.....	4,000
Webster St Hd Ass'n to A E Hecht....	W Webster n California, 25x104:3.....	1,545
Eugene E Sullivan to A J Moulder....	N Bush w Mason w 40:9x137:6.....	18,000
Frank Kennedy to F R Larkin.....	Sundry properties in Western Addition.	1,000
Webster St Hd to S A Loughlin....	Lot 13 blk 314.....	1,600
E L Sullivan to S Bunner.....	Portion Outside Land block 273.....	400
J D Bliss to A E Wilmarth.....	N Washington w Polk, 57x127:8.....	5

Monday, February 24th.

Chas F Webster to C A Noble.....	Ne Stanly Place nw Bryant, 150x112:6.....	\$2,000
Geary St Ex Hd to Levi Flint.....	Lot 12 blk 262.....	350
J D Connell to Thomas Jones.....	W College, 100 s Folsom, 120x100.....	300
J F Sinclair to Paul Rousset.....	Portion Outside Land block 756.....	125
John Hill to I F Lincoln.....	Lots 34 36 blk 338 Pt Lob Av and Pk Hd	100
C F Webster to R Hagan.....	Lot 21 blk 4 Fairmount Ex H'd.....	330
Drury W James to W H Rulofson.....	N Sacramento w Franklin, w 10:6, etc	111
Superior Hd Assn to T Cunningham	Five lots in blk 128.....	2,500
Thos B Lewis to Superior Hd Ass'n	Same.....	2,500
Romain Boag et al to A Pastene....	N Lewis, 177:6 w Taylor, w 29x57:6.....	1,400
John Satterlee to David Stoddard....	W Polk, 100 n Pacific, n 27:8x123.....	1
Ann Hart to Conclins Cannahan....	Se Tehama, 205 ne 3d, ne 26x80.....	1,525
City & County S F to A J Morrell....	Nw California and Lyon, 100x132:7.....	1,525
C L Rowe to Eve Rowe.....	Lots 3 to 7 inclusive, blk 46, City L Assn	Gift
J H McCabe et al to I S Allen.....	50 acres Outside Lands.....	1,000

## Tuesday, February 25th.

A J Morrell to City and Co S F....	Streets, highways, etc.....	\$ ....
Geary St Ex Hd to B F Chadborne	Lots 20, 22, blk 262.....	700
Bay Park Hd to D F Multville....	Lot 26 block 553.....	360
Pleasant View Hd Assn to J Barry	Lot 3 blk 35.....	128
B L Brandt to J B Treadwell.....	Lots 1474 1476 1472 Gift Map 2.....	300
Adolph Dumont to S G Beatty.....	E Mission n 15th, 60x110.....	300
A Austin to B L Brant.....	Lots 1472 1474 1476 Gift Map 2.....	3
M Crooks to Matthew Crooks.....	Nw Townsend ne 4th, etc.....	177
Annie E Cook to Maurice Dore....	Ne cor Stevenson and 19th, 130x85, etc.	1,250
H Wohler to Henry L Davis.....	Undivided 18 acres Rancho de la Merced	
A H Hissak Jr to Abram Bloch.....	N Trnk w Taylor, 55x137.6.....	12,000
Webster St Hd to M S Greenbaum	Lots 37 38 39.....	4,575
B L Brandt to J Greenbaum.....	Und 1½ acres, Moore tract.....	600
Stephen T King to John Toole.....	Lot 14 blk 210, O'N & Halcy Tract.....	1
J G Bergener to Chris Grodhaue..	W Fillmore to S Kate, 25x90.....	3,400
Geary St Ex H'd to Mrs W J Bryan	Lot 12 blk 165 Outside Lands.....	350
Same to Joseph Bryan.....	Lot 15 same.....	350
Same to Ed F Bert.....	Lot 11 same.....	350
Mary Jane Boyle to M Ambrose....	S Hill w Church, 25:11x114.....	400
Paul Tt Hd to J S Smith.....	Lot 7 blk 56.....	500
Henry Rolin to B Lewis.....	Nw Boyd ne Chesley, 49x60.....	100
Wm Corcoran to Henry Rolin.....	Same.....	100
Jacob Robinson to Adam Menges..	Sc Tyler and Van Ness Ave, 109x120.....	20,000
R Savage to F Louise.....	S Filbert w Montgomery, 24x60.....	350
J F Haycock to Margt A Haycock..	W Hyde e Washington, 35x137.6.....	Gift
F L A Pioche to E McReagan.....	Lot 40 blk 24, City Land Association....	90
Thos McInerney to C Fetsch.....	Lot 11 Precita Valley Lands.....	1,500

## Wednesday, February 26th.

F L A Pioche et al to J Rolland....	Lot 8 block 26 of City Land Association	\$ 90
Patrick Griffin to Margt McCarty..	N Grove e Gough, 27:6x68:9.....	1,500
Jane Winans to Jose E Cobo.....	Se Park Lane ne 3d, 22x97:6.....	6,250
Jacob Ott to City & County of S F	Streets, highways, etc.....	
Wm Dunphy to Charles L Weller....	Sundry lots Tide Lands.....	10
W R McKee to La Bella F McKee...	Sw Shotwell and 22d, 96:6x122:6.....	Gift
Frank McCoppin to Peter Donahue..	N 19th e Guerrero, etc.....	15,000
Web St Hd Assn to F Gonzendorfer	Lots 2 and 4).....	3,210
Same to Leopold Cahn.....	Lots 15 and 8.....	3,200
Same to A Cahn.....	Lot 1.....	1,800
C P Duane to E J Baldwin.....	Scott and Grove, 137:6x275.....	1
City Land Ass'n to C A M Grisch..	Lots 26 and 27 blk 42.....	180
M Berghofer to Conrad Berghofer..	Stenart se Howard, 22:11x65:10; also Folsom sw 1st, 25x75; also, 8d e Perry, 25x75, also, Tehama w 1st, 80x25.....	Gift
Paul Tract H'd to Mary Quinn....	Lots 5 6 13 14 15 blk 52.....	2,500
Mis'n & 30th St Ex H to W Scott..	Lot 2 blk 7.....	350
John McGrath to Wm B Swain.....	Sanchez and Vale, 26:3x100.....	300
Wm Hayes to Red Men's Hall Assn..	Post w Stockton, 50x137:6.....	20,000
Wm L Booker to Jas D Riddle.....	Montg'y n Commercial, 29:6x50.....	27,500
Geary St Ex H'd to Anna Jewett....	Lot 18 blk 262.....	350
Cath Seaver to Bridget Markey....	Howard n 24th, 301x92:6.....	6,500
Sav and Loan Soc'y to L J Ewell....	21st and Folsom, 125x122:6.....	14,500

## Thursday, February 27th.

Tide Land Comrs to W J Tinnin....	Lots 1 2 block 519, Tide Lands.....	\$ 600
Same to same.....	Lot 7 8 blk 509, same.....	100
Same to same.....	Lots 15 16 blk 519 same.....	500
Same to same.....	Lot 9 10 blk 509 same.....	690
M B Hunt to Thos Berry.....	E Jessie, etc.—portion M B 68.....	100
Thos Young to John B Wooster....	N Geary 80 e Polk, subj to mortgage..	18,500
S Abrams to Thomas Young.....	Same, subj to a balance due.....	18,500
Bay View H'd to A Blockman.....	Lots 5 6 10 11 blk 538.....	2,000
Paul Tract Hd to Herman Kaplan...	Lots in blocks 48, 609, 625, 23.....	2,500
Same to Levy Kaplan.....	Lot 7 blk 47; lot 13 blk 22.....	1,000
G A Nelson to B M Hartshorne....	Sundry lots in S S F Hd.....	750
Oliver Eldridge to B M Hartshorne	Lot 3 blk 519, Tide Lands.....	1,000
Geary St Ex Hd to Caroline Mills..	Sundry lots in blks 165 and 166.....	4,900
Henry Mahan to J S Armstrong....	Lot 28 bl 643 Pt Lob Ave Hd Ex Ass'n..	300
John L Hunt to C G Hooker.....	E Valencia n 20th, 50x80.....	500
John McCome to John M English...	Nw 20th and Shotwell, 95x122:5.....	1,000
Pierre Cornwall to R M Sherman....	N Tyler e Fillmore, 137:6x137:6.....	100
John Rosenfeld to same.....	N Tyler w Webster, 137:3x137:6.....	10
S W Burhaus to Joseph Smith.....	Sundry lots in Haley Tract.....	1,500
Sav & Ln Soc to John G Kahman....	E Clara n Sutter, 45x25.....	4,550
Minnie E Anthony to same.....	Same.....	4,666
A E C Tittle to same.....	Same.....	7,000

## Friday, February 28th.

Univ'ty Ex Hd Assn to G Jewell.	Lot 8 in block 80.	\$ 400
Fairm't Ld Ass'n to J A Alexander.	Lot 102 block 43.	360
City & County S F to G W Frink.	Outside Lands.	prem
F A Tood to Contract & Flm Com.	Lots 2 and 4 S B blk 15.	1,062
Anna E Cook to John L Hunt.	W Jessie n 19th, 25x80.	100
T P Riordan to Rosena Riordan.	W Carolina s Nevada, 33:4x100.	695
B Frank Fisher to Kate Fisher.	Lots 26 27 blk 45 City Land Ass'n.	Gift
John Shirley et al to John S Hahn.	Position blk 491 of Tide Lands.	1
P A Comins to Hib Sav & L Soc.	S Broadway e Jones, 50x60.	...
John B Lewis to Wm Frank Ladd.	Se Park Lane e 3d, 22x97:6.	885
H F W Hoffman to C H Reynolds.	Subdiv sundry lots of Smoke Ranch.	1
R Dillon to Wm Goldriek et al.	N 23d w Sanchez, 51x114.	1,000
J V Lawrence to Oriana Lawrence.	W Mason n Pine, 23x62:6.	...
Hugh Whittell to Paul Roussett.	Outside Lands.	619
Wm Bosworth to same.	Outside Lands.	285
John B Lewis to J B Haggin.	S Everett w 3d, 28x80.	100
A J Show to Wm Loewy.	E Franklin s Oak, 50x97:9.	2,600
J L Averill to Georgia I Show.	Same.	2,000

## Saturday, March 1st.

Geo E Hall to Albert Schartz.	Lots 1 and 2 blk 21 City Ld Association.	\$
Mary Herzo to John Herzo.	Sundry lots throughout city.	prem
Paul Tract Hd to J B Gorman.	Lots No 1 and 2 blk 26.	1,000
Eugene B Beck to M P Jones.	Sundry properties in different parts city.	4,000
Lydia M Carter to M J Pritchard.	N Bush e Franklin, 25x100.	35
M J Pritchard to Geo F Sharp.	Same.	5
Bay Pk Homestead to W W Holder.	Lot 27 28 29 in blks 560 and 559.	1,080
W W Holder to C P Benedict.	Same.	5
P J White to Michael Lynch.	All right, title, int of Valencia to M B 38.	209
Donald McMillan to Georgia Miller.	Subd 100-v 13 15; also subd 100-v 303.	10
Isaac Harris to W B Bergner.	N St Marks Pl w Dupont, 40x40.	8,000
G I Show to J L Averill.	E Franklin s Oak, 50x97:9.	1
John B Dulley to Wm Hollis.	Sundry lots Potrero Nuevo.	1,200
Webster St Hd Ass'n to J B Coffee.	Lot 17.	1,552
Thos Pennington to John Kearny.	Se Natoma ne 9th, 25x75.	...

## Monday, March 3d.

Geary St Ex Hd to Bridget Dunsing.	Lot 16 block 166.	\$ 350
Same to Mary Brawley.	Lot 19 of same.	350
Pt Lob Av & P H Assn to C R Stohr.	Lot 14 blk 424.	270
John Kavanah to David Kane.	S Clay w Scott, 25x127:8.	600
Henry McCrea to Peter G Partridge.	100-v near old Presido Road.	2,000
Bay Park Hd to Andrew Karl.	Lot 38 blk 551.	360
Same to Wm Karl.	Lot 37 blk 551.	360
Sumner J Taylor to Fred Sohaus.	N Austin e Franklin, 25x12.	3,700
John Cridick to Ed Moran.	Lot 6 blk 3 West End May No 1.	1,570
Web St Ex Hd Ass'n to P Osgood.	Lot 14.	1,570
Geo W Boherty to Michael Ryan.	Se cor Pt Lob Ave and 23d Ave, 53:4x100.	800
Felton Tract Hd to L Sylvester.	Lots 6 and 7 blk 1201.	340
Chris Wegner to Wm Wegener.	S Lombard e Hyde, 42x137:6.	Gift
Nicholas Luning to Helene Winter.	Se cor Powell and Sutter, 25x57.	5
John Heffman to James Hayes.	W Clinton s Brannan, 25x75.	1,000
Perrin Sumner to Geo W Gibbs.	Se Harrison and Main, 275x550.	3,000

## Tuesday, March 4th.

Michael Ambrose to J Ormiston.	S Hill, 27:6 w Church, 25:11x114.	\$ 400
Martha B Hunt to H Leibes et al.	E Stevenson n 20th, 135x80.	650
Felton Tract Hd to Sam I C Swezey.	Lot 7 blk 1202.	170
Herman Kaplan to E C Kaplan.	Lot 16 blk 23 Paul Tract Hd.	Gift
Anton Rheude to Wm Bell.	N Kate w Filmore, 25x120.	750
Tide Land Com'rs to O Carroll.	Ne Dora nw Harrison, 25x75.	7
Ris Iron Works to N Luning.	Center Georgia s Sierra, s 246 e to e line of grant to John G North, thence at right angle n 246.	5
Same to Wm H Taylor.	Sundry properties in southern por city.	5
Same to same.	Commencing at the intersection center of Georgia with n line Humboldt s 100 etc.	5
J L Blaikie to Wm B Swain.	Lots 2 to 7 inclusive blk 63 Excel'r Hd.	1,200
R Larrimore to City & County S F.	S Union w Stockton, por bl 130.	5,476
Martha B Hunt to John L Crane.	E Stevenson n 19, 25x80.	100
Same to Hamilton Stewart.	E Stevenson n 20th, 25x80.	100
P B Hewlett to Wm Ranbinger.	N Lombard e Mason, 45:10x137:6.	4,100
Felton Tt Hd Assn to A Kronberg.	Lot 42 blk 1201.	170
S S Murphy to same.	Ne cor P and 23d Ave, por bl 667 O L.	500
John Morton to Callaghan Curtin.	N Ellis, 50-v 1044.	16,750
Dennis Mahoney to H S Ridley.	S Broadway e Gough, 127:6x68:9.	3,000
Lawrence McNally to J Daly.	Lots 1387 to 1396 Gift Map 8.	1,000



## Wednesday, March 5th.

Owen Griffin to George Barstow	Portion blk 180 Outside Lands	\$ 600
Richd Harris to Oliver Dale	Por bl 388 to correct error in former deed	
Wm Ware to Anne E Greene	Se Market and 10th, 272:6x194	36,565
Bay View Hd to Patrick Norton	Lot 16 blk 540	500
Gustave Mahe to Paul Rousset	Outside Lands	5
Chas D Carter to J Leddin	Subdivision Mission Block 27	120
John Carroll to same	Same	23
Henry M Scudder to S I C Sweezey	Dow Plaw 2d, 28x110:6, subject to mortgage of \$4,200	2
J F C Beythlen to J J Schoen	Post e Dupont, 22x62	2
B P Avery to John Curley	Potrero av and 23d, 100x25	1,400
J B Bidleman to R C Hopkins	Old Road n San Sonci Road, n 92:6, etc.	5
Wm L Higgins to A J Morrell	Turk and Pierce, 87:6x31:3	1,500
R S Randall to Thos Byrne	17th e Church, 53x100	2,500
M W Hewings to Eliza J Haggin	Clay e Taylor, e 43 n 137:6, etc; also, 50 vara 627	400
E H Hammer to Wm Enright	Ellis e Larkin, 26:10x87:6	6,200
L M Felker to City and Co S F	Greenwich e Mason, e 25:8, etc.	2,498
M Dore to S A Fridley	Por Outside Lands	5
C Anderson to Julius Osiander	Texas n Nevada, 50x100	600
H A Buttner to Wm Noethig	Guerrero s Corbett, 30x96:9; also, 6th av e H, 25x100; also, 32d av w G, 25x100	1,200
H B Platt to Maurice Dore	Und 1-20 blks 6 10 16; 50 v 1510 1526, N B	2,900

## Thursday, March 6th.

Cal Ave Hd to J M Richardson	Lot 2 blk 88 Outside Lands	\$ 330
Peter E Ferrall to P McArane	Lots 10, 11, 12, bl 49, Tide Ld Survey	2,100
Thos Blanchfield to Henry S Loane	N Tyler w Pierce, w 37:6x137:6	1,100
Paul Newman to John Hunt Jr.	W Place s Washington, 27:6x55:6; also s Broadway, w Dupont, etc; also s of Broadway e Stockton, 23x60	3,500
John McKewen to James Thom.	E Pennsylvania s Colins, 75x100	300
F Gagliardo to John Hunt	W Waverly Pl, 69:2 s Wash ton, 27:6x55	3,841
Chas F Webster to Wm Sherman	Lot 20 blk 4, Fairmount Ex Hd	333
P F Brady to Bridget Seery	N Sac w Hyde, 45:10x120	1,200
Thomas Hildreth to Wm Dunphy	Lot 9 blk 540, Bay View View Hd	300
Same to L Cahn	Lots 33 and 35	2,985
Same to A Cahn	Lots 16 and 21	3,325
Same to Lambert Cahn	Lots 22 and 23	4,620
Tide L Comre to B S Hollingsworth	Lot 14 bl 18 Tide Lands	160
Rosina Devines to Alex Hodge	S Randolph e Walnut, 50x100	130
Adam Bootz to Joseph Hahn	W Fair Oaks, 62 n 22d, 30x117:6	....
H M Hussey to Alice M Swain	S Francisco e Hyde, 35x137:6	1
James Regan to Richard Tobin	Rancho Canada de Guadalupe, etc.	....
Richard Tobin to James Regan	Und 1/4 part of tract recorded 414 Dec 1	5
Patrick Wallace to T G Cockrill	N Day e Dolores, 50x114	600
Orsen B Adams to F F Durose	Ne Washington and Hyde, 32:6x87:6	1,850

## Friday, March 7th.

Geary Street Ex Hd to J K Prior	Lots 7 and 8 blk 167	\$ 700
Wm K Spencer to Wm J McMurtry	Undivided half int in and to the whole of Melgus' Wharf Co's property in City and County S F	6,000
Ed Weissig to N B Mulville	S Liberty e Noe, 50x114	450
E M O'Brien to H Miller & C Lux	Com at corner formed by ne 11th with se Market, 137:6x68:9	23,000
Geo J Greeley to Geo H Carlton	Sw corner 17th and Diamond, 75x62:6	5
Henry L Davis to H W Carpenter	Undivided 18 acres Rancho Laguna de la Merced	....
Albert Mayo to Chas F Brown	Lots 1, 2, 3, 4, bl Mission & 30th at H U	500
Geo H Carlton to M Kennedy	Sw cor 17th and Diamond, 75x62:6	1,000
A J Fleury to Antoine Borel	Ne 6th nw Brannan, 32x275	3,000
L L Robinson to Levi Parson	Portion Outside Lands	5
Paul Tract H'd to Thos J Reed	Lot 2 blk 9	500
Masonic Cem Ass'n to H Matthews	Lots 1, 2, sec 16	226
Ellen Byrnes to Jno S Waters	Sw Harriett se Howard, 25x75; also, n 25th, 75 e Bryant, e 25x104	6,000
M Henriett Averill to same	Nw Burrows and Oxford, 120x100	Gift
H Rosekrans to Geo W Frink	100-v lot 79	5
Webster S H Aasn to S Rosenblatt	Lot 6 blk 414 Western Addition	1,630
Murtha B Hunt to F Thomas	E Valencia s 19th 50x160	600
Same to Alfred Gross	E Valencia s 19th, 25x160	300
A B Sampson to Robert Allen	1/4 sec B tp 2 s r 6 w Mt Diablo Meridian	2,000
C L Ross to John B Chase	S Broadway, se Kearny, 22:10x68:9	1
J B Chase to Domingo Quintaro	Same	2,275
Joe Naphtaly to Michael M Buckley	S Geary w Scott, 40:6x137:6	2,000
Otto Baur to Chas Kornfeld	S Pine w Fillmore, 50x127:6	2,000
J Hilken to Francisco Garibaldi	E Powell s Green, 38:9x137:6	5,000

## Saturday, March 8th.

John L Hunt et al to Conrad Greb	E Valencia, 60 s 19th, 50x80—sub M B 67	\$ 470
College H'd Ass'n to Thos Norris.	Lot 8 blk 10.	300
T P Riordan to David Bole.	Ne cor Nevada and Nebraska, 33:4x100.	1,510
Geary St Ex H'd to David Bole.	Lots 44, 45, blk 261.	700
L D Allen to Seth Walker.	S Pine w Webster, 25x100.	500
M Shawl to Jacob Bloom.	N O Farrell, 137:6 nw Mason, 37:6x137:6	
Jacob M Pike to Malichi Kean.	25th w Sanchez, 50: 1x114.	3,000
J W Tucker to Minnie H Tucker.	Se cor 41st Ave and B e 30:8, etc.	
Henry Toomy to Wesley Diggins	S O Farrell e Broadway, 100x137:6.	2,500
Samuel Crim to J M Shotwell.	E 14th Ave s 1, s 157:1, etc.	69
Chris B Wyatt to B J Shay.	N Pine w Pierce, 137:6x187:6.	4,000
Ruth A M Weston to Wm Bahr.	Easterly 56 ft Precita Valley Lot No 78.	1,400
Wm A Bahr to W Struven.	Same.	Gift
Michael Burns to Mary Burns.	E 6th n Tehama, 25x75—sub 100-v 219.	Gift
Sav & Loan Soc to Wm Hinkel.	W Laguna s Fell, 27:6x85	3,000
City & Co S F to Wilhelm Borgren	E Hampshire s 22d, 25x100.	prem.
Ann M Richards to John C Pelton	N Pine 230:6 e Van Ness, e 2:6x n 137:6.	250
Jno C Pelton to Anna M Richards.	Same.	125

## Monday, March 10th.

C Taubmann to Chris Taubmann.	Lot 782, Gift Map 2	Gift
E Duffey to John Rohr.	E 7th nw Brannan, 20x80	1
Natale Feriagate to C Ferrea.	Subdiv 50-vara 387.	Gift
Ed Sumner to Mark Livingston.	Block 385 Outside Lands.	10,000
P Crowley to Henry Brown.	N Green w Montgomery, 57:6x20.	2,000
C M A Buckley to M Livingston.	Undivided $\frac{1}{2}$ blk 385, Outside Lands.	1,500
Z D Parker to Jno B Lewis.	Se Heron ne 8th, ne 20x80.	100
Levi Parsons to Geo Hearst.	Portion Outside Lands.	14,000
Daniel Fallon to Ed Fallon.	S Post w Hyde, 18x34:6	1
Richard Harris to Oliver Dale.	Kentucky n Solano, 50x100.	\$2,500
A Himmelmann to H P Merrifield.	Sac to w Steiner, 25:10x120	700
Bay View H'd to Jos Bassett.	Lots 2 and 3 blk 466	1,000
City Land As'n to R P B Wood.	Lots 27 and 28 blk 35	180
A H Rose to W F Davison.	E $\frac{1}{2}$ Potrero blk 462	7,800
A A Jennings to Chas Ruppel.	Church n Park, 150x114	2,000
D Cuneo to Lee Leong.	Spofford s Wash'n, 18:4x47:8	2,500
Felton Tract H'd to Jos Boardman	Lots 25 26 and 27, blk 1205.	515
D C Van Nostrand to Mary Wood.	Illinois n Alameda, 55x100.	0
A J Moon to John R Jarboe.	Valencia s Hermann, 50x80.	5,000

## Tuesday, March 11th.

J B Shay to Peter McCannon.	N Pine e Scott, 50-vara 2 blk 426 W A.	\$5,500
Pt Lob Av H'd Ass'n to O Hubbell	Sundry lots in blks 639 642.	2,500
James Brooks to City & County S F	Und half nw cor Kearny and Pac, etc.	10,800
Asa Hull to John Fay.	S Sac w Davis, 30x130.	8,000
Robt J Tiffany to David Scannell.	Undivided half por blks 314 and 281.	
Ira G Hoitt to Geo C Wickware.	Se Market and 10th, subdiv M B 4.	2,300
Kate E Learned to Cath'ne A Brush.	E Steiner s Ellis, 50x68:9, blk 361, W A.	1,435
J W Lees to H H Ellis.	Lots 4, 5, W A blk 218.	210
H H Ellis to E A Lawrence.	Same.	1
Martha B Hunt et al to M Kedon.	Ne cor Valencia and 20th, 85x80.	680
John Blake to John Kern.	N Sagamore w Capitol, 50x125	175
Wm J Gunn to Dr L P Gautier.	Lots 1 to 8 inclu blk 43 Excel'r H'd Ass'n	3,000
Carl H Hain to Carl Ruppel.	Same.	2
City Land Ass'n to C D Morrison.	Lot 6 blk 29	95
Thos Schoelich to C Teckelburg.	Lots 37 and 38 blk 97, Columbia H'd	600
John Johnston to E J Harrison.	Sundry lots in Western Addition.	15,500
Bay View H'd to Geo H Powers.	Lot 9 blk 536	500
Max Conheim to Elise Conheim.	Howard sw 7th, 25x90	Gift
E L Sullivan to Ann Grylous.	Por Outside Land blk 273.	800

## Wednesday, March 12th.

R Ganzer to Augusta Petrowska.	Sw 11th se Mission, 22:6x90, sub M B 11	\$1,550
John Bensley to Z F Colby.	N Francisco e Mason, 22x120	250
Jos A Hofman to Wm H Hogan.	S 19th e Valencia, 25x85—sub M B 66.	1,200
Lamson S Welton to Henry Pierce	Se cor Geary and Buchanan, 68:9, etc.	2,000
Felton Tract H'd to K R Schaefer.	Lot 4 blk 1202.	170
J M Goewey to Louis Feder et al.	N O Farrell, 137:6 w Polk w 68:9x120.	10,000
Anna E Cook to J A Hofman.	S 19th e Valen, 50x85	250
Tide Land Comr's to Thos Prince	S Mission w 7th, 8:5x50—sub 100-va 266.	16
T Prince to Cambrian Mut Aid Soc	Same.	7,300
D Murphy et al to Syd L Johnson.	Nw Clementina ne 2d, 23x80.	4,088
Restcome Perry to Simon Blum.	Ne D and 24th Ave, etc—sub blk 403 O L	2,500
Geary St Ex Hd to E H Swett.	Lot 2 blk 166, O L.	450
Sav and Loan Soc to J T McDonald	S Fell w Laguna, 25x137:6.	4,500

## Thursday, March 13th.

John W Nye to Harriet A Blake..	Sw cor 20th Ave and Pt Lobos Road....	\$ 500
Henry Mahan to John W Nye....	Same.....	500
Geo T Vincent to Eliza Burke....	E Mason s Chestnut, 22:6x68.....	400
Arie Van Wie to John F Burns....	Sw Union and Octavia, 31x75.....	1,600
Alex Eaton to Thos Magilton.....	Portion Mission Block 70.....	2,000
Tide Land Com'rs to H I Holmes..	Lots 1 to 24 inclusive blk 811.....	507
F Gagliardo to John Hunt, Jr.....	W Pike s Washington, 5 inches x 55 feet	88
Peter Lee to P J White.....	Portion block 3.....	1
F T Maynard to Wm Hollis.....	E Davis s Turk, 50x90.....	1,450
Mary McKenna to Anthony Dwyer..	N Haight s Gough, 57:6x190.....	3,750
Same as Guardian to same.....	Same.....	3,750
City and Co S F to Gustave Reis..	Subdivision blk 391, Potrero Nuevo....	prem
Wm Bruce to Ellen Goulding.....	Subdiv 50-vara 1134.....	1
John Goulding to Wm Bruce.....	Same.....	1
Michael Gleason to Mary Gleason..	Nw Ringold, sw 8th, 25x75.....	Gift
J W Lyngreen to Michael Gleason..	Same.....	3,000

## Friday, March 14th.

Martha B Hunt et al to Thos Navin..	E Stevenson s 19th, 25x90—por M B 67..	\$ 100
Pt Lob Av & Pk Hd to C Snyder....	Lot 40, 41, blk 388.....	610
Rinaldo R Swain to Alpheus Bull..	S Figg w Sanchez, 80x228.....	00
H Levison to Alex Austin.....	Portion blk 681.....	350
Geo H Howard to A Ludlum.....	Nw Howard sw 2d, 82:6x90.....	5
E McMahon to C E S McDonald.....	Sw Beal nw Folsom, 44x75.....	500
John Hill to Chas McMahon.....	S Harrison e 3d, 25x90, subj to a mortg'e	3,000
Geo Treat to George M Condee.....	Lots 24 25 26 27 28 Cen Pac Hd Assn....	1,750
Geary St Ex H'd to J H Jones.....	Lots 48 49 blk 261.....	700
Mary Delaney to S F Butterworth..	50-vara lots 3 4 blk 195, W A—Se corner	
	Jackson and Laguna, 137:6x255:4½....	10,000
F L A Pioche to C H Dexter.....	Lot 31 bl 43 City L'd Assn.....	10
Dennis Coyne to Wm J Gunn.....	Sw Duncan and Church, 34x100.....	15
John P Shine to David Seannell..	E 20th Ave n D, 120x100, Gt Pk Hd.....	400
Cornelius Collins to M L Roach....	No 426. Gift Map 4.....	1

## Saturday, March 15th.

E L Sullivan to Hugh N Lund.....	Subdiv blk 273 O L.....	\$ 400
Wm J Gunn to Bridget M O'Brien..	Lot 24, blk 95, H A.....	500
Samuel L Theller to F L A Pioche..	Lot w Indus School, containing 300 acs..	5
Same to same.....	314 acres com'ing intersec S Mig Ranch	5
Same to same.....	For San Mig Rancho contain'g 400 acs..	5
Same to same.....	300 acres same.....	5
L S Welton to Amson Goldsmith..	Sundry lots in Western Addition.....	5,500
Jno W Black to Thos H Selby.....	Sundry lots in southern portion city....	2,500
Geary St Ex H'd to H N Lund.....	Lots 15 and 16 blk 262.....	700
Same to Nancy J Slocum.....	Lots 11 and 12 blk 262.....	700
E L Sullivan to same et al.....	S Pt Lobos Ave e 12th Ave, 25x100.....	400
John L Hunt to O F Von Rhein.....	W Mission n 19th, 25x160—snb M B 68..	300
John Rogers to Marian Hart.....	Sundry lots in Harper's and West'n Add	7,200
A Strobel to M Moritz.....	Und 10 acres in sec 12 tp 2 sr 6 w.....	65
Stephen T King to Wm O'Hollerin..	Lots 43 bl 227 and 42 bl 210 H & O'N T't	....
Mas Cem Ass'n to J M Caldwell....	Lot 35 sec 19.....	60
V Wackeneuder to M Kennedy.....	N Nevada e Potrero, 25x100.....	750
Wm J Younger to Phillip S Fay....	N Grove 137:6 e Fillmore, 68:9x137:6....	4,300
Chas W Howard to Chas B Greene..	Sw Hawthorne nw Harrison, 25x112:6....	2,250
A Himmelmann to Wm Corcoran....	Undivided half Mission Block 24.....	142

## Monday, March 17th.

Joseph B Crockett to E W Burr....	Und ½ tract of land known as the Gore	\$ 5
Lncy B Page to J B Crockett.....	Same.....	1,000
James Hewn to C C Pendergast....	Sundry lots in southern portion city....	100
Geo W Frink to Thos Byrne.....	Nw cor Hayes and Devadero, 109x10:5..	100
F W Macondray to Vic Koppel.....	S Fell e Octavia, 27:6x130.....	5
John P Tibbets to Peter Donahue..	Ne 2d nw Bryant, 60x125.....	12,000
Jas B Chase to Domingo Quintaros..	S Broadway e Kearny, 22:10x68:9.....	2,273
James Dows to Chas F McDermott..	Mission Block 42½.....	16
Chas McDermott to Chas Main.....	Same.....	26,000
James Mairs to Chas McDermott....	Same.....	5
John Middleton to same.....	Same.....	....
Andrew J Moon to Anne E Greene..	Portion Mission Block 5.....	5
Thos W Dennis to Hannah Bean....	N Tyler E Devleao, 30x75.....	1,375
Wm J Gunn to Alfred Bannister....	Se Sutter and Franklin, 120x42:6.....	7,000
Tide Land Com'rs to M Blinn.....	Lot 1 to 22 inclusive, blk 670, Tide L'ds	7,080
David Brown to Wm H Gaylord....	Lot 28 blk 552, Bay Pk Hd Assn.....	250
Bay Park H'd to same.....	Lot 29 blk 552.....	365

## Tuesday, March 18th.

Geo McHenry to Chas H Killey...	50-vara lots 2 3 4 5 blk 267, W A.....	\$ 1
Wm C Hinckley to O Lawrence...	W Mason, 23 n Pierce, 62:6x23 .....	750
Wm Bein to Anton Kramer.....	N Kate w Fillmore, 25x120.....	1
J H Applegate to Buena Vista Hd	Mission blks 91 92 107 108 and n 1/2 of 109	1,993
Wm M Hinton to Chas H Hinton...	1 acre intersec Co R'd & S V W W T'et	1
Ellen Galvin to Lewis Brandt.....	N Hayes w Polk, w 80x137:6 .....	5,500
Dennis Callaghan to same.....	Same.....	200
C M Brenner to P A Eakins.....	Lot 14 blk 310, Pleasant View H'd.....	Gift
Ed Moran to Mary Moran.....	W Franklin, 60 n Bush, 30x70.....	600
Pt Lobos Av & Pk Hd to J Stuart	Lot 1 blk 425 and lot 69 blk 242.....	150
Ernest Buser to Jules Mayer.....	Lot 7 blk 6, College H'd.....	350
Geary St Ex H'd to J M Quay.....	Lot 27 blk 262.....	prem
City and County S F to M Bradley	Harrison s 22d, 51x100.....	Gift
Francis Kance to A M Kance.....	Geary w Powell, 25x137:6.....	500
Tide Land Comrs to D Nostrand...	N 1/2 lot 6 blk 419.....	300
Thos Gallagher to Susan Bradley..	Lots 1541 and 1542, Gift Map 4.....	700
Garden Tract H'd to Edw Coffin...	Lots 26 and 27 blk 1.....	12,000
Henry Grotheer to Claus Spreckles	8th and Bryant, 50x85.....	15,000
E R Carpenter to S H Brodie.....	Und 1/2 blk 368 W A.....	2
John Hahn to Susan R Burge.....	Grove w Octavia, 1 1/2 x120.....	2,500
Fred'k Cooper to J F Strobel.....	Und 1/2 Folsom sw 7th, 25x90.....	.....
Rob't H Burge to Wm J Stoddart...	Grove w Octavia, 76:3x120.....	.....

## Wednesday, March 19th.

Alden E Mead to Mary E Taylor...	E Polk s Turk, 42:6x137:6.....	\$ 121
Abel Thornton to Preston Wood...	Se Bluxome sw 4th, 22:11x120.....	3,100
Same to same.....	Se Bluxome sw 4th, 45x120.....	6,450
Preston Woods to Daniel Bayley...	Same property as two above descriptions	9,550
Fred A Hihn to Joseph G Eastland	Undivided 1/2 water lot 649.....	7,500
Jno Metcalf to M N Carson.....	N Broadway w Polk, 68:9x137:6 .....	5
Henry Blyth to Jno Murphy.....	W 16th Ave s Cal, 25x120.....	350
F Dillon Eagan to Timothy Forde	W Jones n Washington, 68:9x137:6.....	486
Timothy Forde to C F McDermott	Same.....	5
Tide Ld Comrs to John Hammond	Nw Minna, sw 7th, 25x75.....	7
T Corcoran to Antoine Borel.....	Lots 7 8 blk 250, O'Neil & Haley Tract.	1,346
Michael Cronin to same.....	E Guerrero 90 n 22d, 24x105.....	1,318
Z M Chewing to same.....	W Bryant s 23d, 26x100.....	964
James Boland to Jos Wilson.....	Se Minna 155 sw 1st, 20x90.....	743
Tide Ld Comrs to Hugh Crockard...	N 5th Ave nw G, 40x130—lot 3 blk 76..	187
Martha B Hunt to Chas Smith, Jr.	E Stevenson n 20th, 25x80—por M B 67..	100
Anna E Cook to same.....	Same.....	4,000
Peter Connolly to Etienne Taniere	S Market sw 6th, 50x90—sub 100-v 224..	800
Sheldon Littlefield to A M Caswell	Lot 23 24 blk 3, Garden Tract Hd.....	.....

## Thursday, March 20th.

E W Wiley to C P Wiley.....	S Washington e Jones, e 33 s 137:6, etc.	Gift
Univ Hd Assn to Andrew McShane	Lot 6 blk 76.....	315
A McShane to P McArar.....	Same.....	250
Wm Schmidt to Mrs E Connolly...	Portion S B blk 13.....	part'n
Geary St Ex Hd to M A Austin.....	Lot 40 blk 261.....	350
Same to J F Kelly.....	Lot 2 blk 267.....	350
Paul Tract Hd to Jos Bernstein...	Lot 5 blk 27.....	500
Vitus Wackenreuder to C J Becker	Com at sw cor 50-v 347 Precita Val Lds..	4,000
Wm J Younger to A M Younger.....	S Broadway 125 w Baker, 132:4x100.....	Gift
J A Holledge to Theodore Larbig...	W Folsom, 293 Diamond Alley, etc.....	250
Geo W Dent to Julius C Deis.....	W Shotwell, 170 s 15th, 60x120.....	5,000
Joseph Albrecht to Geo T Vincen	Lots 16 101, 191, w End Hd.....	35
John W Morsehead to R G Brown...	Lots 727 to 734, Gift Map 2.....	0
Ft Lob Ave Hd Ass'n to Otto Behr	Lot 27 blk 642.....	350
Felton Tract H'd to E Niemeier...	Lots 18 and 19 blk 1202.....	340

## Friday, March 21st.

F S Wensinger to Wm Elder.....	Subdiv blk 101, Potrero Nuevo.....	\$4,000
Peter Craig to G T Lawton.....	Lot 22 and portion lot 23 Masonic Cem.	1,000
H McNamara to Hiram Tubbs.....	Sundry properties on Potrero.....	5
Chas E Richards to A J Gunnison	Ne cor Hampshire & Santa Clara 100x100	500
A J Gunnison to Richard Finlay...	Same.....	300
J C Van Rensselaer to G O Wilson	E Church n Horner, 65x117:6.....	.....
Geo Wallenrod to Julius Finck...	W Rondel Place 225:10 s 16th, 22:2x64..	1,950
Benjamin P Avery to L S Welton...	S Post e Webster, 50x137:6.....	2,000
L S Welton to Benj P Avery.....	Se Post and Webster, 88:6x137:6.....	2,500
Tide L Comrs to John Mitchler...	N 3d Ave, 150 se Q, 50x200.....	520
Geary St Ex Hd to S B Caswell.....	Lots 42, 50, blk 261 and 1, blk 300.....	1,050
Martha B Hunt to J Rieter.....	E Valencia, 110 n 20th, n 25x160.....	800
James M White to Thos Breeze...	Lot 18 sec 2 Masonic Cemetery.....	100
Jacob S Cohen to Ernest Suskind...	Sw Ellis and Hyde—sub 50-v 1331.....	4,000



## Saturday, March 22d.

Ellen Connolly to Wm Schmidt...	Sw cor 4th and Brannan, 35x100.....	\$ 1
Fred Mundwyler to J J Mundwyler	Portions blks 778 and 779.....	800
F R Brady to S P Bates.....	Undivided 1/2 of blk 13 Mutual Hd Ass'n	250
M H Lichtenstein to Isaac Harris..	E Hyde's California, 22:11x80.....	4,000
Paul Reservation Hd to Mary Wiley	Lot 15 blk 2.....	350
H Webster to Catherine Moore.....	Ne Octavia and Haight, 27:6x120.....	1,250
Chas H Parker to C Mary Goodman	25th w Church, 50:11x114.....	5
James S McCue to J C A McCue.....	Subdivision blk C of O L.....	2,250
T W McCue to T W McCue.....	Ne Kate se Bryant, 50x30.....	500
J A Vivien to Daniel Leary.....	E O'Farrell Alley n O'Farrell, 50x60.....	2,500
Amelia Poerschke to M Scholl.....	Sundry properties in Western por city..	1,000
Bay View Hd to David McLeod.....	Lots 10 11 blk 173.....	1,000
Bay City H'd to Margaret E Hurley	Lot 54 and 55 blk 496.....	607
G W Frink to Wm Hollis.....	Noe and Jersey, 75x114.....	764
J Frankenberg to Albert Isaacs.....	Green e Dupont, 5 1/2 x 68:9.....	1
Edw Barry to Eliz Putnam.....	Polk and Cal'a, 88:9x108.....	10
P Campbell to John McCombe.....	20th and Shotwell, 95x122:3.....	30
L M Bureau to Austin Wiley.....	E 1/2 blk 197 P N.....	500
L Hill Cem'ty Ass'n to A Patten.....	Lot 2006.....	1,080
John Keeney to James Pennie.....	Union e Mason, 17x65.....	1,800
J B Overton to Rob't Murdoch.....	Lots 203 224 327, Mission & 30th St H'd	800
J W Hamilton to Nicola Cavano.....	Union Pln Union, 20x60.....	1,050
M Bateman to John Molloy.....	Pacific and Gough, 255:4 1/2 x 137:6.....	1,100
Orchard H'd Ass'n to D H Brown.....	Lots 31 32, Hudson Garden & O Tract.....	800
Thos Doolin to John F Kennedy.....	Lot 11 blk 3, Garden Tract H'd.....	200
M Bock to E W Burr.....	Clay e Dupont, 25x68:9.....	6,700
Chas Wilkey to Geo Blucher.....	Broadway w Larkin, 42-9x137:6.....	1,947
Marten Mangels to City & Co S F.....	Filbert w Gaven, e 14:2, etc.....	13,747
P S Weaver to J W Shanklin.....	Lots 3 and 4 and ne 1/4 of se 1/4 of Sec 34; lot 9, Sec 35, T 2 S, R 6 W.....	1
J W Shanklin to W B Swain.....	Lot 4 in Sec 34, T 2 S, R 6 W, 39:90 acs.	1,500
Geo I Foster to J M Ahom.....	19th av and D, 100x32:6.....	250
Frank O Connor to J J Crowley.....	18th e Guerrero, e 37:6, etc.....	1,500
E Croskey to Wm Monahan.....	Lot 29 blk 122; 13 blk 111; 18 blk 123; 29 and 2 blk 123, P N.....	3,500

## Monday, March 24th.

Samuel Dinmore to Wm Whidden.....	E 5th n Mission, 25x75—sub 100-v 129.....	10,000
Same to M W Allen.....	Se Howard ne 9th, 24x80.....	2,300
Jos S Alemany to Thos Catterall.....	S Pt Lobos Ave, 100 w Collins, 25x125.....	470
Geary St Ex H'd to F S Redfield.....	Lot 3 blk 164.....	350
Pat McLoskey to Henry Kohler.....	Ne cor Kearny and Green, 43:6x68.....	3,000
Peter H Doncks to Marg Marshall.....	S Henry e Dartmouth, 75x100.....	1,000
Cal B & Loan Soc to J Buchanan.....	S Louisa w Haywood, 20x69.....	1
J Buchanan to Geo McCormick.....	Same.....	2,400
Matthew J Thomas to J A Slaney.....	W 16th Ave n C, etc—subdiv blk 365.....	75
Paul Tract H'd to B Harvey.....	Lot 1 blk 49.....	500
W W Stow to C F Exmann.....	Lots 260 and 261, Precitia Valley Lands.....	1
Thos Bell to Julia Hastings.....	Blk 642, Thos. Bell's Tract.....	2,000
John Bell to Wm W Young.....	Turk and Gough, 137:6x120.....	100
J W Owen to Frank Cunningham.....	Ripley Tract se cor, n 30 deg e 660, etc.....	1
Frank Cunningham to A Jacobs.....	Same.....	1
L H Bonestell to J T Bonestell.....	Shotwell s 25th, 65x115.....	3,000
P Lobos A & P H As to F Cosgrove.....	Lot 47 blk 326.....	270

## Tuesday, March 25th.

J G Severance to R M Sherman.....	Tyler e Fillmore, 137:6x137:6.....	\$ 100
R M Sherman to Otto Muser.....	Tyler e Fillmore, 120x68:9.....	4,500
Otto Muser to Eliza Noble.....	Same.....	4,303
Wm Bosworth to Emile Bauer.....	Roadway and Franklin, w 4 in x n 137:6	150
Bozo Badovich to Dennis Feely.....	Hyde s Union, 20x60.....	800
W P Lamb to Henry Blvth.....	Sacramento e Steiner, 25x132:6.....	900
J D Lloyd to Harry W Taylor.....	Illinois n Shasta, 25x60.....	1,000
John A Haight to G W Eastman.....	Lot 33 blk 8, Tract A, People's H Ass'n	150
John S Waters to Louis Kahn.....	25th e Bryant, 25x104.....	1,100
Maurice Dore to Jas D Lee.....	Fulton w Polk, 25x120.....	2,000
Thos Prince to H M Heineman.....	Ellis w Polk, 33x120.....	4,620
Eliz'th Hunter to J C Brawley.....	Fair Oaks s 23d, s 27 e 132:6, etc.....	2,400
Julia O'Conner to Peter Mathews.....	Hampshire s 22d, 25x100.....	300
J J O Hickey to A Taylor.....	2 acres, portion McDonald Tract.....	400
Wm H Bruner to Jane W Bruner.....	Folsom ne 3d, 25x160.....	Gift
G D Bliss to Rob't Halleck.....	9th av se L, 25x100.....	311
J J Kenny to E E Gould.....	Lots 15 16 blk 151, 2 blk 311, S S F H'd.....	1,350
City Land Ass'n to John Straub.....	Lots 22 23, blk 46.....	180
M Rloridan to Philip Cosgrove.....	Lots 22 23 24, blk 38, Tide Lands.....	900
City Land Ass'n to A Patturel.....	Lots 9 10 blk 12.....	180

## Wednesday, March 26th.

8 Schweitzer to Lezi Strauss.....	Se cor Jones and Tyler, 137:6x137:6 .....	17,500
Same to same.....	Ne cor Jones and McAllister, 137:6x137:6 .....	35,000
D Meiklehaugh to M Meiklehaugh.....	Sw cor Pacific and McCormick, w 43:1 s 75 w 19:6 s 21:6 e 62:7, to w l McCormick, n to beg .....	Gift
Duncan McDonald to E Shepard ..	Com at a pt in a line due w fr Center of Sec 24, T 2 S, R 5 W, and parallel with N and S l of said section, 41 ch fr said center of Sec 24, th s 10 ch x w 1 ch, containing 1 acre .....	200
Abel Guy to Jas Dods .....	N Sacramento e Gough, 35x127:6 .....	5
Mary Landers to G Niebaum .....	E Van Ness Av s Pacific, 25x100 .....	2,800
R R H'd Ass'n No 2 to W E Lloyd ..	Lots 2 and 3 blk P .....	135
Tide Land Com'rs to M Conniff ..	Lots 11 to 17 inc, blk 22. This deed is issued by order of Tide Land Com's to follow cert 2100, dated Sept. 24, '69, to replace original deed lost .....	2,128
John Wood to John A Kennedy ..	Se Clary n 6th, 22:6x75 .....	2,500
John J Powers to Elias J Baldwin ..	Com at inter of N l of Fell with s l of a fence owned by J Ferguson, 70x50—por blk 299, W A. This deed intended to confirm deed 525 D 95 .....	200
Wm A Aldrich to John C Merrill ..	Und $\frac{1}{2}$ of lots 395 and 396, Gift Map 4; also, und $\frac{1}{2}$ se of old San Jose r'd 200 se Mt Vernan av, se 209 sw 92, n to com, excepting por conveyed to S F & S J R R Co in 168 D 328 .....	25
John McCracken to same .....	Same .....	25
T W McCue to J S McCue .....	Ne Kate se Bryant, 50x50 .....	310
Bay City H'd to A V Wakeman .....	Lot 44 blk 496 .....	310
Same to L R Townsend .....	Lot 45 blk 496 .....	105
Laurel H Cem As'n to A Hathaway ..	Lot 1982 .....	4,500
C W Evans to James McDaniel ..	Park and Chattanooga, 65x117 .....	700
Garden Tract H'd to E O Capprise ..	Lots 12 and 13 blk 3 .....	12,081
Lyda M Carter to P G Partridge ..	Sundry lots in various homesteads and Outside Lands .....	170
Felton Tract H'd to P L Haynes ..	Lot 4 blk 1201 .....	950
Albert Miller to J G Partridge ..	Austin e Franklin, 25x60 .....	2,520
Bay City H'd to J Fisher Smith ..	Lots 4 5 6 7 24 25 26 and 27, blk 433 .....	1,050
Same to Emile Bauer .....	Lots 1 2 and 3 blk 483 .....	1,212
Same to same .....	Lots 49 50 51 and 52, blk 496 .....	

## Thursday, March 27th.

J S Alemany to James J Doyle ..	Van Ness Av n Pacific, 122:6x4:2 $\frac{1}{2}$ .....	\$ 1
Geo Wallenrod to Julius Finck ..	Rondel Pl e Valencia, and 225:10 s 16th, 22:2x64—sub M B 40. This deed is given to correct an omission in deed dated March 21, 1873 .....	1,950
D W Grant to Ellery G Pierce ..	Lot 15 blk 231, S S F H'd .....	600
City and County S F to P Puntz ..	Capp n 25th, 65x115 .....	prem
Peter Puntz to City and Co S F ..	Streets and highways .....	345
Martha B Hunt to Hugh Curran ..	Valencia n 20th, 25x80; also, Valencia n 20th, 50x80 .....	1
J H Latham to J K S Latham .....	Ne cor Broadway and Webster, 25x137:6 .....	
Same to Same .....	Lots 71 and 61, e $\frac{1}{2}$ of 60 201 219 and w $\frac{1}{2}$ Central Park H'd; also, Hollis e O'Farrell, 25x90; also, York n 24th, 26 x100; also, nw cor 15th and Guerrero, w 100 n 100 w 31:9 .....	I
Ernst Dunker to Louis Grasser ..	Minna sw 3d, 20x70 .....	4,000
Richard Brown to E Johnson .....	Nw Union and Scott, 137:6x275; also, nw Filbert and Scott, 137:6x207:3 .....	50
H H C Schwarze to John Smith ..	Geary w Kearny, 20x62:6 .....	25,500
Rosalie M Schwarze to same .....	Same .....	25,000
J S Rothschild to Jas Bowcher ..	Hyde n Post, 25x68:9 .....	2,750
Nathan Porter to J W Holladay ..	15th av n Cal'a, 120x75 .....	1
Geary St Ex H'd to Julia Flynn ..	Lot 20 blk 165 .....	350
Same to Cath Flynn .....	Lot 23 blk 165 .....	350
M Kelly to Henry Ebainghausen ..	Nw cor Shotwell and 21st, 65x122:6 .....	4,000
John Scarry to City and Co S F ..	Streets, highways, etc .....	1,315
Jas Madison to Mathew Gillick ..	Illinois s Napa, e 45 s 133, etc .....	350
J Cullen to A McBean .....	Same—150x150 sw cor Jackson and 10th .....	8,000
A McBean to J Cullen .....	Brooklyn—150x150 cor Webster & Taylor .....	2,190
M M Tompkins to L M Tompkins ..	Same—Sundry lots and blocks .....	Gift
P S Peck to L Jenks .....	Alameda—150x140:6 se cor Clement Ave .....	6,000
Koppel Heller to Jacob Radston ..	Moss Pl nw Folsom, 50x75 .....	100
Wheeler Martin to L S B Sawyer ..	Lots 10 15 16 19 52 blk 116, Hillside H As .....	

## Friday, March 28th.

T P Riordan to Geo D Hall .....	Se cor Nevada and DeHaro, 66x100 .....	\$2,160
Thos Brown to James C Weir .....	Ellis e Polk, 27:6x120 .....	3,500
Chas J King to Frank Hamilton .....	Lot 18 blk 500, Occidental H'd Ass'n .....	1,000
Wm A Woodward to C Egan .....	Oak e Webster, 27:6x120 .....	1,575
Chas Keyser to F Bellinger .....	Lots 25 26 27 28, Hudson Garen & O T Ct .....	1,600
Paul Tract H'd to C D Wheat .....	Lots 10 and 12 blk 51 .....	1,000
Same to Henry M Collins .....	Lots 9 and 10 blk 25 .....	1,000
C Hutchinson to E J Robinson .....	Eddy e Pierce, 27:6x75 .....	750
John F English to John Morrison .....	Noe n 20th, 28:6x105 .....	350
David Hewes to H L Hutchinson .....	10th nw Mission, 25x132 .....	1,000
Geary St Ex H'd to Thos Brown .....	Lots 3 and 4 blk 261 .....	700
C W Diedenach to Thos Taylor .....	California e Lark'n, 70-10x35 .....	7,000
John Godchaux to Julius Oslander .....	Und 1 acre of tract of 9 acres O Lands .....	500
Daniel Goldberg to J Godchaux .....	Same .....	500
Bay View H'd to J M Thurber .....	Lot 10 blk 433 .....	500
E J Foster to Mary R Harris .....	Buchan s Jackson, 25:6x80 .....	3,000
Stephen Payran to Wm Agate .....	Spear n Mission, 22:11x137:6 .....	1
Wm K Doherty to Maurice Dore .....	Parker Av n Fulton, s 80 deg, etc; also, Parker Av n Fulton, n 27:2, etc .....	5
Z W Deas to W S Redding .....	Jackson e Leav'th, 27:6x137:6 .....	3,500
John Farnell to Jas Byrnes .....	19th and Valencia, 35x90; also, 19th e Valencia, 30x85; also, lots 12 to 36 inc, blk 213, O'Neil and Haley Tract .....	10,000
Martha B Hunt to John Farnell .....	19th and Valencia, 80x35 .....	650
Wm R Gunn to J R Prevost .....	Sutter e Franklin, 40x130 .....	6,000
Francis Doughhette to D Spencer .....	Folsom ne 7th, 25x100 .....	4,500

## Saturday, March 29th.

Bay View H'd to Caroline Bates .....	Lot 10 blk 539 .....	\$ 500
S F Real Estate As'n to Ed Martin .....	Sw cor Laguna and Grove, w to Buchanan, e to Hayes, e to Laguna, etc .....	....
Wm Anderson to A G Kinsey .....	Townsend 18:4 w Simmons, 137:6x45:10; also, Townsend 229:2 w Simmons, 137:6x45:10 .....	5
Wm Scholle to Daniel A Clark .....	Nw cor Taylor and O Farrel, 62:6x87:6 .....	13,250
C Grodus to Anna M Evers .....	Fillmore e Kate, s 25 w 90 .....	3,400
Mary E Beale to Martin Clark .....	Sacramento w Kearny, 27:6x38:3 .....	11,500
Pierre Frontier to C Bartlett .....	15th w Dolores, w 68:9 s 24:6, etc .....	500
Paul Tract H'd to Joseph Winzell .....	Lots 4 5 6 7 and 8, blk 9 .....	2,500
Levi Parsons to Nancy M Mutter .....	Campe e Guerrero, 30x49:4 .....	5
Martha B Hunt to A Harris .....	Valencia s 10th, 25x80 .....	200
Martin T Ryan to Margaret Kelley .....	Lots 3 4 45 and 46, blk 980, Haley Tract; also, lots 21 22 27 and 28, block 381, O'Neil and Haley Tract .....	Gift
Thos Burdon to Chas H Killey .....	Octavia n Broadway, 25x127:6 .....	4,250
J McCarthy to Mary McKenna .....	Grove e Gough, 27:6x68 .....	1,850
F S Spring to Thos Knight .....	E DeHaro at intersection nw Berry, sw to Price, nw to King, ne to New Channel, E to pt intersect'n DeHaro, extended e to com .....	800
John Hunter to Wm Gorman .....	Ne 16th av nw G, 25x100 .....	150
Wm Hoills to Real Est Associate .....	Blk 391, W A; also, Tract of land b'd n by Waller, e by Steiner, etc .....	5
S and L Soc'y to Ellen Connolly .....	Se Fulton and Laguna, 120x110 .....	part'n

## Monday, March 31st.

Chas S Dewing to Jas M Boyd .....	Se cor Union and Sharp Pl, 31x87:6 .....	\$ 700
Battista Frapolli to C Scalmanini .....	Filbert 77:6 w Taylor, 128:9x25:9 .....	100
C Scalmanini to Battista Frapolli .....	Filbert 103:3 w Taylor, 128:9x25:9 .....	100
Pt Lobos Av and Pk H to G Evans .....	Lots 57 and 58, blk 235; also, lot 39 blk 338 .....	890
Wm T Bradbury to C O'Donnell .....	Lot 16 blk 843, Presidio View H'd Ass'n; also, lot 34 blk 2, Garden Tract H'd .....	500
F Bret Harte to Jos M Wood .....	50 v 1 and 6, blk 165, W A .....	....
Emile Kower to Peter Rasmussen .....	Telegraph Pl e Dupont, and 91:8 n Greenwich, 17:2½x70; also, and 1-15 of sub 9 of 50 vara 503 .....	1,750
T P Riordan to R F Osborn .....	Liberty w Guerrero, 30x114 .....	800
Thos H Holt to City and Co S F .....	Com at 137:6 n fr Green at and 69:2½ w fr Stockton, w 68:3½, n 22:1, e 49:2½, se 29:10 to beg .....	2,760
Z W Deas to Jay V Lawrence .....	Greenwich e Stockton, 20x90 .....	2,000
Solomon McCabe to same .....	Same .....	1
Chas H Killey to Emily M Russell .....	Octavia n Broadway, 25x127:6 .....	4,250
Seth Walker to S D Allen .....	Welley and Webster, 106:3x29:6 .....	4,250
T B Bishop to Geary St Ex Ass'n .....	Portion sundry lots in blk 261 .....	1,000
J N Risdon to Rls Iron & L Works .....	Howard and Beale, se corner .....	2,500
John Center et al to J Bensley et al .....	Kansas n Center, 81:9 se 68:2 .....	10

**Real Estate Transactions--Alameda County.**

Reported by G. W. McKEAND, Searcher of Records for Alameda Co. and San Leandro.

GRANTOR AND GRANTEE.	DESCRIPTION.	PRICE
Same to J B Woolsey.....	Same: 50x206, same.....	5
Same to C P Hoag.....	Same: 50x206, same.....	5
Same to D B Bigelow.....	Same: Blocks 494 495 and 496.....	5
H P Fenninger to J F Keller.....	East Oakland: $\frac{1}{2}$ int 150x150 w corner of Franklin and Clay.....	7,000
J Frank to A Howard.....	Same: 25x140 w cor Antonio and Adams.....	5
H Rathjen to same.....	Same: Same.....	5
C H Kellogg to T H Pinkerton.....	Same: 5 acres near Lake Merritt.....	1,000
D Bigelow to R C Saufley.....	West Oakland: E Wood 108 s of Chase s 27x102:6.....	650
Regt St H'd Ass'n to J Drummond.....	Near Oakland n city limits: 75:3x120....	370
J J Scotchler to same.....	Same: Same.....	70
O H'd Ass'n to J J Foley.....	1 mile n from Oakland: 200x155.....	5
F A Kimball to H G Livermore.....	Same: 8 $\frac{1}{4}$ acres.....	1,644
J A Mars to G S Brown.....	4 miles n from same: A tract.....	1
J E Whitcher to J Edwards.....	Near Telegraph av and Temescal creek: 50x100.....	400
Duerr & Musbrumer to C Neal.....	Near Pleasanton: 530 acres.....	5
L Lewelling to P Johnson.....	San Lorenzo Town: $\frac{1}{2}$ acre.....	250
C C Scott to A Miller.....	Near Mission San Jose: 60 acres.....	1,200
Tyson & Morrison to Same.....	Same: 121 acres.....	1,500
A Miller to W Gwynn.....	Same: 60x121 acres.....	3,400
B Keency to R C Nabb.....	San Leandro: 37 ft on Davis st.....	750
E E Budgwan to J C Gilson.....	Pleasanton: Lot in blk K.....	650
E A Manning to D S Richardson.....	Lynn: Lots 31 and 32 in blk C.....	200
H S Fitch to W L Duncan.....	Fitchburg: Lots 5 6 7 and 8 in blk 26.....	800
M Homburg to T Meetz.....	Alameda: $\frac{1}{2}$ int in 150x320 sw cor Jefferson and Prospect.....	5
T Meetz to M Homburg.....	Same: $\frac{1}{2}$ int w l Prospect 150 s fr Jefferson, thence s 150x320.....	5
H Leonhardt to C H Brickwidell.....	Oakland: 100x150 ne cor 7th and Brush.....	4,300
E Bigelow to J W Jordan.....	Same: 60x102:9 ne corner 15th and Clay; also 30x103:9 ne corner 16th and Clay.....	3,500
T Wall to E P Sanford.....	Same: N line 1st st 300 e from Washington thence e 50x100.....	1
M Curtis to A Brown.....	Same: W line Curtis 150 s from 21st th 50x100.....	700
P Thomson to J P Canton.....	Same: On Adeline and Union sts near 8th street.....	12,500
J Evoy to E E Moore.....	Same: 4 acres cor Adeline street and San Pablo Road.....	8,500
L Aldrich to T Hardy.....	Same: N line 15th 90 e from West street thence e 65x103:9.....	3,000
J Pritchard to A O'Brien.....	Same: E line Linden 150 n from 28th th n 50x125.....	1,100
E Winetront to M Malley.....	Same: E Filbert 119 s from 5th thence s 25x125.....	725
E P Sanford to S McAnally.....	Same: S line 18th 140 w from West at th w 50x103:9.....	700
E Villette to M Clark.....	Same: S line 4th 150 e from Washington thence e 50x100.....	5
A Borel to M Clark.....	Same.....	5
E Bigelow to E T Rutherford.....	Same: S line 16th 30 e from Clay thence e 30x103:9.....	1,200
J H Danzelmann to C Brickwidell.....	Same: E line Henry 100 from R R Ave n 53:11x125.....	900
W G Hunt to J H Danzelmann.....	Same: S line 8th st 75 e from Brush th e 75x100.....	400
E Bigelow to J Lawlor.....	Same: 61:10x40 ne cor 8th and Campbell.....	750
J Larue to H Truett.....	East Oakland: 150x140 n cor Monroe and Larue.....	5,000
J Trutz to L Taussig.....	Same: Ne line Quincy 125 se fm Broadway thence se 25x140.....	60
E L Hall to J E Steere.....	Same: Se line Polk 125 ne from Adams thence ne 50x75.....	1
A Chabot to Con Costa Water Co.....	Same: 25x140 w cor Alameda & Washington; also, in Oakland, lot 20 Buena Vista Homestead.....	850
E Bigelow to W Berry.....	West Oakland: 27x102:6 se corner Taylor and Wood.....	....
J Chester to Sav & Loan Society.....	Alameda: Alameda Park property, less exceptions.....	1,000
P H'd Ass'n to A T Stacy.....	Same: S line San Jose 350 e from Wil-lows thence e 100x100.....	1



J D Farewell to W Bontell.....	Brooklyn Tp: 114x147 and 112x147 near Cordage Manufactory.....	\$ 500
C Johnson to A C Miller.....	6 miles east from San Jose: 160 acres...	500
A C Miller to H C Miller.....	Same.....	800
J A Neal to J H Nicolaisen.....	Pleasanton: 50x125.....	125
C Kamuel to J A Schwab.....	Same.....	1,100
E N Manning to C N Tharsaing.....	Lynn: Lots 11 to 16 in block G.....	455
H L Fitch to Canton & Everett.....	Fitchburg: Blks 13, 11, 32, 33, 38, 39, 40.....	20,000
P H McGrew to A Tollrath.....	Lynn: Lots 50, 51 and 52.....	225
F L Taylor to Tompkins & Adams.....	Oakland: 50x200 sw cor Clay and 17th...	9,000
J W Crawford to H H Flagg.....	Same: N line 10th 50 w fm West, thence w 50x100.....	1,900
H Heyman to Henrietta Heyman..	Same: Lots on Broadway, 5th and Washington.....	5
Carrick & Warner to A Hutchinson	Same: S line 3d 100 e from Broadway, thence e 73x100; also, n l 2d 75 e from Broadway, thence e 75x100.....	2,500
W K Rowell to W A Stuart.....	Same: 75 e line Merrimac n'r Telegraph by 144.8.....	1,670
F L Taylor to F K Hassinger.....	Same: S line 17th 90 w from Jefferson, thence w 60x50.....	550
A Folsom to H S Huntington.....	Same: Lots 6 7 8, and part 9 in block 30, Tract 406.....	4,000
Court Referee to Chas Kramm.....	Same: 102:11x96:4 ne corner Durant and Telegraph.....	11,495
C Kramm to J Dreves.....	Same: $\frac{1}{2}$ interest in same.....	5,745
E Bigelow to T B Bigelow.....	Same: Portions blocks 494 and 496.....	5
W Smithurst to G H Powers.....	Same: Lot 31 in blk 3, Oakland View H'd.....	225
C Gibson to J C Cotton.....	Same: E line Webster 50 n fr 3d, thence n 25x75.....	1,025
T B Bigelow to E Bigelow.....	Same: Various lots in blks 494 and 496..	5
M O'Connor to A Ford.....	East Oakland: E line Commerce 275 n fr Front, thence n 25x75.....	1,200
G D Page to M D Kellogg.....	Same: 150x150 e cor McLemore & Jones	Gift
N Hayes to M Harker.....	Same: Ne Adams 75 ee f'm Polk, thence ee 75x175.....	1,500
F Oliver to E Flagg.....	Same: 9 aca Peralta, Brooklyn and Watson. Oakland: 50x100 nw corner 10th and West streets.....	Gift
H Trembly to J E Johnson.....	West Oakland: S Goss 105:7 w fr Wood, thence w 75x100:4.....	...
P A McDonell to H Lee.....	Alameda: 15 aca Bay Farm Island.....	5
G H Parker to W Burberry.....	Same: S line Jefferson 50 w fr St. John's, thence w 50x150.....	1,050
C J F H Lampe to W H Wenck...	Same: 100x150 ew cor Central & Walnut	2,000
C Main to A M Howe.....	Same: N Railroad av 300 e f'm Kellogg, thence e 50x100.....	350
S & L Lacy to C H Chester.....	Same: Lots 41 to 45 and part 39, Alameda Park.....	...
Heirs of H Mann to W Mentel...	Same: 3 lots on Euclid st & Pacific av..	...
N Porter to E Terry.....	Same: Lot Tide L'd n'r Bay Farm Island	500
P H'd Ass'n to W Ward.....	Same: N Encinal 250 w Walnut, thence w 50x150.....	500
E S de Higuera to J Kopech.....	4 miles n from Oakland: Tract near San Pablo av.....	...
J Walpert to W Bidinger.....	Alvarado: Block 35.....	300
C Sherman to F A Hyde.....	Brooklyn T'p: 10 ac's n'r Mills' Institute	15,000
G W Dam to W C Ralston.....	Same: Lots 12 14 and 14, Milbury Tract.	6,950
H P Iruyuz to A H Jayne.....	e miles n fr Oakland: 30 acres.....	5
P Clancy to P Cavanagh.....	Oakland T'p: Lot 6 in blk 5, University Homestead No. 3.....	500
J E Whitlcher to B McGraw.....	Same: 50x100 nw corner Telegraph av and 45th.....	1,200
J E Smith to F & M B of Savings.	Road San Leandro to Haywood: 14 acres	3,370
W Hayward to F C Armstrong...	Haywood: 101x125.....	508
F D Atherton to J S Tancour.....	Road Haywood to Mt Eden: 3 acres.....	620
E A Manning to J Schmid.....	Lynn: Lots 17 to 20 in blk F.....	200
A J Snyder to J F Brackhage.....	Oakland: S line 18th 140 e from West, thence e 50x103:9.....	1,500
M E Dewing to J Dewing.....	Same: 50x75 sw cor 10th and Wash'n...	2,500
J Dewing to F Dewing.....	Same.....	2,500
E J Pringle to E Vivier.....	Same: S 10th 150 e from Grove, thence e 50x100; also, E Broadway 75 n from 3d, thence n 25x55.....	...
E H Holmes to Oakland R E As'tes	Same: N 8th 75 w fr Broadway, thence w 75x100.....	1
Mason & Hoff to M E Dunn.....	Same: 45x90 nw cor 28th and West.....	500
L P Fisher to C R Ribber.....	Same: E Chester 100 n from 3d, thence n 50x125.....	700
P Prior to M J Condon.....	Same: 25x14 sw cor 5th and Filbert.....	700

E McLean to M Perrin.....	Same: W Center 200 n from 3d, thence n 37:6x145:10.....	\$ 690
Same to F A & M Levitt.....	Same: W Center 237:6 n from 3d, thence n 37:6x145:7.....	690
Same to same.....	Same: W Center 237:9 n from 3d, thence n 37:6x145:7.....	690
J B Scotchler to A Ennis.....	Same: N 15th 32:3 e f m Cypress, thence e 25x104:9.....	350
T B Bigelow to S D Brastow.....	Same: 50x95:3 se corner Railroad Av and Henry.....	1,000 Gift
S D Brastow to M A Spatz.....	Same.....	
M D Townsend to L W Wood.....	West Oakland: 80:7x100:4 ne cor Wood and Railroad Av; also, S Lincoln 92:6 w from Wood, thence w 50x135.....	24,000
Towne & Bacon to A N Drown...	East Oakland: Lot 10 in blk E, Clinton Mound Tract.....	1
N N Davison to J S Chatterton....	Same: Se Clay 360 ne from Abel, thence ne 300x300.....	7,500
W Friend to J H Fowler.....	Same: 75x150 e cor Franklin and Benton Oakland: Tracts 374, 405 and 407.....	2,500 5
J N & C C Olney to L Stevens.....	Alameda: Lot 11 in blk 53 near High st.....	95
Chipman & Anglinh'gh to H Sleen	Near Haywood: 299 acres.....	2,282
F D Atherton to J V Galante.....	Same: 289 acres.....	2,282
F D Atherton to M R Machads.....	30 miles ne from San Leandro: 153 acres Haywood: 100x211.....	76 300
O Wight to T McLaughlin.....	Near Mount Eden: 1 acre.....	500
F D Atherton to C Tibbits.....	5 miles se from Livermore: 160 acre.....	1,600
A Menges to Trust Eureka S Dist.	4 miles sw from Pleasanton: 160 acres.....	425
C McLaughlin to J Sachan.....	Livermore: Lots 7 8 and 9 in blk 12.....	500
C Mitchell to T F Bachelder.....	Same.....	500
T White to I N Kay.....	Fitchburg: Lots 1 to 12 in blk 15.....	2,400
M P Kay to P Catanich.....	3 miles n from Oakland: 36 acres on San Pablo Road.....	17,900
H S Fitch to H Gaulon.....	Oakland T p: Lot 76 in blk 3, Maxwell Tract.....	5
Mason & Hoff to M J Ashmore...	Brooklyn T p: 113 acres hill land head Sausal Creek.....	4,000
O H'd Ass'n to M H Flood.....	Same: Water privilege.....	1
D Cameron to T Shepherd.....	Oakland T p: An interest in undivided hill land.....	3,990
W Carroll to Contra Costa Co....	Water rights over various tracts.....	1
M E Brayton to H G Livermore...	Oakland: N line 7th 75 e Franklin, th'ce e 14x100.....	Gift
C McLaughlin to S F & O Water Co	Same: E Franklin 75 n from 7th, thence n 25x75.....	500
J Peterson to C Prior.....	Same: 52x130 se cor Market and 17th.....	500
C Prior to J Peterson.....	Same: $\frac{1}{2}$ int n line 7th 150 w f m Wash- ington, thence w 25x100.....	1,250
P Thomson to P J Bachelder.....	Same: Lot 8 in blk D, Oakland View Hd.....	250
J E Marchand to T J Murphy.....	Same: 50x103:9 nw cor 15th and Jefferson Same: N line Laurel 220 from E'y from San Pablo, thence e 50x100.....	1,800 800
F M Smith to E J Kildare.....	Same: E Henry 95:3 n from 5th, thence n 50x125.....	900
E Bigelow to J Woerner.....	Same: W Myrtle 100 n from 28th, thence n 50x125.....	1,940
T B Bigelow to J Davidson.....	Same: 50x103:9 ne cor Jefferson and 15th East Oakland: Nw line Clay 50 sw from Harrison, thence sw 25x100.....	2,000 1,150
F Warner to C J Wilson.....	Same: Ne l Webster 150 se from Walker, thence se 75x150.....	180
E Bigelow to G H Chick.....	Same: 300x300 b'd Taylor, Monroe, Clay and Webster.....	1
J R Dixon to A McGashin.....	West Oakland: E line Wood 75:4 s from Goss thence s 25x80:7.....	750
A Count to H Tum Suden.....	Oakland T p: Lot 14 in Coggeshall T'ct Same: Lot 3 in same.....	1,700 1,700
J M Shotwell to B Haynes.....	Same: Lot 14 in same.....	1,900
J A Folger to City of Oakland....	Same: Lot 94 Maxwell Tract.....	6
F C Coggeshall to W B Boyden...	Same: Lot 59 in blk 6 same.....	500
Same to J J Scotchler.....	Near Berkeley: Lots 12 13 9 and part 8, White Tract.....	2,375
W B Boyden to C W Cracker.....	Same: Lots 1 4 5 and part 8, same.....	4,500
O H'd Ass'n to Wilcox A Bigelow	4 miles n from Oakland: An interest 25 acres San Pablo Av.....	1
E W Herrin to T F Fuller.....	2 miles se fr Mission San Jose: 160 acres Brooklyn T p: 50 e l High x 200, Melrose Haywood: 200x150.....	2,000 425 500
A F White to E C Bevins.....	Same: 100x150.....	250
Same to E J Elzy.....	Livermore: Lots 10 11 and 12 in blk 12..	375
P Portois to W T Robinson.....		
H H Young to T F Bachelder.....		
W B Clement to A Wilson.....		
H P H'd Union to E Pitt.....		
Same to R Pitt.....		
R C Nabb to P Catanich.....		

G E Smith to D S Turner.....	Same: 6 acres .....	1,100
A M Sylva to J Mendes.....	Near San Leandro: 4 acres and a tract Road Wick a Landing.....	1,900
J Hafennegger to G W Oakes .....	4 miles n from Oakland city limits: 1 ac	1
T Le Loy to M Fitzgerald .....	San Leandro: Lot G in blk 20.....	250
M Johnson to W J Thomson .....	Near Haywood: 5 acres.....	2,100
T S U H'd Ass'n to S S Jamison .....	Near Berkeley: 120x270.....	825
S U H'd Ass'n to J D Wilcox .....	Same: 120x135.....	550
A Descalzo to R Demoro.....	Near Sausal Creek and San Leandro Old Road: 88.9x230.....	350
O H'd Ass'n to P H McKeown .....	1 mile n from Oakland: Various lots....	5
Forbes & Wilkinson to A Selbach .....	Livermore: A lot.....	150
A Selbach to W Gibbons .....	Same.....	200
T B Bigelow to H Vrooman.....	Oakland: S line 16th 50 w f'm Jefferson, thence w 50x103:9.....	\$1,450
E Bigelow to H N Moree.....	Same: 80 e line Franklin n fr 14th x 150.....	4,200
T J Murphy to A W Burrell .....	Same: 50 e line Telegraph av x 115.....	1,800
L Hamilton to R K Jordan .....	Same: 65x99, Academy H'd.....	700
S Dam to F Hanson .....	Same: N Sycamore 132 w from Grove, thence w 25x100.....	2,600
A C Henry to Cal Fur M'g Co.....	Same: W line West 56 n fr 58th, thence n 56x140.....	700
Cal Fur M'g Co to F Chadbourne .....	Same: 112x140 nw cor 28th and West....	1,000
F S Chadburne to N P Cole.....	Same.....	1,000
E Adams to A M Kellogg.....	Same: 75x100 se cor 5th and Franklin ..	400
A S Baker to T F Fuller.....	Same: W Brush 50 s 11th, s 50x50.....	3,000
W Hilegass to R M Kellogg.....	Same: 75x100 se cor 5th and Franklin ..	5
E Bigelow to A Hemme.....	Same: 54x102:6 sw corner Willow and Taylor.....	4,650
E Taylor to G Gale.....	East Oakland: 150x430 n corner Clay and Sullivan.....	2,000
Capital H'd Ass'n to J Bays .....	Same: 200x143 near Lake Merritt .....	1,495
Same to M J Dillon .....	Same: 40x130, same.....	410
H Phelps to M L Phelps .....	Same: W line Union 55:6 s from 24th, thence s 52x115.....	5
H S Greely to M A Hearn .....	Same: 83 acs of Jones Tract, near Lake Merritt.....	26,130
Capital H'd Ass'n to J B Taylor .....	Same: 51x125, near Lake Merritt .....	360
E Taylor to G Gale.....	Same: 150x330 n cor Clay and Sullivan ..	2,000
T Phillips to C H Halle .....	Alameda: Lot 3 in blk 70, near High st ..	150
Jenks & Mead to G Clifford.....	Same: 100x140:6 ne cor Blanding and Everett.....	750
O H'd Ass'n to M McCoy .....	Oakland T'p: Lot 83 in blk 4, Maxwell Tract.....	5
M McCoy to J McKenna .....	Same.....	1
O H'd Ass'n to S E Baldwin.....	Same: Lot 19, Maxwell Tract .....	5
Same to T F Fuller .....	Same: Lot 67, same.....	5
Same to G H Hallett.....	Same: Lots 64, 65 and 66, same.....	5
G H Hallett to T F Fuller .....	Same: Lots 6 64 65 and 66, same.....	2,500
P G Buchanan to J V B Goodrich .....	Near Berkeley: 120x137:3 and 120x237 ..	1,600
J Brumagim to M A P de Garcia .....	Near Temescal creek and Telegraph av: 68x221:6.....	500
E A Manning to O Whipple.....	Lynn: Lots 13 and 14 in blk X .....	150
W Mendenhall to M Hupers .....	Livermore: 150x150.....	1,400
E Mitchell to T F Bachelder .....	5 miles n fr Mission San Jose: 160 acres	100
E & A Bennett to same .....	4 miles n fr Mission San Jose: 159 acres	10
C Mitchell to same.....	Same.....	400

VOL. 3.]

[No. 3.

# THE CALIFORNIA



## MAIL BAG.

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MAY, 1873.

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SAN FRANCISCO:

PUBLISHED BY F. MARRIOTT, 607 to 615 MERCHANT STREET.

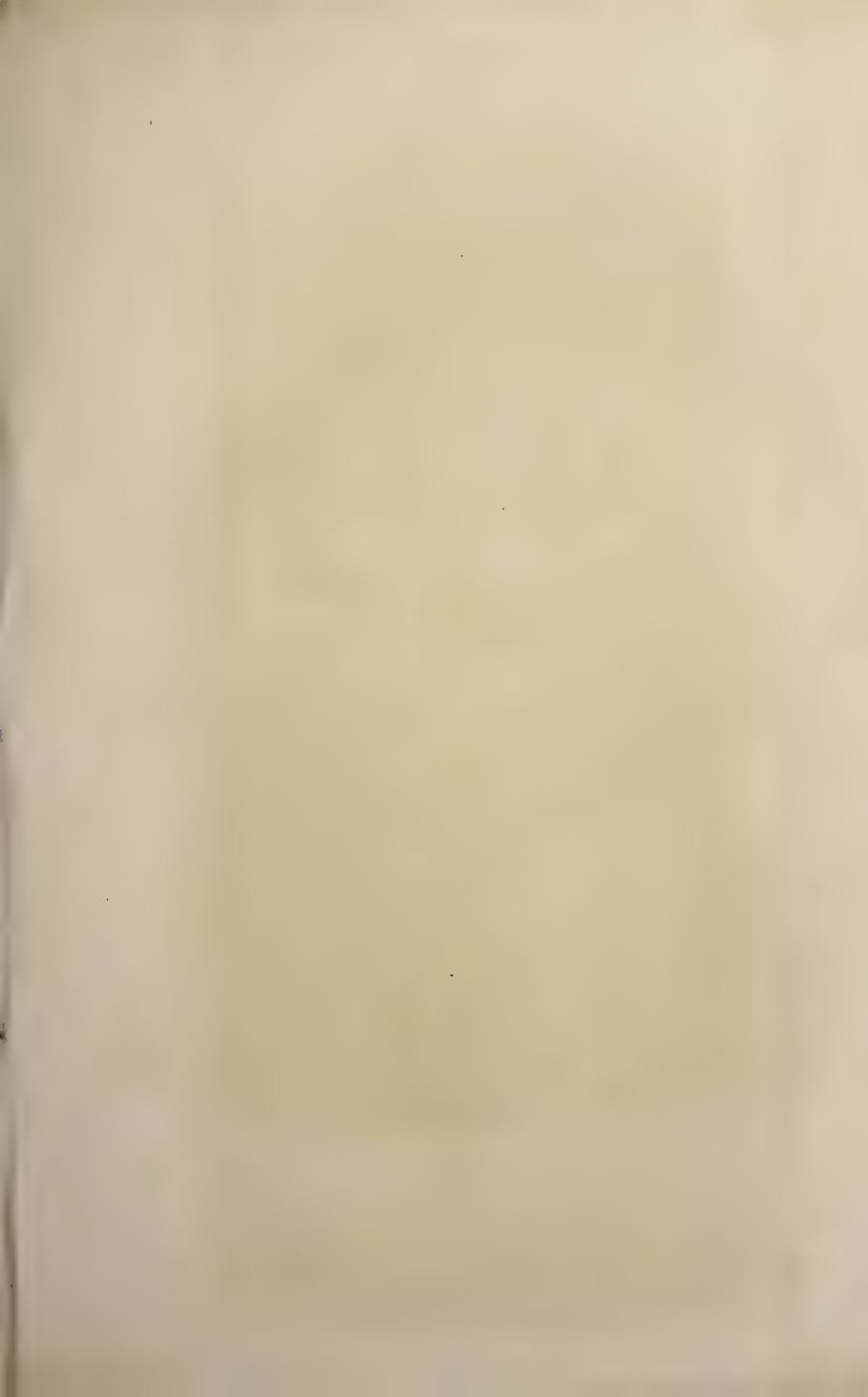
AGENTS:

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BAUER, SAN FRANCISCO; A. S. HOPKINS, SACRAMENTO; C. WIED-  
SCHOLT, PLOCHÉ CITY, NEV.; WESTERN NEWS CO., CHICAGO;  
AMERICAN NEWS CO., AUGUST BRENTANO, NEW YORK;  
JOHN LAW & SON, OMAHA, NEB.; F. ALGAR, 8  
CLEMENT'S LANE, LONDON, ENG.

ADVERTISING RATES: —\$30 a page; \$15 a half page; \$8 a qr. page; per month.









Henry Ward Beecher.

## HENRY WARD BEECHER.

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JUST as Litchfield in England is celebrated as the birthplace of the great lexicographer Johnson, so is Litchfield, Connecticut, celebrated as the birthplace of the most successful and most sensible of modern preachers, HENRY WARD BEECHER. He was born late in June, the 24th, we believe, 1813, being the eighth blessing to Lyman and Roxana Beecher. His father's salary being but eight hundred dollars a year, and this often sadly in arrears, how to feed, clothe and educate the octave of little Beechers was at times a social problem rather difficult to solve. The family was always in a bustle, and when to rise, when to feed and when to sleep depended more upon the force of circumstances than any fixed household code. Henry Ward's mother gave up her troubles and worries when he was three years old, her place being taken by a gentle, clever lady, who, with a moral heroism not too frequently displayed, undertook the care of the poor minister's family affairs. The new mother-in-law was a woman afflicted with a most intense, positive religious and moral frame of mind. But she lacked the power of molding a child's life with sympathetic fingers, and being often an invalid and at all times serious, impressed the three little ones with the natural belief that religion was something sad, mysterious, very quiet and rather awful. 'Twas rather a dreary time for children in those days. There was no children's literature, no children's days of presents and *fetes*, no Xmas or New-Year's festivals, and the Sunday School was but a rather failing experiment. It is to be recorded as a fact that Henry Ward never possessed a toy. Early in life, however, he had his share, more than his share perhaps, of home work, being the hewer of wood and drawer of water for the family. This naturally produced a healthy development of muscle, which, together with a solid organization of brain, brought him up a boy mentally and bodily vigorous and self-reliant. Litchfield is away up in the mountains, where the Winter holds half the year as its own and scarcely gives up the moiety to the more genial seasons. The family supply of water was drawn from a well three miles over the top of the town hill. It was Henry Ward's thoroughly enjoyed duty to brave the icy winds and snow drifts *en route* and bring home the barrel of water from the distant spring. Another step towards hardihood, or hardy manhood rather.

An old lady named Kilbourn, being the proprietress of an educational establishment at a convenient distance from the the Beecher mansion, thither went the subject of this memoir and tried to get up the ladder of learning by kicking his heels over a small bench during the long intervals between the recitation of his letters. Then a district school house being established still nearer the parsonage, Henry Ward, together with nearly all the children of the neighborhood, graduated there. He struck no one as being a genius; had a poor, in fact a wretched memory and a thick, indistinct utterance. His aunt once likened the boy's speech to that of a Choctaw. He wore a dazed, heavy look, no boots, and trotted to and from the unpainted temple of learning with a brown towel or a blue checked apron under his arm, to be mended or hemmed between lessons, not exactly uncared for, and certainly not spoiled by petting.



But under this rough, homely, unpromising exterior, there was a deep, passionate nature-loving nature, which, *perdu* then, only waited the ripening effects of years and more genial surroundings to open into that brilliant fancy and language which now astonishes, pleases and often thrills the world. When the first decade of his years had passed, he was a stout, obedient boy, with a reputation for being a good worker, but a poor writer and a worse speller. One might even venture to say that he seemed stolidly stupid. About this time occurred his first theological debate. A forward school boy had got hold of Paine's "Age of Reason," and sucking out a few bald objections to the truth of the Bible, gained the reputation of being a clever free-thinker by parroting Paine's arguments. Beecher studied "Watson's Apology," challenged the unbeliever and floored him with Watsonian-Beecher common sense. His progress in book learning was still slow, his study of nature deep and appreciative. At eleven he was placed under the care of his elder sister, who was keeping a lady's boarding school in Hartford. Here he received the character of being an indifferent scholar, but an inveterate joker. One of his quaint views of philosophical subjects may perhaps well illustrate the then mental twist of his character. A class in Natural Philosophy, not too well prepared, was stumbling through the theory of the tides. "I can explain that," said Henry. "Well, you see, the sun he catches hold of the moon and pulls her, and she catches hold of the sea and pulls that, and this makes the spring tides."

"But what makes the neap tides?"

"Oh, that's when the sun stops to spit on his hands," was the quick, apt rejoinder.

When twelve, his father removed to Boston, a change by no means rejoiced at by Henry, who found no compensation for the pure, free country in the close, strait city life. Here the boy was put to the Boston Latin School, where learning a dead language was supposed to constitute a live education. After a year's terrible struggle he mastered the Latin Grammar, but with the acquisition of a knowledge of the declensions came a decline of his vigor. He grew gloomy, morose, irritable, began to read Cook and Nelson's biographies, and one day, gathering his clothes in a bundle, walked the wharves, determined to go to sea if the "good-bye" had not stood in the way. At last he wrote a letter to a distant brother, in it declared his intention to go to sea, and purposely dropped it where his father should pick it up. The plot was successful, and the Doctor, under the assumption of allowing him to study mathematics and navigation, preparatory to entering the Navy, sent him to Mount Pleasant Academy, Amherst.

The change was most beneficial. Here he studied mathematics with a will, and went through a strict drill in elocution under the tuition of Prof. John E. Lovell. This training was of the utmost vital importance to him, and it may safely be said that he could never have attained success as an orator without it. Whilst here one of those revival waves that do so much harm and good swept over the Academy, and Henry, with several others, became "converted." This was the death blow to the naval scheme, and the father, who was an enthusiast in religion, felt his prophecy, that the boy would surely enter the ministry, to be near its fulfillment. Henry remained at Amherst two years more, continuing his classical education with a view to entering college. At Amherst his love of Nature, of flowers chiefly, was always prominent, too prominent in fact for the chaplain of the Institute, who, in his narrow wisdom, re-

proved the lad for yielding to a love which he judged as one "unworthy to occupy the attention of a man who has an immortal soul." Well might the divine have been told that the soul-maker was the flower-maker too. After three years in Amherst he entered college as a Freshman and as a reformer. Full of rollicking, fun and comicality, he and his associates nevertheless sided with law and order. They voted down as absurd and wicked, gambling and intemperance, and, whilst hailed as a jolly good fellow by every one, was by every one respected as a sincere Christian student. His mode of studying was characteristic. He had made a round table with a hole cut in the center and a seat fixed there. Into this hole he crawled, and, with all his books literally around him, sat secure. As a first-class, religious young man, he did not take high rank. To be "good" and "jolly" at the same time was an incompatibility of demeanor ahead of his masters and teachers. He seemed to live by laughing. His laughing and humor were so dreadfully contagious that the tempestuous fun of himself and companions grew to be a little too much for the college dignitaries. At last Beecher was warned that the head tutor proposed paying him a grave visit of exhortation. This tutor was nearly seven feet high, lank visaged and grave as a pelican. On learning of the visit, the student pitched every chair into the wood closet with the exception of one, which he sawed off at the second joint, and waited the advent. A knock, and a very solemn "come in" from Beecher. Entered the lengthy man of learning. The student made a movement to come out of his hole, but was waved back by the tutor. He had but come to talk seriously for a few minutes. Offer of the chair accepted, and the descent begun. Down, down, down, and still no bottom reached. The tutor straightened himself to see where the chair was. Spotting it, he lowered himself until his legs doubled up like a grasshopper and his head peered through them. In this dignified position he looked up and caught the twinkle in Beecher's eye, whereat the two laughed loud and long, and the exhortation was given up. The chair was ever after known as the "Tutor's Delight," Beecher, it is suspected, being known as the "Tutor's Terror."

It was during his sophomore year that Beecher was introduced to the science of bumps, and to it he became a decided convert. A phrenological and physiological course was started, which led, in Mr. Beecher's case, to deep study and inquiry into the science, and this study, together with those of metaphysics, theology and Nature, have colored all his life. Again he was overwhelmed by the flood of a revival; this time the noise of the water floods was overpowering indeed. A sense of utter and unmanly abjectness took possession of him, and a blank despair was the climax. After a period of hopeless prayer there came a light; he gave up moping, took to hoping and put on that buoyancy of religious feeling which has marked him ever since. During Mr. Beecher's last two years of college life he, in common with other students, taught rural schools, gave temperance lectures and lent a helping hand to push forward any reformatory work. In the slave controversy Mr. Beecher, from the first, took the position of an Abolitionist, the heroic element of his nature taking arms for the defence of the weak. He graduated in 1834 and followed his father to Cincinnati, who had moved there in '32.

Whilst going through his course at Lane Seminary he held for four or five months the position of editor of the Cincinnati *Journal*, the organ of the N. S. Presbyterian Church. Whilst holding this post the pro-slavery riots occurred, and Beecher entered on the defence of the persecuted

negroes with thorough spirit, writing persistently in their favor and going about the troubled streets armed for action. When Lane Seminary was left, he immediately married and settled in Laurenceburg, accepting the first offer made him. His parish was a little town on the Ohio, and here he worked with a vengeance, doing everything about the church except going to hear himself preach. From Laurenceburg he was invited to Indianapolis, where he labored assiduously for eight years—cows, pigs and sermons occupying about equal attention. His preaching, original, deep-thoughted and practical, began to attract attention; the grog-shops were abandoned for the church, and the old apostolic days seemed to be renewed. He was invited to Brooklyn to take charge of a new enterprise. Plymouth Church was founded by some fifteen or twenty gentlemen as a New Congregational Church, and Henry Ward Beecher was installed as pastor. During the battle inaugurated by Mr. Webster's speech of the 7th March and the Fugitive Slave Law, Mr. Beecher labored with his heart, soul and body, carrying the subject throughout New England and New York in lectures, and beginning the celebrated "star" papers in the *Independent*.

Through all this warfare of principles, the Plymouth Church went steadily ahead, and the so-called inconsistency of the church's fitting out each Kansas emigrant with a Bible and rifle is now pointed out as one of its brightest actions. During the war Mr. Beecher took the editorship of the *Independent*, but the burden of the civil conflict on his spirit, his cares of writing, speaking, etc., broke down his health. His voice failed him and he went to Europe for a temporary respite. England, Wales, Switzerland, Italy and Germany were all visited, collecting a store of pictures and paintings and gaining a new lease of life. On his return from the continent to England he at length gave way to the entreaties of such men as Baptist Noel and Newman Hall, and in a series of meetings pleaded the cause of his country before the bar of the civilized world. Only his physical vigor, good temper and sound lungs enabled him to outstream the roar and fury of the emissaries of the South.

But Mr. Beecher is no politician, as a politician. He views everything from the moral and ministerial point of view. At present the conducting of that wonderful institution, the Plymouth Church, and the *Christian Union* engage his attention. This paper, which is deservedly the most successful religious journal of the continent, surpasses all others in the beautifully neat arrangement and good quality of its matter and the size of its circulation. Plymouth Church is, to a considerable degree, a realization of Mr. Beecher's idea of what a Protestant church should be, and those who have watched the thousands of attentive listeners in the enormous building, and enjoyed the persuasive eloquence of the preacher, must have acknowledged them to be both the right man and the right place. Mr. Beecher's style of preaching is essentially his own. He brings all the ways and usages of society to the test of his standard. He is full of servid eloquence, and he shows such a free and perfect knowledge of "poor humanity," that one feels it is to a man knowing the ins and outs of the world, to one who, with no pity for humbug and cant, is yet a kind-hearted, whole-souled sympathizer with every sorrower that one listens. Mr. Beecher's peculiar social talent, his convivial powers and his habits of close Shaksperian observation, have given him the key to the hearts of the people. Not only does he possess that "one touch of nature making the whole world kin," but, to quote his own words, he "looks, waits and longs for that day when all Christians shall love and recognize each other."

## CALIFORNIA MAIL BAG.

### LEAVES FROM A LADY'S DIARY.

**April 6th.**—Being Palm Sunday, went to the Roman Catholic Church, and was pleased with the service, but thought it strange that sprigs of the Eucalyptus should be distributed to the faithful, instead of the traditional palm. Only fancy an Australian version of the Bible, for the benefit of the natives or Maoris reading, "And they strewed branches of gum trees by the way." I like this day, however, and its associations, for it is the first evidence in the New Testament of the mob power as a mass. It was the tribute to the "awful goodness" of Jesus and its great power, which was in reality the cause of his crucifixion. It was his last earthly triumph, and how well he knew the people, when in bitter sarcasm he predicted their hootings at the cross. Spent the evening agreeably; the M—s and N—s came in, and we began to play at metaphysics, finally settling down to my favorite doctrine of a mundane Nemesis. William M— truly said, "I defy you to name a case, either in past history or even among the living, where a bad man, however apparently happy his life is, has not had to suffer from the consequences of his villainy, and, on the other hand, however unfortunate a good man may be, some compensation will arise out of his very goodness. It is the secret history of these men that we should know." Another idea came to my mind this evening. They were talking of some great crime, and I thought how many crimes are committed for the sake of self interest, but how very few good actions are practiced from the like motive. By self interest I don't mean hypocrisy, but the pleasure of doing what is right, and the feeling of mental and moral health and enjoyment which springs from such.

**April 7th.**—Emma B— returned from the country, where her chief occupation, as she tells me, has been to feed chickens. She is looking so fat and well that I think there must have been a reciprocity in the matter. Was amused to-day, reading in the papers that some one or other holding an official position was allowed to send in his resignation, the alternative being dismissal. It's the same when one reads of abdication, which is simply renouncing a throne which is no longer tenable. W— came with his usual feverish manner, which, in the morning, is shattered nerves; a victim to absinthe, which may be said to give intellect to those who have none, and destroy it in those who possess it. Drove in the afternoon to the new University at Berkeley. Very prettily situated, and may possibly in time have a standing and actual utility. Could not but think, as I looked at the undergraduates, that they were boys without gracefulness and men without strength, the unhappy medium of malehood called hobble de hoy.

**April 8th.**—Mr. C. has brought an adopted son home, of whom both he and his wife will soon be heartily tired. Henry B. says he does so in order to be positively certain that he is not the father. Went to an afternoon exhibition, by Dr. L., of his new microscope to a few friends. Two foreigners were there, and the various interesting objects as they were shown were regarded with indifference. One of them, turning over the various subjects, at last found one which lighted up his countenance. He passed it to his friend, who became also animated and begged that it might be put under the glass. It was a little flat insect called *you* in French. They had met with an acquaintance, perhaps. Our servants continually going out to church this week. They say they must follow their religion. I think religion of that nature is like crutches for weak ankles.

**April 10th.**—Called on Mrs. E. and found her in what she calls low spirits, but which I soon discovered to be a bad temper, arising from Lenten fasting. A good beefsteak and a glass of wine would make her household much more agreeable. Why do people say I've missed the rail, when they never say I've missed the county road? Language is apt to become slipshod. Found Julia, as usual, making voluminous extracts from books, which she forgets as soon as written. She is like a person who swallows down the most delicious drink without tasting it, even without knowing its flavor. Met H. and his wife, who looked heartily bored with one another. They are a couple who never make a pair; he with his pompous wisdom, which in truth reconciles me to my ignorance, and she with her ceaseless babble that would make one hardly deem deathness a privation, they are as ill-matched as they possibly can be. Young M. returned from college certainly improved, but never will be what his mother fondly hopes. Education is like a plane which polishes and smooths wood, but can never change a deal board to a mahogany table. I think I shall give up keeping a journal; it has become monotonous, and so will say *Finis*, a word delightful to an author to write, and frequently not unpleasant to the reader.





productive climate had been at work for thousands of years? Is not Professor Carr's reasoning a good deal like filling one's belly with the east wind?

Heat, says the Professor, impairs the physical strength of man; and he points to the negro as a proof of his assertion; the fact being that the physical strength of the negro is remarkably great, greater, there can be no doubt, than that of the white man. 'The superiority of the temperate regions is proved by the fact that Greece was more advanced in the arts than Southern Asia or Northern Africa, while "England, the home of Shakspeare, is superior to all." In the next paragraph we are told that the Scotch are superior to the English, and the Irish to the Scotch; which seems to be an Irish way of accounting for the superiority of England. The inevitable California comes in for her share: "With proper care we can establish here a race superior to any in the world, because there is no climate more favorable to physical development." With all our heart; but why did this wonderful climate give us the splendidly developed Digger Indian? The descendants of the Portuguese settlers in Papua have degenerated in color and form, for a very simple reason. They had no European women to marry, but took native wives. Under similar circumstances there would be very little of Dr. Carr's physical and mental perfections visible in his descendants of the fourth generation. "With different climates," says the man of science, "we have different customs and manners, and hence an empire extending east and west must be the greater one. This, I believe, was the cause of the great prosperity of the Roman Empire." It used to be thought that the character of the Roman people, and their organization, social, political and military, had more than a little to do with their prosperity as a nation; but this was a short-sighted and vulgar way of reasoning, now happily abolished. It was, however, consistent with itself; and we cannot say as much for Prof. Carr's theories, which seem to be made to contradict each other. If an empire extending east and west must be prosperous, why did the Arabian Empire vanish so rapidly from the sight of men? Why did the Egyptian Empire persist in enduring for thousands of years, in flagrant violation of the "great cause" of imperial prosperity? Or how is it that "England, superior to all," lies north and south, and has done so for some time?

It is pleasant for Americans to think that they have a country lying east and west, and sure, on that account, of a glorious future; but they must be mortified to learn that, when they have the whole continent, they will go to pot, because their extension will be north and south. Nothing goes so directly east and west as a parallel of latitude; and unheard-of power awaits the people, who are sagacious enough to string out their whole population, one behind the other, exactly on, let us say, the thirty-seventh parallel of north latitude. And yet we are bound to say that this pleasant theory seems to find favor in the eyes of Dr. Carr, from the ebullitions of a personal spite against degrees of longitude; his lectures showing that while he requires the utmost latitude in his subjects, he frets at being obliged to recognize any limits in length.

## SPAIN.

Spain is advancing nearer and nearer to anarchy. Notwithstanding that the Cortes has now definitely declared its own dissolution, and new elections are ordered for the 10th prox., the Federals grow ominously turbulent, various provinces talk of declaring their own independence, and what portion of the army has not been corrupted by the Carlists is utterly demoralized by Democratic demagogues. The troops are not noisily mutinous, they simply refuse to obey obnoxious orders. They will parade, mount guard, and turn out of barracks when requested, but coolly and deliberately refuse to march northward against the Carlists, and when remonstrated with, remind their mentors that the Republic exists, and therefore they are no longer bound to serve. The navy also is as disorganized as the army. In the North the troops are somewhat more tractable, and great care is exercised by their officers to keep them always on the move, and, if possible, out of all towns. The Carlists appear to be prospering, though no attempt at any important move seems to have been made, and their favorite occupations of burning railway stations, tearing up lines, destroying tunnels, plundering diligences, making inroads on defenceless villages, and writing threatening letters to provincial magnates, are pursued with increased ardor. The army makes but little headway against the innumerable bands, which are now formidably recruited by deserters from the South. Combined together, and under able leaders, the Carlist leaders would prove a match for any army the Republic could at present muster, and great surprise is manifested that Don Carlos and his brother are absent from the scene of action at such an important moment. It is difficult to get at the real opinion of the generality of the people in this crisis; but the feeling apparently predominant is eminently Republican, and Senor Figueras was enthusiastically received by the various towns on his way to Barcelona.

The Daughter of George Sand, it is stated, is going to be married to a former Catholic priest, named Touanne. The bridegroom is now, despite his clerical antecedents, proprietor of a livery stable at Tours, and is reputed to be quite wealthy.

## "THE LOST LOCKET."

'Tis only a little locket,  
And its case has worn so thin,  
The greediest child of Israel  
Would hardly take it in: [look  
And none would guess from its meager  
That all I loved was therein.

'Tis only a little locket,  
Yet what visions it brings to me,  
Of those bygone days—too happy,  
And methinks once more I see  
Her fond gentle smile, and feel her head  
Once more upon my knee.

'Tis only a simple locket,  
Yet sooner would I miss  
Each hope in life, each joy above  
Than part with, aye with this:  
For the one who gave it, ere I went,  
Hallowed it with her kiss.

'Tis found, 'tis found, and with what joy  
Its presence do I greet,  
How fondly press to this lone heart,  
That image cold, yet sweet:  
O, would that in life, too, thou wert here,  
My own loved Marguerite.

W. L. E.

## MORE MINERAL DISCOVERIES--BORAX AND OTHERS.

The Resources of California seem literally to be unlimited. Every week, almost every day, we read of new natural discoveries, all of an undoubtedly useful character. In good faith, the question will shortly have to be put, not, What does California produce? but, What does California not produce? Last week we considered the extreme riches of its market products, and this week we intend rapidly mentioning what new mineral productions have been discovered within the past few days. It is really impossible to embrace a longer period without having to consider a series of discoveries needing an article of inordinate length. The most important recent discovery is that of the immense deposits of borax in Kern and San Bernardino counties. One of the principal deposits is that found by Mr. J. H. Lent on the Owens River road, about 120 miles from San Diego. The entire flat is already taken up. The borate is found in spots, and does not cover the entire flat. They are, however, quite extensive, and ought to furnish employment to a considerable number of men. Mr. Lent has a couple of men at work shoveling up the borate crust into piles, resembling hay ricks, so that it may become dry and ready for working. Several other parties are on the ground, prospecting for the largest deposits. The deposits on Slate Lake Range are more extensive. They lie about 200 miles northeasterly from San Diego in San Bernardino County. The "lake" is a dry one, about eighteen miles long and twelve wide. The borax is found all around the border of the lake, in crustations of from two to eighteen inches. The centre of the lake is a body of salt, resembling ice in its appearance. A number of men are there prospecting for the thickest deposits. These borax fields only require the extension of the San Joaquin Valley branch of the Central Pacific road southward from Tipton, to render them far more favorably situated for the California market than those of Nevada, where those interested in the deposits are coining money at the rate of something like \$5,000 a month clear profit. The present market value of borax, in New York, is about \$600 a ton, our home market saving \$200 a ton imposed by the tariff on the import of foreign borax. No considerable capital is required to work these fields, and bi-borate of soda fever may shortly be expected as an epidemic. To skip now to Calaveras County, where, in addition to the richest iron ores in the world, immense quantities of the finest soapstone have been found. (Timber enough there, by the bye, to supply sufficient charcoal to keep a hundred furnaces running day and night for three generations.) To sharpen our enterprise, for it needs it, a whetstone quarry has been opened in Sierra County, one mile above Downieville. This is an addition to the astonishing variety of California's resources which may possess considerable value. Whether it will surpass the manufactured scythe stone of Vermont and Massachusetts sold here in wholesale at \$6 or \$7 per gross, or equal the rare silicon stone that makes the German razor hone, fetching from 50 cents to \$2 each, remains to be seen. It is stated that the grain is very fine, and for putting a good edge upon a razor or tool equal to the best Turkish stone. But at all events the newly discovered California stone is only another evidence that home manufactures and home resources are all that we need. To conclude a necessarily imperfect list, the already famous neighborhood of Gilroy has added another to its discoveries. In addition to coal, asphaltum, lead and silicon, three cinnabar chimneys have now been discovered in close proximity to the town. Five ounces of the ore were exhibited in Gilroy, in which the presence of quicksilver was unmistakable. Let our capitalists give up gambling, turn their attention to and use their influence in the development of these discoveries, and the brightness of our future is decided.

V.

The Vienna Exhibition.--The number of exhibitors to the American section is 645, which, however, may be increased before the exhibition is closed. Alabama has 3 exhibitors, California 2, Colorado 2, Connecticut 23, District of Columbia 8, Florida 1, Illinois 18, Indiana 3, Kentucky 9, Kansas 1, Louisiana 61, Maine 1, Massachusetts 51, Michigan 3, Missouri 30, Mississippi 2, Minnesota 1, Maryland 4, New York 228, New Jersey 16, Nevada 1, Ohio 86, Pennsylvania 44, Rhode Island 12, Texas 1, Tennessee 3, Vermont 11, Virginia 2, West Virginia 1, Wisconsin 1; to this is to be added 5 from England.

LETTER FROM THE DEVIL TO THE S. F. NEWS LETTER.

HELL, April 1st, 1873.

**Editor News Letter:---**As the *News Letter* has for some time past taken a commendable interest in my section of the country, I have taken the liberty to write to you upon a subject which has occupied my mind for a long time. I am not in the habit of indulging very often in exercises of a literary character, or boring newspapers with communications upon topics of which I know nothing. Upon the condition of affairs in Hell I feel qualified to write understandingly, knowing whereof I speak. To tell the truth, it is badly out of repair. It needs renovating. It is nearly if not entirely played out. My dominions are entirely overrun by a set of audacious scamps, who seem to imagine that the place belongs to them—and it does. Impotent to govern, powerless to command, I sit amid the ruins of a once mighty kingdom, now given over entirely to shrewd politicians, who have assumed the prerogative of self-government and grasping monopolists, who control the brimstone market. I have, after some labor, written a poem describing the real state of affairs and dispatched it by a *News Letter* reporter, who occasionally calls here. Please print it and oblige your humble and obedient servant, THE DEVIL.

The Devil sat there in his easy chair and rocked himself to and fro,  
Heaving a sigh with a wistful eye at his furnace smoldering low,  
When he suddenly rose and rent his clothes and rattled the scales of his tail,  
And then he sat down with a terrible frown to curse and blaspheme and rail.

Many a year I've been toiling here, pegging away at souls,  
Keeping the light of my furnace bright and raking these hellish coals.  
There was a time when I in my prime ruled the old roost supreme,  
When the flames of my pit had a sulphurous flit and burned with a ghastly gleam.  
Then the devils sang till the chambers rang and rattled their tails in glee,  
And my gleaming glance saw a broad expanse of liquid burning sea;  
Then human souls came here in shoals, and every pit was crammed,  
And the old place shook in every nook with the wall of spirits darned.

And higher rose the fire, for fuel was good and cheap,  
Till the shrieks of woe, from the depths below, made my old pulses leap,  
But now I look back on the beaten track of the good old days gone by,  
When I fed my ghouls on human souls 'mid the red flames leaping high;  
How the spirits took fright at the dreadful sight and shrank from the horrid roar,  
And tried to flee from the liquid sea of fire and human gore;  
How my senses burn for a swift return of those good old days of yore,  
But another race has usurped the place of those who have gone before.

But now my hell isn't doing well, and business is mighty slow,  
My devils have struck, and damn the luck, finances are getting low;  
While those who come here just laugh and jeer and call me a miserable sell,  
And throw in my face that this old place is a poor excuse for hell.  
They fool with my fire and call me a liar, and make no bones of chaffing,  
And if I command this cheeky band they worry their sides with laughing.  
It makes me feel bad and troubled and sad, this terrible truth to tell;  
'Tis rough to relate or to contemplate, but they've lost their respect for hell.  
Now why is it thus that they don't care a cuss for the terrors of sulphur and fire?  
In order to face the true facts of the case I have taken the pains to inquire.  
You see, years ago, these regions below were a terror in every zone,  
Now I actually find that most of mankind have terrestrial hells of their own;  
They've concocted a liquor that's fouler and thicker than the scum on the bottom-  
less pit,

And direst inventions with fullest intentions to baffle the devil's wit.  
Their terrestrial tortures are really such scorchers that they don't care a damn for  
this pit,

And if they affect it I fail to detect it. That my hell is a fraud I admit.

THE DEVIL.

**A Manchester Tragedy.**---An extraordinary case of self-destruction occurred on March 4th at the lead mills of Messrs. Winder and Harrop. It appears that three of the clerks employed in the establishment, who are volunteers, were practicing blank firing in the chandelier store room, as was their custom, when one of them, named Alfred Roberts, passed his rifle to a fellow-clerk named Thos. Walter, and told him to aim at his breast. It appears, however, that Roberts had, unperceived by his companions, loaded the rifle with ball cartridge. Walter took aim, as desired, and to his horror Roberts fell dead at his feet, the bullet having passed through his breast. In his hand was found the following letter: "March 4, 1873. I am very glad you have saved me the trouble of shooting myself. I know you are anxious to become a marksman in the corps; perhaps I will be of service to you by making a target of myself. Wishing you success to your first shot, I remain, yours respectfully, ALFRED ROBERTS.—Mr. Tom Walter." It has since transpired that Roberts, who was a young man living in lodgings, had burned a number of papers in his bedroom in the morning, the nature of which is not known. Walter gave himself into the custody of the police. At the coroner's inquest, Frances Howarth, a lady to whom the deceased was engaged, said he had been depressed in spirits of late, and had said he could not tell her what was the matter with him. The jury exonerated Walter from all blame, and returned a verdict of "Suicide while in a state of unsound mind."



### Court Chat.

On March 7th the Pope received what is called an international deputation, consisting of 160 persons, for whom Prince Lichtenstein was spokesman. The Duke of Norfolk, the Earl of Denbigh, Lord St. Asaph and other well-known English Roman Catholics were included in the deputation. The language used is characterized by the Roman correspondent of the *Times* as extremely violent. The invasion of Rome was treated as an execrable crime, and Italian unity as a pretext for reducing the Church to a state of slavery—an attack made with infernal astuteness and violence. The special object of the deputation was to attest solemnly the horror inspired by the new movement against religious orders.

The First Levee of the season was held by the Prince of Wales on behalf of Her Majesty at St. James's Palace on March 3d. The members of the royal family present were the Duke of Edinburgh, the Duke of Cambridge, Prince Christian and the Duke of Teck. In the diplomatic circle, after the Foreign Ambassadors and Ministers had been introduced in the order of precedence, the Turkish Charge d'Affaires presented to the Prince of Wales Rear-Admiral Fedrigo Pacha, of the Turkish Imperial Navy, now on a mission for His Highness the Khedive of Egypt. About one hundred and fifty gentlemen were presented to His Royal Highness.

The Will of Napoleon III. has been proved in England. His personal property is sworn at under £120,000, and this he leaves to the Empress without reserve. To the Prince Imperial there is only one bequest, we are told—the Imperial Crown. If this be true, we have here a certain violation of the *idée Napoléonienne*, according to which any Bonaparte may govern who is called by the voice of the people, and the Emperor's will is in this respect an important manifesto to the Imperialists. It is a message to the friends of Prince Napoleon.

Prince Louis Napoleon visited the Queen at Windsor on March 4th, and lunched with Her Majesty and the Princess Beatrice. His Imperial Highness was accompanied from London by Viscount Sydney, and in returning from the Castle to the railway station he was also accompanied by Prince Christian. A demonstration—which seemed to gratify the young Prince—was accorded him on the platform, where many ladies and gentlemen had assembled.

The Queen returned to Windsor Castle from Buckingham Palace March 1st. Before leaving London the Queen, attended by the Duchess of Roxburghe and Lady Churchill, visited the Exhibition of Old Masters at Burlington House. Her Majesty was received and conducted through the Academy by Sir Francis Grant, R. A. The Court is expected to remain at Windsor until Easter.

The Prince of Wales, attended by Major-General Probyn, left Marlborough House on March 4th for Belvoir Castle, on a visit to the Duke of Rutland. His Royal Highness traveled by the great Northern line, and reached Grantham at half-past five, where he was received by Lord John Manners, and an address was presented by the Corporation. The castle was reached by road at a quarter past six.

The Senior Member of the French Academy has just died at the age of ninety-three—General Conte de Segur, so well known for his history of the Russian campaign, in which he bore part as a General of Brigade. He is the last surviving General of that terrible retreat from Moscow. He has lived in retirement since 1848.

The Duke of Argyll has, by desire of Her Majesty the Queen, sent a letter to the eldest son of Dr. Guthrie, expressing "to the bereaved widow and family of Dr. Guthrie Her Majesty's sincere sympathy with them, as well as Her Majesty's very true sorrow for the loss of one so good and so useful."

Information Has Been Received from Cannes of a carriage accident having happened to Lord de Grey, son of Lord Ripon, the Lord President of the Council, on March 2d. Lord de Grey, who only attained his majority in January last, has received, it is feared, very serious injuries.

It is Authoritatively Reported from Berne (the *Swiss Times* says) that Monsignor Mermillod has been raised to the dignity of Cardinal. It is well known that the Pope has the right of nominating Cardinals *in pectore* without calling a Consistory.

The Viscountess de Vicherey was recently knocked down by the carriage of a horse dealer in Paris. Receiving a violent blow in the chest from the pole of the vehicle, the young lady shortly expired.

The Sultan of Zanzibar obstinately declines to assist in the suppression of the East African slave trade.

The Duke of Teck left Kensington Palace recently for Stuttgart to attend the funeral of his aunt, the late Queen-Dowager of Wurtemberg.

In a Recent Auction at Paris was sold an album containing sixty-three drawings by the Duke de Berry, and which fetched £16.

The Earl and Countess of Derby arrived in Geneva recently from Aix les Bains, and are staying at the Hotel de la Paix.

Her Royal Highness the Princess Louise and Marquis of Lorn have arrived at their residence in Belgrave Square from Scotland.

IN THE SOUTH SEAS.

Eyes so black and shining hair,  
And a sweet face in a frown,  
Bosom ripe and full and bare,  
With the sunlight leaping down  
In kisses on its golden brown.

Why should beauty run to waste?  
Swinging in a lotus shade,  
From a hammock interlaced—  
Slender vines in curious braid—  
Leans the lover of the maid;

In a swarth of fragrant turf,  
Pliant limbs that naked lie,  
Pearl drops of the warm sea-surf,  
That a zephyr dares not dry,  
Clinging to their symetry.

Meeting her with constant gaze,  
Watching her with zealous care,  
Wishing all the sensuous days  
She were lying, half as fair,  
He were guarding beauties lair!

\* \* \* \* \*

Lovers cannot all agree!  
Love is sudden, strong and brief!  
Under a banana tree  
Lo! two lovers come to grief—  
Under a banana leaf!

*Tortuilla Lamo, South Pacific.*

CHAS. WARREN STODDARD.

SPIRITUALISM EXTRAORDINARY.

A Novel Entertainment has been produced at the Crystal Palace by Messrs. Maskelyne and Cooke, who in an amusing farcical sketch introduce some of the marvelous "manifestations," so well known in connection with "spirit" seances. Sir Hugh Credant (Mr. Hasarde) being a determined Spiritualist, his friends, Mr. and Mrs. Johnson (Mr. and Mrs. Maskelyne) do all they can to convince him that the startling effects which he attributes to supernatural agency, can be produced by mere human skill. They touch a table lightly with their fingers, and it not only "tilts," but moves bodily up above their heads, and is turned upside down. A walking-stick dances gleefully about the stage, while a bouquet floats gently through the air and presents itself to the lady, who is herself raised some three feet above the carpet, without any visible means of support. Mr. Maskelyne then performs an elegant and dexterous feat with six China plates, which, by skillful manipulation alone, he causes to waltz and whirl about in a wonderful fashion. This is succeeded by the Davenport Cabinet seance, in which Mr. Maskelyne and Mr. Cooke perform all the feats of the celebrated brothers. They are bound securely with ropes and placed in the cabinet, the doors of which are scarcely shut before music is heard within, bells are thrown out, and "spirit" hands appear at the apertures in the doors, the re-opening of which shows both performers bound as tightly as ever. The knots of the cords are then sealed, but this does not prevent them from taking off their coats and putting them on again as quickly as any ordinary men could do if perfectly free. While still bound, their hands are filled with flour, the doors are shut for a moment, and then they appear at liberty, the ropes lying at their feet, and the flour still in their hands. The concluding feat, however, is justly called "The Mystery of Mysteries." Mr. Maskelyne is placed behind a screen with a box, a canvas cover, and some cord. In less than ten minutes the screen is removed, and we see the box completely covered and elaborately corded; these being taken off, and the box unlocked, Mr. Maskelyne is discovered inside in a very cramped position, the box being only just large enough to contain him when doubled up "knees and nose together." The whole performance is of a most wonderful character, and although every facility is given for examining the apparatus, both before and after each feat, one comes away completely puzzled as to the *modus operandi* by which the results are achieved.

STORIES ABOUT BEADLES.

A Church in the North Country which needed a pastor had a beadle who took an active interest in all proceedings taken to fill up the vacancy. One of the candidates, after the afternoon service was over, put off the cloak in the vestry and stepped into the church, in which our worthy was just putting things to right. "I was just taking a look at the church," said the minister. "Ay, tak' a guid look at it," said the beadle, "for it's no likely ye'll ever see't again." At a country church, a young minister from the West, and a great swell, came to do duty one Sabbath. Entering the vestry, he doffed his coat and vest previous to donning the cassock and cloak, and looked round for the looking-glass, which generally forms a part of the vestry furniture. He searched, however, in vain. At last, losing patience, he cried out, "Church offisaw, church offisaw!" After calling for some time, the head of a gray-haired man peered in at the door, and a stentorian voice demanded, "What's yer wull?" "Where's the mirraw?" demanded the minister. "Sir?" said the other. "The mirraw—the looking-glass," said the minister impatiently. "O, the lookin'-glass. Ye see, oor minister's sic a handsum man naterally, that he doesna need a lookin'-glass; but I'll bring ye a pail o' watter, if ye like!"

It is Telegraphed from Constantinople that Safvet Pasha is appointed Minister of Foreign Affairs in the place of Khalil Cherif Pasha.

### Special Brevities.

In the International Exhibition of 1871 there was an electrical machine exhibited in the west corridor invented by a Frenchman which may possibly have been used in manufacturing the forged bills. It consisted of two revolving cylinders, each about two inches in diameter, and four inches in length, placed vertically; these were set in motion by clockwork, and connected as regards the electrical current, both being under the control of an attendant; and though only a foot apart, would have worked just as effectively with the Atlantic between them. The machines being intended to print facsimile, a thin sheet of "foil," its length equal to the circumference of one of the cylinders, was written upon by prepared ink, this was then placed round the cylinder, and its two edges secured by gum; on the other cylinder was placed prepared "paper," similar in size to the "foil," in like manner. The cylinders being then set in motion, and the electrical current connected, there was drawn on the paper an exact copy of what had been written on the foil.

**The Faith of President Grant** in a blessed future, and in his power, with the aid of Congress, to assist, form rather a remarkable feature in his recent Message. People have talked about it, as well they may. "I rather believe," he says, "that the Great Maker is preparing the world to become one nation, speaking one language: a consummation which will render armies and navies no longer necessary. I will encourage and support any recommendations of Congress tending towards such ends." It is not often that messages to Parliament or Congress take so comprehensive a view. Why should not the first American citizen be the first to go out, as it were, to meet the millennium, which, though nine-tenths of mankind believe in, they put a very long way off?

**How a Secret was Discovered.**—In his early life the late Mr. Gillott worked privately as the *employee* of half a dozen different penmakers. One day the manufacturers met together at dinner, and each backed himself to be the possessor of the best workman. They severally wrote down the name of the special artisan who could make more pens in a day than any other man. "Gillott" was written on every master's paper. This led to the discovery that Gillott had invented and was using a machine for making pens, which enabled him to do the work of a dozen men with one pair of hands.

**If not this Year, by this Time Next Year.** Sir Henry Rawlinson says we may hope to see Dr. Livingstone, when we suppose he will enliven us with all about "How I Found Stanley." By the way, it may be useful to note that the article in the *Edinburgh Review*, referred to recently by Sir Henry Rawlinson, in which the history of the spurious maps of Central Asia was first detailed, and the true frontier of Afghanistan described, is a paper on Yule's edition of Marco Polo, *Edinburgh Review*, No. 275 (January, 1872).

**At the Half-Yearly General Court of the governors and proprietors of the Bank of England**, recently, attention was drawn by one of the speakers to the facility with which the recent extensive forgeries upon that institution had been perpetrated. The chairman, Mr. George Lyall, remarked that frauds of this description were extremely rare, and that even the directors of the Bank of England were not infallible. All possible precautions would, however, be taken in future.

**A Butcher Named Stanbridge**, residing in Coventry, has been killed by a sheep. He had succeeded without assistance in placing the animal upon the block and sticking it, but immediately this was done the sheep kicked violently and struck Stanbridge in the stomach, which caused him to reel and fall. After some rest he was enabled with great difficulty to reach home, where he died from the effects of the injuries about two hours afterwards.

**Earl Russell's** long-promised book on Christianity is, it is said, to appear in the course of March. Its full title is, "The Rise and Progress of the Christian Religion in the West of Europe, from the Reign of Tiberius to the End of the Council of Trent." Is it possible that the noble Earl has managed to compress what he has to say on this comprehensive theme within the compass of a single octave volume?

**At a Recent Meeting of the Royal Institution**, Professor Tyndall was present for the first time since his return from America. A resolution was unanimously adopted congratulating the Professor upon his safe arrival in England, expressing satisfaction that the people of the United States had shared in the advantages of his teaching, cordially welcoming him on his return to his own scientific home, and wishing him continued health and prosperity.

**Lord Lytton's Will** (the *Illustrated News* states) contains special directions as to the examination of his body, in order to provide against the possibility of his being buried while in a trance, and directs that he should be interred in the family mausoleum at Knebworth, that any epitaph should be written in the English language, and that the cost of his funeral should be limited to the modest expenses usual in the interment of a private gentleman.

**The London Lancet** lately published a case of a man who for nine days followed his occupation with a needle fixed and embedded in his heart. On the ninth day a surgical operation was performed and the needle extracted. The patient recovered without exhibiting any unfavorable symptom.



**HALL v. TAYLOR.—BREACH OF PROMISE.**

**At Oxford (Eng.) on Feb. 28,** before Mr. Justice Honyman, an amusing breach of promise case was tried. According to Mr. Hill's statement of the case, the plaintiff was a spinster about thirty years old, living with her mother, a farmer's widow, at Grimsbury; and the defendant was a young tenant farmer, of the same age, and of a poetical turn of mind, at Shipston-on-Stour. In the latter part of 1867 the parties met and made acquaintance at a penny reading; an attachment sprang up between them, which ripened into an engagement in January of the following year. The defendant wrote to the plaintiff in the warmest terms, assuring her that "he was an isolated being, and felt himself a lonely wanderer over the face of nature; he now for the first time found himself a miserable man." Mr. Huddleston, who appeared for the defendant, remarked that every man was miserable till he married. His lordship said Mr. Huddleston was a leading authority on the subject; in fact, he was the most recent case. In another letter of the defendant's came the following poetical effusion:

Remember me, my dearest Nellie,	I've loved thee short, I've loved thee much,
In love remember me,	And till this frame shall be
For till this fleeting life shall end	Laid in the silence of the grave
I will remember thee.	I will remember thee.

Forget thee! Sooner shall the waves  
Forget and leave the sea,  
Sooner the stars forget to shine,  
Than thou forgot shall be.

From your deeply-attached

JOE.

Unfortunately, before the defendant's frame had been laid in the silence of the grave, or the stars had forgotten to shine, he was exposed to the dangerous attractions of a cousin, and though, as Mr. Huddleston assured the Court, he still well remembered the plaintiff, he inadvertently married the cousin. After amusing speeches from the counsel on both sides, a verdict for the plaintiff was taken by consent for £200.

**THE DOG'S FACULTY OF SCENT.**

**A Writer in Land and Water** claims for each variety of dog the faculty of special scent: The collie can hunt his master's footsteps, or smell the sheep beneath a snow-drift. The truffle-dog scents the smell of edible fungi covered with four or five inches of soil. And if a setter could make himself intelligible, he would be able to make us acquainted with the difference between the scent of a partridge and that of a hare. Perhaps that information which we cannot obtain by direct mental intercourse, may be gained by watching the expression and gesture attendant on the change of game. A neighbor of mine told me that some years ago, when he was a snipe-shooter, he had a pointer which knew the difference, by scent alone, between a jack-snipe and a common snipe. Whenever he came upon a "Jack," the dog wagged his tail, but when it was a "Jenny," his setting was stiff and motionless. The same sporting friend informed me that a few of the best hounds in a pack would follow the scent of a hare through snow, the hare having run to her seat before the snow had fallen. Mongrels throw light on this subject. I have seen a handsome dog, bred between a pointer and a hound, proclaim her descent by acting a double character in the same field. If a covey of partridge were winded, she would hunt up cautiously to them and set steadily till the shooter came up. But if she caught scent of a hare, no correction could make her stand; she would run in and start the hare and follow it closely by nose. Another sporting friend gives me a somewhat similar instance. One of their pack was a half-bred dog, between a hound and a pointer. When running in full cry with the hounds, if it came upon partridges, the mongrel would stop and point, then put up the partridges, and again join the hounds.

**An Important Decision** was rendered by Commissioner Drummond in the Land Office, Washington, on Monday last. It was in the case of a tract of land in Mendocino County, California, known as the Albion Rancho, comprising 130,000 acres. The survey of these lands as public lands was made and approved prior to the rejection of an alleged Mexican grant which covered them, and plans of this survey were filed in the local Land Office. After the rejection of the grant, J. W. Shanklin, as attorney for many parties interested as pre-emptionists, etc., in opposition to the State claim for a large portion of the tract which has been listed to it as school lands based on this survey, applied to Surveyor-General Hardenbergh for the withdrawal of the plats from the local office and an order for a new survey, on the ground that the United States had no right to survey land while an alleged Mexican title to it was still in controversy. Surveyor-General Hardenbergh refused, and the case was appealed. The Commissioner-General of the Land Office now sustains the Surveyor-General, deciding that the mechanical and topographical work of survey and its approval were not void, and that the plats are now legally filed in the Land Office. In this conclusion Commissioner Drummond is sustained by Secretary Delano in the California case of Grnell v. Haightabangh, an alleged Mexican grant, where a large tract of land was rejected by the United States District Court in 1867, and by the Supreme Court last November.



### OPENING OF WESTERN CHINA.

The Associated Chambers of Commerce of the United Kingdom have presented a memorial in favor of the completion of the survey of the proposed line for Captain Spivey's scheme of direct overland communication between British Borneo and the West of China. It is a document entitled to respectful consideration on account of the facts it sets forth. Whether Captain Spivey's plan be feasible—and whether, if feasible, it is likely to be better promoted by the operations of an engineer or the negotiations of a diplomatist—may be matter of doubt. But it is a question which should be set at rest, for there can be no doubt of the advantage that would accrue from the proposed line, unless some unexpected obstacle should be discovered. To substitute a road of 800 miles for a voyage of 2,400 would, no doubt, be an achievement of such vast benefit as to be second only to the Overland Route to India, which it cost the late Lieut. Waghorn so many years to induce the Government of his day to take up. M. Louis de Carne, the explorer, seems to have established the fact that Shanghai, the most central, and important of the open ports, is distant, by river or road, 2,400 miles from the western inland frontier of China; and Captain Spivey tells us that the distance between that and the northeast frontier of British Borneo is no more than 800 miles. In the face of such a declaration—much of which was confirmed by the survey begun under the auspices of Earl Derby and Lord Salisbury six years ago—it seems unlikely that Mr. Gladstone will feel justified in withholding his sanction from the completion of the investigation.

The Story of How the Rabagas Hat, now so fashionable in Paris, was invented, is a most curious one. For a long time it was a mystery, but the narrative of its origin has recently been told. As it may in time work its way to our side of the ocean, it will probably interest those who may chance to wear it to know that that notorious creature, Cava Pear, was the inventor of the chapane. Miss Pear, as the story runs, attended a brilliant supper at the Maison Doree after witnessing M. Sardou's play of *Rabagas*. While at the table the waiter seized her to manufacture a new sort of hat, which she predicted would even become the fashion. Carrying out her caprice she took a hat of one of the gentlemen present, cut the rim off with a table-knife, and requested the owner of the hat to crush it in with his fist with all the force he could give the blow. This was done, and the result was a handsome head-covering, round in shape, and with a most appealing turn. She then called for a green veil and a ribbon, and declared that she would wear that hat for the rest of the season in the Champs Elysees and elsewhere. She was as good as her word, and, after a while, a fashionable modiste took up the idea, and ladies who neither knew nor cared whence the hat originated adopted the fashion as an exquisite novelty. This essential bonnet is not only curious in shape, but it is worn curiously. It is covered with a veil, and is placed on the back of the head, as if it were going to fall at every moment.

"Poetry as It Is."—There is enough of truth in what follows to give it artistic point. "Poetry, like free thought, was first a work of inspiration, secondly of science, and lastly now of trick. At its first stage it was open to only here and there a genius; at its next to all intelligent men; and at its third to all the human race. Then, just as there is no boy now but can throw stones at the windows which Bishop Cullen has broken, so there is scarcely even a young lady but can rake flowers from the soul stolen out of Mr. Tennyson's garden. And surely, whatever, in this its course of change, poetry may have lost in quality, is more than made up for by what it has gained in quantity. For in the first place it is far pleasanter to the taste of a scientific generation to understand how to make bad poetry than to wonder at good; and secondly, as the end of poetry is pleasure, that we should make it easy for ourselves is the very utmost that we can desire, since it is a fact in which we all agree, that no man's verses please him so much as his own."

Why Women dress in styles that men do not admire, while always struggling to win the admiration of men, is a problem that we often find people puzzling over. Women dress for each other, says one writer: men never notice the details of their dress, the pattern of their silks, the color of their ribbons; they merely take in the general effect, and quite as often detest as admire it. What the woman thinks of when she purchases an article of apparel, so we are told, is the admiration or envy it will create in the minds of her rivals. These are sometimes the motives, but it is always a misplaced expectation, for if men dislike women's fashions, women are merciless in their criticisms of each other's taste. The truth, we apprehend, is that women dress to gratify their natural instincts, they have love of color, of display, of ornamentation, and they experience delight in decorating themselves in styles that tickle their own fancy, and no doubt they are perplexed to find their efforts so little appreciated by the other sex.

A New American Poet, W. M. Carleton, is said to have made his reputation in a flash by the publication of "Betsy and I are Out." The title is not promising.

## HOW TO KEEP A TRUE LENT.

Is this a Fast, to keep Thy larder leane, And cleane, From fat of veales and sheep?	No, 'tis a Fast to dole Thy sheaf of wheat And meat, Unto the hungry soule.
Is it to quit the dish Of flesh, yet still To fill The platter high with fish?	It is to fast from strife, From old debate, And hate; To circumcise thy life.
Is it to faste an houre, Or rag'd to go, Or show A downcast look and soure?	To show a heart grief-rent, To starve thy sin, Not bin; And that's to keep thy lent.— <i>Herrick.</i>

## BRITISH COLUMBIA---FREE LAND GRANTS TO ACTUAL SETTLERS.

The Government of British Columbia is offering splendid inducements to actual settlers—250 acres for nothing! Under the provisions of the Land Act assented to February 21st, 1873, it is stated that: "The Lieutenant-Governor in Council may appropriate any public lands considered suitable for settlement and cultivation, and not being mineral lands, as free grants to actual settlers, under such regulations as shall from time to time be made by Order in Council. Such grants or appropriations shall include lands surveyed or hereafter to be surveyed. No land located as aforesaid, nor any interest therein, shall in any event be or become liable to the satisfaction of any debt or liability contracted or incurred by the locatee, his widow, heirs or devisees, before the issuing of the Crown grant for such land. After the issuing of the Crown grant for any such land, and while such land or any part thereof, or any interest therein, is owned by the locatee, or his widow, heirs or devisees, such land, part or interest shall, during twenty years next after the date of such location, be exempt from attachment, levy under execution, or sale for payment of debts, and shall not be or become liable to the satisfaction of any debt or liability contracted or incurred before or during that period, save and except any debt secured by a valid mortgage or pledge of such land made subsequently to the issuing of the Crown grant therefor." We believe that neither the United States nor any British colony has ever offered such thoroughly liberal terms to actual settlers. Further details may be learned from the Government Agent, Mr. W. R. H. Adamson, 315 California street. We understand that a number of Californians familiar with British Columbia have already taken up land under the provisions of the new land ordinance.

## IN MEMORIAM.

**Drowned**, on board steamship *Atlantic*, April 1st, Anne Scuymsen, of New York.

In its terrible, overwhelming and reckless loss of life, the wreck of the steamship *Atlantic* has brought weeping and wailing into many homes. Homes that were bright and happy in the expectation of returning ones, have been desolated; grief has taken the place of joy, and all the fond anticipations of family re-unions are now but the wailings for departed ones.

In a time so near the safe and happy ending of a boisterous voyage—so near the fond embrace of loved ones—the fatal judgment of a reckless man has severed the earthly ties which bound so many hearts, spreading desolation so broadcast, that one shudders at the contemplation of how slight the tenure of life is, and the uncertainty of all sublunary things. "Man proposes, and God disposes."

So far away as we are from the immediate scene of this cruel disaster and its surroundings, we cannot realize its mournful extent; but to those of us here whose pleasure it was, in life, to love one of its brightest, truest and kindest victims, our hearts go out in their fullest sorrow to the memory of our lost friend, clinging fondly to all the treasured memories of her happy past in California.

To the stricken family and relatives, in the irreparable loss they have sustained, we can but offer our mutual grief and sorrow to the cherished memory of the brightest, kindest of women.

A. S.

**South American Telegraphy.**—That is a remarkable statement which comes to us from the Inspector-General of Telegraphs in Chile. Telegrams are transmitted at the uniform rate of thirty cents for fifteen words. The average charge in the United States for 1871 was seventy cents. Two years ago in England it was thirty-eight cents for twenty words (a trifle under the Chile rate), but the Post Office Department runs the wires at a profit, charging twenty-four cents, and is about to reduce the rate to twelve cents, or nearly one cent per word. Clearly, we do not want a postal telegraph in the United States. We want to wait and see how it will work in Japan.



**Last Saturday**, at the Saucelito wharf, a happy party might have been seen who were evidently bent upon a fishing expedition. From their get up one could tell that they were bank clerks out for a holiday. Among this happy crowd was one whose face did not wear the smile of anticipated pleasure. No, dismal and melancholy glances shot from under his spectacles in the direction of a most docile and cow-like looking horse, whose bridle he held. The rest of the party got into a wagon, and seemed bent on having a good time. But the poor youth who was to do the horseback business, seemed ill at ease. Evidently too proud to inquire, he scanned the horse over from head to tail, and seemed rather inclined to think that the tail was the ladder by which he was to mount his nag. The stirrups he eyed with much suspicion, holding them off by the leathers as if they were rat traps and might spring. The party started, but alas, our adventurous horseman (in embryo) gave it up as a bad job, led the beast to the stable and took a seat in the buggy. We have since heard that if not a success as an equestrian he is quite a sharp at fishing. He filled his basket with fine young tadpoles in half a day, and came home the proudest man you ever saw. He wears magnifying spectacles, and so mistook them for trout. He has since purchased a fiery Arab steed, and six fishing rods, and adopted for his motto "*Nil desperandum.*"

**At an Early Hour Yesterday** the rotund form of a "blarsted Britisher" might have been seen hurrying from street to street, and from store to store, with a haggard, uneasy face. He evidently was looking for some one or something. Being naturally curious, we interviewed him: *T. C.*—"You seem to be looking for something, sir, can I be of any service?" *B. B.*—"Ah, thanks, ya'as; I never saw such a blarsted country; I've been looking for a shop that sells 'hot cross buns' ever since four this morning." Not being able to give him any information, the *T. C.* went on his way and wondered why he wanted hot cross buns. Suddenly a light beamed in upon his brain; it was Good Friday. Now had we not met this Britisher, we should in all probability have eaten meat, and so imperiled our immortal soul. As it was, we took three light meals, as follows: Breakfast, cup of tea and one shrimp; lunch, a smell at a piece of 'Boomerang cheese'; dinner, we took off the recollection of that cheese, and woke this morning quoting Moore, viz:

"You may break, you may shatter me up if you will,  
But the smell of that cheese will hang round me still."

The *T. C.* now feels that he is on the road to Heaven, and has invested the greater part of his stupendous wealth in backing "Ajax," knowing that there is no need of the "great medium" above.

**More Murders, More Murders**; what are we coming to? and where is this thing to stop? How many murderers have we now in our jails? who, if they have money, get the best of food, etc., and need never fear the halter. No man worth \$10,000 will ever be hung here, unless he slips up on it and gets lynched. What has become of Stokes? whose cowardly murder of Fiek, is still fresh in our minds. Foster certainly was hung, but what is one among so many? We say hang them up like dogs, and stop this open daylight murder. Those sentimental mandlin fools who oppose capital punishment should be strung up too. They have done more toward the increasing of murders than they ever could expiate by giving up their wretched lives. Had we our way a convicted murderer should only have a week to live, from the day of his conviction, then up with him. This is the only way to stop this fearful mania for murder that has taken possession of our people. Again we say, hang them all.

Propt on beds of amaranth and moly,  
To mase and brood and live again in memory,  
With those cold faces of their infamy  
Heap'd over with a mound of grass;  
To steep their brows in slumber's holy balm  
And hearken while the inner spirit sings,  
"There is no joy but calm."

Let them fall asleep in bliss, and wake to find themselves forever with the devil, on the other side of Jordan—yea, packed, like Rabelais' monks, hard and fast, head and heels together, under the foul fiend's tail, and Prof. Wilder the deepest man in.

**A Charming Little Domestic Tragedy** has taken place in the romantic neighborhood of Clementina street. Mr. Kennedy had just got over a spree, and, feeling in a somewhat morose humor, amused himself by chopping his wife and daughter on the head with an axe. When tired of this exhilarating fun, and supposing them to be dead, he tied a clothes-line around his neck, fastened the other end to a door-knob and jumped out of the window. Now Kennedy was a cute cuss; he knew there was little chance of the law ever hanging him, so undertook the job himself. He succeeded admirably, and was cut down a splendid corpse an hour after. We commend this example to all who meditate murder. It saves trouble and expense, is quick and effective, and doesn't make a mess about the house like throat-cutting, shooting, etc.

**Bachelors and Others** will be pleased to hear that the enterprising Laura Fair is about to let furnished rooms. We fancy those roomers who don't cash up when due will have a hot time. Perhaps the little memento will again be brought into requisition.



**Tears in his Eyes,** distraction in his aspect,  
A broken voice, and his whole function sulking  
With forms to his conceit! And all for nothing!  
For Hecuba! What's Hecuba to him,

Or he to Hecuba, that he should plead for her—without a fee? O monstrous! Our Hecuba, our *dame au pistolet*, our much-broken tablet of commandments sixth and seventh, our Laura who kept "the fold" so well against "the wolf," has refused to pay his fee to the halter-averting Quint. Her soul from hell he saved (*pro tem*), and her neck from the Pantagrucon herb; yet she would not pay her bond. O fell ingratitude! O thankless client! the spotted hand, what mossy gums are thine to hide the serpent's tooth! But Themis recovered Quint his little fee—or part thereof; and the fair one of the gory locks bowed down her head and wept—think of it! over "that little hand." Give her an ounce of civet, good apothecary, and tell her, tell the Hecuba from us, that her "Cynossema," "her tomb of a dog" (female) yawns for her; and that we, we all yawn to see her in. For Quint, let him take Edgar's words to heart: "Let not the creaking of shoes nor the rustling of silks betray thy poor heart to woman; keep thy foot out of brothel business, thy pen from harlots' briefs, and defy the foul fiend." As it was in the beginning, etc.

**The Nice Little Boys** of our nice little town have for some time past been very bad with the balloon fever. They get their keynd parents to give them a quarter, purchase some tissue paper, a sponge, and then set to work. Gum the paper into a shape as nearly like a balloon as possible, soak the sponge in coal oil, fix it at the mouth of the arrangement, and then in the gentle Summer twilight set the thing a flaring and let it go up. This is very pretty, "a nice amusement for the children you know," but how about its coming down? A blazing sponge on a roof top is, we should think, rather apt to set the house on fire. But it cannot be so, or the said keynd parients and those who have charge of the city's safety would not allow it.

**Bailiff Englander**, whose handsome Hebrew visage has adorned the Police Court for some years, and whose urbane manner to those over whom he has had temporary control (especially if they have "no monlah") has made him such a general favorite (?), got into the witness box to say what he knew about cards. He enlightened the Court wonderfully on the subject of poker, and his elegant language, and perfect English, caused a profound sensation. Next to bullying a moneyless drunk, poker-playing seems to be the bailiff's pet pastime. He is a wonderful man, and an ornament to society.

**Mr. Marchant**, the gentleman who met with such a serious accident on Thursday, besides being a good collector, must have possessed a wonderful talent for letter writing. His letter of twenty-six pages to Miss Samuel must have been a masterpiece. It is to be hoped that the public will be favored with its contents. 'Tis an ill wind that blows no one any good, and this little breeze may give us a wrinkle in love letter writing. Any man with Mr. M.'s experience ought to manage to get something good into such a small space.

**Prof. G. D. Wilder**, of Ithaca, writing to the New York *Tribune*, wants us to dose off our murderers with chloroform, instead of hanging them. Oh, the poor murderers! Good people, ply the poor murderers. Let us build them a quiet retreat—a little home in some secluded, sunny vale, far from the toil and turmoil of this cold world and its rude aversions to backed axes and smoking pistols. There let us send our mild-eyed, melancholy Thugs; let us keep them in one long lous-eater's swoon.

**With what Venom** the *Barnacle* pursues Wilkinson, and how great an interest that journal must take in the deaf, dumb and blind. Besides being of no interest to the public at large, its coarse allusions and vile insinuations are so palpably prejudiced and unfair, that we turn away in disgust from their perusal, and think that Mr. Wilkinson is quite right in treating them with the silent contempt they deserve.

**Every Day** some new abomination in our national administration is brought to light. It has just leaked out that the coinage at the Branch Mint in this city this year has been very light, and this is owing, as we learn with shame from a commercial contemporary, to the want of bullion! More unblushing infamy never was more cynically advertised. Language fails to do it justice.

**The Intelligent Agriculturalists** of our State have met in solemn convocation, and have settled many most important questions. They have decided that we are to have currency. How kind of them? They have also arrived at the conclusion that they lack brains. In this we concur heartily, and on that account won't quote any more of their gassy emanations.

**One by One** the *Classic Nuisances* who rendered our infant career a life of blasphemy and woe, evaporate before the march of civilization. Two English sailors have swam the Hellespont, and Leander, supple Greek, now a sorry commonplace, may go drown him in the Styx, while Hero shall bemoan her sultriness no longer glorified by a glamour of romance.

**Mrs. Pitts-Stevens** objects to being classed among the free lovers. Poor old girl, could you not see that the *Barnacle's* reporter meant it for satire? Look in the glass, and if you can find anything approaching the loveable in your angular old mug, why, we'll swallow the looking-glass.

**"WHAT IS THE PLACARD EXCHANGE?"**

'Tis a Place where a man, if he likes to, can find  
 Anything he requires, both for body and mind;  
 If you're going a trip by the overland route,  
 You can there find the roads and the time that best suit;  
 If you want a new house, or a nice piece of land,  
 Or to draw up a bill to be paid on demand,  
 If you want a new hat, if you want some old wine,  
 If you want to inspect sample ore from a mine,  
 If you want some new linen, a necktie, or socks,  
 If you want a safe broker to buy you some stocks,  
 If you want some good ribbons, or rare kinds of lace,  
 If you want a good lawyer to fight out your case,  
 If you're anxious to buy a good watch or a chain,  
 If you've wants for the body or wants for the brain,  
 If you want a good photograph, taken like life,  
 Or begad, I believe, if you wanted a wife,  
 If you want a good doctor to cure all your ills,  
 If you want a good druggist to make up your pills,  
 If you want to know what are the new city laws,  
 You will find them all there, with each chapter and clause;  
 If you want some new matting to put on your floor,  
 If you want to know aught that concerneth this shore,  
 You can know it right there, at the Placard Exchange.  
 You can find what you want, and your business arrange,  
 Not only advertisements there you will see,  
 But things of great interest, from land and from sea;  
 Canary birds sing in their cages around,  
 And a fountain's soft ripple adds beauty to sound.  
 In fact, in a word, all these matters to tell,  
 It's the whole of the State in a simple nutshell;  
 For the man in whose brain this idea had its birth,  
 Has wandered all over the face of the earth,  
 And now to the world he says, "Come in and see,"  
 For you've nothing to pay, the admittance is free.

**THE SILENT GIFT OF MICHAEL REESE.**

We are So much Accustomed in this Community to see charity paraded and munificence coupled with ostentation, that when it was reported that Michael Reese had quietly donated a valuable library to the University of California, we confess that we doubted the fact, and, as is our wont, treated it as a joke. BUT IT IS TRUE, and to our prior opinion of Mr. Reese, as one of our shrewdest and farthest-seeing money magnates, must now be added that of a judicious giver, and, as is often the case with true generosity, a most liberal and unpretending donor. His clear judgment in business matters extends itself to the domain of intellectual culture, and the professors of the University are fully alive to the value of his gift. Therefore it is that we rejoice in our error and wish that we had many more like Michael Reese to help our young college, for there is a bright future for the University of the Pacific. It is a rising sun before which, may be ere long, the lights of Harvard, Cooper, Cambridge, etc., will wane and wax pale.

**A Gigantic Waterfall.**---A letter in the *Times* states that C. B. Brown, the surveyor to the British colony of Guiana, has, in the last of his adventurous series of journeys to the sources of the great rivers of British Guiana, discovered, from a spot near the head waters of the Massaruni, what at thirty miles distance appeared to be an immense river descending bodily from the northwestern face of the great precipice of Reraima mountain, "the attic story of the world." This extraordinary cliff is known to be 2,000 feet in height, and appears inaccessible on all sides yet surveyed. The summit is flat and of great extent. The fall is believed, on Indian authority, to belong to the Caruni river, a tributary of the Orinoco; and will be, therefore, in the territory of Venezuela. After tumbling sheer down that astonishing wall, the water rushes down a glacia of (perhaps) 3,000 feet more, at an angle which cannot be less steep than 45 degrees.

**American Girls** are certainly more independent than ours are; more accustomed to take care of themselves, think for themselves, decide for themselves; not less really domestic in their hearts, but less tied to their mother's apron-strings; franker in their speech, and more ready to tell you about themselves, their circumstances, their families. There is a kind of French verve and force about them, but there is also a Teutonic truthfulness. Then there is a nimbleness and versatility of mind, as well as a self-possession of manner, which puts a stranger at his ease from the first. Where an English girl throws the weight of the conversation on her partner, an American girl takes it up, draws him out, and perhaps chaffs him in a genial fashion, and expresses her opinion freely on all the topics that turn up.

[From the San Francisco News Letter of April 12th.]

### THE NEWS LETTER AND THE "BOARD OF REGENTS."

It is Seldom we have to apologize for anything said in the *News Letter* editorially. We are a free, independent journalist, and stick to what we say, right or wrong. But last week's issue brought us trouble from a quarter where we least expected it. We pride ourselves upon being a friend of Education, and especially of "higher education," Greek and Latin, and that sort of thing. The University of California almost owes its existence to the *News Letter*. In our last issue we said Michael Reese was insane because he gave Dr Lager's books to the University. If we had thought that the statement would damage the cause of education on this coast so much as a hair's weight, nothing could have torn the fact from our lips, though it were a thousand times true. Yet strange as it may seem, such was the result. Within half an hour after the appearance of the paper, Ralston rushed into our sanctum, his eyes almost starting from his head. "Good Heavens," he cried, speaking as usual with the Regents in Greek, "do you wish to destroy education and revive the dark ages?" We swore in Chaldeo-Syriac that we didn't. "Then go slow on Michael Reese. How are we to get money out of all of these rich old capitalists if you go after them in the *News Letter*?" We were flabbergasted, and protested in all the languages living and dead that we never meant it. "Then swear to do so no more." We swore, and he took us over to Frank's. We took gin and butters. We next met Felton. "Oh, oh," he began, in the language of Oe, which comes perfectly natural to him, "how could you, and you an educated, a scientific, a literary man?" The whole coast must suffer for this. No more benefactions from the wealthy; the University is ruined. We burst into tears, and protested again in the language of ancient Mesopotamia. "Swear," said the stern and unrelenting Felton in Arabic. We swore again, this time in Coptic, and then had more gin. While we were drinking, in came Butterworth and Dwaine, conversing together in Sanscrit, and reading the unucky article on the insanity of Michael Reese, and both scolding as if their hearts would break. They called for spirits before seeing us, but without hesitation we joined them—as we always do when we see a party of friends partaking of refreshments. It is a habit we contracted in early times. They turned their backs to avoid us, but we were resolved not to be avoided. We called for gin in the vernacular, as the bar-keeper was uneducated, and, with an apologetic air, drank the health in Chinese, or higher education, saluting both Regents at the same time, one in Greek and the other in Modoc. Butterworth answered in Hindoo, declaring that he was enraged with the injury that had just been inflicted upon the cause of education. We fell upon our knees, and besought them, in ancient Scandinavian, to stay us at once. This Dwaine, using the Welsh tongue, declined to do, and Butterworth, being now far gone in a state of maddening intoxication, was unable. While we remained kneeling and beseeching to be put out of misery, Hammond and Dr. Bowdler entered, and addressing the bar-keeper in Irish, asked for whisky punches. This was our opportunity. Sprunging lightly to our feet, we addressed the two in a brilliant quotation from Jehovah, translating it into Postowotamoc as we proceeded. Howie dearly loves that elegant author, and though angry to desperation, he forgave us at once, and we all drank together. We kept up the festivities till a late hour, and not wishing to disturb our families, all went to the Station House together in the same wheelbarrow, where we found the rest of the Regents spending the night in discussing the cause of higher education, and the probabilities of more benefaction from wealthy capitalists. For our part, as that we have said we retract, Michael Reese is not only sane, but sound in every respect. He is an educationist and a philanthropist, and the more he lives to the University the more the *News Letter* will praise him. "Good boy, Michael. Do it again."

**Canadian Finances.**—The public statement of the Canadian national finances for the year 1872 has just been made, showing receipts of \$30,714,813 1/2, and expenditures of \$27,589,468 1/2, showing a surplus of about \$3,000,000. The surplus, however, is only apparent, each Minister of Finance making it a point to exhibit a surplus at the end of the fiscal year. Since the Confederation the Government has had a surplus every year, the whole amounting to over \$40,000,000, all of which has been expended, and over \$200,000,000 was added to the national debt. To this debt there is yet to be added the Pacific Railway cost, the extra improvement loans and miscellaneous liabilities of the treasury, which will give Canada a very respectable national debt.

**At First Sight** one does not award *Smith's Magazine* the attention it deserves. It looks, at a casual glance, like a seed-man's circular, issued by one-south. But an inspection of its contents affords an extremely agreeable disappointment. It is full of bright articles on every subject that could possibly interest those whose taste has not been vitiated by the rotten rubbish circulated with such shameful freedom among us. Then one comes to the conclusion that the periodical is anomalous next from a printer's point of view. The size, too, one would say, is handsomer than the usual bulky mag., whilst the price, one dollar a year, is as reasonable as the brochure is worthy of success.

**Mr. Arthur Arnold**, the editor of the *Echo*, has been invested by the King of Greece with the Golden Cross of the Royal Order of the Savior, as a token of his Majesty's appreciation of Mr. Arnold's book, "From the Levant."

## THE BRITISH BUDGET.

That Great Financier, Robert Lowe, has exceeded himself. The financial exhibit of Great Britain for the past year is most flattering and satisfactory. Most flattering to the Chancellor of the Exchequer's able keeping of the public chest and most satisfactory to the people, who, although they have established a prestige for general grumbling, belong to the most uncomplaining nation (in the matter of taxation) on the face of the earth. Occasionally a very heavy straw is kicked at by that patient camel, the English people, but so used are they to taxes on this and taxes on that, that if the "other thing" escapes taxation there is joy in the insular camp. At present both Houses are in high good humor, and the people furnish a jovial reflex, which even the *Alabama* claims or the late rains cannot dim. On Monday, the 7th, the floors of the House of Commons were crammed with members and their friends, while standing room was at a premium in the spectators' gallery. More than a whisper had gone abroad that the budget was tied with rose-colored ribbon, and this, coupled with the knowledge that members were to enjoy the Easter holidays after the reading was over, threw a perceptible air of general good will towards man over the benches, which extended even along those of the Opposition. At last the red and white head of the Chancellor rose above his fellows. A great cheer went through the House, and in a clear, high pitched voice, the reading of the Budget was begun. Of it, these are the principal items: Finances for the year ending March 31, 1873—grants by Parliament, £71,881,000, and expenditures, £70,714,000; estimated revenue, £71,846,000; actual revenue, £76,608,775; present national debt, £785,800,000; reduction of debt during the year, £6,861,000. Estimates for the year ending March 31, 1874—Expenditures, £71,871,000, being a decrease from last year, notwithstanding the enhanced price of coal, £10,000; estimated revenue, £76,617,000. The balance on hand at the end of the year was close upon £12,000,000. So much for actual statements, which, it is needless to say, were received with the loudest acclamations. But Mr. Lowe had kept the good wine until the last. The House was actually taken by storm, and quiet, sleepy old stagers even, tilted their hats back from the bridges of their noses to see what Bobby was after now. This same Bobby coolly informed "honorable members" that the Government was enabled to propose a reduction of 50 per cent. in the duty on sugar, and to take off a penny from the tax on incomes. These proposals, if adopted by Parliament, would change the estimates to the following figures: Revenue, £73,762,000; expenditure, £73,471,000. Thus a heavy payment would be met by a large reduction made in the taxes, and a satisfactory surplus shown. These proposals were punctuated in an arbitrary manner by the frequent bursts of applause which went at it *crescendo*, when he moved, in accordance with the recommendation contained in the Budget, that the income tax be reduced one penny on the pound. Of course there was a ripple and swirl of criticism from the discontents, chief among which were the remarks of Sir Wilfrid Lawson, who said that the Government held on to the malt and spirit taxes, and it was evident that habitual drunkards were the sheet anchor of the British constitution, while tetchy Mr. Fawcett complained of what he termed the cowardly way of Parliament paying the *Alabama* claims by borrowing from the income tax, and from the sugar and other duties. It is hardly necessary, however, to state that the Budget was approved *pro forma*, and the House individually and collectively crushed its hat over its beaming face, and were home for the holidays, with the happy consciousness that John Bull was not yet bankrupt, gave the penny indiscriminately to beggars, and allowed, with a true parliamentary qualification, that worse men than Robert Lowe, Esq., had kept the strings of John Bull's purse.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

**Jack**—Our dog, your namesake, was, as you state, given to us by the late Emperor of China, as some slight recognition of our services to the world at large. You are wrong, however, in his pedigree. He was not sired by an elephant out of an alligator, but by a lion out of a dromedary. He is only forty years old.

**English Vet.**—A first-class man, a regularly educated English Vet, would do well here, but if you are doing well where you are, stay.

**Sophy**—Of course we have a reporter from Hades, but he doesn't as you suppose, light his cigar with the tip of his tail. He uses pure pump water for that purpose.

**Paul Pry**—You are wrong. Bishop Kip did not write those clever articles signed "The Parson," that appeared in this paper.

The *Journal Officiel* announces that a sum of 279,000,000 francs has recently been paid to the German Government by France. Of this amount 129,000,000 francs were for interest from March 1, 1872, to March 1, 1873, and 150,000,000 francs on account of the fourth milliard of the indemnity. The total sum now paid towards the fourth milliard is 500,000,000 francs.

In New York Glass-Lined Iron Pipes are being used to convey water. The friction is lessened, the pipes are always clean, and the water is kept pure. Between the glass and iron is a layer of plaster of Paris, which, being a non-conductor of heat, prevents the water from freezing in the winter.





day, piloting his wife and three daughters along the path, every one of them ready to faint with delight whenever a streak of blue, light or dark was seen, and ready to believe that anything, from a coal-barge to a wherry, was the Oxford or Cambridge boat. Blue was certainly the prevailing color the day I was at Putney, a stiff nor-easter tinting the noses of all present fashionably and impartially. I wonder why people will go, and stand about a cold river bank for hours, in hopes of seeing something or other, they don't exactly know what. For the matter of that, though, I wonder why I went myself, and as I must plead guilty of being as big a fool as any one else there, I'd better get on to another subject.

You have of course all heard how Mr. Plimsoll, M. P., has exploded the rotten-ship dodge, and how Parliamentary committees are some day going to prevent our sailors from being insured for the express purpose of drowning. There can be no doubt that many ship-owners in Liverpool are bitterly disappointed when their ships weather the gale; and what to them are the lives of a few miserable, common sailors? But the most remarkable part of the arrangement is that the underwriters, who are, next to the sailors, the greatest ostensible victims, are most annoyed at Mr. Plimsoll's interference. One of them said to me the other day, "We're perfectly aware of all this, and we speculate accordingly. You don't suppose, do you, that there would be a quarter the present underwriting if none but sound ships were allowed to go to sea. The present system pays us both." And I suppose we must all live—all but the sailors, I mean.

City circles have been rather lively lately, Messrs. Lizardi, Warren & Co. having in their several ways done much to promote interesting conversation. It must not be told in Gath—which for the nonce will represent Threadneedle street—but there can be little doubt that the £12,000 sterling bail of Lizardi was arranged to the satisfaction of the bailiffs. Lizardi is said to be a nephew of the widow of Marshal Prim, and it is also said that this lady will square all defalcations. I might with some little persuasion and a pinch or two of salt be brought to believe the first part of the rumor, but when it comes to the second, I must say, with Mr. Samuel Weller, "Walker!" The Warren forgeries are marvelous specimens of imitative calligraphy. Regarding the escape of the forgers from the police, I need say nothing, no ability being necessary to put our officers off the scent, unless, indeed, they are on that of the wrong man.

Talking of American smartness reminds me that we have here a rumor of a novelty that could only have its origin over your side. That is, if it is true. I allude to the Placard Exchange, where everybody is to find, or find the way to, everything he or she may want; where customers will find advertisements, and advertisers customers; where every one will meet every one else, and talk about everything; where all the news of the world will be summarized, to the delight of the lazy, the rapture of the busy, and the stimulus of the industrious reader; where any one requiring information of any kind will be sure to get it; and where, in short, all people going into the town of San Francisco will find whatever they will want while there, and all people leaving the same town will find whatever they may be likely to want while away. All this seems so possible and so easy to do with good management, and it also offers such great advantages to the public within its reach, that I'm bound to believe it's a delusion. For here, the mere fact of anything being at once necessary, good and easy of accomplishment, is sufficient to stop it at once.

All who read anything about England are possibly aware that Herbert Crellin, a well-known London actor, is awaiting his trial on a charge of stealing jewelry, though nothing appears in the indictment about his also stealing Mrs. Brown, who wore the jewelry. The law under which this amorous youth will be tried seems expressly framed in the interests of husbands. It would hardly be possible to elope with a lady in the costume which the law allows her in her own right, and to take her otherwise involves prosecution. This may be very virtuous, but it seems rather mean. Mrs. Brown was possibly, owing to the plethora of Browns, also a Miss Brown, and her father is the Brown who is the proprietor of a large silk and linen drapery establishment—perhaps the largest in London—known as Shoolbred's. She is young and pretty, and, what is more, has £4,000 in her own right, with expectations. Some years ago she had, when quite a child, an adventure with that brilliant and original humorist, Mr. Howard Paul, who, however, wriggled out of the mess with characteristic alertness. Crellin is one of three brothers, two of whom are singers, and all three were known in "the profession" as the lady-killers. They were, I believe, warranted to ensnare at dress-circle distance. Their family name is Stanley, but Herbert became Crellin; Frank adopted the Italian patronymic of Celli, under which he now warbles at the Alhambra, and the other flourishes aristocratically as Carlton. Should Crellin be found guilty, it will be hot for him, as it is rumored that old Bodkin will sit on purpose to make a fearful example, as the tectotalers say. And while Crellin is picking oakum, the poor lady will be making love to some more fortunate actor.

The advent of Mark Twain and Bret Harte is anxiously anticipated here, and in Liverpool publishers' touts and lecture-hall messengers are lying actively in wait—if the contradictory term is admissible—for the great San Franciscan. I believe they board every incoming ship like pirates, each armed with a portrait of Bret Harte and an unsigned agreement. Twain is not in such great demand, many people here being under the impression, since Mr. Howard Paul published "The Jumping Frog" as his own, that Samuel Clemens is a delusion and a sham. I think so, too, for though I met Twain several times when he was here last year, and talked much to him, I never heard him say anything I couldn't have said myself, if I had only happened to think of it.

## SINGULAR BREACH OF PROMISE CASE.

**The Most Curious Love Letter Ever Penned.**—At the Manchester (England) assizes, recently, Miss Elizabeth Roderick, sought to recover from a Mr. Charles Wood damages for breach of promise of marriage. Mr. Addison appeared for plaintiff; defendant was not present either in person or by counsel. Plaintiff, who is thirty-one years of age, was forewoman to Mr. Abraham Marshall, pickle manufacturer, Hulme, and was introduced to defendant, who is manager of the Bury Brewery Company, in July. Defendant is forty-one years of age, and in August he proposed marriage to plaintiff. He was accepted, and the wedding day was fixed for October 22d. The ring was bought and the banns put up, and a day was appointed when plaintiff and defendant should go together to buy the wedding dress. Defendant, however, did not appear on the day named, and plaintiff subsequently went to see him, when he showed her a letter which he said was from a lady who had been proposed to him as his wife by the friends of his late wife, he being a widower. He added that he did not care for this lady, and wanted nobody but plaintiff. The letter was as follows:

MANCHESTER. *My dear Charles:* At last, after considering the matter over, and gathering the fragments of my heart together, I once more sit down to write to you. I said I should see you this week, but I know full well you do not care whether you see me or not. Alas, for man's love, how soon it can change! What a few short weeks can bring forth! Do you think for a moment that I shall strink from you? No; I shall stand true to the last. I have too much woman's pride in me for that; and see you again I will if it costs me my life, for what is life when hopes are blighted? I can very well repeat the words of the old play where it says—

"She never told her love,  
But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,  
Feed on her damask cheek; she pined in thought,  
And with a green and yellow melancholy  
She sat like patient on a monument,  
Smiling at grief."

You men say more, swear more, prove much in your words, but very, very little in your love. I fancy to myself when you get this note you will wish the devil had me; but, on the other hand, it is not so with me. I am longing to see you, to hear of your welfare, and proud I shall be to hear of one whom I hope and pray may study your happiness in all things; but, my dear fellow, don't be in too big a hurry. Remember the old saying, that nothing ought to be done in a hurry, only catching flees. Take care, you are on the top of the mountain now, and your foot might slip, and you might come down with a tremendous crash. There are cleverer men than you are have done so, and repented a life-time, all through the heat of a moment. Beware—beware. But, good heavens! what am I talking about? You may at this present time be married. I have no doubt you think me mad, but if so I hope I shall have sense enough left at least to guide me to Bury on Sunday, as I think it will be the best day. If you have another engagement, put it off; you can surely disappoint your lady-love for once. What better is she than me to bear a disappointment? Am I something beneath her, the woman whom you have known for so many years and profess to respect and love, and can't make it convenient to see her for fear of offending the new one? But, good God, what have I brought myself to, to bend as I am doing? But I suppose it is my fate, and I must submit. All things worketh together for our own good to them that believe; if so, it is heaven's dispensation, and I must submit. I shall come by 'bus that leaves here at 11. If this does not meet your approbation, your son can drop me a line. You once told me he wrote all your business letters; if so, regard this as such. But I shall take it for granted if you keep silent; but use your pleasure; if your love will not let you come, let not my letter. Bury will be there, so will Whyndham-street; but your presence is all I require. My best love for your health and happiness is the wish of your discarded lady-love,  
POLLY.

Can I forget the hours of bliss  
That I have spent with thee?  
Can I forget the parting kiss  
That sealed my faith to thee?

Can I forget that fond, fond sigh,  
That breathed my last adieu?  
My hand, my heart was all alone  
But for the thought of you.

The next that plaintiff heard of defendant was that he had furnished a house and married the writer of this letter. Plaintiff was called, and stated that defendant had told her his salary was £2 per week. It was well known amongst the workpeople at the place where she was employed that she was engaged to defendant, and she had suffered much in body and mind from the comments which had been made on the breaking off of the marriage.

Mr. Addison contended that the promise and the breach of it had been clearly proved, and that defendant had treated plaintiff with heartless cruelty. The judge, in summing up, said the only question for the jury was the amount of damages. The jury returned a verdict for plaintiff—damages £60.

**The Wine Trade Review** says that the number of houses and drinking booths for the sale of spirituous liquors having of late years increased in a most alarming degree at St. Petersburg—from 800 in 1862 to more than 5,000 in 1872—the Russian Government are now considering the best means of preventing the further spreading of this social evil; and it is proposed to place the public-houses under control of the police, and sensibly diminish their number.



### Court Chat.

**The Duke of Hamilton's Birthday.**—The twenty-eighth anniversary of the birthday of his Grace the Duke of Hamilton was, as usual, celebrated at Chateaubault recently with much *éclat*. The weather was of the most auspicious nature, and tended greatly to the success of the day's proceedings. There was a very large assemblage of the keepers and other persons employed on the estate, along with their friends. Shortly before mid-day, Stewart S. Robertson, Esq., junior, of Lawhead, chamberlain to his grace, appeared on the ground, and in a few appropriate remarks proposed the health of the Duke. A salute of twenty-eight guns was fired from the heights above Chateaubault, and then, after a short interval, another gun as a welcome-in to his grace's twenty-ninth year. Field and national sports were then gone into and kept up during the afternoon with great spirit. Dancing to the strains of the pipes was kept up till evening, when the sports were also ended. Altogether, the day's enjoyments were of a high order, and will long be remembered.

**The Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty** have given notice to such Lieutenants in Her Majesty's Navy, and to such Lieutenants of the Royal Navy, retired with the rank of Commander, as are desirous of being recommended for the appointment of Naval Knights of Windsor, under the will of the late Samuel Travers, Esq., that they must apply at the office, either personally or by letter, on or before the 30th day of April, when they will be informed of the nature of the certificates and testimonials which are required to show that they come within the meaning of the will, an extract from which is herewith appended: "These gentlemen are to be superannuated or disabled Lieutenants of English men-of-war, single men, without children, inclined to lead a virtuous, studious and devout life. To be removed if they give occasion of scandal. By the Act 30 and 31 Vic., cap. 100, widowers are deemed single men within the meaning of the will in question."

**Lord Yarmouth** has definitely yielded to the general request that he would become one of the Conservative candidates for the Southern Division of Warwick. It will be remembered that at the Stratford banquet his lordship expressed his willingness to contest the seat if an available candidate was forthcoming for the county of Antrim, which he has now the honor of representing. All obstacles to his lordship's candidature are now removed, and Lord Yarmouth and Sir J. E. Eardley Wilmot, Bart., will be the Conservative candidates for South Warwickshire, and from the strength of the party there is the best reason for believing that they will be returned by a decisive majority.

**The Cabinet** of the new King of the Sandwich Islands consists of four gentlemen. Mr. Bishop, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, head of a banking house, was born in the State of New York, but has been twenty-five years in the islands. Mr. Hall, the Minister of the Interior, is also a New Yorker, but has been in the island thirty-seven years. Mr. Sterling, the Minister of Finance, is a native of Scotland; he came from Vancouver Island to Honolulu in 1862, and is the only member of the late King's Cabinet continued in office. Mr. Judd, the Attorney-General, the only "native" in the Cabinet, is of American parentage, and went to Yale College and Cambridge Law School, returning to Honolulu in 1863.

**Cardinal Mazarin** was dictating one day a letter to his Secretary. The latter, overcome with incessant work, fell asleep, and the Cardinal continued dictating while pacing up and down his study. When he had come to the conclusion, he turned toward his Secretary saying, "End as usual." He then perceived that the first lines of the letter only were written. The Cardinal was very partial to that Secretary, and treated him as a father. To wake him he gave him a box on the ear. The Secretary, in a fury, returned the blow. The Cardinal, without showing the least emotion, said coolly, "Now, sir, as we are both wide awake, let us proceed with the letter."

**The Following Witty Bit** has been revived and placed to the credit of the Marquis of Hartington, while discussing his political claims, *apropos* of the late embroglio. At the banquet celebrating the laying of the foundation stone of the new Northern Counties Asylum, at Lancaster, Lord de Tabley and a host of people were present. The Marquis of Hartington replied to the toast of the House of Commons, and said: "I have heard the House of Commons associated with many singular institutions in this country, but the present is the first occasion on which I have heard of its being connected with an asylum for the protection of imbeciles and idiots."

**A Worthy English Baronet** was lately returning home in the evening from a visit, and found his seat in the dog-cart rather colder than he expected. His coachman, being attired in his livery greatcoat, was desired by his master to let him put it on and to take his lighter one, as he would not feel the cold so much. On the baronet's arrival at home and ringing the bell, the footman on opening the door, and without looking to see who was in the greatcoat, says: "So you have left the old Devil behind?" "No," exclaims the baronet; "the old Devil is here, and he gives you a month's warning!"

**A Novel**, by the Princess Mathilde Bonaparte, entitled *La Dame a la Rubine*, will shortly be published. This novel, it is said, was laid before M. Prosper Merimee some time before his decease.



**March 22d** being the anniversary of the birthday of her Royal Highness Princess Louise (Marchioness of Lorne), the band of the Royal Horse Guards, under the direction of Mr. Charles Godfrey, serenaded under the windows of her Royal Highness in the morning, and performed the following selection of music: "The Crown Diamond," Anber; Walzer, "Morning Leaves," Strauss; Selection, "Don Pasquale," Donizetti; Waltz, "Princess Louise," C. Godfrey (dedicated by special permission to her Royal Highness); "God Save the Queen."

**Cabinet Government in Persia!** Such is the burden of a firman published in the *Official Teheran Gazette* and telegraphed from Constantinople. The Shah orders his Grand Vizier, who is henceforth to be the Prime Minister of Persia, to commence without delay the formation of a responsible Ministry, who, in the absence as yet of a Parliament, are to meet twice a week in Cabinet Council and to discuss regularly-drawn-up orders of the day. The Ministry is to consist of nine members, the head of departments being responsible to the Grand Vizier, and he to the Shah.

**Senor Castelar** has published a decree abolishing the Order *Illos-dalgo* of the nobility of Madrid. To-day, he says, there are no distinctions of families or castes. All men are born in the plenitude of their rights, and enter at their birth a society which recognizes these rights, and a State which assures them with all its authority and strength. Consequently, all institutions which do not faithfully represent the democratic spirit of the times fall of themselves.

**The Journal des Debats** recently contained an article from the pen of M. John Lemoine on the ministerial crisis in England, in which the writer states that the defeat of Mr. Gladstone is due principally to the influence of the Pope. "From the palace," says M. Lemoine, "which he calls a prison, the Pope has just shaken the most solid Government in Europe and overthrown the greatest Minister England ever had."

**We Understand** that the Committee of the Reform Club, acting under the rule which empowers them to elect annually two distinguished members of the Liberal party as honorary members, have this year unanimously elected as one of these members Lord Odo Russell, Her Majesty's Ambassador at Berlin.

**A Daring Lady Traveler.**—Intelligence has reached Gibraltar from Malaga, that Lord and Lady Francis Conyngham, traveling overland from Mozador to Tangier, arrived safely at Azmir on the 24th March. Lady Francis is said to be the first lady who has undertaken such a journey in Morocco.

**The Death** is announced of Albert, Count of Bernstorff, German Ambassador to the Court of Great Britain. The Count was born March 22d, 1800, and after studying at the celebrated universities of Göttingen and Berlin, adopted the diplomatic profession, and represented Prussia at all the Courts of Europe successively.

**The Withdrawal** of "the three right honorables" from the fair scene at the Court Theater, at the instigation of the Lord Chamberlain, was rather ominous. It has very prettily preceded, by a few hours, the withdrawal of the same gentlemen from the theater of the House of Commons. Whatever attractions there were in Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Lowe and Mr. Ayrton at the Court Theater, it does not appear from the crowded state of the theater that their appearance with appropriate "get up" is very much missed. How will it be at the other place? Will any one weep for the return of the First Commissioner of Works or the Chancellor of the Exchequer? For them, at least, it must be unfortunate, for they can hardly expect to play the same parts again. Mr. Gladstone is, perhaps, not likely to be discarded as leader until he withdraws himself. We may be sure, however, that all three will appear in new "make-up" to the left instead of the right of the Speaker. This might suggest a change at the Court Theater that would not be offensive to the Lord Chamberlain.

**A Landlord's Ten Commandments.**—The proprietor of a hotel at Denison, a town at the southern terminus of the Missouri, Kansas and Texas Railway, thus makes a new and irreverent edition of the Ten Commandments:

1. Thou shalt drink and eat at no house but mine, lest thou be called a barbarian.
2. Thou shalt not make unto thyself any bitters, or any likeness to anything that is spiritual, for I am a jealous man, visiting all sorts of iniquity upon those who never visit me, but treating kindly those that love me and keep my commandments.
3. Thou shalt not take the name of my house in vain.
4. Six times a day shalt thou drink.
5. Three times a day shalt thou eat.
6. Thou shalt use no profane language in my house.
7. Thou shalt not steal off and eat or drink in any house but mine.
8. Honor the best hotel in the city, that thy days may be long in this land.
9. I will not credit.
10. Thou shalt not bear false witness against the proprietor, but "smile" with him and pay for all you get.

**A State of Happiness**—before marriage. **A state of misery**—after marriage.

ARISE !

Arise, dear maid, the sun has flushed	Now thro' thy chamber window wades
The east with rosy light ;	The sunlight to thy face,
The birds are now no longer hushed,	Because it could not, queen of maids !
As in the starry night.	Be in a sweeter place !
Thou mayst be dreaming of the past,	Ah ! through thy glossy curls it goes,
Or joys long dead and gone ;	And o'er thy bosom slips,
Too rare and beautiful to last,	But first it fell as on a rose,
My own, my lovely one !	Thy red and dainty lips.
But sleep no more this morn,	Then sleep no more this morn,
Unclose thine eyes ;	Unclose thine eyes ;
And leave me not forlorn,	And leave me not forlorn,
Arise ! arise !	Arise ! arise !

PERSECUTED PILGRIMS.

There is a Certain Class of Society but little known out of its own ranks, or beyond the narrow circle of its usefulness. This is the lower class of poets, painters and comedians, all gifted, to a different degree, with talents of mind and physique, but yet deficient in some quality or means by which they can rise to the upper and more independent circle, so much despised and yet so much envied by them. Whence, then, this deficiency ? We will first listen to their version of the matter, and then weigh the causes of their non-success.

A. B. began life in a very humble position, working at small jobs until old enough to venture out into the world, and receiving, as he himself says, "just a bit of education," for though a thoroughly sincere man, we believe that "Alma Mater" and he are quite unknown to each other. Yet, strange to say, A. B. has devoted his late years to poetry, and tells us that if poets were patronized as they should be, he would be making a fortune, but publishers and the public are an ignorant, despotic set, and destroy talented people, etc. Poor moth, think we, in return for this hard statement, why hast thou taken this "pendant" for the blaze of light, which has done nothing to thee but singe thy wings, and we inwardly wish that A. B. had stuck to his "last" instead of trying to get into the good graces of the public, which we despair of his ever attaining.

C. D. was brought up by rich parents, nursed in the lap of luxury and taught to believe himself a "genius." His father's death, followed by ruin and its attendant evils, forced him to take up a profession, and as his fate would unfortunately direct him, he became a painter. Years and months has he struggled, so he tells us, to obtain that distinction which his talents deserve, but alas ! there has been a "dead" opposition on the part of the public to his style, and though they cannot avoid expressing their admiration for his pictures, yet the prices offered are so low that he prefers to let them remain in his "studio" for the "coming day of the future," and whilst we sincerely sympathize with him, we express the hope that his harvest may be soon at hand, though we leave him with heavy doubts in our minds on the subject.

E. F. is a man of a different type from our former acquaintances. His life has been ever on the change—mountebank, conjuror, acrobat, and now theatrical artist. Who can tell of the crimes committed (on the stage, of course) by this weird spirit, yet his jolly, rubicund face looks in day time anything but an assassin's. We inwardly say, this friend surely has none of this world's troubles to tell us. Alas ! his story is even worse than the others ! He tells us tales which "harrow up the soul," shows us what a poor, evanescent thing popularity has become, and that real talent is now unknown on the stage ; managers, actors and public making the theater a fine business—all piece work, badly executed and worse paid for. We leave him, exclaiming in "Hamlet's" words—

"The times are out of joint. Oh cursed spite,  
That we should ever live to see them right."

Thus, then, we have before us examples of three pilgrims on the road of life wearily treading their way, and we can only ask, "Are these men fully adapted for the professions they have chosen ? If A. B. had changed places with E. F., and E. F. with C. D., would the world have benefited ? We fear not, for in each case the deficiency lies in the want of education as well as native adaptability. That "Poeta nascitur non fit" is an accepted axiom in present days, will prove the fault of their having chosen professions wholly unsuitable to their capabilities ; hence the cold reception given them by the public, whose motto, "success is merit," awaits only those who are clever and able enough to insure it, and we conclude in the well-known words—

"'Tis not in mortals to command success,  
But we'll do more, deserve it."

**Legend Regarding Shetland Wool.**—A curious historical legend is connected with the Shetland wool. Three hundred years ago a man-of-war belonging to the Spanish Armada was wrecked on one of the islands. The sailors who escaped taught the natives to make brilliant dyes from roots which they found, resembling those used for like purposes in Spain. Those persons who now wear bright Shetland knit "comforters" are unconsciously wearing mementoes of the failure of the Invincible fleet, which sailed forth to awe if not conquer Queen Bess, but met with a disastrous defeat from the elements.

**American Emigration Agents** always represent Canada as a cold, barren, and unproductive wilderness, yet it is a well established fact that wheat, barley, peas and root crops are produced in Canada superior to the same kind of crops raised in any part of the United States east of the Rocky Mountains. Canada also excels in dairy products, cattle and sheep, and in raising some kinds of fruits, such as apples and plums, which are far better than those raised in any part of the neighboring Republic. The cold along the southern range of settlement in Western Canada—we suppose we ought to call it Central Canada now—is less severe than in Northern New York, the northern portion of the frontier States of New England, and the northwestern portion of the United States; and, in addition, the climate is much more salubrious and bracing than in any part of the United States. These facts should be fully represented by our emigrant agents in Europe.—*Ottawa Citizen*.

**A Description of the New Armor Ship** just completed for the French Government at Lorient gives the idea that this is an extremely formidable vessel. It is called L'Espadon (the Sword Fish); it has two powerful engines which give it a great speed; it steers so well that it turns within the distance of its own length; it has a spherical deck scarcely above water, and armed with numerous tubes by which the deck can be swept from stem to stern with scalding steam; it has a ram of steel  $7\frac{1}{2}$  feet long and 12 inches thick; and it has one gun with a range of 8,000 yards, mounted on a low tower in the center of the ship. The French say that with this ship they can sink anything now afloat—but that assertion remains to be proved. And if they prove it, it will only show that they are greater than supposed in the art of sinking.

**Patriotic Germans** pass their lives in a morbid dread of foreign innovations. The warfare against the use of French is as bitter, if not as active, as in the days of Lessing and Goethe. There is something pitiful about this incessant and ostentatious defence of home products, but the most amusing fact is that in respect to all those matters which custom and not law regulates it is utterly futile. Play-bills, restaurant cards, *menus* of private dinners, are often half, and in the case of the last-named all, French—not such French, perhaps, as a Parisian would recognize, but good enough to establish the rule. At regular intervals the journals open a campaign against the admixture of French on the programmes, but without much success. For a long time no ballet even at the Royal Opera will be complete without *pas de cinq* on the bill.

**It is Estimated by M. H. Busson** that there are nearly 18,100 miles (English) of railways in Europe, which have cost a gross total of 424 millions sterling, apportioned as follows: The United Kingdom, 7,670 miles, costing about 264½ millions; France, 2,519 millions, 64 millions; Prussia, 2,370 miles, 26½ millions; Germany (various States), 2,175 miles, 21 millions; Austria, 1,490 miles, 15 millions; Russia, 712 miles, 11½ millions; Belgium, 560 miles, 10 millions; Italy, Sardinia, and other States, 610 miles, 11½ millions.

**Mr. Morley, M.P.**, recently presided at a breakfast at the Cannon-street Hotel, at which a testimonial, amounting to more than £5,800, was presented to the Rev. Dr. Moffat, who, for over half a century, had represented the London Missionary Society in the interior of Africa. An address to the Rev. gentleman was read by the Rev. Dr. Binney, in which a hope was expressed that the guest of the day might be permitted to see, and welcome to his native country, his distinguished son-in-law, Dr. Livingstone.

**An Engraving** is being executed from a work by a young American artist of the two principal characters at the Charing Cross Theater—Mr. J. S. Clarke as "Bob Acres," and Mrs. Stirling as "Mrs. Malaprop." Another picture of less pretensions has just been brought out in lithography, representing the famous but now suppressed "can-can" at the Court Theater, with portraits of the three Cabinet Ministers who were personated therein.

"**The China Directory for 1873**," published at the *China Mail Office*, Hongkong, has reached us through Mr. Street, of Cornhill, London. In addition to a complete Directory for China and Japan, this publication contains Directories for the Philippine Islands, Saigon, Bangkok, Borneo, and Labuan, together with an Appendix, in which may be found information of much value to those interested in the Far East.

**Upwards of a Year Ago**, forty-five members of the Edinburgh and Leith constabulary left for Hongkong. A letter has recently been received from one of the men, in which it is stated that all the forty-five are getting along tolerably well, enjoying good health, and with fair prospects before them. The writer adds, "Another new draft of men coming from Scotland to Hongkong can rely upon getting a hearty welcome from us."

**A Correspondent of the Manchester Examiner** says the Earl of Dudley has forty pits, each yielding 400 tons of coals daily, thus showing a day's output to be 16,000 tons, which at the lowest price, 8s., shows a daily profit of £3,200, a week's £19,200, or a yearly sum of £391,400. But the pit price for engine coal only has been 28s. per ton, and all is not engine coal, so he shows a grand total profit of £4,992,000 per annum, and a margin left for what is called burgy and slack.

[ From the San Francisco News Letter. ]

**MISS COLLINS' MIRACULOUS CRUCIFIXION.**

**Dear News Letter:** It is with extreme reluctance that I again emerge from my sacred retirement at the little chapel at The Oaks, and present myself once more before the public through the columns of your truly religious journal. I am only induced to do so to prevent the perpetration of a great fraud upon some of our most worthy fellow-citizens. The event to which I refer, is the cropping out in the Catholic Church of the phenomenon known as Modern Spiritualism, through one Miss Collins as a media. That the phenomenon occurred nearly as represented I can fully understand and readily believe, as I have witnessed hundreds of instances where the manifestations were much more startling than those witnessed in the case of Miss Collins, produced by perfectly natural causes, too. What I, as a progressive clergyman, object to, is that the Catholic Church should steal the stock in trade of the Spiritualists, and dress it up in the old, wornout, threadbare garments of superstition, and present it to the world as a miraculous manifestation from a divine source, simply because the phenomenon occurred in the upper circle of a narrow and bigoted religion. The world has arrived at that stage of progression when the people demand to be told the truth; and priests and laymen who seek to be teachers and leaders of the masses, must be prepared to back up their assertions by positive evidence that will reach the understanding of mankind, or their statements will not be believed. The average mind to-day is educated above a belief in the truth of such miraculous tales as Jack the Giant Killer, Gulliver's Travels, the Seven League Boots, Aladdin and the Wonderful Lamp, the Immaculate Conception, the making a world from nothing, Elijah ascending to heaven without dying, Christ rising after being dead three days, *Æsop's Fables*, Baron Munchausen, or any other old sailor yarn spun out in a dog-watch.

The fact of Miss Collins being in a trance or comatose state, is not strange or uncommon in itself, and is only made remarkable by being clothed by a Catholic priest in a supernatural night-gown and presented to the world by the daily papers in large type. The case of Miss Collins is only one of hundreds which I have witnessed in the bosom of the Church when I was Father Confessor in a Convent on the banks of the Mississippi. Any occurrence that helped to prop up the moldering walls of our Church, we taught the nuns to believe was a miracle, wrought by the Virgin Mary or some pet Saint. Any manifestation that militated against our desires, we called the working of the devil, and they swallowed it all as gospel. When I threw off the cloak of Catholicism and walked into the great world, I met the same old superstition in a new dress and a different name. It was called Spiritualism, yet through the cheap disguise I easily recognized my old acquaintance. Since then I have seen many of these miraculous spiritual phenomena. They are as old as the human race and no more mysterious than the origin of man, and he who accounts for either may successfully keep a hotel or run a daily paper. The representation of the Crucifixion through Miss Collins is no more wonderful than what occurs at the Little Chapel every day, and little or no note taken of it. For instance, during Lent, as the readers of the *News Letter* will remember, I lost two very dear friends, the Judge and Azure-Eyed Girl. Three days after death they both appeared at The Oaks. The Azure-Eyed Girl walked into my bed-room, arrayed in a beautiful crown of pale silver stars encircling her ethereal brow. Do you think I believed she was dead? Not a bit of it. She was playing the old thing on me.

The ghost of the Judge rather staggered me. He sailed in, looking as serene as a bivalve on a spring-tide, and went straight for the side-board and took a drink, but when I saw Cutter's best remained untouched, I knew it was a lie, for my legal friend would never have passed that bottle of whisky, dead or alive, or left a drop behind him. Still the occurrence was witnessed by myself and three thousand others, who are ready to make affidavits to the facts. Another case: a man by the name of Haynes called at The Oaks and went into a trance or comatose state, and said he was Tom Hyer. He let fly his left, planted a stunner on the bridge of my nose, and straightened me out in a jiffy. The only miracle I saw was that I was not robbed before he came out of the trance. Another case: a young girl by the name of Spunk collapsed at our class meeting and said she was Dr. Kane, from the polar regions; his influence froze her as stiff as an iceberg in four minutes. It took me an hour to thaw her out with hot punch, when I discovered the cheat. My dear *News Letter*, the whole thing is just this: When a fellow dies he loses his *own* carcass, and when he comes back, and wishes to say or do anything, not having a corporal shell of his own, he is obliged to snatch up any sensitive organization that he finds lying around loose, lay their mind at rest, then bringing his will power to bear on the delicate network of their passive brain, he is enabled to present any appearance or express any idea he may desire. The same thing is done every day by many persons before either has "shuffled off this mortal coil," and while in perfect health, but it is no miracle, and is not considered very remarkable. Your humble servant, the Parson, has put many persons in the peculiar state referred to, and they have said and done things much more startling than those performed by Miss Collins, and if any of the religious lights of the day will call at The Oaks, the Parson will show them how it is done, and not charge them a cent.

Yours, in terror,

THE PARSON.

*The Oaks, April, 1873.*

**The Daughter of the Late Sir Henry Bishop**, lately applied to Sir R. Carden for assistance to join her son in San Francisco, she being in reduced circumstances. Sir Robert opened a subscription for the purpose.



## GUENDOLEN.

She is so fair, I thought, so dear and fair!  
 Maidenly beautiful from head to feet,  
 With pensive profile delicate and sweet,  
 And Titian's color in her sunny hair,  
 So fair, I thought, rejoicing even to note  
 The little flexible, transparent wrist,  
 The purple of the gold clasped amethyst  
 That glittered at her white and slender throat:  
 The tiny ear, curled like a rosy shell:  
 The gentle splendor of the wide brown eyes,  
 Deep, lustrous, tender, clear as morning skies:  
 The full, sad lips—the voice that like a bell  
 Rang thrilling with a music sweet and wild,  
 High, airy-pure as fluting of the fays,  
 Or bird-notes in the early summer days,  
 And joyous as the laughter of a child.  
 Dearest, has heaven aught to give thee more?  
 I thought the while I watched her changing face,  
 Heard her fine tones and marked her gesture's grace,—  
 Yea, one more gift is left, all gifts before.  
 We go our separate ways on earth, and pain,  
 God's shaping chisel, waits us as the rest,  
 With nobler charm thy beauty to invest,  
 And make thee lovelier ere we meet again.

## THE GRAVE OF NAPOLEON III.

Prince Louis Napoleon went to Oxford on March 17, on a visit to Prince Leopold at Wyckham House. His Imperial Highness, according to the French law, attained his majority on Sunday, being then seventeen years of age. There were no rejoicings at Chiselhurst, and the Prince has returned to his studies at Woolwich. Some particulars are sent to the papers by a correspondent at Chiselhurst: "Visitors to the little chapel across the common, we are told, are generally surprised to find that the modest tomb of the once powerful Emperor remains, except for the fresh garlands which living hands have deposited at its shrine, precisely as it was left by the band of mourners on January 15. The coffin, covered with its costly and magnificently embroidered pall, still rests in full view of the congregation within its arched and barred recess, a part of the sacristy, which, taken as it were into the interior of the chapel, constitutes the whole structure of the Emperor's mausoleum. The heap of wreaths and immortelles laid upon and around the coffin at the funeral remain as they were placed, and look almost as fresh as ever; but many others have since been added, and almost daily new garlands and bouquets arrive from all directions, and are either hung upon the already heavily laden railings, or are laid upon the pavement at the entrance to the tomb. The black velvet banner of the Paris *ouvroirs* stands on one side, amid a pile of flowers, surmounted by the Imperial eagle covered with crape; and amongst the most recent offerings is a large and elaborately worked garland of colored beads—a work of art presented by the workpeople of Paris. The chapel itself has been entirely denuded of the mourning habiliments, and the congregation see the place as it was before the Emperor's death, with one exception—the three chairs for the Imperial Family are on the altar dias: the Empress sits on the left, the Prince on the right, and the chair of the Emperor is between them, empty. How long the tomb will remain in its present state is uncertain; but it is probable that no change will be made until the arrival of the granite column, which Her Majesty the Queen has undertaken to supply from Scotland, when considerable alterations are contemplated. The widowed Empress pays frequent visits to her husband's tomb, and is regular in her attendances at the services of the church; but, with these exceptions, seldom goes out of doors. There were not many strangers in the chapel, the 'prohibitory' fee of half-a-crown charged on Sundays and other days when there is service keeping the little building from being crowded and its own congregation put out of the way. Tuesdays only are set apart for visitors. The Prince Imperial's *fête* day will be that of his father, August 15th, the feast of St. Napoleon."

The Shares of the Suez Canal Company have considerably advanced in value, consequent upon the decision in the action brought against the company by the Messageries Maritimes with reference to tonnage dues. The shares of the Comptoir d'Escompte sustained an important decline last week, viz., from 595 francs to 565 francs, owing to the discovery of a loss by defalcations on the part of an employé of the Bank.

The Promise to permit a representative of the English press to accompany the Russian expedition against Khiva has been withdrawn; no leader is required in this matter.

[From the Town Crier Column of the San Francisco News Letter.]

**That we Live in an Advanced Age** every day shows, but the question is, whether it is not an advanced age of humbug. Last week the *T. C.* was brushing his luxuriant locks, before going to dinner, when a ring came at the bell. The landlady being out, and no one at home but ourselves, we magnanimously opened the door. A middle-aged man, with seedy clothes, long light hair, and beard a la John the Baptist, greeted us: "Have the family a sewing machine?" The *T. C.* knows from a certain buzzing noise that they have, and so said "Yes." Whereupon the modern John the Baptist thanked us, and shoved a tract into our sacrilegious hands. A hasty glance showed it to be "Solemn Questions to Professing Christians." We ventured to ask our visitor what these "Solemn Questions" had to do with sewing machines. He gave answer thus: "I do a little for myself, and also for the Master." Hastily we shut the door, counted over the family plate, roosters, wardrobe, etc., and meditated upon the humbug of the age. We presume this soul-saving, sewing machine sharp, must travel for the (Psalm) Singer's sewing machine, and perhaps is the inventor of the *cross* stitch. We have asked ourselves all the "Solemn Questions," and have received satisfactory answers to most of them. To answer one, "Are you like Jesus?" we had to go to the glass. An inspection from head to foot convinced us that we were not, except, perhaps, that we have often been "nailed," and have been "crossed" more than once (in love). On reading the bottom of the tract, we found that the writer says, "We are soon to be summoned," *i. e.* to kick the bucket. How does he know? We wonder the sewing machine man had not an advertisement at the back for an undertaker.

**Strip Half the Young Swells**, whose broad, square shoulders look so out of proportion to their legs and faces, and what do you find? A narrow-chested, narrow-shouldered, scraggy-legged lot of apologies for men. A considerate tailor has given these youths their square-cut shoulders (the only trouble is that the tailors make all their shoulders exactly the same shape), not dame nature. Nature has given most of us forms that if properly treated, would grow into what God intended a man to be. Very few of us, however, are so favored by nature as to be able to dispense with exercises that develop muscle and activity, and still retain good figures. Jupiter's advice to the wagoner holds good in nearly all cases. We must own that some glorious exceptions to the average young man are to be found at the Olympic Clubroom on Sutter street. Almost any afternoon you can see a lot of men there that are as perfect in muscular development as any to be found in the States. And why is this? Has nature given them more natural advantages than those emaciated swells? No; but instead of poisoning themselves with bad whisky and fast women, they prefer rather to live moderately and bring out some of the muscle that nature has given all in embryo. Instead of being a lot of perambulating tailors' blocks they are "proper men." The average American young man is lazy to excess. A walk to him is a penance. He wants his car or his buggy; and the result is that he grows up a man without a man's attributes. If the young men in this city would spend less money on women, whisky and driving, and more in joining some good athletic club, we should have less crime and more men.

**Among the Many Curious Sights Here**, is one that has lately appeared in the shape of a seedy, unhealthy looking individual, who patrols our streets with a large notice stuck on his hat, back, breast, etc., to the effect that he collects bad debts. The idea, we presume, is that the sight of this announcement will make those owing money "tow up." The same dodge was tried in New York in a different way. An old buggy, with "collector of debts" printed in large letters, pulled up at your house. They, however, were not a success. It cost them more in doctors' bills, sticking plasters, pants, etc., than they could make commission. The wearer of the hat and badges could dispense with these adjuncts, as he has "dun" indelibly stamped by nature on his intelligent countenance. Any one seeing him around the premises would either cash up or send for an officer. We do not predict a successful career for this enterprising genius. He will, we fear, often have occasion to alter the size of his hat to accommodate his head. He certainly should have a double leather seat put to his pants, or they won't last a week. The money market must indeed be tight if respectable people have to employ such a medium for collecting. The quack doctors will have the particulars of their patients' cases printed on their hats when collecting their bills, next. How nice that would be! The men who employ this "noble youth" (if any) will no doubt belong to some such honorable profession.

**Within Limits the T. C.** doesn't object to be wine-pressed; doesn't object to be choked with the thousand odors of a packed crowd on a warm day; doesn't object to have his cranium squeezed into the likeness of a Flathead's, or his feet trodden into jelly; but he does object to have these tortures deliberately intensified and exacerbated by the fiendish ingenuity of that goblin damned, who is responsible for this pig-penning of passengers at the Oakland wharf on Sunday evenings. Instead of the stream of passengers being allowed to percolate regularly from the cars into the boat, that stream is dammed up till the pressure endangers the safety of the building. Then, at the last minute, a little door is opened and a voice cries, "All aboard!" Then, think of it, man born of woman! then are women and children, God's weaker images, defaced most wondrously by the exhilarated Hoodlum and the ramping rough. As leaves in Vallambrosa, as grass before the mower's scythe, as devotees before the car of Juggernath, they go down.

The husband sees the wife of his youth, with her white arms lifted, with her garments torn and her raiment drifted, rent from his side and driven afar; and the frequent corpse of the busted infant softens the fall of the asphyxiated parent. Let who are responsible see to this. Let them bustle to its reform or T. C. will swiftly

"Delve a yard below their mines,  
And blow them at the moon."

It has been surmised that the delirious Chinaman who entered a car on Long Bridge in an attire closely resembling that of the burlesque blonde, was looking for Olive Harper. If he were seeking an affinity in the way of fever, that lady will certainly fill the bill. Olive treated the readers of the *Alta* to a red pepper poem not long since on the time-worn subject of the Egyptian Siren. The very naughtiest parts of Don Juan are not to be compared to these verses wherein the authoress discourses knowingly of "riotous blood," "fever heat," "panting bosom," "bounding pulse," etc., etc. A noose in the pest house is said to have passed his idle hours in improving his elocution by declaiming this startling production. Hence the conduct of the Celestial. If this be the effect of Olive's pen in her own country where a prophet is without honor, what is to become of such a firebrand among the cool Viennese? What has become of our California chivalry, that we allow this young woman to go in this state ten thousand miles away, and never a hand to stay her? We hope our California Commissioners will look to it that such a warm young person doesn't fire the exhibition building in the course of her peregrinations. A woman that has the courage to write a poem on the subject of Cleopatra in these days, would emulate the youth that fired the Ephesian dome.

Oh, "Pop!" we have ever loved thee: the sight of the old brown bottles in which thou livest calls back our happy school days. Instinctively our hand goes behind us as we remember those days. But the solemn question arises which pop shall we drink, the nectar of Smith or the refreshing tippie of Wigget, that's the rub. It's very hard to choose, as the donkey said when he found himself between the two bundles of hay. Now this hot weather the T. C. goes in for "pop," in fact is a large consumer of that useful beverage. Frantically he rushes into the nearest saloon and asks for a bottle of Wigget's best, when he is told that they only keep Smith's. If *per contra* he wants a glass of Smith's Imperial, ten to one they only keep Wigget's. This thing has got so mixed up that the T. C. has sent an envoy to the two "big pops" to ask them to amalgamate, to let Smith drive and Wigget sell the "pop," or *vice versa*. Why should not these benefactors of teetotallers consolidate like the gas companies? Unite, O ye "pops," and call the new company "The Wigget Smith Green Ginger Imperial Pop Company." Send the T. C. at least fifty shares.

"In Accordance with the Usual Custom, Her Majesty the Queen has sent to Sir Thomas Biddulph a post-office order for £3, with a most gracious letter to Private Briscoe, 52d Regiment, whose wife gave birth, on the 8th inst., to three children. The letter contained three violets—one for each child." This is a most touching instance of how truly maternal is England's Government. Who has not gazed with admiration upon a newly born infant? What could be more lovely than one of these little gummy-eyed, lobster-colored pets? What must have been Mrs. Briscoe's joy, when No. 2 and then No. 3 arrived? Perhaps Private Briscoe did not see it in quite the same light. No doubt when No. 1 arrived (who, of course, was expected) he felt proud, nay, almost happy. No. 2, perhaps, made him feel a little less happy, and rather nervous. But when No. 3 arrived, we can fancy we see him rush eagerly into the sick room and exclaim: "This thing's about played out." The three pounds, no doubt, he spent in grog. His spirits must have needed some support. But what became of the violets! The T. C.—who has had some experience among these little gifts from heaven (?)—thinks that Her Majesty's experience ought to have taught her that three boxes of violet powder would have been of more service than the flowers.

Was Ever Any One so sorely afflicted as the poor *Town Crier*? His once quiet and happy home is now a howling wilderness. And why? Alas, he will explain the cause of all his woes. In the first place, he has the honor of being favored with the services of a young Irish lady, as a help. This charming young child of nature, only lately imported, has for the last week complained of toothache. In a rash and unguarded moment the T. C. brought a Wednesday's *Chronicle* home (he had picked it out of a heap of them lying around on the street). Alas, the Irish lady got hold of it (the T. C. thought she couldn't read or he never would have corrupted her morals by leaving such a thing about). Ever since he has had no peace in the house. She will insist upon taking pilgrimages at ungodly hours in the night to the house where the wonderful miracle happened on Pine street. Her cousin (?) accompanies her. On their return they kick up a most diabolical row in the kitchen, which the young lady assures us is only "Miss Collins' care," namely, three "Hail Marys," for the toothache. Heartily has the T. C. d—d Miss C. and her miracles, biddy and her toothaches, priests and their priestcraft.

**Maritime Law.**—The agents of the different British lines of steamers trading between this country and Great Britain have been informed by the Secretary of the Treasury that the treaties between the two Powers do not support their claims for the exemption of their vessels from the tax on tonnage, imposed by law.



"Why, that I cannot tell, said he,  
But 'twas a famous victory."—*Battle of Blenheim.*

**The Chronicle** tells us in very big letters that we have had a victory in the Modoc war. We have lost nine men and the Indians lost two; that is, we think they did. We are not very sure, and we have no means of finding out, but it certainly sounds better to say that a couple of copper faces bit the dust. Indeed, matters begin to look quite encouraging at last. Permission has come to exterminate the tribe if necessary, and our troops have bravely exterminated two in one battle. But if the Indians continue to kill nine every time we knock down a brace, the proportion is startlingly on the Modoc side. Still, when we consider that we have about nine men to one Indian, the lookout is not quite so hopeless, and we may beat them yet by a scratch.

**The Latest Amusement for Young Ladies** of a religious turn of mind, is to prick holes in their hands and feet and play at crucifixion. A nice little hole under the left breast for the mark left by the Roman spear and the thing is complete. Yet stay, not quite complete yet, for a few good foxy priests are required to carry out the farce properly. We only hope Miss Collins' wounds will fester and give her enough pain and trouble to teach her not to play the "Mount Calvary" tragedy here. We should like to examine her friends, the two priests, and see which of them had played the "two thieves" part of the performance. What a shining light Miss Collins will now become. Why even the blessed Virgin must take a back seat. Who says we can't fix up a Saint that can beat the world? Of course we can. Don't we grow the biggest pumpkins, haven't we the fastest trotters (with a few exceptions), and why not have a world beater in the Saint line?

**Those Hypocritical Sneaks** who, under the cloak of Christianity and humanity, advocate peace politics with the Indians, in order to rob poor Uncle Sam, ought to look back with pleasure on their success. Lives infinitely more valuable than their skulking, pettifogging existences could ever be, have been lost through their damnable avarice. Our flag has been brought into derision, our good men butchered in cold blood, and all through these bloodsuckers. Of all the frauds on the face of God's earth, none can hold a candle to a peace-advocating Indian Agent. All professing to settle the quarrels brought on by their using Government money for their own purposes, and starving the Indians, should be sent to do the "big talk." We should by this means get rid of a despicable set of licensed thieves. Crook's the man we want to settle our Indian disputes. He strikes out and strikes home.

**The T. C.** raises his voice against those followers of "the meek and lowly," who exercise their lungs and air their bad English on our wharves on Sabbath mornings. Tired with his week's work the *T. C.* had been wont to seek the retirement of the wharves, where, rod in hand, he used to while the sunny hours away, catching the unwary smelt, and watching for any corpses that might chance to escape from their moorings and float. Since these Gospel grinders have been at work nothing but suckers and mullet heads will come near the wharf. The corpses won't float, and in a word the *T. C.*'s Sunday occupation is gone. He had serious ideas of buying a dead parson, and sinking him for a crab bait, but on a second consideration of the plan, came to the conclusion that it would only scare the crabs away too, so abandoned the idea.

**"Enterprise."**—There's nothing like it. The *Chronicle* reporter rides "ninety miles in fourteen hours," and does not expect to be able to sit down for a week. The Modoc bullets whistle round his head, but he heeds them not. He may be seen in the thick of battle, cigar (domestic) in mouth, note book in hand, as calm and collected as if the mighty war of nations was not going on. His eagle eye notes the number killed and wounded, while his ready pen transmits the news. Russel of the *Times*, who reported on the little European trouble in the Crimea, sinks into insignificance when compared with "Our Modoc War Correspondent." "When the bloody war is over," maidens shall weave a laurel chaplet for this prince of reporters.

**The Jews** have been enjoying themselves of late, but to Christians sojourning in the tents of Shem—*id est*, boarding in Jewish houses—the present week has been one of grievous tribulation. Butter has been cut off, the staff of leavened bread broken, and the beer-tap been made a fountain sealed. The "two tribes that remain" have been miserably commemorating the night on which they "borrowed" a few things, and bid farewell to the flesh-pots of Mizraim. This they facetiously term the Feast of the Passover. Feast! great Moses, does a sour-soup-and-hard-tack diet mean "feast" in Hebrew?

**Credit Mobiliers** are the order of the day. They extend even to our street-car companies. Riding the other day on a North Beach car, running down Powell from Fourth, the *Town Crier* had the curiosity to inquire what the average receipts were per day. The obliging conductor showed his books for the week, and he found the average to be \$22 per day. Now this company runs eighteen cars a day. The expense of each car, taking everything into consideration, would not amount to more than \$10 a day. The shareholders only get a nominal dividend each month. What becomes of the rest? Nice soft thing for the managers, eh?

**Mr. J. H. Rogers** has, since our last, received his appointment as Pilot for the Port of San Francisco. A better man could not have been selected.



## CONJUGAL EPITAPHS.

The Literature of Epigrams and Epitaphs comprises some of the smartest *jeux d'esprit* written by men against women, and by wives against their masters. The German poet, Besser, produced the following epigram on Adam's sleep:—

He laid him down and slept : and from his side  
A woman in her magic beauty rose ;  
Dazzled and charmed, he called that woman " bride,"  
And his first sleep became his last repose.

To a German poet also we are indebted for the " Epitaph on a Scolding Woman," which has been rendered in English:—

Here lies, thank God, a woman who  
Quarreled and stormed her whole life through.  
Tread gently o'er her mouldering form,  
Or else you'll raise another storm.

Few perhaps ever read a supposed eulogy between the parents of the Guthrie family, which was very popular in Forfarshire between thirty and forty years ago. After talking over the merits of the older boys, and settling them in various professions, the mother breaks out—

" But what'll we do wi' Tam, gudeman,  
It dings me maist of a ;  
A gaping, glowrin, witless coof,  
He's gude for nocht ava."

To which despairing estimate of her great son's career the father rejoins—

" O, Tam will yet be a man, gudewife,  
O' whilk we'll balth be proud ;  
We'll gie the callant awhile at the schule,  
An' he mak' a minister good."

Tam amply fulfilled this prophecy, earning for himself a name far beyond the limits of this kingdom—the inquiries from the Queen and the German Empress showing how wide and how high the knowledge of his personal character and labors had traveled.—*Inverness Courier*.

## THE MODOCS.

The First and the Last Feeling roused by the Modoc war is one of astonishment, at the surprise and indignation expressed throughout the country at the conduct of the Government. Certainly, if history is philosophy teaching by example, the immense majority of the scholars in her school are incorrigible dunces. It is thought a monstrous thing that the Government should temporize and parley with these Indians ; and yet the conduct of the Government, in every Indian difficulty which has happened for three-quarters of a century, has been exactly the same. It has never taken a firm position and kept it ; it has never spoken plain language and followed it up ; it has never obeyed a principle of even-handed justice. Why should Washington, at this late day, turn its back on all its traditions ? The thing that has been is the thing that shall be. Blunderers in the past, we shall keep on blundering to the end. This is a plain consideration which should silence the noise of the press against the War Department. Nor can it be thought strange that the feebleness of the head should have so far affected the rest of the military body that General Canby, a soldier grown gray in actual warfare, forgot at once all the teachings of his science and his experience, and walked, with open eyes, into a danger which mere common sense should have sufficed to guard him against. All who have observed and dealt with savages, in any age or country of the world, agree in laying it down as the first principle, never to put oneself in their power. Negotiations with wild men call, no doubt, for rare qualifications of tact and discretion ; but the savage must never be allowed to feel himself the stronger, for one minute. The policy of the Government educated the Modocs into a contempt of its power ; and no furious order of extermination can discharge it of responsibility for the murder of the Commissioners. That spot will not out. There would be nothing to redeem the disgust and shame with which one reads the orders of the Government and the dispatches of the officer in command, did we not know that the forces, once in the field, will do their duty manfully and without fanfaronade. It is easy for Gen. Sherman to talk of exterminating these Indians ; but, after all, has there been no wrong done to them ? Is it merely because they are wild men, who kill generals and clergymen as readily as common people, that we must have their blood, to the last drop ? This may be the morality which prevails at the War Department ; but Haynau and Mouravieff are damned in history for atrocities, differing only in degree from those implied in Gen. Sherman's order. All the Modocs did not murder Gen. Canby and Dr. Thomas, and those who did not are guilty only of being Modocs. For this crime, and the additional one of resisting when attacked, they are to be annihilated. Col. Gillem will, " if possible," carry out his magnanimous resolve that " no Indian shall boast that he or his ancestor killed Gen. Canby ;" but men, not quite so conscious of their own heroism, cannot help doubting which are the civilized men and which the savages, in this miserable trag-comedy of the Modoc war.

**NO MORE BALDNESS.**

There is an Ingenious Person in Kentucky who has discovered a new method of repairing the ravages which time inflicts upon the human head, and of making the waste places of the aged scalp to bloom and blossom with every variety of desirable hair. It has long been known by scientific men that living hair, if plucked up by the roots, and subsequently inserted in artificial cavities in the skin, will continue to grow and flourish in its new location. The process, however, must be pursued with each hair that is transplanted, and the obvious inconvenience of drilling, say, a million holes in a hairless scalp, and planting a separate hair in each cavity, has prevented this method of cultivating a bald head from proving practically useful. But the inventive Kentuckian, of whom mention has just been made, enables hair to be transplanted with much greater rapidity. He cuts off from a convenient head a thick lock of hair, and plants it in an artificial soil compounded of various chemical substances. In this soil the hair rapidly takes root, and grows with the vigor of other vegetables when forced in a hot bed. When it has attained a desirable length, the scalp of the person to whom it is to be transferred is sacrificed, and the lock of hair bound, roots downward, upon the exposed surface. In two or three days it again takes root, the bandages that confine it are removed, and the process is repeated until the head that once shone like a billiard ball is covered with a tropical luxuriance of hair.

It is easy to see that this discovery will command the enthusiastic admiration of those ladies, who, during the recent popularity of yellow hair, submitted themselves joyfully to the difficult and dangerous experiment of bleaching and dyeing their brown or black tresses. The latter process is one which must be often repeated, while the transplanting method of the Kentuckian would change at once and forever both the color and quality of the hair. Its vast superiority over all modes of dyeing and bleaching is thus plainly evident, and no one who knows the courage with which ladies will undergo toil and suffering in the cause of fashion will doubt that the transplanting business will meet with immediate and wide-spread popularity.

It should be noted, moreover, that whereas the field of improvement in human hair has hitherto been limited to the mere change of its color, the new process enables the leaders of fashion to adorn themselves with every variety of hair known to naturalists. We may be reasonably sure, in view of this fact, that the ordinary hair of the human head will, ere long, come to be regarded as cheap and vulgar, in comparison with the choice grafts of other hair, which the new method of transplanting will render available. Thus the delicate blue-gray hair of the sky-terrier, which gives to that estimable little animal his high value among dogs, may become the fashionable head-covering of fascinating young ladies. Or the soft fur of the Maltese cat may be accepted as the appropriate decoration of the woman of purely domestic tastes, and the flowing mane of the black horse as the only head of hair which the typical "girl of the period" should wear. There is an almost unlimited field opened by the genius of this Kentucky philanthropist to the inventive Parisian leader of fashion, and to suppose that it will not be enthusiastically cultivated is to throw discredit upon feminine energy and enterprise.

**MUYBRIDGE'S PHOTOGRAPHS.**

One of the Principal among the many objects of interest to be seen by the visitor to the rooms of the California Placard Exchange, is a series of magnificent photographs of the famed Yosemite Valley, by Muybridge of Montgomery street. To describe in detail the beauties of these works of the photographer's art would require a higher degree of criticism than we possess. After this confession, simply drawing attention to the subjects of five or six of these views, will be all that is expected. A view of the Valley from Moonlight Rock commences the series, and every object, from the broken pine in the foreground to the inequalities of the far distance seems real and tangible. There is a soft haziness about the middle distance which lends a greater depth and beauty to the magnificent sweep of scarp and hill, and which without blurring the distinctness of the objects, heightens the effect of grandeur in distance and area. In the next we select the towering forms of the Cathedral Rocks are seen. The shadow effects are not particularly good; they should be stronger and deeper to properly throw out the sheer height of these gigantic natural spires. Loya, the Sentinel, is the chief object in the next. Below is the placid, unrippled stream, bordered and filled with the gloomy shadows of the dark-fringed pines; towering above all in a threatening sky, is the enormous Sentinel Rock looking down the valley. In the next, too, a still, quiet stream, with an extent of neighboring sward fill the foreground, the subject being the Falls of the Yosemite. Although at a great distance, the photograph is so clear that the very spray is perceptible. But too much of the giant cliff is introduced, and one loses the idea of the falls—partially, too, because of their being at too great a distance—in wondering at the magnitude of its surroundings. Gloominess and blackness, too, take the place of light and shade. Lastly, we have a portion of the trunk, the torso, of W. H. Seward, in the Mariposa Grove. This we consider the best view, as a study of the perfection to which sun-picturing has attained. Every fibre, every knot, every gnarl is here with extraordinary clearness, and one goes back again and again to marvel at the accuracy with which each tiny inequality of the bark is given. This view alone should establish Muybridge's reputation as an unequalled photographer.

## MODESTY (P)

"Kiss me, dear maid, to seal the vow  
Of love that thou hast made;"  
"I have no right to kiss thee now,"  
The modest maiden said.  
"If thou canst find it in thine heart  
My first wish to refuse,  
Perhaps 'tis best that we should part,  
Ere we our freedom lose."  
"Although to kiss you I demur,  
Yet please to recollect,  
That if you choose to kiss me, sir,  
Of course I—can't object."

## SUNBEAMS.

— One of the best dressed young men in Chicago, who parts his hair in the middle, essayed to delight a select party of ladies and gentlemen one evening by a few flashes of wit. The most noticeable scintillation of his wit was a conundrum: "Haw," said he, "aw—when is a lady not a lady?" Nobody could tell, and the propounder of the conundrum gave the answer. "When she's a little buggy," he said. A dead silence fell on the company, and the funny man was the focus of many singular glances. He soon became conscious that "some one had blundered." So he dived into a vest pocket, brought out a newspaper scrap, read it attentively three or four times, and then brightened up. "Haw—yes," he said, "of course—haw—when she's a little sulky. Knew it was some kind of a wagon."

— A noble lord, not over courageous, was once so far engaged in an affair of honor as to be drawn to the Hyde Park to fight a duel. Just as he came to the porter's lodge, an empty hearse came by, on which his lordship's antagonist, who was a droll officer, well known, called out to the driver, "Stop here, my good fellow, a few minutes, and I'll send you a fare." This operated so strongly on his lordship's nerves, that he begged the officer's pardon, and returned home in a whole skin.

— One of the importunate juveniles who solicit pennies was asked, "Where is your mother?" "She is dead." "Have you no father?" "Yes, sir, but he is ill?" "What ails him?" continued the questioner. "He has got a sore finger, sir." "Indeed!" "Yes, sir." "Then why don't he cut it off?" "Please sir," responded the little maid, "he hain't got any money to buy a knife."

— The smartest case of the kind that we have met with lately is that of a girl who makes her unsuspecting father the daily bearer of sweet missives to a clerk in his office who has been forbidden to visit his employer's house. She pins the letter in the old gentleman's cloak; and when he reaches the office and takes off the garment, the clerk gets it, and responds by the same carrier.

— "Hilloa, James, drunk as usual. What in the world has set you on the spree, now?" "Ae, ye maunna be harsh, governor, didna ye hear my grand whistling canary was deid!" "Stupid fellow, leaving your work and getting drunk for the death of a bird. Don't you know a man should look upon such incidents as trifles?" "So I dae, so I dae, man; but gin ye wanted a spree yersel' ye wad be glad o' ony excuse."

— This age of poetry has had a very pretty contribution from the pen of a young lady. The verse we quote is a sample of a series read by counsel during a trial in Ireland in satisfaction for a broken promise of marriage. The satisfaction she obtained is a very handsome amount. Here is the verse:

"Ah, ask me no more—my poor brain  
Is weary and lonely and sore;  
Have pity! have pity! O, Tom!  
For I'll send you the very best flour."

— Mother: "Tommy, why don't you ask a blessing?" Tommy: "'Cause I don't like porridge."

# THE MONITARY INTEREST OF CALIFORNIA.

Address of Hon. Amasa Walker, delivered by Request before the Chamber of Commerce, San Francisco, April 17, 1873.

The following highly interesting address was delivered by Hon. Amasa Walker before the Chamber of Commerce on Thursday afternoon :

MR. CHAIRMAN AND GENTLEMEN :—In compliance with your request I am to speak at this time on the "Financial Condition of the United States, with Special Reference to the Commercial and Monetary Interests of California."

In doing so I must necessarily refer to the action of the Government, and therefore I wish at the outset not only to disclaim all partisan motives or interests, but to insist that the topics upon which I propose to allude are not party questions, since no party has in its platforms or otherwise directly avowed any well defined financial policy.

The important issues of the future are yet to be made. With this remark I proceed to say that the relations this State sustains to the financial policy of the General Government are to a large extent, so far as her industrial and commercial interests are concerned, different from those of any other.

California has the capacity for a more extensive and profitable agriculture than any other State, her soil, climate and location being in the highest degree favorable to that important branch of production.

She has a large though diminished mining interest, producing some \$20,000,000 per annum of that commodity which forms the standard of value in the commerce of the world. In that respect she entirely differs from any other State in the Union. Manufacturers, too, have already begun their natural career of growth and progress, and will increase as capital and population advance.

In addition to all these, California has unsurpassed advantages for the building up of an immense commercial marine. She has a port destined to be to the Pacific what New York is to the Atlantic Coast—the great emporium of foreign and domestic trade. With regard to this superiority there can be no doubt. In the finest harbor in the world, with a central position between two hemispheres, the commercial supremacy of San Francisco on the Pacific Coast is assured, and she must, in the natural course of events, become one of the largest marts of commerce on the globe.

What other State combines all those advantages and peculiarities in so large a degree? Where are the great interests of agriculture, mining and commerce so remarkably blended as here? It is the union of such interests that justifies my position, viz: that the relations of this State to the financial policy of the General Government differ from those of any other.

Assuming this to be admitted, my purpose is to inquire in what manner and to what extent California is affected, adversely or otherwise, by the financial policy of the General Government?

First. What is that policy? Essentially it consists, at present, of two great measures: First, the creation of a monetary system which supercedes the use of coin and makes paper a legal tender and measure of value; and second, a system of restriction upon trade designed to affect the commerce and influence the industry of the nation.

In what manner and to what extent do these measures affect the interests of California?

First, in respect to its agriculture. This is its principal interest, not only at present but prospectively. I find it stated, on what I conclude to be good authority, that the agricultural product of this State for 1872, was "seventy-five million dollars, of which fifty millions were exported." Have these agricultural products been raised in price by the issue of a legal tender currency? Not at all. The great staples, as shown by the price current of New York, on the 8th of January, 1860 and 1873, were essentially the same. Indeed, as matter of fact, the prices of agricultural products were lower at the latter date than the former. So it is certain that, although the paper money of the country, which in 1860 was but 207, and in 1873 is over 700 millions, has had no effect in raising the price of the farmers' products, yet we know very well that the prices of all other commodities created and consumed in this country have been advanced by some 50 to 75 per cent. How, it may be asked, is it that one description of property should not be advanced in price, while all others are? The answer is a plain one. Our staples, wheat, corn, beef, pork, etc., are exported. We have, and always shall have, a large surplus of these which we must send to the countries that have gold as the standard of value. Whatever our staples, therefore, are worth in gold here for shipment, determines the value of the entire crop. We cannot have two prices, and therefore the price of the whole depends upon the value of the surplus exported.

Quite otherwise is it with those articles produced and consumed at home. They are measured by our home currency, our paper money, and are necessarily greatly advanced in price, because the currency is greatly expanded; and it is a well settled principle that general prices depend upon the quantity of the existing currency. For this reason all the farmers have to purchase of home manufactures, of furniture, clothing, boots, shoes, carriages, harnesses, machinery, farming tools, etc., are enhanced in cost by 50 to 75 per cent., while all his products remain, as we have seen, at their former prices. This entails a heavy loss upon the farming interest, since all the expenses of living have been increased, while his pro-



ducts being still measured by the old standard are not enhanced at all in price, and thus he is made to bear a great share of all the loss arising from the use of our present false standard of value. Such incontrovertibly are the facts of the case, and this loss falls with great severity upon States whose chief industry is agricultural. It is, however, the natural and unavoidable result of adopting a greatly inflated circulating medium.

#### IS THE CURRENCY REDUNDANT?

I am aware that it is often denied that the currency of the nation is redundant, and it is confidently asserted that although the circulation has been greatly increased, the business of the country has been equally enlarged, so that relatively they are in the same proportion, and consequently there has been no actual expansion. In reply to this I would say, that there is no better criterion of the increase of business than the increase of population, and what has that been? Why, from 1860 to 1870 the increase was about 20 per cent, while our paper circulation has been enlarged in the meantime 250 per cent. This disproportion is so enormous that, making all reasonable allowances possible, the currency must now be expanded to the extent of at least 100 per cent. beyond the business wants of the country.

#### DEPRESSION OF THE AGRICULTURAL STATES.

Hence the admitted fact that in the great agricultural States east of the Rocky Mountains the pressure of the present state of things is severely felt; although, most unfortunately, the cause of the depression is not understood. If it were so, the remedy should soon be applied. If what were once known as the Great West, or what are now the Middle States, comprehended the fact that no issue of paper money, however large, can raise the price of farmers' produce a single farthing, while it would greatly advance the price of everything the farmer buys, we should hear no cry for more greenbacks from that section of the country. On the other hand, Congress would be effectually called upon to take measures for the gradual restoration of the currency of the country to par with the gold standard. If it would seem that the agriculturists of California being brought into contact with the market of Europe, would discover before long that the price of their wheat depended entirely upon its gold value for shipment to Liverpool, while the price of all they purchase from the other side the Rocky Mountains is determined by the greenbacks of the Eastern States, and would be brought to understand that the paper money of the country is worth for domestic uses, that is, for the erection of buildings, the manufacture or purchase of home commodities, not more than 60 or 65 cents on the dollar. Instead of a difference, as many imagine, of some 12 or 15 per cent., the mere gold premium, the real difference is some 40 or 50 per cent.

#### GREENBACKS FOR CALIFORNIA.

And here allow me to say I have learned with profound regret and surprise that many persons and presses in this State advocate the introduction of paper money at this late day, when it is declining from week to week.

I have no doubt of the sincerity and honesty of those who favor this introduction, but such persons are greatly mistaken in their ideas of what the effect would be upon the interests of California. Would such a measure raise the value or increase the quantity of your products? Not at all. How then could it benefit this State? If the farmer got no more for his cereals, and the miner no more for his gold how would either gain by it? No class could be benefited except speculators. They would reap a temporary harvest, which the adoption of a depreciated standard of value would occasion by the general disarrangement of prices which would follow. But the injury to all regular business would be great. The price of all merchandise would be raised equal to the gold premium, and a profit upon it besides. If, in exchanging your gold for greenbacks, you gained nominally 20 per cent, you would more than lose it whenever you made a purchase of any kind of merchandise; besides labor would not rise at once to so great an extent as merchandise, and the laborer would for a long time suffer much loss in consequence.

The rate of interest would advance largely. Throughout the paper money States interest has advanced far beyond what was ever known prior to the expansion. In Massachusetts, where capital is most abundant and cheapest, the rate has nearly or quite doubled. I never knew a mortgage made at a higher rate than six per cent before the war, now the rate on such securities is anywhere from seven to twelve; while business men are paying from 10 to 20 per cent, and speculators 50 to 100 for their call loans. The average rate cannot be less than 12 per cent throughout the paper money States. Such is the necessary effect of expanding the currency beyond its natural limits, and such will be the effect here. If so, what is gained by exchanging your gold currency for paper? If your products did not be raised in price, nor your production increased, nor the rate of interest be made lower, why make the change? Why cause all the derangement and injustice which the change would certainly occasion?

#### COMMERCE.

Another interest to which we must refer is commerce. How is this affected by the financial policy of the nation? I answer most adversely. Our commercial marine has been rapidly diminishing ever since the war, and bids fair to become extinct. In 1860, seventy-five per cent of all our foreign imports were made in our own bottoms—now but about 25 per cent. Why this strange result? There are two principal causes: first, our paper money so raises the cost of production, so

increases the expenses of ship-building at the East, where it formerly and most naturally existed, that we cannot compete with ship-builders in the British Provinces, or on the banks of the Clyde, where they use a gold standard. Second, in addition to all this, heavy duties are laid upon iron and other materials that enter into the construction of vessels, which still further embarrass our ship builders and prevent them from successfully competing with foreigners.

In consequence of all these obstacles, we have nearly ceased the construction of vessels, except for coastwise trade, into which foreigners are not permitted to enter. But it may be asked, perhaps with some surprise, why, if we cannot build, do we not buy foreign ships, and thus keep up our commerce? That is certainly a very common sense question. Why do we not buy? I answer by relating a fact communicated to me since I came to this place. A Swedish vessel, I think it was, arrived recently at Portland, Oregon, with a cargo of iron. After discharging its freight the vessel, a fine iron steamer, was offered for sale at what was deemed a very satisfactory price, and arrangements were made for its purchase by a few enterprising merchants; but they found on inquiry that Government would not permit this—that an American register would not be allowed to a foreign built vessel!—So the project failed and the steamer departed.

While a false currency, retained without the slightest necessity, and heavy duties unwisely imposed upon the materials used in construction, prevent our building vessels, unwise restrictions forbid our purchasing them, as we might advantageously do, and thus the restoration of our mercantile marine is rendered quite impossible.

#### THE MINING INTEREST.

Let us turn for a moment to the mining interest, the production of the precious metals; what effect does the financial policy which substitutes paper for coin as a medium of exchange and standard of value have upon this branch of your industry? To answer this understandingly we must inquire why are these metals mined? Because there is a universal demand for them. What occasions this demand? They are wanted throughout the commercial world for use as money, and very little comparatively for other purposes. Now, then, it is certain that the greater this demand for gold and silver as money, the greater will be their value, the more they will purchase of all other commodities, and therefore anything which diminishes this demand, then will certainly diminish, in proportion, the value of these metals. The Government of the United States has declared that its notes promising payment at some indefinite future, are the authorized currency of the country, and a legal tender for all debts and demands.

The effect of this act is to demonitize gold and silver, and reduce them to the level of wheat, cotton or tobacco. They are made for all domestic uses mere merchandise. Of these paper promises for use as money, the National Treasury has issued \$356,000,000, and Congress has authorized some 2,000 banks to put out \$354,000,000 more—in all \$710,000,000. Gold and silver are therefore now only wanted in the States for the payment of duties at the Custom House, and the interest on the National bonds.

The effect of this policy is obvious. Gold and silver not being wanted in any considerable quantity at banks, are sent abroad for what they are worth in other countries, and since the price has been forced down by the Secretary of the Treasury, are the cheapest commodity we have to part with. The result of all this is to lessen their value. A dollar, that is 25 8-10ths grains of standard gold, will not command as much of any other commodity as before this unnatural expansion. For example, boots, which in 1860, when the currency was at par with gold, could be bought at \$3, are now worth \$4 50. The miner, therefore, pays 50 per cent. more than formerly for his boots and loses the difference; because he can't get his gold with no less labor than in 1860. He cannot water his gold as the Government and banks do the currency; he must produce the real article, not the promise of it. Hence the mining interest suffers to the full extent of the difference between coin values and paper money values, so far as purchases are made of any commodities produced and consumed entirely within the country. That this policy of the Government expels our gold product is seen in the fact that we exported in 1872 ninety-five million dollars—a great deal more than the whole product of the year. And such has been the case ever since the present insane policy of the Government was adopted, until now the country is nearly drained of its specie, and the premium on gold is advancing and will probably continue to advance until it reaches its normal rate, which since the war has never been less than thirty to thirty-five per cent.

#### MANUFACTURES.

Of the effect of the financial policy of the Government upon the manufacturing interests of the gold and silver-producing States, it is only necessary to remark that manufactures of different kinds always commence and grow up in every country with the natural increase of wealth and population. They should always be encouraged, but never forced. If there be no interference on the part of the Government, this growth and development will be natural and advantageous. The grasses and wild flowers do not more certainly appear when the forest has been cleared, and the earth opened to the influence of the sun, than do manufactures when society has advanced in its conditions to that point at which they can be profitably introduced. This law of progress and development will be found as true in its operations in California as in Massachusetts. Manufactures, those especially adapted to the country, will, of necessity, be established and prosper. At present this State has an advantage over the East in its currency, which, in spite of all op-

posing interests, has been maintained in specie. Your labor and all your expenses of manufacturing are no greater now than in 1860, while in the paper money States they are at least 60 per cent. higher. This is favorable to the introduction of such manufactures as come most in competition with Eastern fabrics. I have found in this city an establishment employing some 400 hands engaged in making boots and shoes, and, I presume, successfully. This, the owners are enabled to do, by the fact that gold has been retained as the standard of value. In this, as in other respects, you are receiving the benefit of that courageous and determined course of action which secured to you a sound and reliable monetary system, upon which to base your business transactions. The result of this policy will be found even more advantageous in the future than the past, because the terrific revision certain to come upon all that part of the Union where an incontrovertible and redundant currency exists, will be but little felt here, and California will escape the wreck and ruin that will fall upon other sections of the country.

The Constitution of this State, so far as monetary affairs are concerned, is the wisest and best in the American Union, and if the people are able to maintain in all its integrity their fundamental law, they will have an immense advantage over the rest of the nation. Of this you may be assured; and if those gentlemen who are anxious to introduce paper money will wait until the general explosion which is sure to take place, and which to present appearances cannot long be delayed, they will be quite satisfied that California has done well in preserving the gold standard. Wait until the great inevitable collapse takes place, and then if the wisdom of your course is not fully vindicated, I am greatly mistaken. Have the manufacturers of the East gained by all this? Certainly not; for when the gold premium was 33 per cent. they had, of course, 20 per cent. more protection against foreign competition than when it fell to 13—a protection they greatly needed, not against foreign labor, but against their depreciated currency, by which the expenses of manufacturing had been most enormously increased. The manufacturers in the paper money States are damaged by their currency as truly as the farmers of the gold currency States, but not by any means to an equal extent. The former make their goods on a false standard of value, but they sell them also by the same standard and get a profit, though that profit is realized in depreciated paper. But the manufacturers of the East are losing a large market for their goods in India, China and South America which they once had, in consequence of this unnatural increase of cost. We sent off in 1860 eleven millions of cotton fabrics, principally to China and other Eastern countries. Now we export less than two and a half millions. So of boots and shoes, furniture and other articles. Besides, our false system is building up rival establishments in the Canadas and other British Provinces which were fast superseding our own, and if the present policy is continued the manufacturers of the country are bound to feel as greatly embarrassed as the farmers now are. They cannot enjoy a sound, satisfactory state of trade until the currency has been restored to par. Their interests like yours are injured by the use of a degraded currency, though in a different way, and at present to a less extent.

#### APPROACHING SPECIE PAYMENTS.

And here perhaps I may properly refer to a popular delusion very commonly entertained on both sides of the Rocky Mountains, viz: "that the country is fast approaching, by an easy and natural process, the resumption of specie payments—that we are 'growing up to the present volume of circulation, and shall soon find our paper on par with gold.'" There cannot be a greater fallacy than this. So far as the conditions necessary for a resumption of specie payments are concerned, the country is farther from that desideratum to-day than five years ago. But it will be asked, has not the difference between gold and greenbacks been greatly diminished within the past few years, and does not that show that we are on the way to the return of specie payments? Not at all; because this fall in gold has not been the result of the operation of the laws of trade, but of the manipulations of the Secretary of the Treasury, who has been playing the *bear* in the gold market for the last four years. The premium on gold was about 33 per cent.; it has been reduced by the sales of the Treasury to an average of about 13 per cent., a reduction of 20 per cent. But what good has all this done? Who is the better for it? The gold miners? No; for they have been obliged to part with their product for 20 per cent. less when exchanged for greenbacks or those commodities that come from the East where greenbacks are used. Have the farmers gained by it? No; for their commodities have been lowered, as we have seen, when measured by greenbacks to the same extent as the decline in the gold premium. How great this loss has been in the aggregate may be seen if we take into consideration that the amount of agricultural productions, including cotton, have not been less than \$300,000,000 per annum, amounting in four years to \$1,200,000,000, upon which, if the loss by the decline of the gold premium has been 20 per cent., the total amount will be \$240,000,000. This is a very low estimate, and being so, it is not to be wondered that the farming interest is greatly depressed in all sections of the Union.

One word to those who object to any contraction of the currency on the ground that the demand for money is now greater than the supply. That is certainly true, and it always will be while the currency is unduly expanded, for under such circumstances the speculative demand to which the expansion has given rise will always cause a scarcity of money and a high rate of interest, as we see at the present moment. This has ever been the case in the past history of this country under the former mixed currency system. An over issue would make money plenty, that would raise prices, that would occasion speculation, that would cause such an unnatural and excessive demand for money as to create great stringency



and an exorbitant rate of interest; and therefore interest has always been highest when the value of currency was greatest, and lowest when the circulation was at its natural level. These facts are indisputable.

If the views I have presented are correct, it is quite obvious that the financial policy of the Government, while prejudicial to the whole country, is especially adverse to the interests of the agricultural and mining States, particularly to the State of California, which, in addition to these interests has, as we have before said, all the natural advantages required for becoming a great commercial power. All she needs is to understand her own interests and be true to herself. She has no occasion to solicit favors, for nature has been bountiful; but she does need and should demand justice, and if I understand the situation aright, her delegation in Congress should be unanimous and persistent in *demanding* a gradual but certain restoration of the currency to the California standard, and that all restrictions upon the purchaser of foreign-built vessels be removed, so that San Francisco may have as many ocean steamers as her merchants please to purchase, with which to transport her magnificent products to any quarter of the globe.

Perhaps, gentlemen, I ought to apologize for having spoken with so much freedom upon the various subjects to which I have referred, but I have said nothing in praise of California and her vast resources and elements of industrial and commercial greatness which I do not believe to be true, nor anything in regard to her needs, and the national policy she should insist upon, that I do not feel to be just. If I know myself, I sincerely desire the most successful and complete development of the industrial power and capacity of this wonderful State. I desire its moral, social and intellectual improvement and progress. I have had occasion to look with the most profound astonishment upon what you have already achieved, and trust that your future will be even more illustrious than the past.

#### “CORIOLANUS.”

While the Play of “Coriolanus” is still fresh in our memories, it would not perhaps be out of place to point out errors in it so grave as to show that Shakespeare's knowledge of Roman history must have been very slight. When the noble Roman is receiving compliments on his valor, among other compliments paid him was that he was a soldier “even to Cato's wish.” Unfortunately for the great “hard of Avon,” Cato was not born till at least two hundred years after the death of Coriolanus. Shakespeare, also, through Menenius, commits some gross errors, such as saying of Coriolanus, “he sits in his state as a thing made for Alexander.” Now Coriolanus died about 495 B. C., while Alexander was born a century and a half later. Menenius also says that “the most sovereign prescription in Galen is but empiricute.” Now we can pardon a slip of a couple of centuries or so, but six hundred years is too much. Galen was not born till A. D. 130.

**Mr. August Hemme** proves to our citizens that he has a genuine love of music, and the liberality to pay for its advancement, giving everybody a chance to hear and enjoy it. The new Tabernacle, on Tyler street, near Taylor, has been built by Mr. Hemme, the organ made by Hook, of Boston, ordered and paid for by Mr. Hemme, and the services of Mr. Phillip Phillips engaged for one year to lead the choir of the new Tabernacle. Mr. Hemme has also offered the use of this new and beautiful edifice to the Handel & Haydn Society for rehearsals and concerts, and the three nights' festival will take place there on the 29th and 30th of the present month, and the 1st of May. Mrs. Marriner and Mrs. Hall McAllister are presenting the soprano solos for the Handel and Haydn. The auditorium seats 2,300 people, is very comfortably cushioned, and every seat commands an equally good view. The light and ventilation is very superior, and we record, with pleasure, this liberality and public spirit on the part of Mr. Hemme.

**Persian Women.**---There are worse wives than the San Franciscan, after all. Count de Gobineau says that it is unusual to find a Persian woman of three-and-twenty who has not had at least a couple of husbands, and often many more, so easily are divorces obtained. These ladies look upon themselves as wholly irresponsible beings; are extremely passionate and violent, and have “a way” of making themselves absolute mistresses at home. This is how they do it: They wear the dearest little slippers in the world. O, such ducks of slippers! turned up in front with sharpened steel spikes like skate-irons. When a lady gets mad with her “brute,” she just takes off her little slipper, pulls the old man down on the divan by his beard; then —. Talk about cats! Meow! f-f-it! She puts in her little plov and don't let go the handle till that old Tadjik's lower lip is safely tucked in his collar, and his nose (with a bit of lip attached) turned inside out and over his head, and left aimlessly dangling at the back parting of his hair. “There! you nasty, nasty, NASTY brute!”

**We are Pleased to Note that Jose F. Godoy**, son of the former Mexican Consul, C. T. Travers, a promising young orator, and Stuart S. Wright, son of the ex-Probate Judge of this city, have been (after a rigid examination in open Court by the Supreme Judges of this State) admitted to practice as Attorneys and Counsellors-at-Law in all the Courts of California.



## FEMININE CHIT-CHAT.

**A Lady Correspondent** in London writes to us as follows: "We are not only returning to the days of our forefathers in the matter of dress and adornment, but we are actually outstripping our lady ancestors in our devotion to the caprices and eccentricities of fashion. The latest absurdity is white hair! Not the powdered and frizzed locks which we see on the stage, and which gives such a piquant expression to young faces and such a softened one to elderly ones, but the natural hair deprived of every tinge of color by some chemical process, and then rendered brilliant by some newly-invented pomade. Powdered hair is worn by some ladies in full toilette, when the hair is dressed in stiff rolls without curls; but I fancy the damage done to handsome ornaments, lace, and dresses by the powder and necessary grease has brought about the present curious and destructive fashion of "bleaching." One way of doing it is to saturate the hair with the chemical preparation used, and then to dry it by holding a heated iron as close to the head as the lady can bear it, extracting at once the moisture and the color. That the process is injurious there can be no doubt; a French hairdresser told me as much. He said no head of hair thus artificially whitened would last long. It becomes brittle and breaks away. I have only seen the style as yet on dummies in the windows of the principal hairdressers; but the quantity of white curls, plaits, and bunches of hair exposed for sale show that the fashion is set by somebody. Handsome coral combs are made to wear with it, and ornaments in polished jet inlaid with colored enamel. This last is quite a new style of jewelry, more curious than pretty. Elderly ladies are wearing the hair in a very old-fashioned style, but one which is immensely becoming to a face no longer young. It is parted in the middle and brushed plainly down on each side to a level with the top of the ear, then puffed out a little from behind so as not to lie flat on the face. Caps are worn large, mostly coming to a point on the forehead and covering the back of the head entirely, besides being finished with lappets of lace and tulle. Fans are worn suspended from the waistband by a fancy chain or broad ribbon. The hooks for the purpose are made in all sorts of ornamental fashions—I think the monogram of the owner in gold, silver, or enamel. The pleasant face of H. R. H. Princess Louise has been seen fitting about for the past few days whenever and wherever the weather has permitted ladies to get out. She received quite an ovation when she presented the prizes to the London Scottish Rifles, and she looked as thoroughly pleased as any prize winner among them. It is pleasant to see royalty look so fresh and happy as H. R. H. the Princess Marchioness of Lorne. H. R. H. the Princess of Wales is apt to wear such a fatigued look at any public reception or ceremony that even her beauty and grace cannot quite do away with the uncomfortable feeling it produces. A new fashion in colors is growing in favor. Ladies are having dresses made of two shades of the same color—the palest and the darkest. When they are artistically mixed the effect is very good. I saw two ladies at a morning performance last week with costumes made in this style—one was blue and the other fawn color. The bonnets matched the dresses and were each adorned with a curling white ostrich feather. Very long sashes are worn with very stylish toilettes. They are twisted round the waist, and one end hangs short and loose on the right side of the back. The other end apparently catches up the pouf of the dress behind, and hangs almost to the bottom of the skirt towards the left side. This sash is not considered complete unless a bow of broad ribbon to match is worn on the left shoulder, the ends falling over the back."—*Glasgow Mail*.

## FOREIGN DOTTINGS.

**Papa Pius IX.** is recovering, but the Easter ceremonies are somewhat curtailed.—**Henri Rochefort** is not long for this world.—An eccentric Britisher has bequeathed a sealed box of rare books and newspapers to the Bodleian Library, on condition that it is not opened till 1920.—A Belgian man of war now prevents the encroachments of British fishers at Ostend.—At length the French and German artists have buried the hatchet. They have equal room for their pictures.—The General Election, if there is to be one, will not take place until the Autumn.—**M. Thiers** is afflicted with gastrodynia. No wonder he is peevish and ill tempered.—The Prussian navy will shortly be increased by eleven armor-clad, eleven corvettes and three despatch boats. Estimated cost, twenty millions.—Pullman palace cars are to run on the Midland Railroad, England.—A coal-mining company has started in Russia with nine and a half millions capital.—Coal is being extensively discovered in Australasia. But strikes are prevalent there, too.—More painters after freedom. The troops of Porto Rico have revolted in favor of a Republic.—Turkey is to make a good show in the Vienna Exposition.—The wheat crop is so plentiful in Australia that the lines are blocked therewith.—Russia is twelve days behind the rest of the world in her reckoning of time. To-day is the 7th there.—Some of the Dutch colonies of Java are in a state of starvation.—Reviews of Austria's navy are to take place in connection with the Exposition.—The Russian troops for Khiva number 7,000.—The Irish during the coal famine are working the lignite beds with great success.—Ex-King Amadeus is now plain Duke Aosta.—Another strike in the English building trade is imminent.—The French Army is to consist of three divisions of 1,000,000 men.

**The Musical Majority**—The first three staves of the "Rognes' March."

## NORTH PACIFIC COAST RAILROAD.

Last Saturday, April 12th, ground was broken at Saucelito on the North Pacific Coast Railroad, about which very little is yet known to the public. A large number of gentlemen was present on the occasion as guests of the Saucelito Land and Ferry Company, which acted as *chaperon* to the Railroad Company, and the ceremonies were presided over with graceful courtesy by Gen. H. A. Cobb. A. W. Moore, President of the Railroad Company, stated that actual work had been commenced forty-five days previous at White's Hill and Strawberry Pond, and that a force of six or seven hundred laborers had been constantly employed since that time. The country was so broken and rugged that the surveys could only be made tardily, and that was the reason why a greater number of laborers had not been in the field, but they would soon have a force of 1,500 to 2,000. It was contemplated to run the road to Walhalla River, 140 miles beyond Saucelito, and that by the middle of February, 1874, it would be completed as far as Russian River, eighty-three miles distant, and the balance would be finished by August or September of the same year. He then expatiated on the natural resources and existing productive wealth of the tier of northern counties to be penetrated by the road. It is estimated that San Francisco consumes 16,800 gallons of milk daily, and Marin County is capable of supplying one-third of that quantity at 20 cents the gallon, or 10 cents less than it now costs, leaving a handsome profit for dairymen, even with a freight charge of 8 cents the gallon, and this traffic alone would give the road an income of \$400 per day. The lumber trade of the counties to be opened by rail is simply immense, and at least six large trains per day would become necessary for its transportation to the tide-water at Saucelito. The grain and fruit-producing capacities of Marin and Sonoma were exceedingly great, and so soon as settlers could be placed in possession of railroad facilities to reach markets of consumption, there would be large additions to their populations. H. B. Platt, Vice-President of the Company, believed that Saucelito must eventually become the grand centering depot for all the redwood lumber, bark, wood, ties, and posts used on this coast. Its port facilities were sufficient to accommodate the largest class of ships. Along the line of the road, as far as Point Arenas, there were already thirteen mills in operation, with a joint cutting capacity of 60,000,000 feet per year; and, in 1872, with the meagre and costly resources for marketing which then existed, there were sent from that region 530,000 railroad ties, 15,000 cords of wood, 200,000 posts, 5,000 cords of bark, 10,846,000 shingles, and 50,000,000 feet of clear lumber. With railroad facilities, these figures could be doubled in a short time. The thirteen mills employed from 50 to 100 men each, and none of them ever had less than from one to three millions of feet on hand, ready to fill orders. He estimated that it would require 300 acres of space to accommodate the mass of lumber that would reach Saucelito by railroad, with the lumber piled ten feet high. During the two hours consumed in festivities, 150 yards of track were thrown up and graded, ready for the ties and rails. This very important enterprise has been conducted so far in a quiet, unostentatious manner; but it is in the hands of gentlemen who mean "business," and are pushing it with great vigor and determination. It will be of incalculable immediate benefit to the counties through which it will pass, and to Saucelito, converting it into a fine maritime port, increasing its population, and augmenting the value of its real estate and other local property. It will also become another great feeder to the metropolis, adding to our wealth, and enlarging the area of our commercial relations. By all means, give us railroads. Every one is a great artery of trade, a great public benefit, a grand substitute for navigable streams.

**The Coal Question in England.**—A proposition has lately been made by a Nottingham gentleman to Mr. Gladstone to utilize the coal and other minerals lying underneath the Crown Lands, by means of convict labor. It is reported that this suggestion, to which Mr. Gladstone returned a very favorable reply, is designed not only to stave off the effects of the present panic, but to establish a means of regulating the future prices of coal and minerals. We hope that this practical solution of a great social evil will not be lost sight of. If the Government will open mines on the Crown Lands and employ convict labor, they will utilize a great deal of wasted labor and save expense to the country, as then the labor of the convicts will be a source of profit, instead of a constantly recurring charge being made for their maintenance. This system would also act as a powerful deterrent to crime, the expectation of underground work being a source of dread to the criminal population. The cost of efficient supervision would not exceed that in our present expensive convict establishments.—*Court Journal*.

**Mortimer**, the convicted murderer, seems to have excited sympathy in the breast of a certain J. Flinn, who, pistol in hand, scaled the jail walls at Sacramento, for the purpose it is supposed of effecting Mortimer's escape. Unfortunately for himself, he crossed the path of Sheriff Cross, who bowled him over with two pistol shots. He now lies in the morgue, a warning to those who dare to trifle with the majesty of law. Mortimer says that he'd like to see the body, as he thinks it may be a relative. His family have a habit of dying in their boots.

## WIVES AND DAUGHTERS.

The *Sacramento Record* is severe upon our reformers and their superficial way of saving society, though it takes the sting out of its remarks by telling us, at the same time, that these reformers are as plenty as blackberries. In any given number of men, a large, a very large proportion, will take superficial views of things; and there is really nothing which should exempt reformers from the operation of this natural law. It is no just ground of reproach against a man, who desires to aid in improving society, that he applies his remedy to the skin, when the evil is deep-seated. Empirical medicine and surgery can offer very plausible arguments for such a mode of proceeding; and if we are to reject the help of well-meaning men, merely because their knowledge is not profound, we shall make no progress in the ordinary routine of life, and less than none towards reform. We believe the *Record* must know this as well as we do; but it had a point to make against the "educational ideas and system" of the country, and is evidently disposed to hold the reforming spirit responsible for these. Its wrath is especially moved by the "amazing, the stupendous folly we exhibit in the education of our girls." This folly consists in teaching them reading, writing, perhaps French or German, music, drawing, geography, history and embroidery; and, of course, the young lady, who has gone through all this, can do nothing, when she returns to her home, but "play on the piano, read novels, do fancy work, shine at parties and balls, flirt and talk the usual flimsinesses of young woman kind." Then she is married and has a baby, and knows nothing about the care of it; and so on, to the end of the jeremiad. We cannot deny that there is some truth in all this. There must be truth in what has been repeated from the beginning of the world, not by superficial reformers, but by serious men, concerned for the welfare of the future wives and mothers of the Republic, whether Jewish, Greek, Roman, Anglo-Saxon, or what not. There always have been men who lost patience at the frivolity of women, and declared that the age was degenerate; but, none the less, there have been pretty fair wives and mothers in all ages. The *Record* very justly argues that the voters themselves are really responsible for the immoral representatives whom they select. How, then, does it fail to see that if women are frivolous, the cause can hardly lie so near the surface as in their hasty and flimsy education, but must have its seat far deeper, in the poverty and emptiness of home life? The influence of the mother is undoubtedly very great, for good; but children of both sexes are steadied or thrown off their balance far more by the example and influence of the father. The responsibility for the aimless lives of young people rests, we have no hesitation in affirming, almost wholly with their fathers. Nearly every mother is honestly anxious for the improvement of her children; and if the man only stood up to his duty tolerably well, there would not be two wretched homes in a hundred, where now there are twenty. Undoubtedly, the education we give our girls is more or less flimsy. How should it be otherwise? This also has its origin in the family life. Fathers, as well as mothers, want their girls to shine, and be taken off their hands by a good match. This we all know, and complain of. But perhaps we do not all consider, as we ought, that a high state of civilization is necessarily fatal to a general recognition of the simple and primary duties. It is not possible for men and women to ignore the tendencies of the society in which they live, or to teach their children effectually that truth and purity and duty are the supreme law, when the very air around them echoes with every hollow pretence, and hypocrisy is on the tongue of all who approach them. Men and women try their best to outshine each other, with real gold and velvet, if they can, with tinsel and tawdy imitation, if better may not be. It is surely more manly to recognize the shortcomings of our social system, than to lay the charge of them on those who educate our girls. We do not give the best education in the world; but we do not give the worst. Let the Timons and Catos say what they will, it is better for girls and boys to learn, as well as they can, a little French or German, a little history and geography, a little music and algebra, than to remain ignorant of these things while they devote their minds to business and housekeeping. People forget, when they join in the ready cry against smattering, that every one is, by necessity, a smatterer. In the beginning of the world,

When wild in woods the noble savage ran,

it was easy for every man to be perfect in the two or three accomplishments which made up savage life. But civilization, with the increasing complexity of its needs, speedily put an end to this. The most accomplished man of whom the *Record* knows would be nonplussed if called on to describe Schelling's philosophy, or give a lecture on church history. We all know this, and we know that knowledge is merely relative; but when we are asked if girls ought to learn algebra or German, we think we are wise because we make a wry face, and mutter something about babies. It is unpleasant to see conceited and priggish girls; but so far as the influence of studies tends to make them so, there is more to be feared from a devotion to one subject than from a slight acquaintance with many. The experience of every day proves this. No man or woman is so thoroughly angular and ugly as the one who knows one thing, and that only. Your notable housewife, who never heard of Goethe, and thinks that Plato invented crockery, puts you down with a speed and assurance like none other. With the very *schulmarm* one is able to come to an understanding, with a little tact and a knowledge rather greater than her own, on two or three points. Why should not girls have their little flirtations and flimsinesses? These they cannot have without men; and, if the *Record* will excuse us, we hold that men and girls are both better for the flirtation and the flimsi-



ness. It seems to be entirely overlooked that life is not all work, and that human beings have sentiments and hopes and dreams, and that these are just as real as the heaviest cash account, or the most painful broken leg. All the Gradgrinds are not manufacturers. Whatever tends in any way to rouse the mind, or excite imagination, or make the heart beat with some vigor, is so far wholesome and good, for girls no less than for boys; and the play-impulse is more precious than the science of griddle-cakes. We grant that girls ought to know something of home duties, and even of caring for babies, since babies they will have. And we find that they really do know these things as well as we, who criticize them. Very few young women do *not* know how to handle and dress a baby, the very first time the necessity is upon them; and, if it is true that the lives of children are often sacrificed by the ignorance of their parents, we can see no cure for that. No amount of teaching will supply the place of experience; and a parent without experience must rely on nature and the help of others. It is hard to see what change could be made in the general system of education for our girls. They must have a little acquaintance with the names of the sciences, a smattering of biography and of history, a few lessons in language and literature. Let the fathers give some thought to their own pursuits, and moral character, and daily example in the home; and we are satisfied that there will soon spring up, in the minds of the daughters, a love of duty, a desire for improvement, and a ready helpfulness of spirit, now not too common.

### OPERA OF THE GOLDEN CALF.

**Last Sunday** Dr. Carpenter's church was the focus of song for the saints of the city. We had not known of it: we went up to a friendly pew, sat down and waited. Meantime we amused ourselves with watching the proceedings of a lank Hebrew-phized deacon, who was marching the pretty women to the front seats, and dropping the old and ugly into the back, with a regularity as marked as if he were helping God divide the sheep from the goats. But the performance began. Instead of the sermon we had expected, we had the groanings, trills and shrills of a bad opera. Now we would rather hear the Doctor once than such holy caterwauling a thousand times. Dr. Carpenter is the best-built Gospel pugilist in the city. It stirs our soul to see him fight his losing fight: to see how he keeps up that lion's heart, holds up that lion's head of his so well; giving no inch, and countering every time with cool and crashing precision upon the Satanic snoot. We are, for the nonce, ashamed of him, however; we are mad at him for giving his countenance to such a school-girl reunion as spoiled our Sunday evening and sent us home with empty pitchers—we who had come to him for living water and for the strong meat that he knows so well to carve. It is the same everywhere; in synagogue as well as church, the opera idol stands. Last Saturday, by the force of unforeseen circumstances, we were reluctantly compelled to attend a synagogue service held not far from Mason street. They sang Verdi,—Verdi in the Hebrew language! think of it, ye great gods! bare your whips, ye furies!—nor, even with the musical assassination of Verdi, were the wretches content, but the "Reader" proceeded also to take the airy scalp off that beautiful song, "The long, long weary day." O give us a rest, ye howling dervishes! rend your hearts and not your midriffs! take your kettle off the tail of Melody, or the old dog will go mad! Our parting blessing is, that the devil take you for a herd of grunting swine, and drive you all down a steep place into the sea. O, would that every religious Mar-sayas in San Francisco had met his Apollo long ago, and that their skins hung rotting in every choir from the Mission to the City-front.

### "FRIEND MOONEY."

We are Ever Glad to hear of our old friends, especially of those who, like Mooney, have left such pleasant souvenirs behind them, and whose memory every San Franciscan must revere. Our friend has lately been playing a very prominent part in "The Home Rule Demonstration in Hyde Park," London, in fact was Chairman of the meeting. We fancy, if we remember rightly, that Mr. Mooney was from Italy, or else Ireland, and as the meeting was convened on St. Patrick's Eve, we presume that accounts in a measure for his presence and patronage. They could not have chosen a better man, or one more likely to promote their cause. We look for the early deliverance of much trodden-down Ireland. These patriotic Irishmen have only to make Mr. Mooney Treasurer as well as Chairman, and then success is certain. His financial abilities have been displayed to such an advantage even here, where financial geniuses abound, that in a field like England, where the *true financier* is almost extinct, owing to certain arbitrary laws, he must at once be put at the top of the ladder without any climbing. We rejoice to hear that our old friend has kindly given out that he will not interfere with Queen Victoria's home rule. It is kind and considerate of him, and as we have a certain respect and love for Queen Victoria, we from the bottom of our hearts thank him for his merciful forbearance. If this should meet the eagle glance of Mooney, we ask him "to return and all will be forgiven," and not to waste his sweet brogue upon desert England. Many of his friends are *very anxious to hear from him*.



## CAPTAIN JACK'S SENTIMENTS.

I'm Captain Jack, of the Modoc tribe; We talk of the reservation, both;  
 It's government whisky that I imbibe; Of course, to that I'm nothing loth,  
 And I like sometimes, by way of a gibe, And I take my little Ingin oath  
 A quiet assassination. To close the stipulation.  
 But I make a treaty whenever I can; [plan; Yes, "reservation," each party says;  
 For I am Captain Jack, and I know my It's as fixed as a pair of balances, [res—  
 I'm a Credit Mobiler Ingin man, And I chuckle now when I think of my  
 And open to investigation. My mental reservation.

## LOCAL SHIP-BUILDING.

That California, so rich in all needed materials, should have to depend upon the enterprise of other States and other countries for the supply of its merchant marine, is a sad reflection on her apathy and want of enterprise. But a movement has been set on foot at last by two or three enterprising firms which, whilst highly commendable, is wrongly conceived. On Monday evening last Mr. Story, from the Judiciary Committee, submitted a report in regard to the application of C. L. Taylor & Co., George Howes & Co., and Risdon & Booth, for a lease, for ship-building purposes for a term of fifty years, of so much of the Central Basin as lies east of Illinois street, between Santa Clara and Mariposa streets, extending in an easterly direction to the water-front line. To this request several pertinent objections have been raised by the Board. The Judiciary Committee, who submitted the report of the application, stated first, that the Civil Code provides that no lease of city property for a longer term than twenty-five years shall be valid, and this, we should think, would settle that part of the question. The great advantages of establishing extensive ship-yards here are manifest, but surely if our builders are not enterprising enough to buy or lease whatever land they require for their yards, the boast of San Francisco "go-aheadism" is a pretty empty one. This subsidy and premium business is the real dry rot of legitimate progress. The profits which are certain to accrue should be all that an honest man or company expect. Again, the property asked for has 400 feet frontage on the east side of Illinois street, extending 1,200 feet in uniform width to the established water front, sloping from a little above high-water mark to a depth of eighteen feet. This is a moderate request for 480,000 feet only, of city lands as a reward for push in starting a well-paying business. Ship builders in the Eastern cities never had, nor, we believe, did they ever seek grants for establishing ship yards, and yet their chances of totting up a balance on the right side of the book were not greater, and we should be strangely contradictory if we allowed them to be as great as ours. The remarks of the reporting committee on this part of the subject are sensible and plain. "Central Basin," says the report, "might be dedicated to ship-building purposes and leased out in parcels to proper parties under judicious restrictions. Rents could be graduated, as, for instance, agreed cost for the first five years, with provisions for each subsequent five years, inducement being offered for the production of useful, permanent improvements. Thus a profitable industry would be established and fostered to the benefit of mechanics." Exactly; this is as it should be. This "modified project" is of undoubted merit, and we trust that the hint thrown out that "the petitioners become eminently acceptable contracting parties thereunder" will not be thrown away upon Messrs. Taylor, Howes & Co. The argument that ship-building could be conducted more cheaply at Puget Sound than in this city we do not consider tenable. The only advantage gained by building in any of the small northern ports is that of being able to obtain lumber at some five or six dollars cheaper per ton. But this cheapness in lumber—worthy of note as it is in its way—does not make up for the dearthness of all other materials which the cost of transporting thither would entail. We need only mention rigging, iron, copper and canvas. But chief reason of all, the establishment of large ship-building yards in this city means the introduction of a labor needing a constant supply of educated, healthy immigrants, whose influx would be as much to the good of San Francisco as their own. All branches of industry and business connected with shipping would receive a healthy impulse, and we look for those who have manly spirit enough to start these so much needed ship yards under more independent auspices than those that would be consequent upon the granting of the strange request for a so-called lease of city land, for which the petitioners consider "a payment of a nominal rent (i. e. no rent at all), and the recurrence to the city of improvements at the end of fifty years, would be equitable."

Kelly, the Late Chief Jailer, after some years of useful service to his country, has resigned his arduous position and gone into the liquor business. The step is but a short one. He ought to know how to treat jail birds, and no doubt will do so creditably. Next to a jailer no one in a community has more to do with the class of men that fill our jails than a gentleman in what is called the "liquor business." He it is that fits them to take high positions in criminal life. A few drops of his potent whisky will make a noble murderer out of a skulking sneak-thief; a big "Credit Mobiler" man out of a poor miserable honest politician. His mighty influence has even been known to raise a paltry parson from comparative obscurity to an introduction to the great Louderback.

### THE WAY THE BRITISHERS SETTLE THEIR INDIANS.

An Interesting Lecture, detailing the operations of the Chittagong column in the campaign against the Loshais, was delivered a few days ago at the United Service Institution, Whitehall, by Major East, Forty-first Regiment, Assistant-Quartermaster-General of the Bengal Army. A large and distinguished audience was present, among whom we noticed the Countess of Mayo, etc. Major-General Armstrong, Deputy Adjutant General to the forces, was in the chair. The lecturer pointed out that the Loshai country, lying on the southeastern frontier of Bengal, and extending thence to Burmah, is occupied by hardy mountain tribes, who for years had made constant descents upon the neighboring British territory. In 1871 these raids rose to such a height that exemplary punishment became necessary. Accordingly, an expedition of some size was set on foot, not to make merely a retaliatory raid, but to advance far into the depths of the country, recover captives, and secure complete submission. The force acted on two lines; one under Gen. Bouchier moved from Cachar; the other under Gen. Brownlow—to whose staff the lecturer was attached as Assistant Quartermaster-General—had Chittagong as its base. The time selected was between November, 1871, and the following March, and each column consisted of three native infantry regiments (500 strong) and half a battery of mountain artillery. Major East detailed graphically the various movements of Gen. Brownlow's force—from the advance from Chittagong by the Kurnafoolie river, to Kassalong and on to Demegree. At the latter place, on December 1st, active operations were commenced against the Syloo tribe of Loshais, and were completely successful. Villages captured and storehouses destroyed acted with excellent moral effect, so that on a further advance against another tribe, the northern Howlongs, an actual collision was rendered unnecessary by their timely submission. On March 6th, the column returned to Demegree, when the southern Howlongs, after slight hesitation, also surrendered, and the campaign came to a close. Its results, as summed up by Gen. Brownlow himself, were: "The complete subjugation of two powerful tribes inhabiting sixty villages, of which twenty that resisted were attacked and destroyed; the personal submission of fifteen chiefs, and their solemn engagement on behalf of themselves and tributaries for future good behavior; the recovery of Mary Winchester, and the liberation of upwards of 150 British subjects who had from time to time been made captives."

### WATER EVERYWHERE, AND NOT A DROP TO DRINK.

It is whispered in Knowing Circles that the "Spring Valley Water Company" is planning a flank movement upon the people. The present and dying Board of Supervisors can still be utilized. None of them have any character to lose except, perhaps, Shrader and McCarthy. They are therefore just the sort of men for desperate counsels and forlorn hopes. They will strike one blow for immortality and coin just before going out of office. The officers and stockholders of the Water Company are, as a rule, men of unquestioned ability in looking out for their own interests in this world and in the next. They pray to God and overreach the public. In the end they will probably overreach God. The high officers are all deacons in some one or other of the most fashionable churches, and take care to attend regularly; but they are not praying all the time they sit in those pews of a Sunday, though some persons might imagine they are. They are plotting, and their plots have a point to them. The scheme now being worked up is no less than to force a resolution through the Board of Supervisors purchasing the Water Company's works at some fabulous sum, we can't say precisely how much, but hear it stated at various figures all the way from two millions of dollars up to ten millions. The first is perhaps, upon the whole, a fair price, and for that reason we predict not correct. The last is so cheeky that even the pious Directors of the Spring Valley Water Company scarcely dare to attempt it. The truth will probably be found at an intermediate point as usual, say at about three or four millions, that being three or four times what the works have actually cost the Company. About one million has been spent in money out of pocket, and another, possibly two, in earnings reserved out of income after paying six per cent. dividends to shareholders. This sum of earnings in a reserved "construction fund," will be foisted upon the public as actual money spent, but even that cannot, without gross misrepresentation, be raised above two and a half millions FOR ENTIRE COST. To this add a million and a half for profit to manipulators, and a corruption fund to put it through, and we have the people paying four millions to buy back the privilege of drinking the water that nature drops down upon them each winter. It is said that God rains alike upon the just and the unjust. This is not true of the Spring Valley Water Company's God. He is altogether another sort of character, and knows who to rain on and how to make everybody else pay for it. Look out for the new water-selling scheme. It is coming.

It is said in Paris that the marriage of the Duke of Edinburgh will not take place till next March, and that before it does take place the Queen will pay a visit to St. Petersburg. It is whispered that there is some difficulty as to whether the wedding should be solemnized in England or Russia. The *News Letter* suggests a double celebration of the event, one at St. Petersburg and one in London, but out of compliment to the lady, let the formalities begin in London.

## ECCE SIGNUM.

Two Christian Journals, the *Chronicle* and the *Evening Post*, gave an account, on Wednesday last, of a miraculous event which occurred in this city on Good Friday, just past. A young lady, Miss Collins, who had been in delicate health and even at death's door, was that day visited by special Divine favor, and marked with the five wounds of our Ble-sed Lord, on the hands, the feet and the side. These marks still remain, and have been seen not only by the reporters, but by several respectable citizens, members of the Roman Catholic Church. It must not be forgotten that, before the marks appeared, the lady had taken three drops of the holy water from the spring of Our Lady of La Salette. It is not difficult to apply the meaning of this astonishing manifestation of Divine Grace; for what said Our Blessed Lord? "A wicked and adulterous generation seeketh after a sign!" And what sign could be more tremendous, what more effectual as a warning to a generation like ours, than this of the Stigmata, marked on the hands and feet and side of a virgin daughter of our people? For in this appears still further the unimagined mercy of God, that He selected as the chosen vessel of His will, not one high in authority, not even a man, but a poor girl, sick and suffering, and blessed only in His love. Oh! unspeakable work of the Spirit! It is to be regretted that infidelity is so widely spread in lands called Christian. Under the influence of this canker of the mind, men are moved to ask what can be the good of such miracles as the one we have mentioned. They say that the work is not complete unless it is done in the sight of so many sceptics, unbelievers, Protestants, Jews and heathen, that every one shall be compelled to acknowledge the truth of it, though he continue to doubt its usefulness. They say that Heaven, out of pity for man's reasoning nature, should be careful to reproduce as far as possible, the main features of the Great Sacrifice. Some would even go so far as to require imitation crosses and two thieves, with a carpenter, to be hung thereon; losing sight, in their misplaced love of logic, of the insurmountable objection that while, at Jerusalem, there were but three thieves to be found in the whole city, (and Barabbas was one of them) even the omniscience of Heaven would find it impossible to select two out of the countless thousands in San Francisco. The thieves, therefore, could not be represented; and as for the carpenter, it would be out of the question to make any mark on his horny hands. There seems to be more force in another objection offered to these miraculous works, if, indeed, there can be any force other than that of blasphemy in man's insolent questioning of Heaven. Unbelievers say that these signs should be made to appear, not on the hands and feet of the faithful, but on a Jew; since Jesus was a Jew. It is in this way that men seek to darken counsel by words without knowledge; for if we suppose a Jew so distinguished, how could he afterwards be consigned to the torments of hell, as an unbeliever? There is yet one other audacious supposition, which we mention only under our breath, so appalling is the depth of human depravity which it seems to reveal; and that is, that these stigmata are by no means intended to represent those of Our Lord, but those of one or the other of the two thieves. The marks in the hands are necessarily the only ones shown to visitors; and who, it is infamously suggested, can be sure there is a wound in the side?

## SENATOR COLE.

This is Senator Cole's week for returning to private life. The Senator alternates between a foreign mission and Government pay on the one side, and resuming law practice in San Francisco on the other, with the regularity of a pendulum. Between the two we begin to fear he will in the end do neither. We don't wish to give unnecessary alarm to his numerous clients in this city, who, we understand, are awaiting his arrival within the borders of our State in great swarms to load him down with briefs the moment he arrives, but we do much fear that even should he refuse the Chinese Mission, which is more than probable, that he will nevertheless not consent to practice law in this State. Our readers are perhaps not generally aware of the mechanical skill of Senator Cole. He indeed ranks among the most ingenious and gifted of our mechanical inventors. His improvement upon the paddle-wheel for steamers is one of the marvelous things of the age, and has proven such a success that we have reason to suspect he will find it to his advantage to confine his attention to that and similar subjects of experiment. A well-feathered paddle-wheel is a wonderful saving of labor to one about to paddle his own canoe. And this is Senator Cole's case. Paddle away, old statesman, you will do well in this country if you don't have any bad luck.

**We Hear with Sorrow** that the horse disease has not even spared the noble "Democrat." It is not the first time a Democrat has been troubled with distemper, nor will it be the last. We hope that the mare "Lady Grant" will not get the disease too. Then, indeed, both Democracy and Republicanism would be in arms against "King Epizootic's" absolute monarchy.

**A Lengthy Tour.**—Mr. Lester Wallack is about to make a professional tour round the world. In August he will be in California, New Zealand in September, and Australia the last three months of the year. In February, March and April of 1874, he intends performing in London, returning to New York in October.



## WHEN WORDS FAIL.

When words fail, when, mute and pale, At the last, in vain you asked  
 The quivering lips refuse their task, Those parting words that love embalms :  
 Is sorrow fled ? Is feeling dead, As dumb and still, one dead might fill  
 Or anguish over ? Who can ask ? The place I held within your arms.

When words fail—oh ! then unvell Yet you know how vain the flow  
 This steel-cold grief that wounds so deep, Of graceful, ardent speech may be ;  
 And you shall find a tortured mind Then say you feel my last appeal  
 May still forbid the eyes to weep. Is answered—answered tenderly.

Say you heard what yet no word  
 But failed to make you hear so well ;  
 And say that still, through good and ill,  
 You trust the love I could not tell.

—Old and New

## CLIPPER SHIP "THREE BROTHERS," OF SAN FRANCISCO.

A Short Time Since, Jabez Howes, resident partner in San Francisco of the prominent mercantile firm of George Howes & Co., of New York, purchased the United States steamship *Vanderbilt*, at auction, for the sum of \$42,000 currency, and since then has been placed in possession of the vessel by order from the Treasury Department, all the terms of sale having been satisfied. The *Vanderbilt's* entire frame is of the very best seasoned live oak, heavily iron-strapped diagonally, with unusually large hanging knees, beams, carlins and breast hooks, and furnished with three keelsons of great size and strength. She is an extreme clipper, and her lines are as fine as those of a dolphin. When one considers the ponderous character of her engines, and the extreme speed—twenty-one knots, it is claimed—with which she has been driven through the water in open ocean, without shaking or starting her frame in the least, it is easy to form a pretty good idea of her strength and the excellence of her build. Mr. Howes has sold the engines for \$20,000 gold coin, and the ship, as she lies, becomes the property of the firm for the comparative trifle of \$20,000 currency. Her measurement, old style, is 3,615 tons, and her carrying capacity 4,400 tons of wheat. She will be ship-rigged under the immediate superintendence of Captain Cummings, for years the well-known and popular Commander of the fine clipper ship *Young America*, also belonging to the firm. It is estimated that after being sparred, rigged, equipped, provisioned and manned, with sailor's advance paid, and lying at the wharf ready to take cargo, she will cost her owners \$89,000 gold coin. There is now but little doubt that grain freights will rule at four pounds sterling the ton, and allowing five dollars the pound, the freight earnings of this ship will be \$88,000 gold coin for a single trip, and as she can easily make two trips the season her aggregate earnings will be \$176,000, or \$96,000 gold more than the cost. Jabez Howes, in fraternal regard for his two brothers, has rechristened the ship, and she will be registered as the *Three Brothers*, of San Francisco. When ready for sea, she will be the largest clipper ship under the American flag, the old steamer *Adriatic*, formerly of the Collins line, but now owned by an English house and sailing under the British flag, being the only one in the world of greater dimensions. The unequalled speed of this vessel under steam gives assurance of a corresponding celerity under sail, and she will probably be the fastest clipper afloat. The firm of George Howes & Co. has ever been foremost in maritime enterprises of this character, and now owns quite a fleet of first-class ships, which are rendering important service to the commerce of the country. The *Three Brothers*, of San Francisco, holds out every promise of being the finest clipper on the ocean, an honor to the city from which she hails, and a source of emolument to her enterprising owners.

Madame Nilsson, says the *Musical Standard*, has refused an offer of 60,000 francs for ten years' (*sic*) performances at the Berlin Opera House. Patriotism is assigned as the reason for this refusal to sing in the capital of the conqueror of poor France. A Russian indemnity has been offered to M. Strakosch to release the lady from her American engagement.

The Sea-Serpent has turned up again—this time in the Bay of Biscay. Its head is described as like that of a hippocampus, and its length is reckoned at about twenty-five feet. A large devil fish was in close attendance when last seen. He was supposed to be one of the serpent's first cousins in the maternal line.

Anonymous Letters have been sent to the Ministers at Madrid of France, Great Britain and Prussia. The letters, which are identical in terms, threaten the Ministers with death for conspiring against the Republic, and declare that the houses they occupy and those of the Consuls will be burnt.



### A GOVERNMENTAL INSURANCE BUREAU.

We this Week Broach a Scheme which has more than its undoubted originality to commend it to the public attention and consideration. The scheme is, in two words, the formation of a Governmental Bureau of Insurance. We believe, and we think our readers will, after a consideration of the plan in detail next week, agree that very solid advantages will be enjoyed, both by the Government and the people, through its adoption. Without at all exaggerating the importance of the idea, we may say that it seems calculated to institute an entirely new order of things in the insurance world, and to inaugurate a system which shall lead to the advancement of general interest and security. Especially will it recommend itself to those property holders who appreciate the possibility of improving the existent uncertain state of affairs, and to those who see the folly of allowing foreign companies and underwriters to pocket gains which should be put to another, better and more advantageous cause, that of the country's good.

The Pacific Coast Mercantile Director will, with its May number, commence its second volume, under the new title of the *San Francisco Journal of Commerce and Mercantile Director*. This monthly journal is one of the most useful published on this coast, and Murray, Dewey & Co., as the enterprising publishers, deserve the success they are obtaining. It will for the future appear as a large quarto sheet, containing forty-eight columns of commercial news, editorials and advertisements, each issue as large as those of the New York or Chicago Journals of Commerce. It will thus be not only more convenient in form, and better suited to display both reading matter and advertisements, but considerably larger space will be obtained for both. In future the subscription will be \$1.50 per annum.

**More Quicksilver.**—There is scarcely any chance of quicksilver becoming a drug in the mineral market, and all discoveries of this useful metal are worthy of note. Napa county, which is one of our richest mercury producing districts, reports an increased supply, and we may shortly look for a reduction from its high market price of 95 cents a pound. Last week we mentioned the discovery of red sulphuret of mercury in the neighborhood of Gilroy, and now from Napa comes the report that forty Mexicans from the Almaden mines are hard at work in the Whittion Quicksilver Mine, leased from March 17th by I. Pershucker to Edward Bale and M. Madero for two years, with a certified product of ten tons of first rate ore a day. The retorts will soon be in operation, one hundred and fifty tons being already taken out.

**Major Boutille**, Civil Engineer of Salt Lake City, who has been engaged on the survey of the Corinne and Malad Irrigation Canal, has just completed his valuable labors with plats, diagrams and specifications. By the 10th of May next the magnificent enterprise will be open to the use of all parties requiring irrigation for their lands in the above valley. A transcript of the survey is preparing for inspection at the California Placard Exchange, San Francisco.

**Rye Patch M. & M. Co.**—Shipments of bullion during the present week amount to 4,792 ounces. The mine is producing ores largely in excess of present milling capacity. Superintendent Hoffman advises the Company that he is sending ten tons daily to the reduction works at Winnemucca, and that within ten days remittances of bullion will be doubled. The stock is active on the Board, and the sales have been large.

**Mr. Edward Henry Vizitelly**, who, during the late war, was attached to the staff of General Garibaldi, as special correspondent of the *Daily News*, has undertaken the editorship of a new English journal, to be published weekly, at Frankfort-on-the-Main. Vizitelly is a regular recipient of the *S. F. News Letter*.

**The Suez Canal.**—It is announced from Constantinople that the British Government maintains its protest against the increase of the Suez Canal dues, and will hold the Turkish Government responsible for the sums paid by British ship-owners in excess of the former scale.

**The Chronicle** is certainly deserving of great credit, not only for the enterprising way in which it goes ahead of all the other dailies, but also for furnishing the public with the latest Modoc war news from its bulletin board on Montgomery street. It bids fair to put the other dailies "up a tree."

**ALONE WITH THE SPIRITS.**

I went to my room, as the shadows were falling,  
 I drew the rich curtains and bolted the door:  
 I made no response to my friends, who were calling,  
 But softly I crossed o'er the carpeted floor.

In silence I sat by the old oaken table,  
 No brilliant lamp shed its soft light o'er the room,  
 The midnight had come with its garments so sable,  
 And all was as still, and as cold as the tomb.

Quite worn out with watching, and wearied by waiting;  
 I roused the idea of going to bed:  
 And this new resolve I was just meditating,  
 When a brighter one still leaped into my head.

And now I felt no inclination for napping,  
 But whispered right softly "O, sweet spirit, come;"  
 When shortly and suddenly, something came rapping;  
 Now this may appear very doubtful to some.

But yet it is true, though, I heard it so plainly—  
 Yes, rapping as plainly as rapping could be;  
 But not to put faith on the hearing sense mainly,  
 I felt something touching, and resting on me.

And still it kept rapping, with no sign of stopping,  
 While there I sat quaking, and eager, and pale;  
 Till morning revealed all the cause of the knocking;  
 'Twas my little dog Freddy just wagging his tail.

**A MARINE MONSTER.**

**Description of the New English War Ship "Devastation"---A Ponderous Monster with 6,600 Horse-power Engines!---**The London *Daily Telegraph* gives an interesting description of the new English war ship *Devastation*: "That the *Devastation* is a great success, so far as she has been tried, is now admitted. The ponderous monster, which squats upon the astonished waters with a dead weight of 10,000 tons, takes any ordinary waves with stolid indifference, whether she receives them end on, or upon bow, beam or quarter. The prodigious hill of foam which her stern piles up when under way, washes, as was expected, clean over her forward deck, and she is often submerged aft; but her massive midsection rides quietly enough, and those on board her when anchored in the rolling tide way, say that she was steadier than a house ashore. She turns with great readiness and in a small circle, and her speed, as proved in six trials along the measured mile, is not only equal to the promise of her designers, but it exceeds expectation.

The mighty engines driving this Island of iron, with an indicated power of 6,600 horses, with seventy-seven revolutions to the minute, got fifteen knots and a half out of the ship, and her mean rate at full steam is thirteen knots and three-quarters. Here, therefore, is a craft which is vulnerable only to a very few guns, has the swiftness of a small packet, and the handiness—thanks to her twin screws—of a tug, while she could utilize the qualities to hurl upon an opponent the awful force of all her 10,000 tons, moving with the velocity of a spear. On board this remarkable man-of-war there are no less than thirty-four distinct and separate engines, and, indeed, the value which she represents is as serious as her fighting capacity. What remains to be learned is the behavior of the ugly giant in a real Biscay gale, and whether or no the cul-de-sac which she carries aft will not prove a mistake in a heavy flowing sea.

With stability assured to fifty-five degrees, with no top gear to set her over, and with decks which can be hermetically sealed, she would be safe enough; but whenever she does roll, or pitch, or scud, the rivets and fittings of her huge body will be thoroughly tried. Except the Russian Monitor, *Peter the Great*, nothing floating could resist or even challenge such a vessel, at once so strong and swift. The torpedo, no doubt, may yet be so developed as to make the *Devastation* and all her terrible sisters impotent against a defended coast. On the high sea, at present, she has no superior, though we suppose the day will come when even this amazing construction will be as obsolete as the three-deckers of Nelson.

**King Amadeus' Farewell.**---The few particulars of the farewell of the ex-King and Queen, when they left the Palace of Madrid, are very affecting. They had endeared themselves beyond expression to the numerous members of their household, and all were deeply moved when the young monarch passed through their midst at early morn, and went down the staircase for the last time. The Royal Guard in brilliant uniform lined the corridor and stairs of the Palace down to the carriage door, where Amadeus stood until the litter in which the ex-Queen was borne from her bed was placed before him. He then tenderly took the gentle and patient lady in his arms, and himself placed her in the carriage, she the while giving free course to the tears which she could not restrain. The ex-King was excessively pale, but, as usual, self-possessed, although evidently affected at the emotion of the Royal household at his departure.—*Echo's Correspondent.*

### Business Notices.

**We Have Great Pleasure** in drawing attention to the following circular:

PARIS, March 12, 1873.—CHARLES LE GAY, American Commission Merchant, 1 Rue Scribe—Dear Sir: You will find at my office complete files of the San Francisco *News Letter*, Daily Sacramento *Union*, Daily *Alta California*, Daily *Bulletin*, Daily *Morning Chronicle*, which I cordially invite you to consult at your pleasure and convenience.

CHARLES LE GAY.

MR. F. MARRIOTT, San Francisco, California.

The many friends of Charley Le Gay will rejoice to hear that after traveling over the greater part of the civilized world, and acquiring a store of information, both intellectual and commercial, he has settled down in Paris, where already his business qualities have been useful to many houses in San Francisco in the shape of commissions to purchase goods for this market. He has struck out a new branch of industry in connection with San Francisco, as well as with its traveling public, which cannot fail of success. It must at the same time be highly gratifying for an old resident of California to act as interpreter, and assist in effecting business transactions wherein judgment, experience of foreign and American interests, can be promoted by the solid capacity and high standing of an American gentleman. Among the many influential Americans that do business with him, we may mention the name of Calvin Brown, of Mare Island, who is on a tour of observation for the Government, who was recommended and introduced to him by Mr. Washbourne, U. S. Minister to France. Gen. Fred. Starring, the Special Agent of the Treasury Department in Europe, also does most of his business with him. The patent wind-mill with which he is interested (in America only) meets with universal approbation, and is said to be just the thing for California use.

"Crucified! Well that's reviving the old days and no gammon." "How did it happen?" "Well, it happened thusly: My old woman likes a little drop of the cratur occasionally; sometimes she exceeds that little drop. She did last night. In the morning (Good Friday) she woke me at daylight and swore she'd gone through the 'crucifixion' in her dreams. I looked her well over, and, sure enough, there were wounds in her hands and feet. She'd been scratching mosquito bites with my best razor. She's promised never to get crucified again, and to drink Cutter Whisky, as sold by Hotaling, and no other.

On a Marble Slab over a grave in Marlborough, Massachusetts, is the following epitaph, evidently composed by a youth whose poetic genius equaled, if it did not excel that of Byron. The dear dead one lying under the slab had been his betrothed:

"Death is the road that leads to bliss divine,  
For there they drink nought but the Gerke Wine  
That thou hadst trod, O hapless Caroline."

A San Francisco Youth, who wanted to get spliced but had'n't pluck enough to pop the question, asked his father's advice on the subject. His father replied, "Why, you boobey, how do you suppose I managed when I got married?" "Oh yes," said the aspiring youth, "but you married mother, and I've got to go and marry a strange girl." "You ignorant young fool," answered the irate papa, "what's the difference? Just you treat her to a few of Emerson Corville's oysters at the Saddle Rock, and the chances are she'll save you the trouble of popping the question." He acted on his father's advice, is now married and, need we add, happy.

Fair Chloe at her window sat and looked so sad,  
We asked the darling girl, "What makes you feel so bad?"  
A moment paused the girl, and then she crying told  
Her cause of woe. 'Twas not for lack of shining gold  
She thus looked sad. "Could I get taken well," she said,  
"Not matrimonially, but photographed not wed,  
I should feel happy."

We took her to Bradley & Rulofson's, and now she looks sad no more.

"Loss of a China Packet Ship!" exclaimed a literal minded old lady, one day, as she laid down the paper: "I should think so, when even iron ones, like the *Atlantic*, are not safe." This unsophisticated old lady had read nothing but the *Alta*, which perhaps in a measure accounts for her extreme innocence. She has lately taken to reading the *News Letter*, and has shown that she has improved in her common sense, for she has bought a complete new set of furniture from N. P. Cole. His furniture, though as pretty as China, is as durable as iron.

They May Boast of the beauties of France or of Spain,  
The height of the mountain, the spread of the plain,  
But had I to choose through the wide world an abode,  
I would live if I could on the San Bruno Road;  
And O, happy as long as I lived could I dwell,  
Midst the green trees and the flowers at Thorpe's Hotel.

An Inventor, who has, after much study and labor, invented a new system of making railroad locomotives and car axles, which can be finished in the short space of fifteen minutes after coming out of the blast furnace without being placed in a lathe for finish, wants a person of capital. Address R. R. R., this office.

## THE OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE BOAT-RACE.

FROM THE TOWPATH.

There is every Reason to suppose—certainly the articles in the daily and sporting papers do not incline me towards a contrary opinion—that one visit to the towpath on the Oxford and Cambridge race-day is very much like another, and that one set of light or dark-blue oarsmen is very like that which preceded it, notwithstanding the use of sliding seats and the criticism of experts. The oars are four on each side, and painted blue, the coxswain sits in the stern, and I should like to know what any one wants besides this for a description of the boats competing. But as I received a wiggling for doing my report my own way last week, and was ordered—not over civilly, either—to use my own eyes and report accordingly, I e'en with a heavy heart made the best of my way to the towpath, via the Underground Railway and Hammersmith Bridge.

The way was not at all cheerful, and I would much rather have stayed at home by the fire and read all about the race in the evening paper, if only because by that means I should have known much more about it than I learnt from actual observation. But as editors are the most obstinate of men, and mine is the most obstinate of editors, I could only grumble and obey. When I got to the Suspension Bridge the first thing that attracted my attention was the large amount of business being done by the toll-takers, who, with the barge-owners and watermen, are, so far as I can see, the only people who have any particular reason for rejoicing that the rival crews did not take their race from the Thames to the Regent's Canal, as they threatened a few years back, when the rude people looked at them so hard that the blue blood of Cambridge blushed until you couldn't tell it from the darker stream of Oxford, whereby much confusion was created.

But my business is with the present, and so I will get over the bridge, where, though there were plenty of people on my arrival, there was nothing noticeable stirring but wind, and nothing calling for much observation but water. After waiting patiently for some little time, and seeing no prospect of the crews coming, I thought, though a Christian, I would for once imitate the well-known Eastern prophet, of coffin celebrity, and go and look for them. I may as well, however, before leaving the bridge, remark that I have seldom seen enthusiasm carried much further in the cause of inter-university rowing than I did on that structure. A gentleman standing by me carried a single glass of the kind I used to wear myself until I nearly got run over by a cab which came up on the eye-glass side. There is of course nothing remarkable in the gentleman referred to wearing a glass, except that it was of a dark-blue color. This is a fact. I suppose that all seems Oxford through the Oxford glass.

Dogs seem much interested in the rowing of the rival crews. There were vast numbers of people on the towpath, and a very large variety of dogs, dirty white bull-terriers being in a decided majority. These animals barked vigorously when the crews passed, and seemed to understand all about the business; yet nobody had sufficient public spirit to paint one of them light or dark blue, which would have looked at least as well as their prevailing color and have added to the excitement. What is, I wonder, the hidden link between "shying" at cocoanuts and University boat-racing? They are always seen together, yet no one seems inclined to unravel the mystery. If the cry was "Eight shies a penny!" instead of four, I could see the connection, there being then one for each rower, with possibly the reversion of the cocoanut—if obtained, which, judging from results, I should think extremely improbable—to the coxswain. I impressed my ideas on this subject to the principal promoter of a "shy" entertainment, but I would rather not publish his reply.

I was standing outside a public house near Putney, when the first crew put out towards the starting place. They were in the manner described above, four oars on each side, and a little chap sitting behind steering. A man standing by me, watching them with the air of a connoisseur said, "That's rowing—that's the way to pick 'em up; bravo bow, capital number two, that's it three, steady four, beautiful five, rip at it six, right through the water seven, splendid stroke." Thought I, now I'm in luck, this fellow knows all about it; I'll just stick by him till the next lot go by, and listen to what he says then, and I shall be able to come out strong in my description of the race. So, without letting him know what my intentions were, I kept close up wherever he went until, to the accompaniment of loud shouts, we saw the second boat coming on fast. Anxiously I watched, and as I watched I listened. This time my oracle commenced at the stroke end. "Splendid stroke, right through the water number seven, rip at it six, beautiful five, steady four, that's it three, capital two, bravo bow—that's rowing, that's the way to pick 'em up." As there may be something hidden in this which passes my observation, I herewith present it to my readers.

Soon after this the signal was given for the start, which I have great pleasure in being able to describe as level. Whether the finish was similar I am not in a position to state, as my engagement was simply as a picturesque reporter, and of course I have nothing to do with detail. So for further particulars I will refer you to your sporting contributor, who tried to make me believe he had a ticket for the press boat.

*Palmarum qui meruit ferat.* I think I have proved that I should have had the ticket—that is, if ability goes for anything.

FROM THE PRESS BOAT.

If, Mr. Editor, my pen should falter or my style become weak during the fulfillment of the mighty task with which you have entrusted me, ascribe it not to



chronic inability, but please regard it as the result of being admitted on board the sacred vessel which carries the press representatives of our mighty metropolis. A film now gathers over my eyes and dims my sight, as I think of the valuable lives which have to-day entrusted themselves to the mercy of the waves; and I shuddered to think of the possible consequences, when, during our upward voyage, I heard it whispered that the weather was likely to be rough near Putney, and that if such were the case we might come to grief against the classic structure which there spans the river Thames. 'Twas not for myself I feared, but my heart misgave me as I thought of the heavily-bellied heads on board, and their probable fate in the event of an accident. But happily all danger is now over, and we are as I write floating serene and calm above the Aqueduct.

An obliging gentleman has just pointed out to me one of the committee that decided who should not have tickets. Great being! How wise and profound he looks. He is of course a leader-writer on *The Times* at least, and he and his co-committeemen merely regulate matters in connection with the boat-race, as a kind of relaxation from their sterner duties, and in remembrance of old University days long since gone by. It would, I am told, be foolish to think of these literary luminaries in connection with ordinary boat-race reporters. They are the very heads of the journalistic profession, and, as such, have a right to decide what journalists shall be permitted to pay for tickets of admission to the journalistic steamer. Happy am I to be of the favored few.

But see, the crews are out, and amid the shouts of the multitude are making for the starting post. I can't see any post, but I'm told it's there. Now they're off, and so are we. Oh, how the crowd does roar, it really quite unnerves me. There, now, wherever are my spectacles? Ah, here they are. Now for a good look. Well, they seem level to me. Oh, that's the Soapworks, is it? but who's ahead? Tell by the dip of the oars do you?—but both of them will keep dipping at the same time. I wish I had made my preparations a little more complete. Drat that pencil, I knew it would break off at the point. So that's Barne's Railway Bridge we've just passed under. What's that gun? Oh, to show that Cambridge has won. Thank you. Fine race, wasn't it? There, now, I declare, if I haven't been putting down our conversation instead of reporting the race. But never mind, I shall read all about it in the Sunday papers. Fine race, and Cambridge won by one length. I always said they would. I wonder where I put that light-blue rosette. Well, now, supposing we have a drink. Here's success to the Press Boat Committee.

### INFLUENCE OF WOMEN ON CALIFORNIAN MINERS.

In those Days miners would flock in crowds to catch a glimpse of that rare and blessed spectacle, a woman! Old inhabitants tell how, in a certain camp, the news went abroad early in the morning that a woman was come! They had seen a calico dress hanging out of a wagon down at the camping ground—sign of emigrants from over the great plains. Everybody went down there, and a shout went up when an actual *bona fide* dress was discovered fluttering in the wind! The male emigrant was visible. The miners said—"Fetch her out!" He said—"It's my wife, gentlemen, she is sick, we have been robbed of money, provisions, everything, by the Indians—we want to rest." "Fetch her out! We've got to see her!" "But, gentlemen, the poor thing, she—" "Fetch her out!" He fetched her out, and they swung their hats and sent up three rousing cheers and a tiger; and they crowded around and gazed at her, and touched her dress, and listened to her voice with the look of men who listened to a memory rather than a present reality—and then they collected \$2,500 in gold and gave it to the man, and swung their hats again and gave three more cheers, and went home satisfied. Once I dined in San Francisco with the family of a pioneer, and talked with his daughter, a young lady, whose first experience in San Francisco was an adventure, though she herself did not remember it, as she was only two or three years old at the time. Her father said that, after landing from the ship, they were walking up the street, a servant leading the party with the little girl in her arms. And presently a huge miner, bearded, belted, spurred and bristling with deadly weapons—just down from a long campaign in the mountains, evidently—barred the way, stopped the servant and stood gazing, with a face all alive with gratification and astonishment. Then he said reverently—"Well, if it ain't a child!" And then he snatched a little leather sack out of his pocket and said to the servant—"There's \$150 in dust there, and I'll give it to you to let me kiss the child!" That anecdote is true. But see how things change. Sitting at this dinner-table, listening to that anecdote, if I had offered double the money for the privilege of kissing the same child, I should have been refused. Seventeen added years have more than doubled the price.

—Mark Twain.

With Reference to the Chinese Laborers in Cuba, the Cuban correspondent of *The Times* writes that deeds of murder and arson, reports of which are frequently occurring, are ascribed to disaffected Chinese. A slave-owner has assured the writer that no less than fifty capital executions of Chinese for crimes of blood prompted by revenge occur in the plantations every year.

What is the Difference between a good dog show and a bad one? When it is a good one the dogs go to the show, but if a bad one the show goes to the dogs.

MY DARLING.

Through the long days and years,	Never on earth again
What will my loved one be,	Shall I before her stand,
Parted from me?	Touch lip or hand—
Through the long days and years.	Never on earth again.
Always as then she was	But while my darling lives
Loveliest, brightest, best,	Peaceful I journey on,
Blessing and blest—	Not quite alone,
Always as then she was.	Not wile my darling lives.

—Colonel John Hay.

FEMININE CHIT-CHAT.

A Lady Correspondent in London writes to us as follows: "Of course the boat race is the all-absorbing topic this week in the gossip of high and low, and light and dark blue, in all sorts of combinations, the principal color in the shop windows. In point of richness and beauty of color, the Oxford blue is far before the dead-looking 'sky' which has held the winning place for three successive years. The hat which milliners have dubbed the 'Oxford' for the nonce is an ugly, narrow-brimmed, high-crowned affair, with a dent across the top of the crown. It is trimmed with an enormous bow of dark-blue ribbons, and a veil of the same shade, which is twisted round the neck in a fashion very common a few years ago. These veils are coming into favor again, and, when gracefully arranged, are by no means unbecoming, as they have a softening effect on the features. The 'Cambridge' hat is much lighter and prettier. It is a modification of the 'Rabagas,' which has become so fashionable within the last few weeks, and is very piquant and coquettish-looking. The hat itself is very small, and Tyrolean in shape, the top of the crown being almost a point, and the brim is turned up on one side and fastened with an aigrette of small feathers. The trimming is of light blue velvet mixed with satin, and a cluster of myosotis rises at the side of the back, and comes towards the front, forming a handsomely arranged bow. The pattern hat was of white straw, but I have seen the same in blue felt, which is anything but pretty. A ball toilette, prepared for a lady of neutral opinions on the subject, is made of both shades of blue, mixed with white. The two tints do not harmonize well, being quite different colors, but the white throws them up wonderfully. The dress itself is of white silk with a kilt plaited flounce in alternate folds of dark and light blue satin. The flounce is headed by a ruche of lace and a twisted knot of the two colors. The skirt is cut with a train, very long and pointed. All very stylish trains are cut with a point now, and look very handsome, only they don't hang well unless the under skirts are precisely the same shape. The tunic of the 'combination toilette,' as it is called, is of dark blue arophone, trimmed with light blue satin, and caught up here and there with bunches of blue flowers mixed with jessamine. The whole dress is prettier than might be expected from such a mixture of colors. Floral necklaces are beginning to supersede gems to wear with ball toilettes; they are fanciful and not costly, and have the appearance of a small ruff. They are made of a double plaiting of tulle or lace (the former is the prettiest), and in the center of this a small wreath of flowers or leaves full in the center, and tapering away to the back, where the necklace or collar is tied with long ribbon strings to match the dress. Embroidered dresses are quite the rage this season. White and pale-tinted silks are embroidered with large bunches of flowers and wreaths in the most *prononcé* style; but the costliness of these delicate dresses, and their unsuitability for many occasions, has given rise to a pretty style of trimming that can be put on and taken off at will. The embroidering is the same, only done on very fine muslin, or some material on purpose, which, when placed upon a thicker material, hardly shows, and can be arranged in any style. I saw a box of most beautiful colored embroidery from a French convent in long strips, bunches, and even single flowers. The colors were exquisitely fresh and perfect, and the work so fine and regular, it was hard to believe it was done by the hand. Old-fashioned silver, and even bronze, buttons are being very much used now. Of course, antique designs are copied and sold in cheap forms, but for the most part they are clumsy, and look what they are—imitations. Elizabethan ruffs, in a modified form, are being worn this season—not the full ruffs seen on the stage, but a single frill of lace, made to stand up by some modern contrivance. They are pretty and uncommon, but troublesome and uncomfortable to the wearer."

Should America continue to grow in libraries for the next twenty years as it has grown in the last twenty, 1890 will find it a most learned nation. The census of 1850 shows four and a half millions of books in their public and private libraries; the census of 1860 found thirteen millions; and that of 1870 over forty-five millions—a record of threefold growth every ten years. One of the most pleasing features of the statistics of the present census is the presence, for the first time, of eleven hundred libraries, belonging to cities and towns, and freely open to the whole community. The record of the periodical press shows the same law of growth, though not at so rapid a rate: two thousand five hundred in 1850, four thousand in 1860, and five thousand nine hundred in 1870.—*London Mirror*.

## SLEIGHING IN ST. PETERSBURG.

A Correspondent of a contemporary says: "Without any breach of confidence, or the slightest indiscretion on my part, you shall be told of one of the 'designs of Russia.' It is the openly avowed design of this Northern colossus to make its winter season as pleasant as possible. In spite of the cold climate of the capital, there is so much fun and bustle, such 'sleighbing' and skating, such wrapping up in furs and laughing at the weather, that I doubt if the rise of temperature, very noticeable, will give pleasure to the Russians hereabouts; indeed, I fancy they will be much disgusted by it. We are still in the full swing of Carnival time, for the Greek calendar is twelve days behind that of the Western or Latin world, and there is yet a little space before the beginning of Lent. Every one seems disposed to make the most of that space. There are balls and parties in plenty; there are special performances at the theaters, and a number of theatrical 'benefits' have been duly announced. For humbler seekers after pleasure, we have a fair in the Champ de Mars, and any amount of cheap 'sleigh-rides' in the snow-covered streets. High and low, rich and poor, glide silently along on sledges. What a contrast to the worry and racket of St. Petersburg pavements in summer! No wonder that these people tell you to come hither in the winter months. The keen wind, and the pleasant gliding motion; the absence of noise and dust, and the clever driving of the *ivoostchiks*, make a mere trip through the city quite a sporting exercise to a stranger. It is better, of course, as far as the pace is concerned, to leave the busy streets altogether and get away upon a crisp white surface where the horse may be allowed to trot his fastest; but there is more life to be seen on the light brown snow of the city itself. Observe yonder handsome sledge with a pair of high-stepping steeds as black as night. You would swear that the coachman in the long blue gown and odd-looking cap was bent on killing somebody before he got home. He appears to be lost to all considerations of prudence, and drives full tilt into a crowd of sledges, whilst the light brown snow flies up in a cloud, like spray. Yet see how deftly those shabby little sledges glide to right and left, or pull up sharp, or dart forward in a hurry, and how it results that no one is hurt. Away goes the handsome equipage, scarcely slackening speed for an instant; and the two ladies half hidden in furs, and the solemn footman who stands behind them, preserve an unruffled composure. Now there is another well-appointed turn-out to be observed coming in the opposite direction. It is impossible, as one should think, to avoid a general 'smash up' this time. The crowd is so great that some mischief must be done. But again the little sledges are equal to the occasion, and again the seeming danger is averted. The light brown snow bears many a motley freight in this Carnival time, for the tiniest and the roughest of sledges from the country are allowed to ply for hire in St. Petersburg. You may count the family parties by the dozen which are packed into small wooden cradles, as it were, and dragged along with infinite merriment. The men in sheepskin overcoats and stout boots have a padded, greasy look, which it does one good to see, and the women are mere bundles of warm clothing. It is a curious part of the Russian winter how warmly every one is dressed. They have so severe a touch of frost every now and then that they must dress warmly or die, and hence even the quite poor are booted and muffled in what we should think a luxurious way. They are a quiet, good-natured set of people are these humbler Russians, with very little of the 'rough' element to be seen in their holiday gatherings. Let us drive towards the Champ de Mars and enjoy a view of some of the sights of the fair. Thicker and thicker is the throng of sledges as we approach the scene of action. That great dusty parade-ground of my summer recollection is now clear and pleasant enough, and it is no hard-ship to have to walk the last part of the distance. But you can well imagine that with such a stream of traffic to be turned aside there will be a considerable scramble at the critical corner. The police have their orders, and it is useless to struggle against fate. The foot-passengers are not to be endangered on the parade-ground. Yet some bold *ivoostchiks* are bent upon further progress. Here is a 'row' for our special instruction. We see a mounted gendarme dart after one of the delinquents, and, stooping as he overtakes him, wrench off his number from the front of the sledge. Other policemen come up. The crowd is interested and observant, the numberless driver is earnest in expostulation. Without a number he is lost. Mark how quickly a detachment of the 'force' attends him on either side. Now, surely, they will 'run him in,' for he is loud and vehement, with tears in his eyes, and is causing a stoppage of traffic. There is a moment's pause, whilst the *ivoostchik's* case is in suspense. The mounted gendarme grins at the policemen on foot, and they look hard at the defeated driver. He has turned his horse's head, and is moving sorrowfully into the crowd again, a numberless man. But that grin on the stern face of his conqueror has boded well for him, and in the distance we may observe that the metal plate which bears the number is being returned with a word of warning."

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A Mr. Wright, of Sheffield, is said to have invented a substitute for coal, and one, too, of which there is an unlimited supply. By this invention air can be used as fuel. In passing through a charged battery, atmospheric air is carbonized, and thus combustible gas is produced, which burns brighter than coal gas, and when mixed with air has a heating power which can melt copper wire. The price of the gas would be sixpence for every one thousand cubic feet.



## ONE DAY.

[ BY THE LATE HENRY TIMROD. ]

Somewhere on this earthly planet,  
In the dust of flowers to be,  
In the dewdrop, in the sunshine,  
Sleeps a solemn day for me.

At this wakeful hour of midnight  
I behold it dawn in mist,  
And I hear a sound of sobbing  
Through the darkness—hist! O hist!

In a dim and musty chamber,  
I am breathing life away;  
Some one draws a curtain softly,  
And I watch the broadening day.

As it purples in the zenith,  
As it brightens on the lawn,  
There's a hush of death about me,  
And a whisper, "He is gone."

## OLD EDINBURGH DOCTORS.

Quite a Different Kind of Personage from "Lang Sandy Wood" was the well-known Professor James Gregory, perhaps the most celebrated physician of his day, but who, in popular estimation, is dolefully remembered as the inventor of a nauseous compound known as Gregory's Mixture. He was a tall and very handsome man, and stately and grave in all his manners, but, withal, with a touch of Scotch humor in him. One evening, walking home from the University, he came upon a street row or bicker, a sort of town-and-gown riot very common in those days. Observing a boy systematically engaged in breaking windows, he seized him, and inquired, in the sternest voice, what he did that for.

"Oh," was the reply, "my master's a glazier, and I'm trying to help business."  
"Indeed. Very proper; very proper, my boy," Doctor Gregory answered, and, as he proceeded to maul him well with his cane, "you see I must follow your example. I'm a doctor, and must help business a little." And with that he gave a few finishing whacks to the witty youth, and went off, chuckling at having turned the tables on the glazier's apprentice. Dr. Gregory was a volunteer, one of the old sort, but made a poor soldier indeed. He was the *bele noir* of the drill sergeant, who declared that he would rather drill ten clowns than one philosopher. The learned professor was always asking the why and wherefore of everything, until the sergeant lost all patience, and begged to inform Professor Gregory that the "first duty of a soldier was to hold his tongue," a slight variation on the customary axiom in reference to this point, but one, no doubt, perfectly suitable to the circumstances of the case.

The period of which I write was rather a rough, hard time, on the whole, and people were much in the habit of taking the law into their own hands. It was a day of duels and street fights, and it would have been singular if the doctors had escaped the contagion, especially when we remember that the *odium medicum* has never been wanting in Scotland, where, indeed, one professor in the medical faculty of the University of Edinburgh is reported to have gone about for weeks with a bad leg, simply because he couldn't make up his mind to consult the only surgeon who was able and willing to operate for his disease—a fellow-professor.

Accordingly Edinburgh laughed heartily, but was not at all scandalized, when one famous university professor kicked another famous professor, in the same faculty, down before him from near the North Bridge to where the Register House now stands. The *casus belli* was simple, but, as reported, most irritating. The offending professor was lecturing to his class one morning, and happened to say that baldness was no sign of age. "In fact, gentlemen," said the suave professor, "it's no sign at all, nor the converse. I was called in very early yesterday morning to see the wife of a distinguished colleague, a lady whose raven locks have long been the pride of rout and ball. It was early in the morning, and I caught the lady in deshabille, and, would you believe it, the raven locks were all fudge, and the lady was as bald as the palm of my hand." The professor said nothing more, but no sooner was his lecture ended than the students casually inquired of the coachman whom the professor was called to see early yesterday morning. The coachman, innocently enough, answered, "Oh, Mrs. Professor —." This was enough, and so, before four-and-twenty hours went round, the story came to Professor A. that Professor B. had said in his class, that Mrs. Professor A. wore a wig. For two days they did not meet, and when they did, the offender was punished in the ignominious manner described.

Another professor of those days (one whom I can well remember myself, but as he has been dead but a few years, he may be nameless) was noted for his miserly habits, though, in reality, he was a rich man, the proprietor of several ancestral estates. He once observed a Highland student—proverbially a poor set—about to pick up a penny in the college quad, but just as he was about to pick it up, the learned professor gave him a push, which sent the poor fellow right over, when Doctor — coolly pocketed the coin, and walked on amid the laughter of a crowd of students, who were watching the scene. He did not always stick at trifles. Going down the crowded street he saw a street boy pick up a shilling. Instantly the professor chuckled it out of the lad's hand, and then, holding it between his thumb and forefinger, with his gold-headed cane in the other, carefully guarding it, he read out to the whimpering boy a long lecture on honesty being the best policy; how the "coin" was not his; how it might belong to some poor man whose family might be suffering for the want of that coin, and so on, concluding by pocketing the shilling, and charging the finder that if ever he heard of anybody having lost



that shilling, to say that Professor — had got it. "Everybody knows me. It is quite safe. Honesty, my lad, is always the best policy. Remember that, and read your catechism well." On one occasion he was called in consultation with Professor Gregory about a patient of his who happened to be a student of medicine. The day previously, however, Dr. Gregory had called alone, and on going away was offered the customary guinea. This the stately physician firmly refused; he never took fees from students. The patient replied that Professor — did. Immediately Gregory's face brightened up. "I will be here to-morrow in consultation with him. Be good enough to offer me a fee before him, sir." To-morrow came, and the student did as he had been requested. "What is that, sir?" the professor answered, looking at the proffered guinea: "A fee, sir! Do you mean to insult me, sir? What do you take us to be—cannibals? Do we live on one another? No, sir. The man who could take a fee from a student of his own profession ought to be kicked—kicked, sir, out of the faculty. Good morning!" and with that the celebrated physician walked to the door in well-affected displeasure. Next day, to the astonishment of the patient, Professor — sent a packet with all the fees returned. It is said that he once took a bag of potatoes for a fee, and ever after boasted of his generosity in the matter: "The man was a poor man, sir. We must be liberal, sir. Our Master enjoins it on us, and it is recommended in a fine passage in the admirable aphorisms of Hippocrates. The man had no money, sir, so I had to deal gently with him, and take what he had; though, as a rule—as a rule—I prefer the modern to the ancient exchange, *pecunia* instead of *pecus*. Hah! bah!" He is said to have been the hero of the following story: A beggar seeing him pick up a farthing begged to get it. "Na, na, puir body," was the firm refusal; "fin' (find a fardin' for yersel'!" This is not true, however, though the story loses nothing in the exchange of *dramatis personee*. Its real hero was a certain noble earl.

—All the Year Round.

### CAFFIRS AND FIREWATER.

Later on in the Course of the Parley, and after Anta, in reply, had spoken of various themes, a councillor, Kaltom by name, said: Anta, answer the point about the bright and shining money going to the canteens, and the brown money going to the Great House.

ANTA: This is the way I answer that. Of a truth, son of Brownlee, our great father, the nation is completely ruined. After all these words that you have addressed to us to-day, if we heard that the wife of so-and-so at a certain kraal had made beer, every one of us would make for that kraal to get drunk. If we heard of a certain place where we could get drink, we would all adjourn to it. The nation is utterly ruined. Even our children, whom we have taught to drink, have far surpassed us. They are greater drunkards than we are. The nation is being literally thrashed out by drink. That is a perplexing point. It is a hateful thing. The craving for tobacco is nothing now compared to the craving for brandy. Even our love for it surpasses our love for our women.

There is something very doleful and tragic in this confession, doubly doleful and tragic because so true; and if further proof of its truth than I have adduced already were wanted, it is readily adduced in the following extract from the report from which I have just quoted:

Riding homewards a couple of hours afterwards, the words of Anta and the honest old councillor proved to be too true. I came upon groups after groups of men quite helpless. As I approached the Thorn River I came upon about thirty men dismounted, treating themselves to a dance on the wagon road, whilst the horses in mute amazement stood gazing at their masters. The reason of this dance was easily discovered, for several men were freely imbibing the drink they love so well. So stupid were these miserable specimens of humanity that one rushed out from the others, shouting, "Contradict me if you dare. We all belong to the tribe of Heleke, and none but Helekes are allowed here!"—*Cape Argus*.

**A Mischievous Ape.**—In the Borgo dei Tintori, beside the garden of the friars of Sta. Croce, at one time lived a painter, Il Rosso, a disciple of Michael Angelo. Vasari relates that Il Rosso possessed an ape, which became a great favorite with one of his apprentices, called Battistoni, who employed the animal to steal the friars' grapes, by letting him down by a rope into the garden and drawing him up again with his paws full of fruit. A friar who missed the grapes set a trap for rats, but one day catching the ape in the fact, he took up a stick to thrash him; a struggle ensued, in which the ape had the best of it, and contrived to escape. The friar, however, summoned Il Rosso to appear before the judges, and his favorite was condemned to have a weight fastened to his tail. A few days afterward an opportunity occurred for revenge: the friar was performing mass in the church, when the ape was made to climb the roof of his cell, and, in the words of Vasari, he "performed so lively a dance with the weight at his tail, that there was not a tile nor vase left unbroken, and on the friar's return a torrent of lamentation was heard, which lasted three days."—From "Walks in Florence," by S. and J. Horner.

"Thou Art so Dear, and Yet so Far," as the man said on looking down the shaft of a coal mine.

**Special Brevities.**

**The Lecture Business in America.**---We are feeling the effects of a curious literary rage which is just now the fashion in the United States. "The American Literary Bureau" is an association in New York which provides lecturers for the whole American public, with whom "English celebrities" are said to be in great favor. The bureau sent an agent to London recently to look out for new stars. This gentleman has made arrangements with Mr. Wilkie Collins and Mr. Charles Bradlaugh to go to the States next autumn, and he is also anxious to secure Monsignor Capel as one of the new attractions. The lecturing business in America is often very profitable. Mr. Froude and Mr. E. Yates, who were both "managed" by this bureau, received large sums; and Father Burke, an Irish Dominican, came back the other day from a year's tour which had netted for him no less than \$60,000.---*Manchester Guardian.*

**A True Dog Story.**---The *Troy Times* says this is a true dog story: A family down town having a false grate in one of the rooms of the house, placed some red paper behind it to give the effect of fire. One of the coldest days this winter the dog belonging to the household came in from out of doors, and seeing the paper in the grate deliberately walked up to it and lay down before it, curled up in the best way to receive the glowing heat as it came from the fire. He remained motionless for a few minutes; feeling no warmth he raised his head and looked over his shoulder at the grate; still feeling no heat he arose and carefully applied his nose to the grate and smelt of it. It was as cold as ice. With a look of the most supreme disgust, his tail curled down between his legs, every hair on his body saying "I'm sold," the dog trotted out of the room, not even deigning to cast a look at the party in the room who had watched his actions and laughed so heartily at his misfortunes. That dog had reason as well as instinct.

**A Novel Wager.**---Although M. Gustave Courbet has received his full measure of abuse for pulling down the Vendome Column, there is one person, at least, who owes him a debt of gratitude for so doing. Five years ago, says the *Paris Figaro*, an Englishman made a bet of £20,000 with a fellow countryman that he would throw himself from the top of the column, and, thanks to a parachute he had invented, reach the ground uninjured. Both men, however, were suddenly called to Australia on business, and the trial was put off. Recently they returned, and the parachute inventor announced himself ready to fulfill his wager. His friend asserted that, the column being pulled down, the bet was void, but the other declared that he had made no stipulation as to the height of the column, and since the Communists had been obliging enough to leave nothing but the pedestal, he would jump from that. Of course he won his wager easily, but even his parachute did not save him from receiving a bruise or two.

**Unusual Devotion in Lovers.**---A very peculiar illustration of the rough way in which the course of true love sometimes runs comes from West Virginia. A maiden loved a youth who was unfortunate enough to be charged with horse stealing, and in danger of being sent to the penitentiary. Determined to share his unhappy lot, the faithful maiden set a church on fire in order to be sent to the penitentiary too. She was sent, but at the last moment her lover was acquitted, and they were again hopelessly separated. The young man did not show his devotion by stealing a horse in order to get into the penitentiary, but, more sensible, exerted himself to get the maiden out. Only a few days ago he was made happy by securing a pardon from the Governor, and the two are united in happiness more than doubled by the tribulations of the last few months.

**An Uncanny Scot.**---William Reed, a Scotsman, accosted a stranger in Boston recently, asking to be directed to the Hartford and Erie Depot, stating he wished to take the train for Cincinnati. The stranger proved most loquacious, pointed out the way, informed William he was going there himself, and would like to employ him in that city, and finally agreed to meet him at the depot in a short time. Unfortunately, however, the Cincinnati merchant was short of money; could William oblige him with the ridiculous sum of, etc.,--mentioning a few dollars. The Scotsman, with the idea that a friend in need was a friend indeed, handed him \$50, which was, however, a little more than was required, so the new acquaintance started off to get it changed, leaving Reed on the sidewalk, who, but too late, found out that he had been trusting to a broken *Reed*.

**The New Steamship Pembroke.**---The new steamship *Pembroke*, of the South Wales Atlantic Steamship Company, known as the Cardiff line, has arrived in New York. The vessel is a screw steamship, of 2,500 tons. Her dimensions are 321 feet by 36 feet 6 inches by 28 feet 7 inches; she is propelled by two pair of surface condensing engines of 500 horse-power. The steamer is fitted up in excellent style, and was built by W. Simons & Co., at Renfrew. It is fitted with elegant accommodations for fifty first, sixty second and five hundred third-class passengers. She left Cardiff on the 24th of March, containing 47 passengers, and is consigned to Messrs. Archibald Baxter & Co., the agents, in this city.

**Rumored "Ring" in the London Share Market.**---A rumor is current in the city that a syndicate has been formed, with a capital of seven millions at its back, for the purpose of "bearing" particular stocks. The syndicate has first directed its attention to railway stocks, and the operations for a fall, as Stock Exchange quotations during the past fortnight have shown, have only been too successful. It is affirmed, moreover, that the syndicate has amongst its leading members two or three of the most notorious "wreckers" of banks and finance companies of the disastrous Overend and Gurney epoch.

### Court Chat.

**The Romantic Career of Lady Ellenborough.**—Miss Isabella Burton, wife of Captain Burton, writes to the *Pall Mall Gazette* as follows: About sixteen years ago, tired of Europe, Lady Ellenborough conceived the idea of visiting the East, and of imitating Lady Hester Stanhope and Lady Mary Wortley Montagu. (There is also a French lady Mme. de la Tour d'Auvergne, who has built herself a temple on the top of Mount Olivet, and lives there still.) Lady Ellenborough arrived at Beyrout and went to Damascus, where she arranged to go to Bagdad across the desert. A Bedouin escort for this journey was necessary, and as the Mezrah tribe occupied the ground the duty of commanding the escort devolved upon Shaykh Mijwal, a younger brother of Shaykh Mohammad, Chief of this tribe, which is a branch of the Great Anazeh tribe. On the journey the young Shaykh fell in love with this beautiful woman, who possessed all the qualities that could fire the Arab imagination. Even two years ago she was more attractive than half the young girls of our time. It ended by his proposing to divorce his Moslem wives and to marry her: to pass half the year in Damascus (which to him was like London or Paris would be to us) for her pleasure, and half in the desert to lead his natural life. The romantic picture of becoming a queen of the desert and of the wild Bedouin tribes suited her wild fancies, and was at once accepted, and she was married in spite of all opposition made by her friends and the British Consulate. She was married according to Mahomedan law, changed her name to that of the Honorable Mrs. Digby El Mezrah, and was horrified when she found that she had lost her nationality by her marriage and had become a Turkish subject. For fifteen years she lived, as she died, the faithful and affectionate wife of the Shaykh, to whom she was devotedly attached. Half the year was passed in a very pretty house she built at Damascus, just without the gates of the city, and the other six months were passed according to his nature in the desert in the Bedouin tents of the tribe. In spite of this hard life, necessitated by accommodating herself to his habits—for they were never apart—she never lost anything of the English lady, nor the softness of a woman. She was "grande dame au bout des doigts" in sentiment, voice, manners and speech. She never said or did anything you could wish otherwise. She kept all his respect, and was the mother and the queen of his tribe. In Damascus we were only nineteen Europeans, but we all flock around her with affection and friendship. The natives the same. As to strangers, she only received those who brought letters of introduction from a friend or relative, but this did not hinder every ill-conditioned passer by from boasting of his intimacy with the House of Mezrah, and to recount the untruths which he invented, *pour se faire valoir*, or to sell his book or newspaper at a better profit. She understood friendship in its best and fullest sense, and for those who enjoyed her confidence it was a treat to pass the hours with her. She spoke French, Italian, German, Slav, Spanish, Arabic, Turkish and Greek as she spoke her native tongue. She had all the tastes of a country life, and occupied herself alternately with painting, sculpture, music, or with her garden flowers, or poultry, or her thoroughbred Arab mares, or carrying out some improvement. She was thoroughly a connoisseur in each of her amusements or occupations. To the last she was fresh and young, beautiful, brave, refined and delicate.

**The Memorial Diplomatique** says the marriage of Prince Arthur with the Grand Duchess Mary, daughter of the Emperor Alexander of Russia, is now arranged. The young Prince will go to St. Petersburg immediately after the return of the Emperor, who is now in Italy. The Prince of Wales and his sister-in-law, the Grand Duchess of Russia (Princess Dagmar of Denmark), have, it is said, greatly contributed to this union.

**On the Anniversary of the Death of the Duchess of Kent**, the Queen and Princess Beatrice visited the mausoleum of the Duchess at Frogmore in the morning. By Her Majesty's command the mausoleum was opened between the hours of twelve o'clock and half-past four p.m., to enable the ladies and gentlemen and servants of the household to visit the tomb.

**The Vienna Exhibition.**—The Chevalier de Shaeffer, Deputy Consul-General for Austria and Hungary, has received official information that the Universal Exhibition at Vienna will be opened on the 1st of May, 1873, by the Emperor in person.

**The Maharajah Dhuleep Singh** has resolved, it is announced, to contest Whitty at the next general election with the Premier's son, Mr. W. H. Gladstone. His highness is a Conservative.

**It is Rumored**, says the writer in the London *Guardian's* "Table Talk," that Dr. Lushington's secret about Lord Byron has not died with him, and will be made public before long.

**It is Said in Paris** that the marriage of the Duke of Edinburgh will take place next March, and that before it does take place the Queen will pay a visit to St. Petersburg.

**Prince Arthur**, who has rejoined his regiment at Dover, opened the Dover and Cinque Ports Poultry Show on the 26th March, and afterward inspected the collection.

**M. Thiers**, says the *Lancet*, is suffering from gastrodynia—that is, a painful affection of the stomach attendant on dyspepsia.

**A MILLION YEARS.**

Night cast her mantle o'er the busy earth,  
 But restless earth defied the placid night:  
 Days are not long enough for modern men,  
 Who work by aid of artificial light—  
 Not like old father Adam, who, 'tis said,  
 At sunset dropped his spade and went to bed.  
 Earth, strong and wakeful, still kept humming on,  
 And did not cease from toil e'en at night's noon;  
 So rest was banished till 'twas almost dawn,  
 "I need no sleep!" the Earth cried to the Moon:  
 "You're wrong!" retorted Luna, "for, at least,  
 You should give eight hours rest to man and beast,  
 "Ages ago, I did as you are doing,  
 Worked day and night and threw my strength away:  
 I'm cooler now, alas! and wiser grown,  
 And strongly counsel you your waste to stay;  
 Your children are degenerating fast!  
 Your coal and oil will not forever last!  
 "There's Africa fast turning to a desert!  
 Where cities stood you now have burning plains;  
 Not e'en the scars are left of what has been;  
 Of Tyre and Sidon nothing now remains:  
 The fruitful lands of Palestine are dry,  
 And Nineveh in ruins low doth lie.  
 "You're feeding on yourself and gaining nothing;  
 You've nought about you that at all increases,  
 Unless I count your stunted swarming millions,  
 Those parasites who tear you all to pieces:  
 I see consumption in your wasting face—  
 You'll burn up, and, like me, roll into space!"  
 The Earth, affrighted, shook from pole to pole,  
 And then her children trembled in their turn—  
 For by her servant, Science, she declared  
 That she was doomed to wither, melt and burn.  
 Though few had heeded when Religion spoke,  
 When Science raised its voice they all awoke.  
 Before the savants, now to gods exalted,  
 Men in their abject terror humbly bent,  
 Crying, "Peer into time! Ask Mother Nature  
 How many years 'twill be before she's spent!  
 O tell us, Prophets, will the end come soon?  
 When will this earth be worn out like the moon?"  
 The learned sages held a consultation,  
 Then toward the full moon turned their eager vision,  
 And from her spots, volcanoes, hills and mountains,  
 At length arrived at this profound decision:  
 "It seems quite probable, so cease your fears,  
 That Mother Earth will last a million years!"  
 "A million years!" the happy crowd re-echoed,  
 'Tis as far off as though 'twould never be!  
 To us ephemeral, transitory mortals,  
 A million years is an eternity!"  
 Then, all rejoicing, went upon their way,  
 And laughing said, "The Earth will last our day!"

—*New York Home Journal.*

**The Advantages of a Wooden Leg.**---Mr. Howse, of the West Cliff Hotel, Folkestone, applied to the magistrates recently for advice. He stated that a person came to stay with him from the Lord Warden Hotel, Dover, and on the strength of his representations Mr. Howse supplied him with board and lodging, as well as money. Since then he has reason to believe that the man is a swindler, and requested him to leave the hotel, but the offending party only took off his wooden leg and refused to move. Mr. Howse stated if it were a man with two legs he should know what to do. The magistrate's clerk recommended the employment of a good stout porter to carry him out and set him on the pavement. Mr. Howse thanked the bench and retired.

**Street Accidents in London.**---No week now passes without a fearful return of deaths and accidents in London from pedestrians being run over. The average seems to be three deaths and fifty mutilations weekly. Last week, as usual, there were three deaths and forty-seven injured people. This affords a fearful aggregate for one year, being no less than 156 deaths and 2,600 maimed or injured.—*South London Press.*



### COTTAGE WINDOW GARDENING.

**Flower Show in Salford.**—One New-Year's Day we gave some account of a movement set on foot by Mr. Leo Grindon, Mr. John Edwards and some other benevolent gentlemen whose names have not come to the front, for the encouragement of the growth of simple flowers in the windows and dwellings of the poor; so that objects of beauty might help to brighten them, and ideas of neatness and cleanliness be awakened and fostered, especially in the minds of children, to whom the care of the plants was to be specially entrusted. Several hundred hyacinth bulbs were purchased, properly potted and distributed gratuitously, but carefully, and chiefly in the immediate neighborhood of Broughton Road, Salford, with the understanding that when in bloom there was to be a general exhibition. The show was held on Saturday afternoon, in the Richmond Lecture Hall, and showed the effort to have been far from in vain, not less than 250 plants being brought in by the owners—one apiece, of course—and of these at least one hundred were such as would have done credit to any parlor. There was no doubt as to the kind of atmosphere in which each particular plant had grown—a fact that the Sanitary Association might do well to note; nor could there be any uncertainty as to the stimulus that had been given to notions of tidiness and pretty “get up,” some of the flowers being trimly tied with ribbons, others labeled with tasteful little cards, etc. A considerable number of visitors had paid their 2d. for admission, and in due time the prizes were distributed. These consisted of about a score of nicely established hydrangeas, valletas, etc., kindly given in person by Mr. R. S. Yates; while every exhibitor received a little packet of some kind of flower-seed suitable for the pot when the hyacinth should be withered, with instructions how to sow it, etc. Left there should be any difficulty as to proper soil, a gentleman resident of Lower Broughton expressed his willingness to supply every applicant. We take this movement, simple as it is, to be one of the kindest on behalf of the poor that the day has produced, and commend it heartily to the practical sympathy of all right-minded people. It is independent of sect or party, costs very little except personal labor, and lays the foundation for an immense amount of good result.—*English Paper.*

### A SWALLOW-TAILED CATASTROPHE.

**A Judicial Separation** has been claimed by a French lady in consequence of an injury sustained by her at the hands of her husband during the marriage ceremony itself. This very early check to matrimonial felicity came about owing to the following circumstances: The period of courtship had been by no means wanting in vicissitudes. The young lady several times named the day, and as often changed her mind. Her betrothed had, of course, ordered his wedding coat on the first assurance of the success of his suit, and it hung over a chair in his dressing-room during all the subsequent vacillations of the *fiancée*. The spectacle at length became too trying to the perplexed lover, who, one day, after having experienced more than usually severe treatment, impatiently told his valet to lock up the wedding garment, but to take care that the moth did not get into it. “No fear, sir,” replied the servant. “I have an infallible receipt against such intruders.” At last Mademoiselle once more consented to be led to the altar, and remained in the same mind for some days, during which the lover was summoned to her father’s country place, whither he repaired, leaving his servant, and having himself carefully packed the coat in his portmanteau. As the bride knelt by her bridegroom while the ceremony was in progress, she asked him to take charge of her smelling-bottle, which he put into his pocket. After the utterance of the irrevocable vow, however, the bride felt in need of her *flacon*. Monsieur put his hand into his pocket and drew out something which he tenderly held to her nose. It was the blackest and most fragrant of all short pipes!

**Langley’s City Directory for 1873** has been some time out. A careful consideration of its title-page convinces us that it is the most useful book published in this city for some weeks. The information as to where people live and what they do is really remarkable. Several of our acquaintances, whom we imagined had nothing settled about them, except a determination to do nothing, look quite staid and respectable members of society, with their names, address, and occupations (if given in print. As a book for steady reading, the Directory is not a success, it too much resembles the Dictionary in point of disconnectedness, but as furnishing answers to the questions of who, what, and where, it is unfailing and most admirable.

**The Sunday School Convention of the Pacific Coast** was held this week, the 22d, 23d and 24th inst., in the Tabernacle, Rev. Dr. Cunningham, pastor. This large edifice, just completed, was open to the public, first last Sabbath, and has on four several days since been filled to repletion, crowds going away unable to gain an entrance. Eloquent addresses were delivered by the Rev. Dr. Patterson of Chicago, Rev. Drs. Dodge and Cunningham of this city, Rev. Mr. Dunn of Napa, Rev. Mr. Jewell of the Methodist Church, Mission street, Philip Phillips, the “Sweet Singing Pilgrim,” occupied altogether too much time showing off, and Evangelist Hammond, from the East, amused the children.

BALLAD OF J. COX, D. D.

[From Our New York Correspondent.]

There was a man named Cox,  
Who had the care of flocks;  
In short, he was a priest,  
And preached against the beast.

His church was built of wood,  
And near his house it stood—  
Of modern gothic style—  
A venerable pile.

And every Sunday morn,  
As sure as you were born,  
The bell began to ring,  
And all that sort of thing.

And then the bell would toll,  
And animate each soul  
With a melancholy sense  
Of solemn somnolence.

And when the bell had tolled,  
Then forth the music rolled,  
And the blower at his post  
Would burst himself almost.

Then in would walk J. Cox,  
With auburn beard and locks,  
And kneel him down to pray  
In quite the high-church way.

He seldom had to look  
Upon the prayer-book;  
He was so very smart,  
He knew the whole by heart.

And then he'd pray a while  
In very humble style;  
And then the choir would sing,  
And all that sort of thing.

And then, at any rate,  
They'd pass around the plate,  
To clothe the parish poor,  
Or give J. Cox a tour.

Because J. Cox, D. D.,  
Was very apt to be  
Quite worn out in the Spring,  
And all that sort of thing.

But when he went to preach,  
And undertook to teach  
What seemed quite orthodox  
To Reverend Doctor Cox,

Some folks would go to sleep,  
And some begin to weep;  
And those that slept would snore,  
At least some three or four.

One day, 'twas very hot,  
He preached, I don't know what,  
Of angels on the wing,  
And all that sort of thing.

He preached till afternoon,  
Then tumbled in a swoon,  
While the congregation slept.  
Then in the Sexton stepped,

And went to Doctor Cox  
And gave him several knocks  
In the region of the brain  
And set him up again.

And on the sermon went,  
Till all the night was spent,  
And the next day and the next,  
In hammering at the text.

But the people were so deep  
In a comfortable sleep  
That I know they never heard  
A solitary word.

And then he showed the beauty,  
And particularly duty,  
Of a weekly offering  
And all that sort of thing.

And thus he preached away  
Six months, both night and day.  
Meanwhile, it is supposed,  
The congregation dozed.

Till the Bishop, on his rounds,  
Came to those sacred grounds;  
But, ere he reached the door,  
He heard the sleepers snore.

And when he got inside  
He thought he would have died,  
At the people slumbering  
And all that sort of thing.

So he went and woke the Sexton,  
And he woke up the next one,  
And soon the congregation  
Put on more animation.

Now, J. Cox was sore athirst,  
So the Bishop he dispersed  
The people, and then said,  
"Now, Cox, you go to bed."

And the Bishop set about  
To find the reason out,  
And Cox, he said, "I think  
It's all caused by the ink."

It got so thick one night  
That I could hardly write,  
And I weakened it with wine,  
And Hoffman's anodyne."

And the Bishop said, said he,  
"It really could not be  
Expected they could stand  
Your dreary sermons and

The Hoffman's anodyne,  
That risky medicine.  
Get some new ink and try  
Short sermons. Now, good bye."

But Cox could not condense,  
And, as a consequence,  
The congregation slept—  
Including those that wept—  
While Cox urged church-going,  
And all that sort of thing. H. A.

Utica Brooker, a New York lady of the Timberstern school, felt very much hurt at having to leave the Court, when the dirty filth of the demented George Francis train was read. No doubt she wanted to hear it, went there to hear it—and then to be disappointed!—must have hurt her feelings very badly. Her motto as she explained to the Court is, "Evil to him who evil thinks." We do not suppose that the reading of any amount of filth would bring even the faintest blush to the cheek of any member of her school, and think that the only reason she was ordered to leave the Court was, that the lawyers were afraid her presence might make THEM blush and feel embarrassed. Lawyers are not as a rule too sensitive, but they can never hope to compare in cheek with a "strong-minded woman." Their strength of mind is only equalled by their breath. Both are equally offensive.

### THE SILBER LIGHT.

The Success which has attended the practical trials of the Silber light in its application for the purpose of public illumination was referred to in the *Mining Journal* some few weeks since, upon the occasion of an influential company being formed for acquiring the inventor's British patent rights, and developing the trade arising out of them; and from the progress which has even already been made, congratulation may fairly be offered to all concerned upon the excellent prospect of the commercial portion of the business proving as highly remunerative as could be desired. To induce practical men even to test a new invention it is necessary to offer them very decisive evidence that the invention is not only correct in principle, but also likely to secure economical advantages in use; and when these practical tests have been made the public need seldom ask further proof of the real value of the proposition than that afforded by the fact whether or not the use of the invention has been continued after the expiration of the period fixed for the probationary trial. Mr. Silber's invention has passed through these ordeals most satisfactorily, for, after long probationary trial, not only has the invention continued in use, but it has been much more extensively applied. India, moreover, appears desirous not to be behind this country in its appreciation of the invention, for already the Silber light has been adopted for the new railway station at Madras, and has given such complete satisfaction that Messrs. Oakes & Co., the local representatives of the patentee, are sanguine that its adoption will become general, especially as it is found that the cost does not amount to half a pie per lamp per hour, and that the labor of attending to the Silber lights is not one-tenth of that which has been necessary with every form of oil-lamp previously used. Upon the occasion of the opening of the station many of the leading Government officials, the members of council, the representatives of the railway company, and the leading merchants and tradesmen of the city were present; and those who have had the opportunity of seeing in this country the softness of light yet enormous illuminating power of the Silber light will readily understand that the station presented an imposing sight when they learn that there were 13 wall-lights, 75 hanging-lamps and several catoptric lamps, all carefully disposed to produce the best possible effect.

That the Silber light can be advantageously used as a substitute for gas in large towns where the gas mains are in every street and the fitting already provided in the houses, is not claimed even by the inventor himself, but there are innumerable places where the number of lights required is insufficient to justify the erection of gasworks, although the necessity for a small number of brilliant lights is, nevertheless, desirable. The Madras railway station was a case of this kind, although it is not necessary to look so far as India to find instances in which the brilliancy of gas without the costliness of gasworks would be a desideratum; indeed, the course taken by the Great Western Company is conclusive proof of this. The use of the Silber lights as carriage lights upon the Great Eastern, Metropolitan, London, Brighton and South Coast, and other railways, has already been mentioned; and reference was also made to the certificate of Mr. Myles Fenton, the general manager of the Metropolitan Railway, in which he stated that the Silber lamps which "have been fitted in one of their trains for about nine months have proved very satisfactory. Perfect lighting is essential on this line, and their experience so far has proved that the Silber lamps are the best that they have used, both as regards illuminating power and economy;" whilst the Great Western Company has now given further proof of its appreciation of the practical utility of the invention by adopting the Silber lights for the general illumination of the Taplow station. As the Great Western Company had already had nearly twelve months' acquaintance with the lamps, it may fairly be assumed that the lighting of the Taplow station by the same means was not decided upon without mature consideration; and it may be equally fairly assumed that as the comparison with seventy other stations of the company has proved extremely favorable in point of economy, the same system of lighting will speedily extend itself to the almost innumerable stations in the kingdom which are at present in a state of the most melancholy gloominess, although an amount far greater than that now paid for lighting Taplow station is expended upon them.

That the Silber light is able successfully to compete with coal-gas at 3s. 9d. per 1,000 cubic feet is, no doubt, due to some extent to the facts that Mr. Silber's invention permits of mineral oil being consumed under the most favorable conditions, and that mineral oil is the most economical burning oil manufactured; but that the economy depends principally upon the construction of the Silber lamp is obvious, since the best of the mineral lamps previously constructed have been comparable with gas only when attended to and regulated with the care seldom found outside the chemist's laboratory, and even then have scarcely approached it in point of economy. Nor is this the only proof that the higher illuminating power and greater economy obtained are due to the invention, and not to the use of a special quality of burning fluid; for we have recently seen ordinary colza oil burned in a moderate lamp of the ordinary form, but fitted with Mr. Silber's invention, which, although consuming about the same quantity of the same oil per hour, gave a light more than four times as brilliant as the fellow-lamp in its unmodified form; and it speaks well for the invention that not a single instance has occurred in which the Silber light has failed to give satisfaction, although in the course of his experience the inventor has naturally been able to render the light still more nearly perfect by slight modification of detail. The invention will certainly come into general use, and cannot fail to prove highly remunerative to all concerned in its development.



[From the Town Crier Column of the San Francisco News Letter.]

**One Night, in the Early Part of this Week,** the *Town Crier* was lying peacefully asleep in his virtuous couch, when the disputer of the bed clothes, thoroughly awakened him by a terrific dig in the ribs with a sharp elbow, and by hissing in his ear, "Good gracious, Town, what is that noise?" He sat up and listened. Sounds of the strangest and wildest music "smote on his astonished ear." (That sounds very like a quotation, even if it isn't.) The music evidently proceeded from instruments constructed of brass and wood, and there was an occasional erratic, but unmistakable evidence of tightened sheep's-skin. What the tune was, Lord knows. At times the beater of the loud bassoon would wander away into musical vagaries that were astonishing indeed, and he brought up suddenly with a sort of smothered *pouf*, produced evidently by the violent introduction of a drum stick into the larger orifice of the suffering instrument. One clarionet held on to a prolonged and high-pitched shriek, whilst another tooted and squeaked up and down such musical hills and dales of discordant melody, that this individual's variations were as astonishing as the other individual's powers of continued and violent breathing. A player of the cornet stuck to "Home, Sweet Home," with a pertinacity that savored of inebriated stubbornness, and he who produced the aerial vibrations consequent on thumping the aforementioned parchment, endeavored with an assiduity worthy of a better cause to beat time to everything, but failed lamentably therein. With his night garments fluttering in the very early morning breeze, the *Town Crier* opened his casement and looked to see who were these "sunders of revelry by night." (That he is sure of.) They wore a uniform seen often near the Presidio, and he agreed with Mrs. Town as she shook up his pillow, and declared "'twas shameful."

**With what Joy** we read that the old country is gradually, yet surely, shaking off the trammels of that devil fish, Religion. (Not the Religion of God, but the played out old humbug that has kept the world back a thousand years.) Fawcett's bill, for abolishing the religious oaths tests, is a step, and a big one, too, in the right direction. Why should a certain sect come forward and say, we, and only we are right in our religion, when, perhaps, the odds against them are a thousand, nay, ten thousand to one. Give every one a show, and let the best man win, is our motto—be he Papist, be he Buddhist, or be he of no religion at all. Universities are not meant wholly and solely for religious training. If they are, they fall a long way short of their aim. The religion of the world should be that which teaches a man "his duty towards his neighbor." So long, however, as sect runs against sect, as prejudice overweighs sound sense, while priestcraft rules the roast and philosophy contents itself with the crumbs, "man's duty towards his neighbor" will be as it ever has been, translated to mean man's dealing as justly as he knows how with those of his own belief, and persecuting and robbing those who dare to hold any other. We believe that the allegorical apple, plucked by erring Eve, contained countless pips, each of which in time grew into a religious sect. If we are correct in our belief, Eve has certainly brought more trouble into the world than woman, good and noble as she is, can ever hope to counterbalance.

**Sherman**, though he has a habit of whistling "Marching Through Georgia," has a pretty clear head on his shoulders. His view of the Indian question, one that at the present moment must be worthy of every American's consideration, is a clear and lucid one. He bases his arguments on a good, solid, common sense basis. His red tape, however, sticks out when he says that "the present Indian agents, as a class, are very good men." We ask, what for—themselves or the Indians? and beg leave to disagree with him and contradict him, by saying that we think, as a class, they are the meanest set of thieves that ever fattened off dirty plunder. He pleases us a little better when he goes on to say that "they lack force and power, which the Indians alone respect." We don't exactly know whether they lack force. They do, no doubt, in Sherman's acceptance of the term. But one kind of force we know they do not lack: They force the Indians, otherwise peaceably inclined, to commit murders and robberies, that if fed (as they are paid to feed them) he would never dream of. We believe that an Indian respects a man that is a man, but when the white men that are placed in immediate connection with him, and to him represent the "Big Boston Man," behave so scurvily to him, he naturally (being a savage, and as such not a philosopher) judges one by the other, and fights the devil with his own weapons—treachery. Much as we admire some parts of Sherman's Indian views, we must say that his view of the "good agent" is (to be Christian) a mistaken one.

**We never Should have Suspected**, never should have believed, had we not seen it with our own eyes, that the *Alta*, the dear old *Alta*, whose auctioneer notices have brought tears to our eyes so often, and whose telegrams (when the bills were paid once a year) have given us such an insight into the outer world, could have so far forgotten herself, her nationality and her Christianity, as to have caricatured the Modoc martyr, General Canby. We can forgive the *Chronicle* for making sport of Captain Jack; he deserves it; but for a paper (that even in its decline we thought had some sense of propriety) to heartlessly print in its daily issue a caricature of the late General, surrounded by a frame of young cucumbers, is too bad. No more will the *T. C.* lull his "last little present" to sleep by gently humming its editorials. No, it shall be to him as a thing of the past. A paper that has no respect for the dead can have no interest for the living *T. C.*



**Even that Time-honored Subject, the Weather,** as an introductory to topic of conversation, has given place to those of the Modoc fizzle and the epizootic. He, the valiant War Correspondent of the *Chronicle* must expect to be made a lion (*en peau d'âne* perhaps) on his return, for as a recorder of blood-stirring episodes strongly flavored with the Cæsarian opinion of Cæsar, he has no equal. And now he has furnished our Western Barnum with a tangible evidence, of one at least, of the terrible conflicts in which he has been engaged. The visitor to Woodward's Gardens, who inquires, will be shown a rifle captured by him from the blood-stained hands of Dat Nasty Jim. The account of the struggle given in the letter accompanying the gift, shows it to have been one which for determined ferocity and ferocious determination bears a strong resemblance to that of the famed Kilkenny cats, except in the manner of its termination, which we wish to Heaven it resembled entirely. However, there's the gun, and although it looks very much like the old Apache rifle which has lain in the lodge so long, it undoubtedly belonged to some son of a gun, and we would as soon believe Mr. Woodward as the *Chronicle*.

**The Season for Self-Choking,** shooting, etc., seems to have come in with the horse disease. Nearly every day a man either hangs or shoots himself. The little boy, too, is always around to find them. Now would it not be much better if we had an establishment (self-supporting) fitted up for the express benefit of suicidal maniacs. A place where they would be dispatched in a business kind of way. We feel sure it would be bound to pay. Numbers of our sports would patronize the exhibition and like the fun. Fancy what a sensation an announcement like this would create: "Friend Pickering, despairing of ever doing any good in the world, and not able to do any more harm, has decided to suicide at eight p.m. on Monday next. He has chosen hanging, and as no cap will be used, good fun is expected. Tickets one dollar each; ladies half-price; to be had either at the 'Lyceum of Self-Slaughter or any music store.'" We think the idea an excellent one, and recommend it to the notice of those intending to commit suicide. It's selfish for them to have all the fun to themselves. They might just as well be of some use for once and show sport. The law used occasionally to treat us to a "hang," but those good old days have gone by. We have to look to amateurs now for the fun.

**What! the Pope Dead?** The Infallible Pope? No; don't believe it. Bless you, he'll never die—at least not for some time. He's good for a century more, or else what's the use of infallibility. Here, however, our better sense comes to the rescue, and we think, if he is dead ( ) he's shown remarkably good sense in dropping off just at the present time. This is a degenerate age, and as, of course, all Popes go straight up aloft, with free passes, he's chosen the better part after all. We only hope the poor old man won't strike the Turk's heaven. He would be sadly puzzled how to treat the advances of the fair houris, that Mahomedans love to people their heaven with. We fancy, however, that he'll have more snakes than Eves in his heaven. He's pretty well used to dealing with them, so will feel at home. There have been worse Popes, and there have been better. One grave complaint lodged against him, is, that he always wore his big-toe nails too long. Folk couldn't get a good square kiss. Several pious pilgrims have been disgusted to find that after a little walk of sometwo thousand miles, a nasty, horny nail has been played off on them for a regular toe. They returned declaring it was "hard to love."

**The T. C.** has at last come to the conclusion that too much China will send San Francisco to pot. He does not object to the Mongolian taken in moderate doses, but too much, even of a good ( ) thing, is apt to create nausea. The question has often suggested itself to the reflective mind of the T. C.: Have we really any idea how many Chinamen we have right here in the city? Ever since one of these Mongolians (to whom, in a weak moment, he intrusted his week's wash) returned him two babies' napkins and a worn-out pair of socks, and assured him that "dat all washee you gibbe me," he has entertained a wonderful idea of his mental capacity. He thinks they might possibly dodge the census, and return their numbers twenty per cent. less than they actually are. He also fancies that if some of their houses were examined, lots of defunct Chinamen would be found in every state of decomposition, acting as household furniture.

**A French Gentleman** has discovered a mode of escaping earthly woes and furnishing an item for the newspapers which we heartily recommend to those who are tired of the one and ambitious of the other. It costs very little, and gives one an opportunity to "try again." This ingenious gentleman lost the sewer-on of his buttons, and grieved so grievously thereat, that after vainly endeavoring to choke himself with a brick and blow himself up with soda water, he purchased a ton (or so) of charcoal, hermetically sealed every chink and crevice of his room, threw himself on the bed with the photographs of the dear departed and the dear departed's mamma clutched in his hand, and calmly awaited death. Boney didn't come, however, and the would-be suicide, after some hours of patient waiting, got up to investigate matters. He had only forgotten to light the charcoal. He thought better of it, married again, and wishes now he had lit it.

**A "Noose" paper Supplement—A baby.** (N. B.—The "noose" paper is the marriage certificate.)

**A Blind Man** was crossing Regent street, London, when he was on the point of being run over by a reckless hansom cab-driver, and at the risk of her own life, a beautiful young lady ran to his rescue, and piloted the poor man to the pavement in safety. A rich bachelor saw the transaction, and straightway sought her out, was introduced, courted, proposed, was accepted, and married the heroine without loss of time. The effect of this has been wonderful. Hopeful young ladies can be seen standing in the vicinity of street-crossings, with one eye searching for stray blind men, and the other on the look-out for a rich bachelor; for it would be an awful bore if they should tackle the old man and have the bachelor nowhere around.

**Master Bryan**, who is fond of raw turnips and has a dislike to the producers of this luscious fruit, viz: the Chinese, evinced that dislike in rather a marked manner, last July, by shooting the owner and producer of his loved turnip. It seems a pity that such a rising young Hoodlum should be stopped in his career of usefulness. But we hope that "Ah Wing," though he was a Celestial, will be avenged, and that Master Bryan will get strung up as a lesson to other aspiring Hoodlums, who prefer the stolen turnip to the ancestral "pratle," and whose brutal young minds (?) cannot be made to comprehend that a hard-working, honest Chinaman is better than a thief-bred embryo politician.

**Father Graham** denounces England as "an ass," "a fox," "a Thug," "a boor," "a slave," "a ghoul," whose people are "a brutal mass," abject "as the abject villagers of the skull-throned Dahomey." The devout father foams with indignation at English nature because "rapacity, villainy and cruelty have built up an empire of criminal greatness, unparalleled since the days when Antiochus drank his soul crimson with the blood of the children of God." Is not Graham a Scotch name, and this the last Scotchman out? Scotia, put in your claim. [You should be proud of such a child. His breath, however, savors more of rotten potatoes than of good oat-meal.]

**Mr. McAllister**, the gentleman whose sparkling wit and pertinent questions, in the Fraser v. Thrift case, have made the Fourth District Court so lively the last day or two, exceeds the bounds even of lawyers propriety, when he calmly asks Mr. Thrift, in open court, if he seduced a lady (giving her name) who has nothing whatever to do with the case. Even if a lawyer does take up a dirty case on the contingent fee principle, he ought to have enough delicacy left not to bring in a lady's name in the way he did.

**The Awful Records** of Lava-Bed conflicts recorded by the *Chronicle* correspondent at the front are well calculated to curdle the sanguinary fluid in the veins of the coldest blooded individual. One morning the public picked up the *Chronicle* and were electrified with the intelligence that private McGuiness had tumbled over a lava rock and barked his right shin. We hope an all merciful Providence will vouchsafe to put an end to this bloody work.

**A Certain Sutter King**, of Oregon, has been invited by the authorities there to take up his residence in the Penitentiary for a year for abducting a girl of sixteen. Judge Louderback ought to look to this. There are hundreds of young girls of sixteen here that have abducted innocent youths of tender age and sensibilities. We ask, will not the law protect them? We refer to the young men.

**The Epizootic** paralyzes the draying trade. One enterprising wagoner has Chinamen drawing his little cart. He doesn't use a whip, he only slings *Chronicles* at them, folded by the new lightning machine, and damns them in the name of DeYoung. This is cruelty to animals; we call on Capt. Scott. Let this brutal carter use a simple snake-whip, or be made to feel that there is a limit even to torturing draught-Chinese.

**Sir Samuel Baker** is reported still alive in Africa. This promises to be another Livingsstone business: "Dead"—"alive"—"dead"—"alive again." Couldn't the *Chronicle* forestall the *Herald* this time and send Bogart out to find Baker? If the *Chronicle* and the Court-martial can only do without Bogart, perhaps Bogart will try and do without the Court-martial.

**The New Ocean Cable.**—The contract for the construction of the new ocean telegraph cable from England to Rye Beach, New Hampshire, contains a specific prohibition of any future amalgamation with or absorption by the present cable organization. The object apparently sought is a permanent independent competition. All the required capital has been raised and the proper contracts completed. The cable is to be laid in 1874, on a line south of the Great Banks, and is to be of the best possible construction, with a greater conducting power than any now in operation.

**Mr. William Longman**, the publisher, who is also an author, is proceeding rapidly in the preparation of a promised work on the three St. Paul's Cathedrals which have successively occupied the center of our capital.

## THE END OF THE WORLD.

When this Little Globe of ours is to frizzle up generally, is a speculation which every one, we suppose, at some time or other has indulged in. Some have gone mad with too much thinking, and others have grown rich with practicing on the credulity of those who do not think at all; witness Dr. Cumming's and the Millerites—not the disciples of the jovial Joe, of course. We accidentally came upon a copy of Mother Shipton's celebrated prophecy the other day, and were so struck with the old lady's powers of prescience that we thought our readers might possibly be so too. Old Mrs. Shipton lived somewhere about 1401 (although the earliest edition of her prophecy found in the British Museum bears date 1493), and her long look ahead is very remarkable, to say the least of it. We append the prophecy done into proper spelling, and our readers will be amused in noting the accuracy of each foretelling, and wonder, perhaps without being so amused, at the possibility of the last prediction being as equally reliable as the others:

A house of glass shall come to pass  
In England—but, alas!  
War will follow with the work  
In the land of the Pagan and Turk;  
And state and state, in fierce strife,  
Will seek each other's life.  
But when the North shall divide the South,  
An eagle shall build in the lion's mouth.

Carriages without horses shall go,  
And accidents fill the world with woe;  
Primrose Hill in London shall be,  
And in its centre a Bishop's See,  
Around the world thoughts shall fly,  
In the twinkling of an eye.

Water shall yet more wonders do,  
Now, strange shall yet be true.  
The world upside down shall be;  
and gold found at the root of a tree.  
Through hills man shall ride,  
And no horse or ass walk by his side.  
Under water men shall walk,  
Shall ride, shall sleep, shall talk,  
In the air men shall be seen,  
In white and black and green.

Iron in the water shall float,  
As easy as a wooden boat.  
Gold shall be found, and found  
In a land that's not now known.  
Fire and water shall more wonders do.  
England shall at last admit a Jew.  
The Jew that was held in scorn  
Shall of a Christian be born, and born.

Three times three shall lovely France  
Be led to dance a bloody dance,  
Before her people shall be free.  
Three tyrant rulers shall she see;  
Three times the people rule alone;  
Three times the people's hope is gone;  
Three rulers in succession see,  
Each spring from different dynasty.  
Then shall the worse fight be done,  
England and France shall be as one.

All England's sons that plow the land  
Shall be seen book in hand.  
Learning shall so ebb and flow,  
The poor shall more wisdom know.

The world to an end shall come  
In eighteen hundred and eighty-one.

## THE BRITISHERS' HOLIDAY.

The Seventh Annual Picnic of the British Benevolent Society came off at Fasking's Gardens, Alameda, on April 23d, Shakspeare's Birthday, where about 3,000 persons, including those from the other side of the bay, held a festival that surpassed even the preceding successful anniversaries. As usual, it was the Queen's weather. The gardens near the entrance and west of the hotel were tastefully decorated with the flags of all nations, conspicuous in size being those of Great Britain and Ireland and the United States of America, and a banner 60 feet by 5, with "Seventh Anniversary—Welcome All" under two hands clasped with the stars and stripes and British ensign on each side. Dancing commenced to Wettermann's celebrated band at 10 a.m., and continued with an interval of one hour until 5:35 p.m., and certainly there was a large bevy of lovely girls and matrons tripping it on the light fantastic toe. At 1 p.m., in the absence of Mr. Evans, Mrs. Uhrig kindly accompanied at the piano the sixteen voices rendering the quartette and chorus of Brenley Richards' "God Bless the Prince of Wales." The glee of "The Chough and Crow," by Bishop, was played by happy Sam Mayer for twenty-four voices, which was loudly applauded. "The Death of Nelson," by F. W. Baker, was given in such admirable manner and enthusiastically received, that he had to repeat it. "The Star Spangled Banner" was then given, the solos by Mrs. Baker, Mr. Baker and Sam May, and the chorus of thousands, and last, "God Save the Queen," the solos, duets and trios by Mesdames Uhrig, Scott, Baker, and Messrs. Baker, Mayer, Wunderlich, and chorus of thousands. Owing to the crowding on the balconies, it was impossible to carry out the whole of the musical arrangements, to the regret of the Singers' Committee and audience. At 2 p.m. the games commenced in a course staked off and roped 200 by 40 feet, and judging from the number of witnesses, the jolly Britons entered into the spirit of it as in the days of yore. A neat and handy programme, with the list of games and prizes, order of dances and vocal music to be rendered, was given to every purchaser of a ticket, and found to be a great convenience. At 5:35 the band struck up "God Save the Queen," the company all sang, and then, entering the commodious cars, returned to the boat and arrived at San Francisco by 7 p.m., all happy, no accidents, and proving beyond a doubt, for rural festivities the Britishers will not be beaten.

If a Man named William marry, why is he pretty certain to be henpecked?  
Because his wife will always have a Will of her own.



### RANSOME'S ARTIFICIAL STONE.\*

We have, on Many Previous Occasions, called attention to the interesting and valuable processes for the production of artificial stones, now successfully worked, and widely introduced for several years by Mr. Frederick Ransome, and we have also pointed out the progress that has been made in the same industry in the United States. In America, indeed, many attempts on a considerable scale were made to produce the stone, which all fell short of a practical success on account of a want of knowledge in the details of the process on the part of those attempting to introduce it. One of the first to develop the manufacture in America was Doctor May, of San Francisco, who, after establishing extensive works in that city, failed from the reason given above. This difficulty, however, he removed by visiting England, where he was made thoroughly acquainted with the details by Mr. Ransome, and on his return to San Francisco, the works which had before been a source of considerable loss, were at once brought into successful working. Mr. Ransome's son subsequently joined Doctor May's undertaking, and the manufacture and sale of artificial stone on the Pacific Coast is now, we believe, very considerable. Other profitable fields have since been found. The disastrous fire at Chicago was followed, as is well known, by an almost unparalleled energy in rebuilding the devastated city, and no place offered a more certain and extensive prospect for the establishment of Ransome stone works than Chicago, where the demand for building materials so far exceed the available supplies, and where, even after all the restorations are made, and the material has established its well deserved reputation, the demand must still continue to meet the necessities of the rapidly growing city.

About a year ago, therefore, Doctor May started Ransome stone works in Chicago, and the results obtained have, so he informs us, exceed his expectations. The works, although of considerable capacity, cannot supply the demand, even when they are kept in full operation by double shifts night and day, and large orders arrive from towns 300 miles distant from Chicago. Amongst other work executed has been the whole front of an hotel, 183 feet wide, and six stories in height. It is to be remarked, also, that the stone has borne the test of the past severe American winter—having been exposed to twenty-seven degrees of cold below zero without being in any way affected.

We are glad to find that further encouragement has been given to the more extended use of the process by the granting, in the United States, of the patent for Mr. Ransome's most recent improvement, known under the name of *apenite*. By this process the manufacture of the stone is rendered cheaper and more simple, and it can be produced more rapidly; it hardens without any subsequent application of chloride of calcium, or any similar solution. To effect this, Mr. Ransome combines common sand, Portland cement, ground carbonate of lime, and finely divided silica, easily soluble in caustic soda; these are made plastic by the addition of silicate of soda, and molded to any desired form. By this combination the silicate of soda is decomposed, and forms, with the Portland cement, silicate of lime and alumina, while the caustic soda, liberated in the operation, combines with the soluble silica, producing more silicate of soda, which again attacks the lime in the Portland cement. In this manner the process of combination repeats itself until the caustic soda becomes entirely fixed, and none remains to be removed by subsequent process.

This mode of manufacture, which has been introduced to a large scale in this country, will now doubtless be rapidly taken up in the United States, where the value of the stone already produced there is so well appreciated, especially as it can compete with natural stone, even in localities where the latter is most plentiful, on account of the cost of hand labor in quarrying and working. There are few towns in the United States in which a demand would not be at once created sufficient to make the new establishment of works for either the old or new processes profitable undertakings; probably the production of *apenite* would be preferred on account of the greater ease, economy, and rapidity with which it is produced. But we hope that any intending American manufacturers will follow Doctor May's example, and pay a visit to Mr. Ransome's works at Greenwich before they start operations.—*From Engineering, of London, 4th April.*

\* The large stone step and landing pavement at the entrance of the California Placard Exchange, having been made under this patent, all parties desirous of seeing and examining its excellent qualities and universal adaptability will be additionally gratified on visiting the Exchange. Let neatly into the stone, in brass letters, is the following:

PACIFIC STONE COMPANY—RANSOME'S PATENT.

We Remark the appearance of several parties here from the East with a view of establishing branch commercial houses in this city. Among others, we note the appearance of Mr. Walcott, representing the New York house of E. Morgans & Sons. This firm purposes transacting a heavy commission, shipping and insurance business, and has taken offices on California street. Captain J. F. Chapman represents the firm of John W. Grace & Co., representing houses in the West Coast trade at Lima, Callao, etc. This is promising, and shows that Eastern capitalists have an eye to their interests upon the Pacific Slope.



## A SPRING GROWL.

Would you think it? Spring has come.  
Winter's paid his passage home;  
Packed his ice-box, gone half way  
To the arctic pole, they say.  
But I know the old ruffian still  
Skulks about from hill to hill,  
Where his freezing footsteps cling,  
Though 'tis Spring.

Heed not what the poets sing  
In their rhymes about the Spring;  
Spring was once a potent queen  
Robed in blossoms and in green.  
That, I think, was long ago;  
Is she buried in the snow,  
Deaf to all our carolling—  
Poor old Spring?

Windows rattling in the night;  
Shutters that you thought were tight  
Slamming back against the wall;  
Ghosts of burglars in the hall;  
Roaring winds and groaning trees;  
Chimneys shuddering in the breeze;  
Doilet damps in everything—  
Such is Spring.

Sunshine trying hard awhile  
On the bare brown fields to smile;  
Frozen ruts and slippery walks;  
Gray old crops of last year's stalks;  
Shivering hens and moping cows;  
Curdled sap in leafless boughs,  
Nipped by winter's icy sting—  
Such is Spring.

Yet the other day I heard  
Something that I thought a bird.  
He was brave to come so soon,  
But his pipes were out of tune;  
And he chirped as if each note  
Came from flannels round his throat,  
And he had no heart to sing—  
Ah! poor thing.

If there comes a little thaw,  
Still the air is chill and raw,  
Here and there a patch of snow,  
Dirtier than the ground below,  
Dribbles down a marshy flood,  
Ankle-deep you stick in mud,  
In the meadows—while you sing,  
"This is spring."

Are there violets in the sod?  
Crocuses beneath the clod?  
When will Boreas give us peace?  
Or has Winter signed a lease  
For another month of frost,  
Leaving Spring to pay the cost?  
For it seems he still is king—  
Though 'tis Spring.

—N. Y. Independent.

## QUEER COMMUNITY.

**Seven Thousand Men and no Women.**—A correspondent of an English journal has discovered a community numbering at present about seven thousand souls, which has flourished for many centuries, though no woman has ever been permitted or known to put foot in the country. Few of the inhabitants, he says, have any definite idea of what a woman is. The whole class of ideas and sensations ordinarily associated with the words mother, sister, wife and sweetheart are to them unknown; and what is equally singular, crime is also unknown, or nearly so, while on every side are to be seen evidences of temperance, piety and good order. The home of this eccentric but happy people is in the eastern of the three peninsulas which project from the east of the Greek Archipelago. It was anciently called Acte, now Monte Sancto, and is about forty miles in length and from two to nine miles across. It terminates at Mount Athos, a conical mass of limestone rising abruptly to a height of 6,500 feet. Between this bold headland and the coast is a beautiful plateau, clothed throughout with woodland, which is gay with flowers, rich with odors, merry with songs of birds, enshrouded by the brightest of all blue skies. The cultivated fields are all diversified with groves of oak and chestnut, while olives and fig-trees are there indigenous. To this secret paradise the sons, but not the daughters, of Eve are admitted, and such has been the custom as far back as history reaches, the peninsula being religiously guarded at all points against the approach of woman, no matter how saintly she may be. The inmates are natives of every part of the Turkish Empire where the Greek language is spoken, and are consigned to the society either in infancy or early life by their fanatical parents. Their first years are spent in tilling the land, and learning the handicrafts. For three years the candidate is a probationer, then, if he has proved able to keep the monastic vows, he receives his first tonsure and becomes a monk. The discipline is severe, ordinary church services five hours a day, extraordinary fourteen, and sleep five. One hundred and forty-nine days in the year they have only one meal a day, and at this, eggs, cheese, wine and oil are forbidden. The prohibition against women extends to the sex universally. From time immemorial no cow, mare, goose, duck, hen, or female of any kind has been permitted to make acquaintance with hill or valley, farm-yard or kitchen, in the Mount Athos territory. In selecting meat for the table the greatest care is taken to have it of the male variety, and a body of soldiers are employed by the society to keep the sacred shores from being desecrated by the tread of any female whatsoever. Yet in spite of all these stringent regulations, the birds continue to mate, and feminine fleas and mosquitoes to rear their young, to the everlasting scandal of all the pious old bachelors on the peninsula. There are in the convents some good libraries, containing about fifty thousand volumes in all, and manuscripts about seven hundred years old are by no means uncommon. Altogether these monks have a jolly time of it.

## WHY DO THEY NOT COME?

Mr. Amasa Walker's thoughtful and sensible address to the Chamber of Commerce, on the 17th April, has had the effect of setting men to asking, once more, why immigration does not seek this State. The ready answer with most of them is, that men will not consent to lose from fifteen to twenty per. cent. of the nominal capital they possess in other States, for the privilege of dwelling in San Francisco. It cannot be denied that there is some reason in this answer, and we grant that some such consideration of seeming loss does really turn the thoughts of some persons from California. But this consideration can have no force with any but capitalists, small or large; and the great bulk of the Americans seeking new homes are not capitalists. Still less can this be said to affect the foreign immigration, from whatever quarter it comes; for the Europeans, about to settle in the United States, have all left countries in which there is a sound metallic currency; and, indeed, they are so prejudiced in favor of such a currency that they retain their distrust and dislike of paper money, even after handling it for years. It seems quite clear to us that the refusal to adopt the currency of the rest of the country, while it may be one of the causes which retard our prosperity, must be counted as one of the very least. What, then, are the greater causes? It is assumed by many of those, who argue on this question, that California is very well known to the world at large, and an object of strong attractions to all who read. We do not believe this is the case. The increased facilities of travel have brought and do bring very many persons this way, for simple sight-seeing; but they pass through the State, just as they pass through any region which lies in their way, and they study it with no special care. To the outside world California is a geographical expression, no more suggestive or attractive than Australia, or Norway, or Nova Scotia. The European immigrant, if he has not been secured for Illinois or Missouri by a Bureau of Immigration, will settle somewhere in the great valley, because he finds thriving and prosperous communities of his own people all about him, and fertile lands at an extremely low figure. Why should he go further West to fare far worse, or no better? We accept the marvelous fertility of our soil and our genial climate as facts well-known, even to European peasants; and yet the experience of every day with friends, newly arrived from the East, should teach us that people at a distance do not believe in our advantages of soil and climate. It is the European immigration that we want, to settle our country, and build up the homes of thrifty freemen; and what inducements do we hold out to these men, to make them pass by the rich, unoccupied lands of the continent behind us? As for the capitalist, what shall he do with his money, when he brings it here? Lend it to the manufacturer? But manufacturers must be of very slow and feeble growth in a country where coal is at famine prices. The legitimate openings for capital are but few; for the truth is, and this we believe to be the great cause which operates against us, we are a community of gamblers. To a certain extent this is true to-day of all countries; yet it is especially and prevaillingly true of mining countries, in all ages. The history of the settlement of such countries presents always the same features: a first, wild rush, a gradual falling off, as the great prizes cease to be found, and then a slow movement of immigration, hardly enough to show that there is movement. There is an instinctive shrinking on the part of serious, industrious men, from choosing a home in such a community; and the flow of population from other parts of the world to California continues to be largely made up of men who come, not to work and establish, but to try their luck. So long as California was cut off from the rest of the civilized world by a slow and tedious voyage to be undergone, certain manufacturing industries were able to support themselves; but these gave way at once to competition with those of a harder growth in communities brought into almost immediate contact with us by the opening of the Pacific Railroad. Now and for years to come it will be merely impossible for California to manufacture on any large scale. The only way of escape from the hot and unwholesome atmosphere of the gambling den in which we have lived lies through the fields and orchards and vineyards of a rural population. Whatsoever measures of public or private enterprise will secure a steady stream of this population will save us; and nothing else will.

**Why Men Tipple.**---Mr. A. drinks because his doctor has recommended him to take a little; Mr. B. because his doctor has ordered him not, and he hates quackery; Mr. C. takes a drop because he's wet; Mr. D. because he's dry; Mr. E. because he feels something rising; Mr. F. because he feels a sinking; Mr. G. because he's going to see a friend off to America; Mr. H. because he's got a friend come home from Australia; Mr. I. because he's so hot in the evening; Mr. K. because he's so cold in the morning; Mr. L. because he's got a pain in his head; Mr. M. because he's got a pain in his side; Mr. N. because he's got a pain in his back; Mr. O. because he's got a pain in his chest; Mr. P. because he's got a pain all over him; Mr. Q. because he feels light and happy; Mr. R. because he feels heavy and miserable; Mr. S. because he's married; Mr. T. because he isn't; Mr. V. because he likes to see his friends around him; Mr. W. because he's got no friends, and enjoys a glass by himself; Mr. X. because his uncle left him a legacy; Mr. Y. because his aunt cut him off with a shilling; Mr. Z.—we should be happy to inform our readers what Mr. Z.'s reasons are for drinking, but, on putting the question to him, he was found to be totally unable to answer.

**BRIGHAM YOUNG.—WHAT HE HAS TO SAY FOR HIMSELF.**

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH, April 10th, 1873.

**Editor of the Herald:**—Your telegram is received. I thank you for the privilege of representing facts as they are. I will furnish them gladly at any time you make the request. For over forty years I have served my people, laboring incessantly, and am now nearly 72 years of age, and I need relaxation. My resignation as trustee in trust for the church, as President of Zion's Co-operative Mercantile Institution and of the Deseret National Bank, are made solely from secular cares and responsibilities, and do not affect my position as President of the church. In that capacity I shall still exercise supervision over business, ecclesiastical and secular, leaving the minute to younger men. Our institutions are well established and competent to succeed me, and my own investments remain as they were. H. S. Eldridge is now President of the Mercantile Institution. He is a merchant of long experience, and well known to business men in the East. The paid-up stock of this institution is nearly three-quarters of a million. It carries a stock of merchandise of about a million and a half. The purchases for the past half year are over a million and a half in currency and about one hundred and forty thousand dollars in coin. The business done during six months reaches two and a half millions. It paid for the half year a dividend of 10 per cent. My successor in the Deseret National Bank is the Hon. W. H. Hooper, well known as our late delegate to Congress. This institution is perfectly sound, and is conducted on the safest business principles.

Our railroads are in good condition. The Utah Central is thirty-seven miles long; its gross earnings for 1872 were \$420,000. The expenses in round numbers were \$210,000; the net earnings were \$210,000. I state these facts as efforts may be made to damage the credit of these institutions. There is another railroad here also doing good business. The Utah Southern is built about thirty-miles, narrow gauge. Roads connecting with this are being constructed into Little Cottonwood, Bingham Canyon and American Fork, to meet the demand for transportation to and from the various mining camps of these regions. The Utah Northern is being constructed from a junction with the Central Pacific through our principal northern settlements into southeastern Idaho, and other narrow gauge roads are in construction or in contemplation.

We intend establishing settlements in Arizona, in the country of the Apaches, persuaded that, if we become acquainted with them, we can influence them to peace in accordance with President Grant's Indian policy, and open up that country to settlement by the whites. Our cities, towns and villages now extend about four hundred miles in that direction; and, in view of the railroad crossing that country, we hope to be prepared to assist in its construction, and when completed bring a large portion of our emigration that way to settle the country.

It has been frequently published that I had a deposit of several millions of pounds sterling in the Bank of England. Were such the case, I would most assuredly use the means to gather our poor church members from the old countries and bring them here, where their condition might be improved. All my means are invested here in improving this territory in agriculture, manufactures and commerce.

The results of my labors for the last 26 years, briefly summed up, are: The peopling of this territory by the Latter Day Saints of about one hundred thousand souls; the founding of over two hundred cities, towns and villages inhabited by our people, which extend to Idaho in the north, Wyoming in the east, Nevada in the west, and Arizona in the south, and the establishment of schools, factories, mills and other institutions calculated to benefit and improve our community. All my transactions and labors have been carried on in accordance with my calling as a servant of God. I know no difference between spiritual and temporal labors. God has seen fit to bless me with means, and as a faithful steward I use them to benefit my fellow-men—to promote their happiness in this world in preparing them for the great hereafter. My whole life is devoted to the Almighty's service, and while I regret that my mission is not better understood by the world, the time will come when I will be understood, and I leave to futurity the judgment of my labors and their result as they shall become manifest.

BRIGHAM YOUNG.

It is known that Brigham Young will resign the Presidency of the Utah Central and Southern Railroads, and accompany the missionary company to Arizona. The company will be as large as was intended, and will be employed in building the Southern Pacific Railroad. Emigration will be stimulated, in order to increase the mission.

LONDON, April 11, 1873.—A prospectus has been issued of the Anglo-Californian Bank, with a capital of £1,200,000, divided into 59,970 ordinary shares of £20 each, and 600 founders' shares of £1 each. The object is to conduct general banking and commercial business between England and San Francisco, and also with other parts of the United States, South America, India, China, Japan, etc. The business of Messrs. J. Seligman & Co. in San Francisco will be transferred to the bank without any payment in cash, the consideration being the founders' shares, which are entitled to one-fourth of the remaining profit after payment of a dividend of 5 per cent. on the paid-up capital. On the direction are the Hon. Hugh McCulloch (Messrs. Jay Cooke, McCulloch & Co.) and Mr. R. D. Sassoon (Messrs. D. Sassoon & Co.). The prospectus of the undertaking is given in full in our advertising columns. The shares are quoted 1 to 1½ prem.—*London and China Express.*

## TO AN OLD PIPE.

O, I sing to thee, thou old brown clay,  
 As I sing to my sweetheart a roundelay;  
 But I sing to thee when she's away,  
 And I'll sing-her another some other day.

And I sing my love, my love for thee,  
 And I won't tell my sweetheart just now,  
 d'ye see.

But O, when she knows my perfidy,  
 O, won't she be jealous, my old T. D.

I have told to her my love before,  
 I have told it her often, O yes, galore,  
 But I now to thee that love restore,  
 Which I've only been keeping for thee  
 in store.

Thou art good and true and constant too;  
 May the other be constant and true like  
 you,  
 Never look on thee with jealous view;  
 But I'm fearful of that, my old pipe,  
 ain't you?

But I need not tell this love of mine  
 When thy lips have so often been pressed  
 by mine,  
 For in love we've burned the herb di-  
 vine  
 For an incense to Cupid so oft, lang syne.

Thou hast cheered me oft in days of care,  
 Thou hast oft been my solace in dark  
 despair,  
 When misfortunes seemed to fill the air,

And blue devils hovered around my chair.  
 When the Nine refuse t' inspire my lay,  
 For not only fickle but coy are they,  
 For a rhyme on thee I call alway,  
 And thou never refuseth, my old brown  
 clay.

And when clouds of smoke with fra-  
 grance rise,  
 And ascend with my fancy to seek the  
 skies,  
 I commune with gods with closed eyes,  
 And the flesh and the devil and world  
 despise.

I might sing, old pipe, the whole night  
 long,  
 And thou'd still be the burden of all my  
 song,  
 But a warning voice says, "don't pro-  
 long!"  
 'Tis the weird midnight bell with its sad  
 ding dong.

And thy fire burns low—thou'rt getting  
 cold.  
 It was not always thus, art thou grow-  
 ing old?  
 And I hear thee reply  
 With a smile in thine eye,  
 "Thou wert younger thyself, if I'm not  
 too bold."  
 Well, ah me! it may be, were the truth  
 but told.

CHIPS.

## ENGLISH CHILDREN.

The New-born English Aristocrat receives, as soon as born, a little bed with a hard mattress. From its earliest age it is taken, warmly wrapped, into the fresh air. After the first year its meals are reduced to three, and this rule is so unchangeable that no child thinks of requiring anything more; and from this time its food is rich milk and bread and butter, and good meat. After breakfast it remains several hours in the open air, and then sleeps. Never are English children intrusted to the care of a young nursery maid; but to an elderly, experienced person, under whose direction they constantly are. As soon as the young girl goes to school the carriage of the head and shoulders becomes an object of attention, and under no circumstances is she permitted to sit otherwise than upright. "My child grows but once," says an English mother, "and therefore nothing is so important as her physical development. Everything else can be acquired later." An English child rises at 7, breakfasts at 8, dines at 1, sups at 7, and at 9 o'clock goes to bed. Until 12 years of age they pass the greater part of the day in the open air, with only about four hours' mental work. The young English aristocratic maiden dines first with her parents at 18 years of age, when she leaves school and makes her debut in society. She is fresh and blooming as a rose, with light step, and eyes beaming with pleasure and life. Her frequent laugh displays her beautiful teeth, and her hair is rich and abundant. Here, for the first time, fashionable Violet displays the fine fulness of contour. London possesses noble museums, galleries of art and treasures of architecture, but one of the most charming of its sights may be seen on fine afternoons in Hyde Park—crowds of children merrily playing, earthly angels of incomparable beauty. A sight equally interesting may be witnessed after service on Sunday, at the Foundling Hospital—several hundred children, ranging from five to thirteen years of age, and of the most noble physique and absolutely bewitching beauty. Two of the most wonderful sights of Europe are the children of England and the flowers of Paris.

William Lane Booker, Esq., H. B. M. Consul, has obtained leave of absence from his Government for some months. Mr. Charles Mason, who has been connected with the British Consulate for many years, has been appointed British Vice-Consul at this port, of course, subordinate to Mr. Booker. No better person could be selected to supply the vacancy caused by Mr. Booker's absence. Mr. Mason is thoroughly acquainted with the routine of the office, and his strict attention to business, joined to very agreeable manners, have rendered him extremely popular in our community. We wish the Consul a pleasant trip.



### Court Chat.

All of our Readers have heard of the English play entitled *The Happy Land*, which was the other day suspended by the Lord Chamberlain, who dictated certain changes in it. A correspondent informs us that the real author of this interference was not so much the Lord Chamberlain, who has been so vigorously condemned for going to the relief of Messrs. Gladstone, Lowe and Ayrton, as it was the Prince of Wales. He is said to have been much scandalized at some allusion to a lack of hospitality supposed to have been displayed in the reception of certain recent state visitors, as for instance the Khedive: "Where do you receive your foreign guests?" was the question, and the reply was, "At Buckingham Palace—Hotel." This to the Prince seemed shocking, and alterations were ordered by the Lord Chamberlain, who, however, kept the Prince's name out of the business and made a stalking-horse out of his own official objections to Mr. Ayrton's lavender or lilac pantaloons and to the cancan, with song, danced by the three Ministers above mentioned. We are informed from the same source that the Prince of Wales has also recently been taken for a subject by a metrical satirist, who has been writing for *Beeton's Annual* some parodies of the Laureate's later "Idylls." The parodies are reported to be duller than the originals, but it passes the disaffected and the gossip-mongers to see the "tournament of the dead innocence" turned into one of the pigeon matches in which the Prince delights. Stupid as the performance was, however, the Prince is understood to have bought up the copyright for a considerable sum, and copies at first worth one shilling are now sold for ten. Worse than all this, however, is the fact that the Prince and his brother, the Duke of Edinburgh, cast a vote apiece the other night in the Lords for the bill authorizing marriage with a deceased wife's sister, and that they have frequently gone to the theater during Lent just passed. These two things are said to have made very angry the High Church party—which, however, has always been known for its loyalty, and may no doubt still be.

The Late Mr. Greeley made it a capital offence in Mr. Motley, when this gentleman represented the United States at the Court of St. James, that he had dined at his dinner table. But most Americans know enough of diplomacy to understand that the dinner table is one of its favorite resources, and that a success may be assured by the mere fact of getting a duke for an after-dinner talk. A notable instance of this dinner diplomacy was the new convention between Germany and France, lately signed at Berlin. Lord Odo Russell, the English Ambassador, gave a dinner, at which the Emperor William and Viscount de Grand Brion, the French Ambassador were guests. The Emperor took occasion to be particularly gracious to Count Brion, and the latter, watching his opportunity, expressed the hope that his Majesty would favor with his presence the reception concert to be given at the French Embassy, and added that would gladly have made this a ball in honor of the Emperor, but the continued occupation of France was a barrier to such a festivity. With great cordiality the Emperor expressed his desire to evacuate France before the time stipulated by the last convention, and his readiness to listen to any proposals to that effect from the French Government. Count Brion at once telegraphed this *tabula rasa* to Paris, and shortly received the new terms of President Thiers. A few days later, March 12th, the throne speech to the Reichstag expressed the hope that the time was not distant when the financial condition of the French Government, so rapidly developing, would warrant the entire evacuation of French territory earlier than was at first anticipated. On the 15th of March the new convention to this effect was signed by the two governments, and on the evening of the same day the Emperor and Empress appeared at Count Brion's reception, where the former attracted the attention of the company by his marked courtesies to the Ambassador and his family. Thus the by-play of social diplomacy came in to smooth the lingering asperities of war.

**The Marriage of an English Lady to a Mahomedan in Morocco.**—The marriage of Miss Keane with a Mahomedan in Morocco does not appear to have turned out happily. A dispatch from Gibraltar, of the 22d instant, received through Mr. Benter's agency, says: The marriage of the Sheriff of Guazna to Miss Keane, and his subsequent mode of life, his not having secluded her after the manner of Mahomedans, and not having insisted upon her renouncing her Christian tenets—is looked upon as a great outrage upon the precepts of the Mahomedan religion. The intelligence of the marriage is said to have caused a painful sensation at the Court of Morocco; and, notwithstanding the Sheriff's exalted position, the Sultan has sent dispatches to the Governors of the provinces expressing his indignation at the Sheriff's conduct, ordering them to warn him that if he does not immediately return to his possessions at Guazna and conform to the precepts of the faith, make atonement for past errors and lead a life of piety, such as becomes the sacred (in Moorish eyes) position which he holds, his estates will be confiscated, he will be deprived of his prerogatives, and, if caught, thrown into prison. This decree of the Sultan has given great satisfaction to the Moorish community at Tangier. Both the Sheriff and his wife have disappeared, and it is supposed they are concealed in some foreign legation in Tangier. The position of Miss Keane is considered critical, she being regarded by the Moors with feelings of hostility.

The Prince of Wales has paid a three days' visit to Lord Carington, at Melton Mowbray. Accompanied by his two sons, Prince Albert Victor and Prince George, His Royal Highness witnessed the Oxford and Cambridge boat-race from the umpire's steamboat. The Princess of Wales and the Duchess of Teck witnessed the race from the grounds at Chiswick.

**Nepotism.**---It is very natural, remarks the *Sheffield Daily Telegraph*, that a father should wish to provide "for them of his own household;" and a judge after long service may perhaps fairly exercise in favor of his own family the patronage which belongs to his office, and is one of the considerations moving him to accept the office. Still, when all is said in defence of nepotism, one does not like to see the bearer of an honored name stoop to it. The last act of Lord Romilly in office was the appointment of one of his sons as clerk in the Rolls Court, with a salary of £1,200. It is pointed out that the Romillys always had their share of good things. For example, Lord Romilly was Master of the Rolls with an official salary of £6,000; Mr. Edward Romilly, at the Audit Office, with £2,000; Mr. Chas. Romilly, Crown Office, £1,200; Colonel F. Romilly, Customs' Commissioner, £1,200; Hon. Edward Romilly, Clerk of Records, £1,200; and Hon. Wm. Romilly, Clerk in Enrollment Office, £1,200. The last three are sons, the first three brothers, of Lord Romilly.

**The Marquise St. Leger**, writing in the *Cosmopolitan*, gives the following graphic description of some charming toilets worn on the boat-race day. She says: "Everybody noticed a yacht full of pretty ladies, grouped so artistically—it was 'The Ladies' Club.' Our Lady Blanche had a charming toilette from the English Worth of London. Mr. Augustus Ahlborn, Quadrant House, has become as much the *mode* as the great friend of Princess de Metternich, the fashionable lady tailor. Lady Blanche's costume was a wonder of good taste, and will be *en vogue* in the Club. Of course it was blue—two shades of delicious *azur*; but the making—the *retroussé* was so charming!—the bows holding the sashes of artistic grace; it was so French-like and fitted to perfection. The Duchess Belgravia looked grand in her rich polonaise, trimmed with rare Chantilly, from the same establishment. The *passementerie* on the shoulders, the train of the polonaise looped up on the left with brandebourgs, were certainly very elegant."

**The Marquise de Boissy**, formerly known as the Countess Guiccioli, the friend of Lord Byron, died last week at Florence after a long and painful illness. In connection with the Countess' life it will perhaps be interesting to state that during her not unfrequent visits to England she sometimes paid a pilgrimage to the little village church of Hucknall, in which the remains of Lord Byron are interred. It was her wont on such occasions to be clad in the deepest mourning, and to ask permission to remain alone in the church while she knelt at the poet's tomb. She was seventy years of age when she died, and a few years before her death she appeared as an authoress for the first and only time, mainly in order to vindicate the poet's fame from the insinuations of Mrs. Beecher Stowe.

**The Queen** visited the East-end of London on April 2d, and received an address in Victoria Park. The weather was propitious and immense crowds cheered Her Majesty.

### Special Brevities.

**General Fremont** has just gained a case before the Supreme Court that may enable him to clear himself in the Memphis and El Paso bond business. The ordinance of the Texas convention, granting lands to actual settlers, and repudiating the Memphis and El Paso railroad land grant, is declared unconstitutional. The injunction of the lower court against the governor and land commissioners, restraining them, is made perpetual. The total amount of the land-grant is 8,000,000 acres, of which the entire amount passes to the Texas Pacific road, conditioned upon 700,000 acres being set apart for the redemption of the Texas El Paso bonds, this amount being sufficient for the purpose. The lands provided are ample for all the expenses of the receiver, besides redeeming the bonds. The result will release General Fremont from all obligations. He has, for some years, devoted himself almost exclusively to securing this result, and has refused political and other employment until its consummation. In view of his success, the French edict against him must be as hastily vacated as it was inconsiderately rendered.

**Revivalist Hammond** has bid farewell to his Coloradian converts, and come on a crusade to California. In the brief time that he was at Denver he succeeded in getting the town into a remarkable religious ferment. Especially among the lower, ruffian classes has his influence been perceivable. After converting all the prisoners in the Denver jail the good elder took a turn among the saloons, gambling halls and brothels of the town, and the result of his work proves that these outcasts are not the hopeless cases that the daintier evangelist is in the habit of considering them. Indeed, Mr. Hammond's vehement, whole-souled style of preaching the Gospel seemed to have an electrical effect upon the people of the border generally, and the *Denver News* says of him: Mr. Hammond has revolutionized Denver. Every one was skeptical about him when he first came, but now all are strong believers in his effectiveness as an evangelist. He has done a great work in that city, and, in leaving us, will carry the best wishes of all the Christian people in our midst.

**In His Annual Report** the Registrar-General states that London, within its widest boundary, has now upwards of 4,000,000 souls, and had in the middle of 1872, within the limits of the health returns, 3,311,298 inhabitants. The estimated increase of population was 44,839. The average mortality of the year was 21 per 1,000, and the Registrar-General explains the disappointment that may be felt that the figure does not descend, as it ought, below 20, by the fact that much of the water supply of the metropolis is still drawn from the Thames.

**A Process of Food Preservation.** the invention of a French gentleman named De la Peyrouse, was put in practice a short time since at the Grosvenor Hotel, London, in the presence of a party of gentlemen, with a view to test its efficacy as a means of importing meat from long distances. The process consists in packing the meat in barrels or jars, and enveloping it in a casing of fat thoroughly impervious to the air. The packing of meat in fat is not new, but hitherto the drawback has been the rancidity and tallowy condition of the fat, imparting a disagreeable flavor to the meat. In the present instance, the fat employed is prepared by a special process, by means of which the inventor confidently expects to prevent decomposition and rancidity. He employs, according to the terms of his patent, "mixtures of alkaline carbonates (monocarbonates, sesquicarbonates, bicarbonates), of oxides of sodium, potassium, or ammonium, with some alkaline or earthy chlorides of sodium, potassium, magnesium, aluminium, dissolved and put in contact by ebullition with the fatty matters, and thereby effecting the melting of the fatty matters without the production of acids or 'greaves'; whilst at the same time, the fatty matters, separated from the membranes, and so treated, are neutral and inoxidizable." Under this patent, the inventor also forms solid soups by the mixture of this prepared fat with flour of peas, beans, lentils, etc., with dry meat or fresh vegetables. In the present instance, several casks and jars were filled with pieces of meat, some raw, and some very slightly cooked, the object of this being to expel the air, and the melted fat, at a temperature of 300 degrees, was poured in, the meat being so arranged as not to touch the sides of the vessel. This caused a considerable disengagement of air before the fat became solid. Several of these casks were subsequently sealed with the Society of Arts' seal, and are to be sent on a voyage to Buenos Ayres and back, as a test of the efficacy of the system.

**The Girls Who Get Married.**—"How did that homely girl ever contrive to get married?" is not unfrequently remarked of some good domestic creature whom her husband regards as the apple of his eye, and in whose plain face he sees something better than beauty. Pretty girls who are vain of their charms are rather prone to make observations of this kind: and consciousness of the fact that flowers of loveliness are often left to pine on the stem, while weeds of homeliness go off rapidly, is no doubt in many cases at the bottom of the snoring. The truth is, that most men prefer homeliness and amiability to beauty and caprice. Handsome women are apt to over-value themselves, and in waiting for an immense bid occasionally overstep the market. Their plain sisters, on the contrary, aware of their personal deficiencies, generally lay themselves out to produce an agreeable impression, and in most instances succeed. They don't aspire to capture paragons with princely fortunes, but are willing to take anything respectable and love-worthy that Providence may throw in their way. The rock ahead of our haughty Junos and coquettish Hebes is fastidiousness. They reject and reject until nobody cares to woo them. Men don't like to be snubbed or to be trifled with—a lesson that thousands of pretty women learn too late. Men who are caught merely by a pretty face and figure do not, as a rule, amount to much. The practical, useful, thoughtful portion of mankind is wisely content with unpretending excellence.

**The Manufacture of Pifferari.**—In a wretched hovel of the Rue des Arcs, the Paris police lately unearthed the strangest industry—a manufacture of *pifferari*. The manager, or, let us say, the dean of the institution, takes children at the age of seven, and after a twelvemonth's apprenticeship restores them to their fond parents as accomplished beggars, thin, wan, and deformed enough to move to pity the hardest heart. His course, says the Paris account, embraces starving, dying the hair black (to make the face pallid), and teaching on some instrument the prayer in *Trovatore*, and the duo in *Favorita*. There is no charge for tuition, as the seminary is self-supporting. After the first month the pupils are able to solicit alms, and thus to repay their kind preceptor for the pains he lavishes upon their professional education. Victor Hugo founded his "L'Homme Qui Rit" on the gipsy custom of mutilating children to play the fool at fairs, the clown in courts. His hero, changed through sundry awful operations into a laughing mask, earns his living by showing himself; but a training-shop, a kindergarten of ingenious beggars—this was reserved for an age when vast development of promiscuous charity, joined with total misdirection of it, should elevate mendicancy to a profession.

**The Telegraph Wires** throughout Great Britain consists of 100,098 miles, and the wires leased by the department to private firms or individuals for the transmission of messages on their own business between offices and factories, and so forth, make a system of 5,187 miles. The total is 105,285 miles, and this mileage of wire serves 3,640 postal telegraph offices and 1,097 renters of private wires. There are 435 of these renters in the metropolitan division—202 in the north-western, 183 in the northern, 46 in the north-eastern, 33 in the southern, 6 in the eastern; 154 in Scotland, 38 in Ireland. The Pneumatic tubes worked in London extend through a length of 12,800 yards; in provincial towns, 8,000 yards—namely, 2,700 in Dublin, 2,403 in Liverpool, 2,025 in Manchester, 698 in Birmingham, 242 in Glasgow. The estimate provides for upwards of 6,000 telegraph messengers. More than half this little army is entitled to uniform clothing—tunic and cap every eight months, trousers and boots every six months, overcoat and leggings every three years. Those not entitled to uniform have, like the others, a belt and pouch every three years, and have also an arm badge.



## MADRIGAL.

[BY HOWARD GLYDON.]

Every robin redbreast takes himself a mate!  
 Say the birds, sing the birds, "It is wrong to wait  
 Till the lily-footed Spring glides out at Summer's gate."  
 So I heard the birds sing, once upon a day:  
 O, my treasure! O, my treasure! Canst thou say me nay?  
 Birds' songs and birds' nests and green boughs together,  
 All gone; love alone laughs at bitter weather.  
 Summer days or Winter days; little reck's Love whether;  
 If so be that Love has his own his darling way.  
 Ah, my fairest! Ah, my rarest! Canst thou say me nay!  
 In the wood the wind-flower is sunken out of sight,  
 Low down and deep down and world-forgotten quite.  
 But do you think the Wind forgets that she was sweet and white?  
 Then listen to his sad voice a little while, I pray!  
 O, my cruel! O, my jewel! Canst thou say me nay?  
 The sun stole to a red rose and wiled her leaves apart;  
 May dew and June air had wooed her at the start;  
 But was't not fair the sun should have her golden, perfect heart?  
 Let me choose one short word for timid lips to say:  
 Ah, my precious! My delicious! It shall not be nay!

## NEW BOOKS.

**The Wishing Cap Papers.** By Leigh Hunt. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston. A. Roman & Co., San Francisco.

All lovers of the pleasant art of essay writing will welcome these vivacious and sparkling papers, now collected for the first time from the leading English newspapers and magazines. They are full of charming bits of descriptive writing concerning the palaces, parks and gardens of London; of rambling, easy gossip, telling of the old houses and streets where poets and painters lived, with a kind, racy word or so for the dwellers therein; of vivid word painting of country scenes of "English fields and meadows rich with grass and powdered with flowers;" of lively yet tender reminiscences of his friends—and such friends—Charles Lamb, Hazlitt, Keats, Shelly, Coleridge, Knowles, and all the leading artists of the day. "His Personal Reminiscences of Lords," "Dr. Doddridge and the Ladies," "Recollections of Old Actors," "George Selwyn and His Contemporaries," "Whitehall," "Spring," "A Walk in the City," "Madame Pasta," are full of anecdote and graceful writing. He admires the great prima donna with all his heart. Hear what he says of her arms:

"Being closer to Madame Pasta than usual this night, we had a complete opportunity of noticing the extraordinary grace of her movements. She is never at a loss, because she never thinks of being so. She leaves the whole matter to truth and nature, and these settle it for her, as completely as they do for an infant. You might make a picture from any one of her postures. A favorite action of hers and one extremely touching, is, after venting a passion of more than usual force, to put up her hands before her eyes, laying and shutting up, as it were, her looks in them, as if to hide from herself her own emotion. When she opens her arms in a transport of affection, leaning at the same time a little back, and breathing and looking as true as truth could wish, her heart seems to come forward for one as real, and her arms to wait the sanction of its acknowledgment. For all arms, be it observed, are not arms, whatever they pretend; any more than all that pretends to be love is love, or all eyes have an insight. Some arms are a sort of fore-legs in air, merely to help people's walking. Others have machines at the end of them, to take up victuals and drink with, or occasionally to scratch out one's eyes. Others, more amiable, are to hang armlets and bracelets on, or to be admired for a skin or a shape; and then ladies put them in kid gloves, on purpose to take them off, and lift them indifferently to their cheek with rings on their fingers, and people say, what an arm Mrs. Timson has! But the real arms are to serve and love with, to clasp with; to be honest and true arms, content to be admired for their own sakes if the possessor be worthy, but happy to enable you to lose sight of them for the sake of the heart and the honest countenances." An historical bit from the paper on Whitehall:

"It is generally supposed that Charles the First went to the scaffold through one of the front windows of the Banqueting House. But he came out at the north side. Pennant informs us that a passage was broken on purpose. It was remaining in his time, and was a door to a small additional building of late date. Most likely it is still in being. This was the hour of Charles' life which did him most credit. Cromwell might have envied it at the close of his usurpation. Marvell, a lover of liberty, has done it justice:

He nothing common did, or mean,  
 Upon that memorable scene,  
 But with his keener eye  
 The axe's edge did try;

Nor called the gods with vulgar spite,  
 To vindicate his helpless right,  
 But bowed his comely head  
 Down as upon a bed."

When will a court-poet write such verses upon a freeman? Leigh Hunt is not a



respector of kings and princes, and enjoys a joke on the nobility (see his "Personal Reminiscences of Lords"), and sneers openly at their pretensions. His pride in authors is excessive. I quote from "A Walk in the City:" "I have touched upon these matters before, but I repeat them here, partly for the pleasure of doing so, and partly to remark how the celebrity arising from authorship survives everywhere. Old city palaces, the dwellings of a proud nobility, have fallen one after another; you must now dig for their memorials in dusty books. Portentous tumults have shaken perhaps every street in London; you must search for them in old chronicles which are not used by one person in a million. But in the living productions of genius survive at once the rare individuals born, and the places that gave them birth."

**THE JUBILEE SINGERS OF FISK UNIVERSITY, AND THEIR CAMPAIGN FOR TWENTY THOUSAND DOLLARS.** By G. D. Pike. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston. A. Roman & Co., San Francisco.

A book purporting to be published in answer to the many questions asked about the Jubilee Singers. Which they are American citizens of African descent, and their photographs, by an artist named Black (quite an appropriate name, I think) in the book, and show a huge preponderance of lips and jaw, a wonderful spread of nostrils, and a peculiar and unmistakable kinkiness of hair not to be overcome by frizzettes in the females, or bear's grease and wool-cards in the males. "Nigger will out."

**BITS OF TALK ABOUT HOME MATTERS.** By H. H., author of "Verses" and "Bits of Travel." Published by Roberts Brothers, Boston. A. L. Bancroft & Co., San Francisco.

We have come to the conclusion that H. H. must be an old maid—a charming one, but still an old maid, with preposterous ideas in regard to chicken-bachelors' wives and old maids' children are proverbial. In "Bits of Talk" she goes after parents with a particularly sharp stick, and rates them soundly with their cruelty, inhumanity, rudeness, barbarity, and tyranny to their little ones. "This reminds us of the advice of an old darkey when we took some little chickens from their clucking mother, concluding to bring them up by hand—of course, our attempt was an utter failure, 'You better gib 'em back to de ole hen—she know mo' 'bout bringing up chickens dan you do—de good Lord taught her.'" But H. H. has a charming way of her own, nevertheless, and her books are always delightful, and even if she does scold once in a while, we always feel better after her little sermonizings.

**WOMAN IN AMERICAN SOCIETY.** By Abba Goold Woolson. Published by Roberts Brothers, Boston. A. L. Bancroft & Co., San Francisco.

"The Atlantic Monthly," for May. Table of contents: "The Two Letters," by Lucretia P. Hale; "A Legend," M. A. T.; "Child Life at the Isles of Shoals," Celia Thaxter; "The Trodden Path," B. W.; "The Presidential Campaign of 1796," James Parton; "The Goal of Spring," James F. Cowan; "A Child's Acquaintance," W. D. Howells; "A Prayer for Weakness," M. B. C.; "A Cruise Through the Galapagos," E. C. Agassiz; "Emmanuel von Tolkenberg and His Self-Governing College," Robert Dale Owen; "Specter Resumption," Sam. R. Reed; "Henry Howard Brownell," Thomas Bailey Aldrich; "My Railroad Fight in and out of Court," John R. Coleman; "Scanderbeg," Henry W. Longfellow; Recent Literature, Art, Science, Politics. We have scarcely ever seen a more brilliant array of names in one number of a magazine. It recalls the palmy days of the *Atlantic*. The contents are worthy of the writers, though the poetry is scarcely up to the mark even with such names as Longfellow and Aldrich. In Recent Literature, "The Poems of Henry Timrod," edited with a sketch of the Poet's Life by Paul H. Hayne, are reviewed, and a verse of one of his war poems given—

"Come with the weapons at your call,  
With musket, pike, or knife,  
He wields the deadliest blade of all  
Who lightest holds his life.

The arm that drives its unbought blows  
With all a patriot's scorn,  
Might brain a tyrant with a rose,  
Or stab him with a thorn."

**The Hour** (a new daily London newspaper) suggests by its title a novelty it does not realize. We get morning and evening journals, but it yet remains to see a paper giving the news of the day hourly as it occurs. Something of the kind of thing which may be looked for in the future was accomplished by the *Saturday Review* in connection with the late boat race. Instead of attempting to write up the event after the special correspondent style which has been so overdone as to have become a nuisance, it gave telegraphs received every few minutes during the race. For example: "2:15. The Prince of Wales and two of the royal children are on board the umpire's boat. The Princess of Wales is not present." "2:20. The Cambridge crew are getting into the boat. The Oxford crew are out, and are paddling to the Middlesex side." "2:25. The Cambridge are resting in the middle of the stream." "2:27. The light-blue crew are at their starting-point." "2:30. The Cambridge have stripped off their rowing jackets." And so on. A paper in this style, issued every hour, say from eight till six, and later on special occasions, would be something like a novelty in journalism.—*London Mirror*.

## A REPORTER FROM HADES IN SAN FRANCISCO.

Widely the gates of Hell fly ope, those gates that once within  
 Your chance of getting out again is very, very thin;  
 In walks the Imp from 'Frisco, with a bundle on his back,  
 (They've got the epizoo below, or else he'd have a hack);  
 The tinkling of a bell is heard from Satan's private rooms,  
 And through the sulphury fumes of Hell his deep basso voice booms:  
 "Is that my Imp from 'Frisco?" "Yes." "Then send him right up here,  
 And fetch a dozen Grant cigars, and lots of lager beer.

Sit down and tell me all the news," Hell's mighty monarch cried,  
 "I get no news like those you bring through my dominions wide."  
 "I bring you all the latest news about the Modoc war,  
 Which at the present time excites the whole Pacific shore:  
 Half starved by Indian agent thieves, the savages have turned,  
 And scornfully the terms of peace held out to them have spurned,  
 And for the lying agents' sins brave men and true are shot,  
 For war among the Lava Beds is raging fierce and hot.

Canby, a general as brave as ever went in fight,  
 And Thomas, of religious fame, a church's shining light,  
 Slain by the red skins' treachery, send wails from Styx's shore.  
 To join them on that black stream's brink, who knows how many more,  
 For only just four days ago some twenty more were killed.  
 Old Charon must look to his oars, his boat will soon be filled.  
 All curse the driveling policy, misnamed that of peace,  
 If used with Indian savages their wars will never cease.

There have been some niceish murders since last I was down here,  
 The hangman's rope, the law's weak hand, people have ceased to fear.  
 There's Marchant shot down like a dog, without a show to fight,  
 And people found who praise the deed, and say it served him right."  
 "Tis good for us, my trusty Imp, I like such shooting well,  
 It gives no time for whining prayers, but sends them slick to Hell.  
 No, half the souls that come down here are spoilt by silly fears,  
 By some parson's foolish gabble or woman's maudlin tears."

Our old friend, Laura Fair, again has put her posters out,  
 To give a recitation, but none knew what about,  
 For 'tis a very curious thing, they won't let her be heard—  
 'Twould be good fun, so I should think, to catch each blood-stained word.  
 There's Tyler Curtis made a bolt, he who was once the pet,  
 Whose smiling face and ready grace is lost with much regret;  
 A few, too, of his creditors would like to see him back—  
 Many a face on Front street now is looking long and black.

On Easter Sunday I looked into every gospel shop,  
 At nearly all the liquor stores I've called and had a drop;  
 The churches looked like theaters, they are about the same,  
 Except that their performances are just a little tame.  
 The grog shops do good business, and may they long do so,  
 They are the best friend that we have; who sends such lots below?  
 The *demi-monde* are flourishing, white and Chinese as well,  
 And in the open daylight's glare still ply their trade of Hell.

Never, my lord, in all my trips to 'Frisco have I seen  
 Our crop of souls so flourishing, or look so well and green;  
 Free love is doing us good work, she aids our mighty cause  
 Bolder than prostitution, for she's shielded by the laws.  
 She flaunts the flag of open vice without one blush of shame—  
 Numberless wives and families have cause to dread her name;  
 And now, your Majesty, my news is for the present told,  
 I'll join the other imps outside if I may be so bold."

"Certainly, my imp, you may go, your tale has pleased me much—  
 I see a goodly crowd of souls almost within my clutch.  
 Of all the cities scattered o'er the world's wide stretching face,  
 None can compare with 'Frisco, for it is a lively place,  
 Each week it sends me more recruits than any of its size,  
 It is my own Pacific plum, the plum that most I prize.  
 Don't stay too long in Hell, my imp, but quickly go above,  
 Get back to my friends in 'Frisco, and give them all my love."

The Missouri Papers record an act of munificence on the part of Mr. Shaw, an English settler at St. Louis, which is almost unexampled in the United States. It is the free gift of a noble park to the inhabitants of St. Louis. The tract set apart for this purpose is situated close to the town, is richly wooded, and abounds in picturesque scenery. It covers an area of over 300 acres, and its value is estimated at about £100,000. Mr. Shaw has received the warm acknowledgements of the municipal authorities of St. Louis for his generous gift.

[From the Town Crier Column of the San Francisco News Letter.]

**One Day in the Beginning of this Week**, Mr. Bennett, the champion of restricted love, met Mrs. Kimball, the champion of free ditto, on the prettily decorated platform of Pacific Hall, to see how many imbeciles would attend as listeners to their put-up debate. Mr. Bennett commenced the weak attack by reiterating a few stale, worn-out arguments against this form of prostitution under a mild name, and quoted some sweet little lines of poetry. Then Mrs. Kimball, clothed with fool's money, arose, smiled sweetly on dupes and unbelievers, and hinted at presenting them with the "naked truth," spoke of lust as a "general humane sentiment," quibbled at Freedom and Love, wandered off vaguely among the links of the "chain of humanity," and sat down without even the barest attempt to answer what used up arguments Bennett had advanced. Whereupon up rose the handsome defender of chastened uxoriousness, uttered a charming poetic advocacy of home and marriage, and made the extraordinary statement, hitherto unnoticed by minor historians, that the Germans owed their late victory over the French to marital felicity. The Kimball minced to the front of the platform, addressed the audience with a tricky "gentleman and ladies," *place air gentihommes* being her motto, told them she was looking up a certain "golden staircase," then not visible, indulged in a passage of tortured metaphors, and wished audibly and with clasped hands for a universal marriage of souls. Also defended her "beloved sister, Victoria C. Woodhull," from the naughty aspersions cast upon her character by the uncalled-for Bennett; declared her "an angel on earth," and expressed a pious belief that she, Victoria, would "at last wear a crown of glory." Furthermore, this dear creature told us that she knew Henry Ward Beecher's private life to be a hell. And so the debate ended. Well, well: this is a city where quackery, charlatanism, superstition, humbug, sin, evil and shame run free riot, God knows, but that the authorities should allow, and that San Francisco should gather to hear the open dissemination of such pestilential, abominable and dirty opinions, is a mystery.

**O, Leonidas!** thou proverb of patriotic valor! Thou world's ensample of heroism! We summon thee forthwith to come down from thy high historic pedestal and pass in thy checks to Captain Jack. What were the achievements of your three hundred at Thermopylae compared to those of the noble Modoc and his three score braves among the Lava Beds, where they have for months held their own against a United States Army, with infantry, cavalry, and artillery, sappers and miners, engineers, pioneers, balloonists, and bridge-builders? Where are Carlyle and Walt Whitman, and Joaquin Miller, and the noble brotherhood of hero worshippers, that no pan is raised in praise of Captain Jack? Was there ever so notable a fight made in the tide of time? We hail thee, O noble Modoc, the greatest of Captains! Let others stigmatize thee as cruel, treacherous, and devilish—for us, we desire it to be remembered that we have never spoken an ill word of thee; we desire it to be remembered, should you and your dauntless warriors, after routing the armies of the United States, embark in a fleet of "dug outs" and come down the coast to capture San Francisco.

**What a Charming Little Peep** behind the scenes the late case of beer selling to boys has given us. Often, when the "talented ventriloquist," Mr. Davies, has been making stale puns come from under his huge mustache, and appear to come from his two doll's mouths, we have wondered why people laughed and shrieked, clapped and rapped in the insane manner they seemed to. But now the "cat's out of the bag," or rather the "beer's out of the bottle." Many a weary yawn has this "talented ventriloquist" drawn from us when wishing to eat a quiet chop at Evan's. How sold people must feel when they find out this "distinguished foreigner" has enched them. We wonder what he stood out dailies for their fulsome praise. Their reporters are too high-toned for "lager," so no doubt cocktails and cash did the trick. O, Davies! talented ventriloquist though thou may be, we have done with thee and thy clap-net. Roll up thy traps, sing thy dolls in their box, and put. The public won't stand thee. "George, she knows you."

**In these Dull Times**, when they make as much fuss about a bit of shooting as they would if they'd lost a dollar, the latest from Cottonwood, Arkansas, is decidedly interesting. It seems a certain Berry Thetford, down that way, had a monomania for going after doctors. He first tried his hand at a Dr. McJavock, who he hacked considerably, but who put daylight through him. He, however, recovered, and went for the doctor who had attended him, Dr. Joyner. Joyner also put a hole through him, but before the bullet had made him slip his wind he did considerable carving with a bowie about the Dr.'s person. After this he considerably gave up the ghost. The doctor is soon expected to follow suit. Now, a useful man has been lost to society; he would have been a perfect boon here. What a clearance he would have made of the hard cases in this city. Those gentlemen who so gracefully combine the doctor with the pimp, whose shingles contain more brains than their heads, and their breath more contamination than the vile diseases they profess to cure.

**Messrs. Staggs and O'Brien** seem to have a wonderful predilection for the society of Judge Louderback. Not content with having their tiresome case bothering the court for some time, they got to fighting, in order, we suppose, again to face the spectacle dealer out of fines. No doubt he will make himself more attractive to them this time—he improves on acquaintance.

**Our Special Correspondent** from the Captain's camp in the lava beds, informs us that, tired of this vacillating conduct, Captain Jack has given orders for the extermination of the troops. He has issued the following official proclamation: "Seeing that there is no indication on the part of the misguided citizens and soldiers to accept the liberal terms of peace that we have held out to them, I hereby authorize you to use any means in your power to exterminate them." It seems a great pity, as they might have been saved. However, the order is given, and it is too late for them to save themselves. The utmost order prevails in the Captain's camp, and he feels confident of very soon exterminating, or driving away from his lands, the few wretchedly armed, half starved troops that are pitted against him. He has refused several offers of volunteers, declaring the foe unworthy of so much consideration. He sends his love and a few scalps to the *Town Crier*, who he hopes to have the honor of calling on when "this cruel war is over."

"**All Sensible People** are flocking to the city, and all the springs, etc., are deserted." Of course they are; they know that the lawyers are going to have a holiday, and that the sight of their vinegar faces will turn all the country milk sour, and their hard swearing melt the butter. Besides, how delightfully quiet the city will be when they're gone. Anticipating their holiday, the price of domestic cigars and native wines has lowered considerably. No doubt each limb of the law will go well supplied to visit his country friends. Rampant shoddy over the bay will throw open its hospitable doors (to those who they can make anything out of or get a vote from), and all will be merry. None, however, will feel happier than those fortunate people who, with good sense, have deserted the country, soon to be made untenable by an influx of bad law and worse whisky, and have come to spend a quiet month with us in the city.

**There May be Seen** perambulating our sidewalks, a short individual with mustache waxed to such an extent as to endanger the lives of passers-by. His coat is generally of velveteen, or else made out of a door mat. He don't look particularly strong, but he is. The way he handles wooden balls, is astounding. He throws them up as easy as if they were made of iron. He lets them drop so near his head, that one trembles for the cannon balls. His chest is stuck out like a pointer pigeon, that's sweetheating. In fact, he's a pocket Hercules. At present he is out of work; but soon will (when the epizootic goes away) re-appear like a giant refreshed. We have been creditably informed that he once lifted and carried away upwards of twenty cocktails. It is reported that the U. S. G. have engaged him to remove the rocks that at present somewhat hinder our troops from getting at the Modocs. But we can't spare him at present.

**Mr. Bennett**, late of the *Evening Republican*, has been airing his H's in a little "Free Love" controversy with Mrs. Kimball. "He took the other side of the question." Yes, we should think he did. The most amorously inclined "Free Lovists" would not dare to steal a kiss from those lips, whose guardian fangs and bristling fringe have guarded and prevented coming out the rich store of H's within. What an amount must be accumulated there. Fancy the H's of over sixty years all stowed away in one man's stomach. However, some one says that H's, like rain, have to come out some time or other, so we presume Mr. B's have slipped out of his bowels as vowels. If they have not, we predict that he'll soon burst, and advise all Britishers lacking that useful aspirate to be around at the death.

**The T. Crier** does not mind losing Tyler Curtis, as what little he owes him don't amount to much; but for him to take away Miss Mackenzie, is too bad. Often has the T. C. listened to her soft warblings, felt nervous about her breaking a blood-vessel in getting high notes out, and disconsolate when she left the stage. None can imagine what a blow it was, when, after taking a last fond glance at her in the Mercantile Library Hall, he heard that she had gone. Yes, gone away married to a man twenty years too old for her. Curtis, Curtis, what have you done? Perhaps, as the T. C. pens these sad lines, the other T. C. will be sitting "neath some more genial clime, loving and beloved. Oh, why did she choose the wrong T. C.? We don't owe a cent (that we ever intend to pay), and are young. Alas, alas; such is life.

**The Modocs** don't exterminate worth a cent. People talk of an extraordinary levy of volunteers to save the country. But why doesn't Uncle Sam send up his Fenians to wipe the "haythen" out? Is it not a pity that so much good, fiery valor should be wasted on England, while a hairy crop of aboriginal scalp stands just at hand, crying to the lord of the harvest for reapers. Ach, faith now! Shure an' be jabers, here's a chance for the owld guard ov the Immirald Oisle, that does an' nivvir surrenders, to distinguish itself intoirely. Furrid marruch, ye sons of Erin; shure, now, there's no Kinnadians up there to thrubble yeas at all at all. Hooch!

**We Regret to Hear** that a serious accident has happened to a most efficient member of the Board of Supervisors, Mr. Timothy McCarthy. As he was somewhat hurriedly proceeding from a meeting of that honorable Board, he ran right butt against an obstacle. It was the fist of Mr. Gleason. He says that such things ought not to be left sticking out on the sidewalks, and will try to pass a city ordinance to that effect. Beyond a slight discoloration of the left optic, he sustained no serious injury. The latest bulletin reports that he is doing as well as could be expected under the circumstances.



## UNFINISHED STILL.

A baby's boot and a skein of wool,      And the sun-light kissed her yellow  
Faded and soiled and soft:      hair,  
Odd things you may say, and I doubt      And the dainty fingers, deft and fair,  
you're right,      Knitted a baby's boot.

Round a seaman's neck this stormy night,  
Up in the yards aloft.

The voyage was over: I came on shore:  
What think you, found I there!  
Most like it's folly; but, mate, look here:  
A grave the daisies had sprinkled white,  
When first I went to sea,  
A cottage empty and dark as night,  
A woman stood on yon far-off strand,  
And this beside the chair:  
With a wedding-ring on the small soft  
hand  
Which clung so close to me.

The little boot, 'twas unfinished still;  
The tangled skein lay near;  
But the knitter had gone away to rest,  
My wife—God bless her! The day before,  
With the babe asleep on her quiet breast,  
She sat beside my foot;  
Down in the churchyard drear.

## MARK TWAIN—A FEW PERSONAL NOTES.

[New York Correspondence Chicago Tribune.]

Clemens is now occupied with his fourth book, "John Bull," of which he has written nearly one-third. Those who have seen the MS. say it will be indescribably funny. He looks at the native Britons at such a variety of angles, and detects them in so many grotesque positions, that they ought to be able to laugh at themselves as presented by "Twain." [Here let me mention that a Russian journal, not long since, in speaking of Henri Taine, the renowned French critic, confounded him with "Mark Twain," and mentioned his "Innocents Abroad" as an entirely different vein from his other works, and likely to give him a high reputation as one of the cleverest humorists of the continent. If the Russian journal had been printed in Ireland, the story would seem more plausible, and yet it is said to be strictly true.]

Clemens' literary career has been singular. It is not very long since he was a Mississippi River pilot, with no more idea of writing than of applying for the professorship of dead languages at the University of Jena. Later, he went to the Pacific coast and made a local reputation as a contributor of humorous sketches to the San Francisco *News Letter*. The first thing that advertised him here was his "Jumping Frog," afterwards bound and issued, with other sketches, in this city, and finding only a limited sale. After a little while he came East to embark on the *Quaker City*, with a crew of pious pilgrims, in search of classic and theological scenes and associations. The result of the voyage, as is well known, was the "Innocents Abroad," which, on his return, he prepared in such quantity that nearly half of the MS. had to be omitted to get it within the proportions even of a large subscription book.

Anybody with the least sense of humor would suppose that very few pages of the "Innocents" could be read without finding a publisher. It was not so, however. Clemens offered his MS. to a number of publishers here, in Philadelphia and Boston, and none of them, strange to say, could find enough in it to warrant their giving it to the world. He thought, as it was professedly humorous, that the objection to it lay in its capacity to make people laugh, and asserted, in his justification, that some such thing, scattered through a book of the kind, ought not to be considered an insuperable obstacle to publication. Having gotten weary through with the regular firms, he was induced to try a Hartford subscription house, and sent his copy accordingly to the American Publishing Company. Recognition of the merit of the work was very slow in that quarter. Several of the leading stockholders could see nothing in it (what moldy old curbstones they must have been, to be sure); but the principal man of the company carried it home one night, and made the remarkable discovery that the book was decidedly droll. Consequently, the "Innocents," copiously illustrated, appeared after a few months, and set both sides of the Atlantic laughing. It has sold at the present time something over 150,000 copies, and "Roughing It," fully 100,000, with a still active demand for both. The publishers think the two volumes will have a joint sale of half a million, at least, and they anticipate a very wide request for "John Bull."

"Mark Twain" is unquestionably the most popular lecturer of the day. No one can deny, with all his extravagance and superlative burlesque, that he is eminently qualified to excite laughter.

"MARK TWAIN" TO EDITOR OF "THE DAILY GRAPHIC."—AN AUTOGRAPH LETTER.  
HARTFORD, April 17.

EDITOR GRAPHIC:—Your note is received. If the following two lines which I have cut from it are your natural hand-writing, then I understand you to ask me "for a farewell letter in the name of the American people." Bless you, the joy of the American people is just a little premature; I haven't gone yet. And what is more, I am not going to stay, when I do go. Yes, it is too true. I am only going to remain beyond the seas six months—that is all. I love stir and excitement; and so the moment the Spring birds begin to sing, the zephyrs to sigh, the flowers to bloom, and the stagnation, the pensive melancholy, the lagging weariness of Summer to threaten, I grow restless, I get the fidgets; I want to pack off somewhere

where there's something going on. But you know how that is—you must have felt that way. This very day I saw the signs in the air of the coming dullness. I said to myself, "how glad I am that I have already chartered a steamship to tow me and my party over on my life-raft." There was absolutely *nothing* in the morning papers. You can see for yourself what the telegraphic headlugs were: BY TELEGRAPH.—A Colored Congressman in Trouble—Excitement in Albany.—Five Years' Imprisonment—Wall Street Panicky—Two Failures, and Money at 150 per cent.—Two Criminal Cases—Arrested for Highway Robbery—The Assault on the Gas Collector—A Striker Held for Murder in the Second Degree—The Murderer King Dangerously Sick—Lusignani, the Wife Murderer, to be Hung—Two Would-be Murderers to be Hung—Incendiarism in a Baptist Flock—A Fatal Mistake—Washing Away of a Railroad—Kn-Klux Murders—A Shocking Disaster—A Chimney Falls and Buries Five Children, two or them Already Dead—The Modoc Massacre—Riddle's Warning—A Father Killed by His Son—A Bloody Fight in Kentucky—An Eight-Year Old Murderer—A Grave-yard Floating Off—A Louisiana Massacre—A Court House Fired, and Negroes Therein Shot While Escaping—Two or Three Hundred Men Roasted Alive—A Lively Skirmish in Indiana—A Town in a State of General Riot—A Party of Miners Besieged in a Boarding House—Troops and Police Asked For—Bloody Work Expected—Furious Amazon Leaders—A Horrible Story—A Negro's Outrage—A Suffering and Murdered Woman Terribly Avenged—A Man Twenty-four Hours Burning, and Carved Piccemeal. The items under those headings all bear date yesterday, April 6th (refer to your own paper), and I give you my word of honor that that string of common-place stuff was everything there was in the telegraphic columns that a body could call news. Well, said I to myself, this is getting pretty dull; this is getting pretty dry; there don't appear to be anything going on anywhere; has this progressive nation gone to sleep! Have I got to stand another month of this torpidity before I can begin to browse among the lively capitals of Europe? But, never mind—things may revive while I am away. During the last two months, my next-door neighbor, Charles Dudley Warner, has dropped his "Back-Log Studies," and he and I have written a bulky novel in partnership. He has worked up the fiction, and I have hurled in the facts. I consider it one of the most astonishing novels that ever was written. Night after night I sit up reading it over and over again, and crying. It will be published early in the Fall, with plenty of pictures. Do you consider this an advertisement!—and if so, do you charge for such things, when a man is your friend and is an orphan? Drooping, now, under the solemn peacefulness, the general stagnation, the profound lethargy that broods over the land, I am

Yours, truly,

SAM'L L. CLEMENS (*Mark Twain*.)

### MOLTKE AND CAPTAIN JACK.

A Private Letter has been shown us written by Count Von Moltke to a German gentleman in this city. The subject is the Modoc War. The great Prussian chief views the movements in southern Oregon with much interest, and his comments are deeply interesting. He ranks Captain Jack as the greatest strategist the Western Continent has yet produced. In the opinion of Count Moltke the quality of the gallant red man's genius partakes more of the fiery earnestness of Hannibal than of the calm and sedate judgment of Wellington. But in any case he is of the opinion that Jack must in the end triumph and the great American Republic will succumb to his well directed fury, and be absorbed by him and carried to the "Lava Beds." In a few weeks, predicts the Count, he will come out of his fortifications and move deliberately upon Washington. That city once surrounded, the fall of President Grant's government is but a question of days. What will be the result of the experiment of a change of races in North America he does not quite foresee. But he is confident that the Credit Mobilier swindles will be less frequent, elections will be conducted with diminished political disturbances, society will be elevated, religion purified, and the laws administered with improved vigor and impartiality. We sincerely hope the conqueror of Napoleon III. may not be mistaken.

### SHRADER AND MCCARTHY.

We Had a Call Yesterday from Supervisors Shrader and McCarthy. These gentlemen naturally feel annoyed at the mention of their names in connection with their fellow Supervisors. We are not surprised at this. They are neither of them at the bottom very bad men, and it is only because of their association with others that we have been obliged to refer to them at all. If all, or even a majority of the Supervisors could be as pure, as upright and as public spirited as the gentlemen above named, it would be a most fortunate circumstance for our city. But unfortunately the contrary is the fact. Many of the other Supervisors are servile tools to the corporations, many are under the influence of wealthy schemers, and all are arant hypocrites. They pray in stentorian tones, carry the plate in church, attend Bible class, and get drunk on the sly. But for Shrader and McCarthy, the Board would be an utter disgrace to the community. But when we have said this much we have made all the apology we intend. We are independent journalists, and never take anything back without qualification. Shrader is a snob, and spends too much of his time at the Pacific Club, and McCarthy is a politician. Both of them are acrimonious faults, and ought to be amended. Look to it, gentlemen.

### THE AMERICAN PEOPLE DEGENERATING.

We are becoming alarmed at the evidences which are increasing on every side of the degeneracy of the American people. Two generations ago we excelled in every mental and physical quality, and more, we proved it daily by competitive trials with foreign nations when brought in contact with them. It is not so now. We are over-matched and beaten at everything. And it is precisely in those qualities of which we are the proudest that our decadence is the most striking. It is as scoundrels that we are losing our prestige. Our liars are not the liars they once were. Our cheats have lost their cunning, and our swindlers almost get swindled themselves. We are too apt to rely upon past triumphs and not to study to keep pace with the expansion and development of rascality. It is thus that we get distanced in the race. We imagine that because we perform some brilliant strokes upon each other, rob our neighbors or get elected to office and plunder the public, that we could do the same things, practice the same tricks and come off equally successful when tried upon the people of foreign countries. There is no greater fallacy. Tweed could rob New York, but does it follow that he could have robbed London? Fisk stole the Erie Railroad and bought the Legislature, the Courts, the Bar and the Press with the gross earnings, but could he have done the same thing in France or Russia? We doubt it. Self-reliance is a fine quality, and is nearly allied to self-esteem; but self-conceit, which is but a step farther in the same direction, destroys all. The neatest financial operations we have carried out in dealing with Europe since the repudiations of forty years ago, have been upon the whole failures. Colonel Fremont planned well in the affair of the El Paso Railroad and got away with considerable money, but there stands the judgment of the criminal Courts of that country which will in all probability be a bar to his farther operations for some time to come. To be successful he should have left matters so that he could go abroad and enjoy the money when stolen. He must stay at home as a detected rogue. And now we have to chronicle another failure of the most disastrous character. The administration sent Commissioners to the Vienna Exposition. Here was a beautiful field for confidence games, and one never before worked by our people. It was fair to presume that they were in the main unacquainted with our method of doing things. They scarcely suspected us, and would surely be thrown off their guard. It would be no vain thing to say, ordinarily speaking, that we could easily steal them blind. We sent off our sharpest specimen scoundrels, selected with care by the State Department from the entire country. But what account do they fetch back? Have they succeeded? Does Austrian plunder in money and in scrip enrich our people? Not a red. We were caught at it, and this business ruined before the Exposition building was opened. Nipped in the very bud. Verily, our people, from climate, food, or some occult cause past finding out, are rapidly degenerating, and we must take a back seat for a time. Would it not be well to open schools where stealing in all its branches could be taught at the public expense? Think of it.

### THE EMPEROR'S WILL.

The Will of Napoleon III., reported by telegraph, is worthy of a little attention. Though it is well known that the property declared in England is but a portion of the Imperial possessions, we do not attach any importance to the stories of the great sums saved by Napoleon. Avarice was certainly not one of his vices; and the testimony of all who were in a position to know anything of his way of life, is to the effect that he spent his money freely, and not altogether for his personal gratification. Vulgar he was not. Ernest Renan says that "he had a love, real, though not very enlightened, for the noble culture of humanity;" and he encouraged, as well as he knew how, what seemed to tend in the right direction. How little he could know what was the right direction, his will plainly shows. This curious document is brief as a decree; yet, it would have been still more brief, had the passages of mere Napoleonic quackery been suppressed. The whole character of the man is epitomised in these few lines: his idiom of his uncle, the only real religion to him, his belief in a talisman, his rhetorical protestation of love for France, his second-hand worship of himself in his son; all these are so many revelations of a character, half-fatalist, half-charlatan. Face to face with his last hour, he calls upon his son to remember the motto of the first Napoleon: "Everything for the French people;" and he follows up this solemn appeal to a high duty with the Napoleonic commentary: "To fix in his mind the writings of the prisoner of St. Helena," "to study the Emperor's deeds and correspondence," and "finally to remember, when circumstances permit, that the cause of the people is the Cause of France." The order in which these injunctions are laid down irresistibly recalls the letter of Napoleon I. to his brother, the King of Holland: "Your duty is first to me, then to France, and last of all, to the Dutch people." The "when circumstances permit" is an admirable touch, in that exquisitely ambiguous style which none have managed better than the Napoleons. It is the spirit of the "illustrious uncle," which has guided from heaven the fortunate career of the nephew (the will is dated in 1865), and the son of the nephew will enjoy the same august protection, if he proves himself worthy of his race. Everywhere the central idea is "my uncle." The talisman is to be preserved because it belonged to his mother Hortense; but his father Louis shines here, as elsewhere, by his absence. Napoleon III. declares his adherence to the "Catholic, Apostolic, Roman" religion; but there is not a syllable or a word in the will which implies that there can exist another God than the first Napoleon.



## MR. JOKING MILLER.

We did not Invent this Name for the great Oregon poet. We found it in the N. Y. *World*, the only paper which has had sense and courage enough to say publicly what thousands believe to be true of Joaquin Miller's jingling verse. And the name suits a writer who is at once a joke in himself, and the cause of jokes to all men of culture, who are not perversely bent on making out a case. Mr. Miller's success is a fortunate thing for him, and, so far, we are glad of it; but it is a disheartening fact for those who believe in the value of a wide cultivation, to find an utterly empty writer hailed as a genius, because he has a fine ear for cadence and alliteration and rhyme, though even in those, his only merits, he is but the shadow and echo of Swinburne, himself a real poet, no doubt, but already exhausted, and doomed, with his feverish flowers of ill, to a speedy oblivion. A local writer has recently examined and ratified Joaquin Miller's claims as a poet, on the ground that he possesses the one indefinable quality of poetic speech, a possession which cannot be acquired, but comes from nature. It would be nearer the truth to say that Joaquin Miller has a fine natural sense of the sound of words, with but a feeble sense of their value. It is admitted that he is raw and untrained, and we believe he will be so to the end. There is nothing like progress visible in his poems. The one just published in the *Overland* is as pretty, as melodious and as empty as the earliest of them all. His greatest effort, "Arizonian," is perfectly unmeaning, full of sweet lines, which go in at one ear and out at the other, round and full and glittering as soap bubbles, and as unsubstantial. But the "Isles of the Amazons" is at least as bad as "Arizonian." Who has read, without incessant yawning, that never-ending succession of pompous prettiness, drawn out through tangled forests and dark-eyed women, and tigers, and seas, and lilies, and God knows what besides, and brought up at last exactly nowhere? All this, we are told, is the music of poetry, full of promise; and we are reminded that the first writings of all young poets are full of vagueness and dimness, and a mere sensuous delight in sound. Even if this were true, which it is not, it would not apply to Mr. Miller's case, for he is not a young poet, but so far advanced in his intellectual growth, that while we cannot undertake to say what he may do, we know perfectly well what he cannot do. He cannot write one original line of definite poetic thought, so expressed that it shall abide in the memory of the reader. One might as reasonably hope to see Blind Tom become a great musical composer as to look for a poet in Joaquin Miller. The gift of melodious repetition and rhythm in words has been conferred upon the one just as the gift of musical repetition and rhythm has been given to the other; and the interest which attaches to both is of the same character. It is impossible not to be struck by the remarkable facility of expression in each, allied to perfect sterility; and it is equally impossible to feel more than a momentary curiosity at the sight of such phenomena.

## A NEW VIEW OF THE MODOC WAR.

Under this Head the Evening Bulletin gives an account of a theory concerning the Modoc "treachery," as it is called, which a Washington correspondent of the N. Y. *Herald* furnishes. According to this theory, the Indians on the Pacific Coast, with the exception of Arizona, believe that the time of their deliverance is at hand, and that all the Indians who have died heretofore are to rise again and assist in recovering the country from the whites; and it is added that the murder of the Peace Commissioners was brought about by Capt. Jack's belief that he is to be the Moses of his people. This is a very beautiful theory, and quite worthy of the enterprising journal which sent Stanley to Africa; but we decline to accept it, even though the *Bulletin* commend, for ten reasons, nine of which we keep to ourselves, because the truth is more than sufficient for our purpose. The Indians do not believe in the return of the dead to this earth. They have a brutal theory that when the brains are out the man is dead, to rise only in the happy hunting-grounds on the other side of Jordan. Moreover, there is nothing in the conduct of the Modocs thus far which warrants a belief in their imbecility. On the contrary, quite the reverse. If they had taken part with all the tribes on the coast in a general plan of warfare for a definite end, is it reasonable to suppose that they would have wasted all these months in pow-wows, when they had only to begin their pleasant task of murdering the frontier settlers, six months ago, simultaneously with a movement of all the other tribes, none of which are yet on the move? It is a good thing for an Indian Agent to find a mare's nest now and then, if only to show that he keeps his eyes open; and Mr. Cornoyer, Agent on the Umatilla Reservation, evidently has several eyes open. After long study and reflection, combined with profound knowledge of the Indian character, he has arrived at this remarkable conclusion: "Their model of a man is an Indian. They aspire to be Indians and nothing else." Were it not for Mr. Cornoyer's reputation as a man of spotless integrity and perfect truthfulness, we should hesitate to believe this extraordinary statement. There is nothing like it in history; or if there be something not incredible in the first sentence of the report, it is merely amazing to be told that Indians really aspire to be Indians. In making this great discovery, Mr. Cornoyer has deserved well of his country; and the least that can be done for him is to present him with Capt. Jack's head in a charger, when the process of embalming is completed.

We Congratulate Mr. Stuart S. Wright on his marriage with Miss Maria B. Hopkins, at Mare Island, on April 30th, and we wish them every joy.



## DUNCANSBAY HEAD.

[BY EVAN MACCOLL.]

[Written in an album kept at the Huna Inn for visitors to John O'Groat's House.]

Pilgrim, not when skies are smiling  
And the sea looks calmly blue,  
But when roars the blast despoiling  
Shouldst thou Gallo's\* headland view.

When o'erhead, the storm-cloud marge is  
Brightened by the lightning's play,  
And, far down, the foaming surges  
Dashing, die in clouds of spray,—

When upon the distant skerrie  
Cowers the cormorant in fear,  
While the screaming sea-mew merry  
Rides upon the wave-crest near,—

When the scud that o'er it sweepeth  
Ocean's hoary visage veils,  
And the stout ship nathless keepeth  
On her path 'neath close-reefed sails,

Then it is that fancy pictures  
Haco and his galleys good  
Swallowed up where oft as victors  
Rose their war-songs o'er the flood.

Then it is that I would, cheerful,  
Tarry on yon giddy height;  
Then old ocean's turmoil fearful  
In my soul wakes wild delight.

Rocks that rise in wizard grandeur,  
Cliffs where broods the eagle grey,  
Chasms, caves, where wild waves thunder,  
These thy charms are, Duncansbay.

\*Gallo or Gall-thaobh,—the Gaelic for Caithness,—literally, the border of the stranger.

## MONOPOLY.

The Following Extract from the Antioch Ledger, always intelligent and far-seeing, is well worthy of careful reading:

With most people the word "monopoly" bears with it a meaning full of terror. Penny, want and starvation of the masses are some of the legitimate fruits which its opposers predict. On this coast the Central Pacific Railroad has been the direct cause of this fear, and so thoroughly are the minds of many of our leading men imbued with this idea of monopoly, that they become immediately frightened at the combination of capital or brains in any undertaking, and forthwith warn the people with lugubrious voice to beware of the supposed monopoly. We are lead to these remarks from the fact that several journals in this State—more especially the Stockton Independent and the San Francisco Call—are doing what they can to make the farmers believe that some gigantic speculation is at the bottom of the attempt to build a canal through this valley, and that in consequence, they (the farmers) will be made the victims of a grand swindle. The Call quotes from the Ledger of April 26th, and while it favors the undertaking, is fearful lest a few acres of this barren waste shall be donated by Congress to the company. To us this seems like poor logic. If B, by giving a portion of his land to A, thereby increases the valuation of his own remaining land, does he not act wisely, notwithstanding A. is also benefited? Thus in this case, the Call knows, or ought to know, that every acre of land which can be irrigated by the proposed canal will readily sell at ten times its present value. What matters it, then, if the company which causes this increased valuation, shall also derive pecuniary benefit?

Monopolies, if the word must be applied, as it is to all companies, are absolutely necessary for the accomplishment of works of this magnitude. No one man is competent to the task. Hence there must be a combination of capital, and this the papers alluded to please to term an oppressive monopoly. But, says the Call, the land along the proposed route of the canal is owned by a few wealthy individuals. This again is a mistake. The greater portion of land which is subject to irrigation is owned by small farmers, who are willing and anxious to pay the price to be stipulated for the use of the water, namely: one dollar and twenty-five cents per acre. This dog-in-the-manger course—neither utilizing the waters of these streams themselves nor allowing others to do so, lest somebody shall thereby accumulate riches—is indeed poor policy; and it is this class, opposers of every enterprise calculated to build up and develop the resources of our State, which has retarded the growth and prosperity of California. Better give the company half the land in the valley and build the canal, than to withhold the small amount asked for and continue year after year to have, as we now do, a failure of crops and consequent poverty. The valley is full of honest, industrious, energetic men and women, who are yearly becoming more deeply involved in debt, without even a prospect of better things to come. These continuous droughts are ruinous to all classes of people, to all branches of industry. The bright prospects and flattering hopes of January are almost sure to be blasted by the April winds. Build the canal, and a more prosperous country could not be found. It would infuse new life into our citizens; new homes would spring up, new enterprises would be started, and the broad, fertile valley of the San Joaquin would become the peaceful home of millions of people.

It Has Been Reckoned that the 100 representations of the *Poule aux œufs d'or* have produced over £20,000. Golden egg laying indeed.

NEW YORK SPRING FASHIONS.

It has been Predicted for the last year or two that the polonaise would surely "go out this season," but it bids fair to keep the position it has won. It is so convenient, so effective, yet so quiet when made up *en suite*: so stylish when of properly contrasting fabrics, that ladies are not willing to renounce it. The fact that it is to be fashionable this year is learned, not so much on the streets, where but few new things have yet appeared, but by the order-books of fashionable modistes. Modifications in shape there are, for we find less fulness in the skirts than there was last season, and less "bunching" on the hips; the waists also are not made so loose-fitting, but are tighter, and are shaped so that they may be left open to display the vest, which for Summer wear is a daintily embroidered garment of sheer white linen, sometimes lined with a delicate color such as violet, turquoise blue, rose or *limon*—the last being the new clear buff color.

The materials of which polonaises are made differ extremely, and on it, more than on anything else, depends the character of the costume. The black silk skirt is now almost generally worn by ladies, and with a cashmere polonaise of the same color, you have the regulation church-going costume. A grey opera flannel or lady's cloth polonaise, simply corded with black, is the correct thing for shopping, attending art or music lessons, or going to business. A polka dotted or brocade polonaise will be in style to attend lectures, while one of lace or Algerian tissue will be effective at a promenade concert, or in a box at the theater. Of course the confectios correspond with the polonaise, and not with the black silk skirt. A basque waist is always provided with a black silk skirt, but the plated cashmere linen blouse is worn under the polonaise for general wear. The basque is often trimmed with black lace, under which is placed ruching of white tulle, and this, together with the skirt, makes a handsome home dinner dress; the addition of an overskirt trimmed to match the basque makes a more formal and dressy dinner costume.

The newest over-dresses are made open up to the front to display the tablier of the skirt proper. This tablier is generally the front breadth composed of perpendicular platings from the waist to the bottom; folds or flounces sweep around the back breadths and join the sides of the breadth, where they are concealed by bows. Sometimes the tablier is composed of alternate folds of the dress and the trimming material, arranged diagonally, and all the other breadths are trimmed with clusters of alternate folds arranged horizontally. Sometimes the entire skirt is kilt-plated from waist to hem. This looks the richest, but is the most expensive way of making, besides being too heavy looking in many kinds of material.

A return is being made in *ultra* fashionable quarters to the *Princesse* and *Gabrielle* styles of dress, but as the ladies who affect these do not fail to provide themselves with polonaises to wear over them, the change is not as noticeable as if they wore these beautiful styles in all their severe simplicity of outline.

Street dresses have grown "a little longer, and yet a little longer," till there are no walking suits proper to chronicle. Ladies, however, "make them do," by temporarily bunching them up behind in the most ungraceful way.

Moire antique silk is being largely used for trimming. Even for Summer wear this rich and heavy material is pressed into service. In the hands of competent artists, it seems as appropriate for Summer as it was last Winter with the thermometer below zero. Perhaps, more so, for its peculiar water-waved surface seems just the thing for the languid glories of the coming Summer time. We find this among the costumes prepared by a French house in New York for a bride going to Europe in June. Skirt of dead silk canvas-grenadine, white, with the palest Nile green tint to it. The skirt is flounced to the waist, and unlike the fashion prevalent last year, the flounces not mounted on a silk foundation but on the grenadine, neither is a silk slip to be worn under it. The soft cloudy depth that white grenadine *en masse* presents is the peculiarity sought to be preserved, soft tarleton skirts being furnished to wear under it. Every ruffle of this skirt is piped with exquisitely water-waved moire antique of the same impalpable green tint. A tunic opens over a very low, sleeveless waist, perfectly plain with the exception of a great wide bias band of moire antique, which borders it all round. The fringe is made of the lower edge of this border, and is done by machinery in that fluffy way called "feathering," and knotted in a lace-like pattern into a fringe of the canvas, also feathered out by the machine. This is the very art of fringing. Fringe sewed on, often of a different color and material from the garment is a cheap and clumsy substitute. Fringing means the fraying out of the edges of a fabric, and this has to be understood to see the bad taste of sewing on a fringe that has no relation to the fabric it affects to be frayed out of.

For watering place and country wear, the gaily flowered chintz costumes of last season will be succeeded by bastille in blue and white stripes exactly the pattern of ordinary "ticking." The plainest of these bed-ticking suits cost seventy-five dollars. They are imported ready-made and the material cannot be purchased, which will render them very exclusive. We will, however, soon see the market flooded with cheap "bed-ticking contille for ladies' costumes." Then every lady will get them and the real original imported seventy-five dollar ones will find their way to my lady's maid's wardrobe, or perhaps by virtue of their appropriateness to my lady's chambermaid. These eccentricities of costume are only worn by some people on special occasions, but with others they are in vogue the whole season.

Several new straw and wood-colored costumes appeared on Easter week, which, because of their simplicity and good taste, will keep in style all season, even among the most fastidious. The black and white costumes spoken of in our last fashion article as being prepared for Easter week, were worn only by *devotees* and ladies in mourning. The popular feeling is to put away all traces or suggestions of the season of fasting and prayer and effect natural, simple, fresh, Spring-like costumes.

## OLD FOLKS.

Ah! don't be sorrowful, darling,  
And don't be sorrowful, pray;  
Taking the year together, my dear,  
There isn't more night than day.

'Tis rainy weather, my darling,  
Time's waves, they heavily run;  
But taking the year together, my dear,  
There isn't more cloud than sun.

We are old folks now, my darling,  
Our hearts they are growing gray;  
But taking the year all round, my dear,  
You will always find the May.

We have had our May, my darling,  
And our roses long ago; [dear,  
And the time of the year is coming my  
For the silent night and the snow.

And God is God, my darling;  
Of night as well as day,  
And we feel and know that we can go  
Wherever he leads the way.

Aye! God of the night, my darling,  
Of the night of death so grim;  
The gate that leads out of life, good wife,  
Is the gate that leads to Him.

## THE DEEP-SEA WORLD.

It was Not Until About Thirty Years Ago—so new is the whole subject—that men began even to suspect the existence of a deep-water world. Till then the scientific men, gazing down into the "blazing darkness of the ocean blue," and longing to know what strange forms might people the two miles of water beneath the ship, believed that at the bottom, at all events, there could be nothing but a barren chaos of rocks or mud, strewn here and there with the "thousand fearful wrecks" which Clarence saw in his last dream. No life, they held, could exist in that total darkness, under a pressure of water so enormous that, as Dr. Wyville Thomson says, a man at 2,000 fathoms' depth would bear on his body a weight equal to twenty locomotive engines, each with a long goods train loaded with pig iron. Had they known likewise that living creatures down below would have to contend with all but freezing cold, they would have seemed to themselves even more justified than they actually were in their mistake. That mistake arose from a strange forgetfulness that if the fluids inside the body of a sea animal, or even of a man, were at the same pressure as those outside it, the two pressures would balance each other, and the body, instead of being crushed in, might move as freely and safely as in air. Even in the air, Dr. Wyville Thomson reminds us, a sudden rise of an inch in the barometer piles nearly half a ton extra upon our body, and yet, the fluids inside of us having proportionately increased in density, "we feel only the more cheery and buoyant, because it requires a little less exertion to move in the denser medium." It is difficult at first to conceive this certain rule when we apply it to water under immense pressure. We fancy that water, in that case, must stiffen or harden, forgetting that it remains, being all but incompressible, as liquid as ever, and that its particles, as far as we know, slide as freely over each other at 5,000 fathoms' depth as at the surface. Forgetfulness of that almost complete incompressibility of water gave rise to another fancy, which had a certain grandeur in it, and was not so absurd as it may look at first sight—namely that, as Dr. Wyville Thomson puts it picturesquely enough, "in going down the sea-water became, under the pressure, gradually heavier and heavier; and that all the loose things floated at different depths, according to their specific weights—skeletons of men, anchors and shot, and cannon, and, last of all, the broad gold pieces wrecked in the loss of many a galloon off the Spanish main; the whole forming a kind of false bottom to the ocean, beneath which there lay all the depth of clear, still water, which was heavier than molten gold." A grand fancy, certainly, but a mere fancy; for at whatever vast a depth, the water, being incompressible, or nearly so, has scarcely increased in density, and things heavier than it must sink through it almost as freely as at the surface, and bury themselves at least over the greater portion of the ocean floor.

The nether darkness, so far from being a lifeless waste, teems almost everywhere with creatures not only more fantastic, but larger than their shallow-water cousins; and the paddler about rock-pools and tide-sands at watering places will learn that far away at sea, over that 100-fathom line to the westward, sea monsters far bigger, as well as far uglier and far more beautiful than were ever transferred to an aquarium; that, to give two instances, the Caprella, "the phantom shrimp," which may be found on sea-weed, sitting upright like a monkey, holding on by his hind claws, and, with ghastly grimaces, mesmerizing all passers-by with his fore-claws, sits in like guise upon sponges a mile or two deep in the darkness—there, however, not a quarter of an inch, but three inches long; and that the Nymphs—sea-spiders who crawl out from under stones, and who, having nobody to speak of, carry their stomach, for economy of space, packed in long branches up the inside of each leg—are found in the depths of the Arctic Sea, not, as here, half an inch, but two feet in diameter. It is impossible to give even a sketch of the zoological treasures which have been brought to light by the cruises of the *Lightning* and *Porcupine*. Among their discoveries are true worms, sea-urchins, starfish, including the magnificent and novel *Brimia*, worthily named after the goddess Freya's favorite jewel, Crinoids ("stalked flowers of living stone"), corals, and above all sponges of forms either new or till now known only as fossil or, strangely enough, as inhabitants of shallow water. But the strangest, as well as the most beautiful, inhabitants of the deep-sea ooze are the glassy sponges, in which the skeleton is composed, not of horny fibres, as in the sponges of our dressing-rooms, but of flex-

ible flint, often more delicate than the finest spun glass. The best known of these is the Venus' flower basket, or Euplectella, which lives embedded in the mud of the seas of the Philippines, supported by a glass frill "standing up round it like a Queen Elizabeth's ruff." Twenty years ago there was but one known specimen in Europe. It may be now bought for 30s., or less, in any curiosity shop; and it is strange that this—one of the most exquisite, both in form and texture, of all natural objects—is not oftener seen, even already, as a drawing-room ornament.

Equally sponge, or Hyalonema, which roots itself in the mud by a twisted wisp of strong flint needles, somewhat on the principle of a screw pile. So strange and complicated is its structure that learned men for a long while could literally make neither head nor tail of it, as long as they had only Japanese specimens to study. Which was top and which was bottom, which the thing itself, and which parasites growing on it; whether it was a sponge, or a zoophyte, or something else, could not be settled, and is in some men's minds scarcely settled now. But the discovery of the same, or a closely allied species, in abundance from the Butt of the Lews down to Setubal, on the coast of Portugal, where the shark-fishers call it "Sea-whip," has given our savans specimens enough on which to make up their minds, and has added another form to the list of those common, strangely enough, to our seas and to those of Japan. Scarcely less beautiful and strange are the Holtenias and their cognate forms; hollow sponges built up of glassy spicules, and rooted in the mud by glass hairs, in some cases between two feet and three feet long, as flexible and graceful as tresses of snow-white silk. If any one wishes to gratify at once his curiosity and his sense of beauty, let him go up the great staircase at the British Museum, and on entering the second corridor, turn either right or left to the cases which contain these sponges and other deep-sea forms—to which, by the bye, in the present crowded state of the Museum, ghastly troops of monkeys serve as a foil—and there see how nature is not only "*maxima in minimis*," greatest in her least, but, "*pulcherrima in abdita*," fairest is her most hidden works; and how the creative spirit has lavished, as it were, unspeakable artistic skill on low-organized forms, never till now beheld by man, and buried not only in foul mud, but in the unsightly mass of their own living jelly. But so it was from the beginning; and this planet, with its complicated wonders and beauties, was not made for man alone. Countless ages before man appeared on earth, the depths of the old chalk ocean teemed with forms as beautiful and perfect as those, their lineal descendants, which the dredge now brings up from the Atlantic sea-floor.—*London Times*.

### OPERATIVE EARNINGS IN CALIFORNIA.

A San Francisco Paper compiles a table giving the rates of wages for different classes of skilled operatives in that city and the average annual earnings of each. The variable demand for labor produces important discrepancies between the nominal and the actual annual earnings. Thus, to take the first instance on the list, the wages of foundrymen are given at per diem, \$3 50 to \$4; with uninterrupted employment this rate would give yearly earnings \$1,050 to \$1,200; but the actual average earnings are set down at \$750, equal to \$2 50 per working day. This latter part of the exhibit, which is the more important, must needs be guess work, but will be the more accurate according as the compiler inquired more diligently into the facts of the case, prosecuting his own investigations in a number of establishments and shops. Only by access to pay-rolls and books throughout the establishments in a particular line of industry could the figures be absolutely accurate, as they are given by the Labor Commissioners of Massachusetts. This perfection of compilation does not purport to have been attained, but it is claimed for the figures that they were compiled with pains and are believed to be substantially correct. With this explanation that they are to be looked upon as an approximation, we collate them as under:

OCCUPATIONS OF MEN.			
Occupation.	Yearly Earnings.	Occupations.	Yearly Earnings.
Foundrymen, machinists, etc.....	\$ 750	Compositors.....	\$1,092
Blacksmiths and assistants.....	\$468 to 882	Marble workers.....	936
Boiler makers.....	908 to 1,144	Bookbinders.....	1,092
Boot and shoemakers.....	811 to 1,248	Coopers.....	1,248
Box makers.....	576 to 702	Rope makers.....	1,092
Stair hands.....	1,092 to 1,248	Bakers.....	780
Billiard-table makers.....	1,033 to 1,716	Shipwrights and caulkers.....	780
Harness and saddle makers.....	858 to 1,248	Tinsmiths.....	936
Woolen mill operatives....	612 to 702	Bag makers.....	624
Trunk makers.....	468 to 1,764	Hat finishers.....	1,092
Furniture hands.....	988 to 1,872	Stone masons, bricklayers, plasterers.....	1,560
Tailors.....	1,248 to 1,560	Carpenters and hodmen.....	936
Carriage builders.....	780 to 936	Painters and plumbers.....	1,248

OCCUPATIONS OF WOMEN.	
Occupation.	Yearly Earnings.
Boot fitters.....	\$1,092
Woolen mill, carpet bag, paper box, shirts, clothing, hat, cap and bag makers.....	\$380 to 572
Saddlery, hair work, fur making, white goods, artificial flowers, flag makers and photography.....	416 to 676

—*Sacramento Union*.



### Court Chat.

The Latest News sent us from Sorrento is that on Wednesday the Grand Duke Vladimir and his sister were at San Carlo, and on Thursday they were at Pompeii, where of course a special excavation was made. They were also present at a *soirée* given by the Countess Dolgoronki. Her Majesty, contrary, we are told, to her general custom, dines with the members of her family and household, and it is, we believe, a very happy and merry party. One evening she expressed a wish to see the Tarantella danced, and Signor Tramontano immediately sent for some of the best dancers in Sorrento, who performed before the distinguished guests, and received in *regalo* a considerable sum of money, several bottles of Bordeaux, while the Empress and her daughters handed round to the women boxes of bonbons. We understand that the Grand Duchess Marie is expected on a visit to Her Majesty about the 15th of next month, and also the Princess Alice of England with her husband. Report says that his Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh will also come. Amongst the thoughtful attentions paid to the Czarine was a beautiful bouquet of violets sent to her by the Countess Sutclain, from her charming villa at Capodimonte, and which particularly delighted Her Majesty, as she is devotedly fond of these flowers.

The Following Account of the interview which his Majesty King George IV. had with Count Capo d'Istria (vol. iv., p. 239) shows how the family bias inclined Trikoupi to portray to his readers the insignificance of the elected President of Greece: "On Capo d'Istria arriving in England he wished to be presented to the king; after many days elapsed he was summoned to Windsor, where the king was residing. The Count was shown into the picture gallery. After some time another door opened, and a man of tall stature entered, dressed eccentrically and carelessly; he shut the door after him and began to survey the pictures, proceeding to where Capo d'Istria stood. The Count thought at once that he could be no other but His Majesty, whom he had seen before when he accompanied the Emperor Alexander to England. The Count was taken by surprise at this unexpected meeting, and stood erect and motionless. The King, advancing as by accident, met the Count face to face, and said to him, "Ah! vous êtes ici, monsieur le Comte; je suis bien aise de vous voir." Thus saying, without waiting for a reply, His Majesty saluted and retired. The servant opened the same door by which the Count had entered and conducted him to his carriage, and thus the interview ended."

Count de Waldeck, who has just celebrated the 107th anniversary of his birthday, is about to undertake the management of a new entertainment in Paris. The registry of his birth, in due form, bears the date of March 16, 1766. He was a contemporary of Louis XV., and perhaps the only one of them in France that has seen the third Republic. Born in Prague, he is a naturalized Frenchman. He devoted forty years of his life to scientific travels in distant countries—Nubia, Abyssinia, Mozambique and Mexico. Apart from a slight deafness, he is affected from no infirmity, is in the full enjoyment of all his faculties, and his memory has faithfully retained the different episodes of his long career. He has, however, preserved a sad recollection of Ansterlitz, where he was a Captain in the fourth Hussars, as a ball received there, and which has never been extracted, causes him much suffering on certain occasions. Everybody may have remarked his pictures at some of the late exhibitions, entitled, "L'oisirs d'un Centenaire." This veteran still forms plans for the future, and now returns to his first vocation, as he was Director of the Porte Saint Martin Theater in 1793.

An Indian Prince, His Highness the Maharajah of Jondhpore, has recently died, and in accordance with his national custom has been burned, with all the honors. The corpse was dressed with all the magnificence of royal robes and decked with jewels worth \$75,000. In front of the funeral procession walked two elephants, laden with gold and silver coins to the amount of \$62,500, which were scattered at every hundred paces among the spectators, to be scrambled for. The corpse, shawls and jewelry were all thrown together upon the burning pile. From the day on which His Highness died five thousand Brahmans received food and a rupee each at his palace gates. His numerous wives and concubines were anxious to be burned with him, but the English law forbids the continuance of the custom, and these weeping widows are preserved.

A Book Called "An Emperor's Vacation at Vichy," is apparently written to show how little the writer knew of the late Emperor Napoleon in his leisure hours. However, it is something to know that he "wore the morning dress of a simple gentleman;" that "the only entertainments he much affected were theatricals;" that the "saturnine nature and brooding soul—secretive even to itself, was not given to outward manifestations of emotion; but he was once seen to give one hearty laugh until the tears ran down his face at some buffoonery of Dejazet, which did not greatly amuse the rest;" finally that he either did or did not sit up late into the night, but certainly if he did not he burned a light until a late hour! The poems, tales and light articles are numerous, but present no special feature calling for remark.

M. de Lesseps has written a letter suggesting that the Sultan should invite the maritime Powers to appoint a commission to fix upon a uniform mode of defining the carrying capacity of vessels, with a view to put an end to the tonnage disputes which have arisen in connection with the Suez Canal. M. de Lesseps deserves so well at the hands of the community that he deserves justice. It sounds little, but as the distinguished Frenchman has long since learnt is in the fact—much.

One who signs **Craufurd Tait Ramage** says: "If Sir Alexander Stewart of Eernclej, whose daughter Janet was married to Sir Roger Kirkpatrick of Kylosbern, be related to the Stewarts, the Royal Family of Scotland, which is very likely, though I do not know his pedigree, we would thus find that the Empress Eugenie, by her Kirkpatrick descent, was related to Her Majesty Queen Victoria."

**Mr. A. G. Dudley Ward**, writing from New York, says that he never beheld such lavishness in woman's attire—street attire—as there is in that city. "I have not (he says) seen a shabby-dressed woman since my arrival. Knowing the grand totals which are made up of small items of long seal-skin jackets and finest silks, I may say the average cost of a lady's dress here is not less than £60."

**An American** has proposed to move Northumberland House, but whither will he take it? The only person who wants it is Lord Elcho, and it might be planted *vis-à-vis* to his house early some morning when the adventurous Yankee has time to do the little job.

**About Sixty Finished Pictures** and sketches by James Hayllar, including several works exhibited at the Royal Academy, and other modern pictures, were last week disposed of at the rooms of Messrs. Christie, Mason and Woods, in King street, St. James's.

**Trentanova**, the sculptor, has sent to the Royal Academy a beautiful head of "Gentle Spring," and a portrait in marble of Mrs. Thornton, of Birmingham. His full length marble figure of "The First Letter of Love" could not be completed in time.

**A Discovery** has just been made in the picture gallery of Baron de Stack berg, at the chateau of Tacha (Bohemia), on a painting by Holbein, of an inscription which fixes in a positive manner the birth of that great painter in 1498.

**On Thursday, April 3d**, a statue of the late King of the Belgians was conveyed to Mons by special train. It is expected to be unveiled to the public at the coming communal fête at Mons.

**Sir James Ramsay** of Bamff has let the mansion, with the shootings of the moors and low ground, Alith, to Frank Mildmay, Esq. It is reported the rent for the season is to be £1,000.

**The Ladies** of the harem of the King of Siam have taken to wearing the European costume. This is said to be one of the results of the King's visit to Calcutta last year.

**The Carlist Insurrection** still makes head against the Government troops. Don Carlos had abdicated in favor of his son under the regency of his brother.

**The Duchess of Inverness** continues in the same state. Her Grace is under the care of Dr. Wadham, of Park Lane.

### Special Brevities.

**There Seems** to be a flourishing trade in eggs between Scotland and London. At a meeting recently of the Perthshire Society of Naturalists, the President, in the course of his address, gave the prices of a few eggs which he had received from a London house: Golden eagle eggs, £1 5s. each; merlin, long-eared owl, and tawny owl's eggs, 1s. 6d. each; white wagtail, grey wagtail, goldfinch, lesser red-pole's eggs, 6d. each; siskin's eggs, 2s. 6d. each; northern diver's eggs, 10s. each; and the common snipe's eggs, 6d. each. These prices being so remunerative, the consequence is that in many places, and especially on the breeding grounds in the north, people find it worth their while to occupy themselves all the breeding season in getting eggs for the London collectors, and the President mentioned that while in the north isles of Shetland some years ago, he visited a schoolmaster there, who showed him a lot of eggs collected by himself on commission for a London agent, all most beautifully and scientifically blown—a boring instrument and sucker being used for the purpose—and in one box alone were 300 snipe's eggs, equal at 6d. each to £7 10s. Any person who is fortunate enough to possess a golden eagle bird that is a regular daily layer might easily make at this rate between £400 and £500 a year. Such a bird would be a fortune to a small family.

**Marriages in High Life in Paris** have recently assumed the character of a religious and musical *fete*. Invitations upon beautifully-printed paper are issued for the religious ceremony. Ladies and gentlemen respond by appearing in elegant morning dresses, except those favored individuals who are to be placed nearest to the altar, and who are in evening dress. Some time ago it was the fashion for the bridegroom to appear in a blue coat, with gilt buttons, white waistcoat, and grey trousers, but that is all changed, and now the black suit and white cravat have again come into favor. Until lately the musical performances were limited to a few strains from the organ, played upon the entrance and the departure of the wedding party, but now the composition of the musical selection has become one of the great questions connected with the religious ceremony of marriage. The object is to have as much music as possible, to obtain the service of some eminent instrumentalist or vocalist, or even of a body of singers who during the ceremony shall execute solos or concerted pieces.

**Some German Chemists** are said to have discovered that starch, by being peculiarly treated with nitric acid, becomes converted into an explosive substance, which promises to supersede gunpowder.

**There is a Well-Known Transatlantic Story** which relates that a New Yorker, being about to take his departure for Europe, called upon his friend *pour prendre congé*, or in order to take leave of him. The friend, who, as being an exalted member of the "shoddy" aristocracy that flourishes in the American metropolis, was guileless of French, happened to be absent from home when the call was made, and a farewell card, with the customary letters, "P. P. C.," inscribed upon it, was left for him in his absence. "'P. P. C.,' what can that mean?" asked the astonished recipient of the valedictory greeting, upon returning to his home. After cudgeling his brain for a long time without success, a bright thought suddenly struck him. "It *must* mean 'Pullman's Palace Car,'" he triumphantly exclaimed, "and it is evident that my friend is off for San Francisco."

**An Amusing Scene** was once witnessed on a skating rink in Canada. The principal attraction was a beautiful young lady, charmingly dressed with short skirts. She was a very graceful skater, and in her evolutions displayed a pair of beautifully-formed ankles, and a little more, so symmetrical that they seemed to charm the eyes of the young men, although they aroused the envy of her own sex. But beauty's reign in this case was short; she fell upon the ice, and had the misfortune to rip her stocking with her skate. Not being aware of the mishap, she quickly rose, and continued to glide over the ice as before; but now the admiration for her was turned to laughter, for a trail of sawdust followed her, oozing from that ill-fated stocking. It is needless to add she shortly left the ice.

**M. Linden**, of Brussels, has lately imported a large stock of young plants of the celebrated cow tree of South America—the *Palo de vaca* of the Spanish and the *Sandi* of the Indians. This extraordinary tree yields milk of as good quality as that of the cow. It flows freely from incisions made in the trunk, and is commonly used as an article of food by the inhabitants of districts where the tree is abundant. The tree grows upwards of 100 feet high, with a smooth trunk 6 to 8 feet in diameter, and without branches for the first 60 or 70 feet of its height. If it would only grow in the open air in our climate, or could be acclimatized by any process, what a jump for joy there might be throughout the country at this prospect of new food resources for the public!

**A Series of Experiments**, instituted to test the average loss in weight by drying, shows that corn loses one-fifth and wheat one-fourteenth by the process. From this statement it is made that farmers will make more by selling unshelled corn in the fall at seventy-five cents than the following summer at one dollar a bushel; and that wheat at \$1.32 in December is equal to \$1.50 for the same wheat in the June following. This estimate is made on the basis of interest at seven per cent., and takes no account of loss from the depredations of vermin. These facts are worthy of consideration.

**A Choice Collection of Modern Pictures**, the property of a gentleman, and a small collection of choice water-color drawings and several important modern pictures from different private collections, were disposed of recently. Clarkson Stanfield's picture, "The Bay of Spezzia," sold for 500 guineas. An Italian coast scene, by the same artist, realized 335 guineas. J. C. Hook's "Washerwomen in Brittany," exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1866, realized 660 guineas.

**The Raphael Anniversary.**—Urbino, the birthplace of Raphael, celebrated on Sunday the anniversary of the birth and death of the illustrious painter—the respective events occurring on the same days in 1483 and 1520. The present occasion has been distinguished by a graceful event, the handing over to the municipality, in trust for the nation, of the great artist's birthplace, which has been purchased by a public subscription.

**We Hear a Characteristic Story** of the late Charles Dickens. An Oxford undergraduate, with the natural modesty of the race, sent to the editor of *Household Words*, at the end of the Crimean war, a copy of verses on the return of the Guards, with this note: "Sir—Understanding that you insert Rhymes in your *Serial*, I send you some." To which Dickens answered: "Sir—We do not insert Rhymes without Reason."

**The Melbourne Telegraph** has the account of an old man who at 89 married a girl of 11, and after three years' matrimony has discarded his wife and refused to support his three children by her. The court of law that was appealed to by her declined to take the old man's view of his responsibilities. It is clear that at the antipodes life is conducted on different principles altogether.

**New Prussian Rifle.**—The *Times* says: "A few days ago the German Emperor reviewed the 1st Fusilier Company of Infantry Guards, just armed with the new Manser rifle. The men fired fourteen times per minute, a number of discharges which admits of being nearly doubled."

**A Patent Oyster.**—A down-east journal informs us that a Maine man is about to apply for a patent for an artificial oyster, made out of flour-paste, tapioca, salt and water. The inventor places these in second-hand oyster-shells, which are carefully glued around the edges.

**Verdi's Opera Aida** was given for the first time in Naples recently. The audience being wild with delight, called the composer before the curtain thirty-nine times. They will know him when they see him again.

**There Was a Private View** at South Kensington recently, of the collection of paintings by Philip and Creswick, some 300 in number, which occupy the galleries filled during the last two years by foreign pictures.

SPRING.

The sun is warm, the sky is blue,  
The buds are full, the grass is growing  
I wonder if the signs are true,  
And winter really is going!  
'Tis too good news it seems to me  
That gentle spring at last is coming,  
This very morn I saw a bee—  
But he was humming.

The seeds don't seem to show as yet—  
I fear they've rotted altogether;  
The winter's been so very wet—  
But shall we have more settled weather?  
Those fleecy clouds, on high that wing,  
Can weep like Niobe's sad daughters;  
And we perchance may find the spring  
A spring of waters.

Oh, gentle spring! betray us not,  
We can be dry, and yet hilarious:  
And, pray, give back the watering-pot  
To January's old Aquarius:  
Where'er your tiny foot shall touch,  
Bid blossoms spring, the greensward wetting,  
For we've an appetite for such,  
That needs no whetting.

" TOMPKINS' ADIEU."

SCENE I.

**Why those Sad Faces?** Why those portmanteaus piled up in the passage? Why that sumptuous supper of fried tripe and cow heel? Ah, why? 'Tis Tompkins' last night at home. Yes, to-morrow he sails for a far off land alone; no, not alone, for he is not accompanied by the united blessings and prayers of his pious family?

Mrs. T., T's MOTHER.—Oh, my son Adolphus, I cannot realize the fact that we must part so soon. Say, is it true, or is it an awful, hideous dream? [Here she realized the fact that she was awake by burning her month with a bit of cow heel. Having spit it out she continued.] Your poor father, Dolphy, were he living, would have given you more wise and better advice than I, your poor mother, can; but there is one thing I must make you promise me or I shall never rest; will you promise?

TOMPKINS [who's theatrically inclined].—Say on, sweet being, through whose tender care I have been nurtured, and whose far-famed beauty, I regret to say, I have not inherited, I promise.

Mrs. T.—'Tis this: To take a Cockle's anti-bilious pill three times a week, a dose of salts [Epsom] once a month, and say your prayers night and morning. 'Tis all I ask.

BETSEY T., T's ELDEST SISTER.—And oh, Dolphy, may not I also claim a promise?

MR. T.—My heart is so full—of—of—feeling—that I can refuse nothing. Say on. BETSEY T.—'Tis simply this: that when the morning sun shines benignly upon the half-waking earth, and the little birds bathe in the showers of dew drops, when all is glad, and calm, and wet, that you will repeat those lines which have ever been a solace to me in trouble, and whose lovely stanzas have enraptured my soul with more than earthly bliss; these, I mean [with much emotion];

"How doth the little busy bee," etc.

MR. T.—Sweet sister, thy boon is granted, and these thrilling stanzas shall ever be the first words to escape my awakening lips. [Here T's feelings so overcame him that he was obliged to take a "deep, deep draught" of stout, after which he delivered himself of the following romantic lines, which he had composed for the occasion ten years before.] With both his hands in his pockets and one on the table, he began:

Mother, mourn not for your son,	Will muse of her and heave a sigh.
Who's going off like any gun,	But if that sigh he cannot heave [a goak]
But who, when in a foreign land,	As far as you, oh do not grieve,
Will often bless his mother, and,	For he will ever think of you,
With aching heart and downcast eye,	Of brothers, sisters, cousins, too.

Adoo.

The effect of these touching verses was tremendous. Mrs. T. upset the pickled onions, nearly choked herself with a long strip of tripe, and finally went into—the next room, decidedly unwell. Miss T., whose tender and romantic nature thoroughly appreciated and felt the delicate and touching pathos contained in T's verses, wept—yes, wept. The briny tears chased each other in quick succession down her lovely cheeks and finally deposited themselves in her plate. Tomkins, fearing that he was rendering the last night at home sadder than he had intended, began to whistle "Pop Goes the Weasel," at the same time dancing a hornpipe. The clock strikes eleven—a general move for bed.

SCENE II.

[St. Catharine's Dock; ten in the morning; on board the *Kanjawtummer*, bound for Timbuctoo. Mrs. and Miss T. have come to see T. off. Sails; frantic embraces and broken sighs, copious tears and a brandy-and-soda.]

Mrs. T.—Oh, my poor, poor, dear, dear Dolphy, you will never see your poor mamsy more. I feel a presentiment. You know how ill and weak I am; oh, that



last attack of the measles has left your poor mammy a complete wreck. [Gives him countless wet kisses.]

Mr. T.—Cheer up, my mother, 'tis to glory we steer; take a little more soda and b—

Mrs. T.—Oh, Dolphy, dear, I fear you are too fond of spurrits. [Finishes the soda and b—]

Miss T. [with emphasis].—Adolphus, I feel it is childish to weep, besides it makes ones eyes look red. I will restrain my feelings till I am alone and in solitude with some sympathizing friends, who can feel for and weep alone with me and ma. Farewell; a sister's blessing. [Kisses him and both leave for home.]

#### SCENE III. AND LAST.

The anchor's weighed; Tompkins on deck, waving aloft a somewhat unclean rag, commonly called a pocket handkerchief, and used as a "nose-wipe," and shouting at the top of his voice, "Adoo, O reasevolr." [T. had been educated in France.] At last, exhausted, sad and thirsty, Tompkins descended slowly into the state cabin, and having summoned the steward, whom he called "waiter," asked for another band-s. The day passed calmly and quietly. T. slept well, and dreamt of home and tripe suppers, with visions of glorious lands, whose rivers were stout and whose mountains were cow heel. At last the morning dawned and T. awoke. At first he thought he had made a mistake and gone to bed in the—ah, well, say cupboard. In time he realized the facts of the case; in fact, they forcibly impressed themselves upon his mind by nearly pitching him out of his bunk. Tears dimmed those lustrous eyes, but with a calm and serene demeanor he repeated those lines that had so often soled his sister, "How doth," etc. He had only got to the third verse when he felt unwell; in fact, very unwell. A smothered cry of "Waiter!" a frantic rush for the basin, and all was over. He grew worse; pilted the whale who swallowed Jonah, and at last came to the conclusion that a tripe supper is not a good thing to sail on. Gets better in time, lands all safe and is happy.

P. S.—The above is compiled from a peep into Tompkins' diary.

#### CHEAP MONEY.

**Will we Get It?** Everybody wants it: indeed we know some *good* people that would take a short loan even if it were not very cheap. We speak feelingly on this subject, and the sympathies of the public are with us. Money, to be cheap, must be abundant—that is, abundant as compared with other commodities, or capital in other forms, and the demands of trade. Are we going to have it so? Will the opening of the New Foreign Bank Agencies help us in this regard, as many wise people seem to think? *That depends*—Will they import their capital in money? Not much, we think. They will draw their bills for it and sell them in the market. Not a dollar will they add to the *money* of the country; but they may prevent just so much from being sent away to pay for imports or to cover adverse balances. They may help us to keep what we already have and even to accumulate a little—but *that too depends*. Suppose money is worth twice as much in New York as it is here, will it stay here? What has been the experience of the past few months? Every dollar coined by the Mint has been sent away to the Atlantic side and a great deal more. Who does not know that money, like all other forms or kinds of capital, will go where it can be used to the greatest advantage and commands the highest price? When our German and Hebrew friends can turn over their twenty dollar pieces in Wall street at  $\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. a day, will they keep them here for the accommodation of the dear people of this coast at one per cent. per month? *Not much*. Money is dear now in all the great commercial centers of the world and is flowing towards them. We cannot expect it to be cheap here while it is dear every where else. *In fact it is too cheap already*, and "that's what's the matter." We should put up the rate in self defence, and offer some practical antagonism in such an emergency as this, to the incessant drain upon us. The banks here are absolutely doing the public an injury by holding the rate at one per cent. and permitting the country to be exhausted. They should advance it as the Bank of England does when exchanges are adverse, and keep it up until the tide turns and a healthful equilibrium is restored. Moreover, such a course would check over-trading promptly, and do good in more ways than one. But how the impetuous denagogues and seedy curb-stone brokers would howl and denounce them as sharks, though really conservators of the public welfare. We go for a high *protective* rate, and are willing to take a *large* amount of money at two per cent. per month. *Try us if you don't believe it.*

**A New Parcel Tariff** has been introduced into the Reichstag by the Post-master-General, Dr. Stephan. According to its provisions, one uniform rate of payment is established for all Germany, on the postal system, irrespective of distance, for small packages. A parcel weighing not more than five kilogrammes may thus be sent from one end of Germany to the other, from Memel, say, to Constance, for the very small sum of 6d.; while for smaller distances, within 45 miles, the same parcel may be forwarded for 3d. Why not in England?

## REDIVIVUS.

Sere, withered leaves; dead, wasted love; I brushed some withered leaves away,  
 Ye fall upon chill'd bosoms bare, That lay beneath unmelted snows,  
 That hold the germs ordained above And found a green arbutus spray,  
 To bloom in fragrant blossoms rare. With blossoms sweeter than the rose.

I looked upon a woman's face,  
 Dispassioned by a wasted love,  
 Yet found—there beat within her breast  
 Warm passion and—my Treasure-trove.

Vir.

## A NAUGHTY LITTLE GIRL'S VIEW OF LIFE.

I'm Only a Little Girl, but I think I have as much right to say what I want to about things as a boy. I hate boys, they're so mean; they always grab all the strawberries at the dinner table too, and never tell us when they are going to have fun. Only I like Gus Rogers. The other day Gus told me he was going to let off some fireworks, and he let Bessie Nettle and me go and look at them. All of us live in a hotel, and his mother's room has a window with a balcony. His mother was gone out to buy some *creme de lis* to put on her face, and he'd went and got eleven boxes of lucifer matches and ever ever so many pieces of castile soap. He stole them from the housekeeper. Just when she went to put them in her closet Gus went and told her Mrs. Nettle wanted her a minute, and while she was gone he grabbed the soap and matches, and when she came back he watched her, and she got real mad, and she scolded Della (that is the chambermaid), and said she knowed who did it, and I was real glad, because when I was turning somersets on my mother's bed the other day Della slapped me and said she wasn't going to make the bed two times to please me; then Bessie and me stuck the matches in the soap like tenpins, and Gus fired them off, and they blazed like anything, and they made an awful smell, and Gus went and turned the gas on, so's his mother would think it was that.

We got our dinner with the nurse, 'cause the man that keeps the hotel charges full price for the children if they sit at the table in the big dining room. Once my mother let me go down with her, and I talked a heap at the table, and a gentleman that sat next to us said little girls should be seen and not heard. The mean old thing died last week, and I was real glad, and I told Della so, and she said if I went and said things like that I couldn't go to heaven. Much she knows about it; and I wouldn't want to go if dirty things like she is went there. Yesterday Mary, our nurse, told Bessie Nettle's nurse that she heard Larry Finnegan was going to marry her. Larry is one of the waiters, and he saved candles for me from the big dining room; and Bessie Nettle's nurse said, "O, Lord! what a lie!" and Bessie Nettle went into her mother's room, and her little brother said she nipped him, and Bessie said, "O, Lord! what a lie!" and you should have heard how her mother did talk to her, and went and shut her up in a dark room where she kept her trunks, and didn't let her have nothing but bread and water; and Gus Rogers went and yelled through the key-hole and said, "Bessie, the devil is coming to fetch you," and Bessie screamed and almost had a fit, and her mother told Mrs. Rogers, and got Gus licked, and Gus says he's a mind to set the house on fire some day and burn her out.

One day I went into the parlor and crept under the sofa, and there wasn't nobody there. They don't let dogs nor children go into the parlor, and I think it's real mean; and I had to creep under the sofa, so nobody could see me; and Mr. Boyce came in, and Miss Jackson; she said one day that children were worse nuisances than dogs. And Mr. Boyce and Miss Jackson came in and sat down on the sofa; and he said, "O, Louisa, I do love you so much," and then he kissed her, for I heard it smack. And then she said, "O, Thomas, I do wish I could believe you; don't you never kiss anybody else?" And he said, "No, Earnest," and I yelled out, "O, what a big story," for I saw him kiss Bessie Nettle's nurse in the hall one night, when the gas was turned down. Didn't he jump, you bet! And he pulled me out and tore my frock, and he said, "O, you wicked child, where do you expect to go to for telling such stories?" and I told him, "You shut up; I ain't going any where with you." I wish that man would die, like the other one, so I do; and I don't care whether he goes to heaven or not.

Gus Rogers' mother had a lunch party in her parlor, and they had champagne, and they never gave him any; and when his mother wasn't looking he found a bottle half full on the sideboard, and he stole it and took it in our nursery; and Mary wasn't there, and Gus and me drank it out of the glass Mary brushes her teeth in; and it was real nice; and we looked in Mary's wardrobe and found her frock she goes to church in; and Gus put it on, and Mary's bonnet too; and we went in the hall and we tumbled down and tore Mary's frock, and made my nose bleed; and Gus said, "O, there's an earthquake!" 'cause we couldn't stand up; and you should see how the house did go up and down—awful; and Gus and me laid down on the carpet, and the housekeeper picked me up and tooked me to my mother's room, and my mother said, "O, my! whatever have you been doing?" and I said, "O, Lord! I drank champagne out of Gus Rogers' mother's bottle, in the glass that Mary brushes her teeth in." And the housekeeper says, "O, my goodness gracious! the child's as tight as bricks," and I said, "You bet; bully for you!" and then I was awful sick, and I've forgot what else.

## DEVINE.

[From the San Francisco News Letter.]

**Dear News Letter:**—The melancholy Three and your humble Parson were disturbed in their devotions at the Little Chapel, last evening, by a messenger from the County Jail, with a very unusual request from a very unexpected quarter. We had met in the Little Chapel to offer up our prayers and thanksgiving to Divine Providence for the signal success of our arms against the sinful Modocs. We felt that the victories achieved and the glories won on the blood-stained fields of Lava were due to the special interposition of Divine Providence. Such a beautiful blending of a peace commission with Henry rifles and mountain howitzers could produce nothing less than a modern miracle. The all-powerful arm of the great I Am, using six hundred U. S. veteran troops as instruments in his hands, held sixty fierce and blood-thirsty Modocs at bay for sixteen long weary weeks. The all-seeing eye was fixed steadfastly on Captain Jack and Scar-Faced Charley during the whole of that time. The savage chiefs were a little confused on beholding the exponent of the meek-and-lowly-Jesus-policy fighting side by side with those who seemed imbued with the fiery zeal and vindictive spirit of Mahomet, and it was not until the Almighty had suffered the leaders of both wings of the army (the peaceful and the warlike) to fall as martyrs at the hands of the savage, that the Indian became convinced of the forbearance, long-suffering and mercy of the Lord. He then experienced a change of heart, repented, and immediately renewed the fight. We deemed the bringing the son of the forest to a stand-still by the Most High equal to the feat performed by Joshua, a few years ago, when he went out to fight, in causing the other sun to come to a full stop for about half a day. We set them both down as miracles, and were offering a devotional tribute to Jehovah for the latest one, when we were disturbed by the entrance of Sister Anastasia McNe. She handed the Parson a most impressive looking missive, a large red envelope with a black border. It was tied with black tape, and fastened with the imperial seal of the Holy See. I breathed a prayer over a paper cutter, and opened the letter. It was from his Reverence Father Spreckles, and read as follows:

COUNTY JAIL, May 8, 1873.—Dear Parson: I am in distress; come to me at once. The representative of a class with which we were both very friendly years ago must die to-morrow. Let us forget how widely our theological paths have diverged in the years that have gone, and unite now like Christian gentlemen and do what we can to make the soul of poor Devine presentable to his Creator. I have worked at him for weeks, but seem to make no impression. Not that he is hardened or reckless; on the contrary, he seems to desire to know something about his heavenly house and lot. I've prayed with him in Latin, read him all the Greek service, taught him scores of Aves, and Paters, bathed his brow in consecrated water, cemented a holy wafer fast to his toe, worn out with him four sets of magical beads, and all to no purpose. He says he don't understand a bloody word of it. What he wants, he says, is an American heaven, where he will not be like a cat in a strange garret among a blasted lot of foreigners. He said he knew a fellow who used to be around the wharves among his kind, that had taken to preaching, who lived somewhere at The Oaks, and was called the Parson. Also a person called Deacon Scott, a member of the same church. He thinks if he could get you two to come and talk with him that he could get booked in the right coach for his inevitable journey, and set out for the undiscovered country with a light heart. Having been about the wharves for several years myself, soliciting supplies from the shipping for a butcher's shop, and knowing that yourself and Deacon Scott had been more or less mixed up with a class to which poor Devine belongs, I beg you will come over and start the poor fellow light-heartedly to glory.

Yours in sanctity,

REV. FATHER SPRECKLES.

Accordingly, Deacon Scott and the Parson called last evening on Mr. Devine. The poor fellow was very glad to see us. We were also welcomed heartily by Father Spreckles. Devine took a retrospective glance at the situation, and said he was the victim of a corrupt, immoral and money-worshiping civilization; that he had to be hung because he was poor and friendless. If he had as much money as Mrs. Fair, the jury in his case would have found that Kamp had committed suicide. Mrs. Fair committed a cold-blooded murder, before witnesses; her jury said she was insane, and had done no wrong. In his case, a crazy Dutchman shot himself in his company, and because there were no witnesses present to prove the contrary, twelve men, on two different occasions, had found him guilty of murder, and he supposed he must swing, as he had not money enough to make the community think differently. We all believed, from his manner and clear statement of the facts in the case, that he was innocent; and how twelve intelligent men could convict him of murder, because a crazy man killed himself, and acquit a crazy woman for murdering a man, we marveled much. But Law and Religion roll along on golden wheels, and of such is the kingdom of heaven. We said it was a hard case, and left him the following extract from the free-thinkers' catechism, to console him in his last moments:

We come into the world naked and bare,  
We go through the world in sorrow and care;  
We go out of the world—nobody knows where—  
No preacher tells more in his longest prayer.

The Oaks, May 7, 1873.

THE PARSON.

A Statue of Buddha, fifty feet high, copied from a bronze statue made six hundred years ago, has arrived at Vienna, for the Exhibition, from Japan.



### THE ORIGIN OF EARTHQUAKES.

Few Men have devoted so much thought to igneous and seismic phenomena as Mr. R. Mallet; it is, therefore, not surprising that the latest theory broached should have proceeded from one so well known for his devotion to this branch of science. Our globe, he points out, is still radiating heat into space; for every degree so radiated some contraction of the mass must take place. Its surface seems to have long ago arrived at an equilibrium of temperature, hence the contraction must take place internally, tending continually to leave round the shrinking internal core a loose and unattached skin. The force of gravity continually acting on this rind draws it closer and closer to the center, and it, not being able to contract, is thrown into ridges and hollows, exactly as the skin of a dried apple wrinkles and cracks over its shrunk inside. An earthquake is the creep produced by this shrinkage, and the consequent crumpling and crushing together of the superficial strata; and as this forcible crushing together of the matter of which the surface of the earth is composed must produce enormous development of local heat, we have at once the two phenomena correlated. We can at least imagine a time arriving when the main body of the earth has cooled down so far and set so solidly that it refuses to contract any further under the influence of internal gravity. It has set like a plaster cast round our imaginary apple. Into the void there to be left, the water and air which now enliven the surface may find an entrance. This we may presume to have happened to our satellite, and we may imagine, and perhaps eventually calculate, the time when it must occur to ourselves. Thus strangely does one science help another. Geology might at first sight seem the basest of sciences, concerning herself with rocks and mud; yet she calls to her aid the most ethereal of all, and in return throws a light on celestial phenomena otherwise beyond our comprehension. From the silent moon we are able to extract more and stranger information than did ever Sibyl, Pythoness or "Astrologer or Seers of old."

### EXHIBITION NOTES.

In Going to Vienna, intending visitors must remember that if it is one of the most beautiful cities in Europe, it is also the dearest, and that if the natives of Great Britain are held in high esteem by the Viennese, they are supposed to possess unlimited purses. The city has three specialties, goods manufactured from leather, pipes, and embroidery of silk and linen. That you may purchase such things in England is true, but if on betraying your nationality by an ignorance of the German language, you offer the tradesman from half to two-thirds the sum he demands, you will be free from any gross extortion. Avoid a *table d'hôte*, for it is an institution not indigenous to the country, and in the ambitious attempt to imitate France a failure is the result, for you will find after paying three to four florins for such a feast, you rise with an appetite sharpened for a good dinner. The native wines are light, pure and innocuous, but to Englishmen the Vienna beer will be most grateful. Being always kept in ice, it is deliciously cool, and is the real nectar of Austria. The fares to be demanded by the cabmen are marked in each vehicle, but beyond this fare it is usual to give a few kreutzers as *pourboire*. The stranger must not be alarmed at the rapidity of motion; for the most part the horses are excellent, and the Jehus good whips. The Austrians are a gallant race, but the men possess a most unfortunate habit of staring at every lady they meet. They mean nothing really impertinent, but such a liberty may excite the anger of Englishmen; but it will be wise to treat such misbehavior with a philosophic temperament. If unable to curb his resentment, it may be convenient to state that it costs about ten florins to knock a man down in Vienna; but let it be remembered that the Austrians profess the most unbounded admiration for the beauty and virtue of English women, and as the latter quality is not very popular amongst his own womankind, if the British tourist find his wife, his daughters, or his sisters inconveniently admired, it is from an abstract feeling which does honor to the Austrian in appreciating that which he really possesses.

### THE SPANISH LADY'S LOVE.

The Following is one of the most celebrated and beautiful ballads in the English language. We have been hunting in San Francisco for a copy of it for many months back, and now we give it to delight our readers. Our personal associations with it go back to the nursery. The author of this fine old poem is not known. It was written about the middle of the seventeenth century, and tradition says that the story told is founded in fact. The *Edinburgh Review*, in noticing in 1846, an illustrated edition of *The Spanish Lady's Love*, says: That this striking ballad should have been a favorite wherever it was known, we do not wonder. Whether viewed as a picture of human emotion, under circumstances applicable to all times, or as a noble and discriminating tribute to the English national character of the seventeenth century, it is, to our minds, one of the most remarkable and perfect compositions of its class. We see embodied in it the characteristic features and the dominant influences, of the country and the time. Here, as in a miniature, we have portrayed the love of adventure, the spirit of honor and bravery; that respect for engagements, that deep-rooted feeling of religion, those "high thoughts seated in hearts of courtesy" (to borrow an expression from Sydney) which the imagination delights to associate with this glorious period of our annals. We can trace in every line the pride of country naturally springing from



the dignified position then occupied by England, and stamping a feeling of power and self-respect on every heart conscious of belonging to

"The inviolate island of the sage and free,  
The beautiful, the brave, the lords of earth and sea."

But we detain our readers from the poem itself. The spelling is slightly modernized:

Will you hear a Spanish lady,  
How she wooed an English man?  
Garments gay and rich as may be  
Decked with jewels she had on.

Of a comely countenance and grace was  
she,  
And by birth and parentage of high degree.

As his prisoner there he kept her,  
In his hands her life did lye;  
Cupid's bands bid tye them faster  
By the liking of an eye.

In his courteous company was all her  
joy.

To favor him anything she was not coy.

But at last there came commandment  
For to set the ladies free,

With their jewels still adorned,  
None to do them injury.

Then said this lady mild, "Full woe is  
me;

O let me still sustain this kind captivity!

"Gallant captain, shew some pity  
To a lady in distresse;

Leave me not within this city,  
For to dye in heaviness;

Thou hast set this day my body free,  
But my heart in prison still remains with  
thee."

"How should'st thou, fair lady, love me,  
Whom thou knowest thy country's  
foe?

Thy fair words make me suspect thee;  
Serpents lie where flowers grow."

"All the harm I wishe to thee, most  
courteous knight,

God grant the same upon my head may  
fully light.

"Blessed be the time and season,  
That you came on Spanish ground;

If our foes you may be termed,  
Gentle foes we have you found;

With our city, you have won our hearts  
each one,

Then to your country bear away, that is  
your owne."

"Rest you still, most gallant lady,  
Rest you still and weep no more;

Of fair lovers there is plenty,  
Spain doth yield a wonderous store.

Spaniards fraught with jealousy we often  
find,

But Englishmen through all the world  
are counted kind."

"Leave me not unto a Spaniard,  
You alone enjoy my heart;

I am lovely, young and tender,  
Love is likewise my dessert;

Still to serve thee day and night my mind  
is prest;

The wife of every Englishman is counted  
blest."

"It would be a shame, fair lady,  
For to bear a woman hence;

English soldiers never carry  
Any such without offence."

"I'll quickly change myself, if it be so,  
And like a page I'll follow thee, where'er  
thou go."

"I have neither gold nor silver  
To maintain thee in this case,

And to travel is great charges,  
As you know in every place."

"My chains and jewels every one shall  
be thy own.

And eke five hundred pounds in gold  
that lies unknown."

"On the seas are many dangers,  
Many storms do there arise,

Which will be to ladies dreadful,  
And force tears from watery eyes."

"Well in troth I shall endure extremity,  
For I could find in heart to lose my life  
for thee."

"Courteous ladye, leave this fancy,  
Here comes all that breeds the strife:

I in England have already  
A sweet woman to my wife;

I will not falsify my vow for gold nor  
gain,

Nor yet for all the fairest dames that live  
in Spain."

"Oh how happy is that woman  
That enjoys so true a friend!

Many happy days God send her;  
Of my suit I make an end.

On my knees I pardon crave for my  
offence,

Which did from love and true affection  
first commence.

"Commend me to thy lovely lady,  
Bear to her this chrin of gold;

And these bracelets for a token;  
Grieving that I was so bold;

All my jewels in like sort take thou with  
thee,

For they are fitting for thy wife, but not  
for me.

"I will spend my days in prayer,  
Love and all her laws defy;

In a nunnery will I shroud me,  
Far from any company;

But ere my prayers have an end, be sure  
of this,

To pray for thee and for thy love I will  
not misse.

"Thus farewell, most gallant captain!  
Farewell to my heart's content!

Count not Spanish ladies wanton,  
Though to thee my love was bent;

Joy and true prosperity goe still with  
thee!"

"The like fall ever to thy share, most  
fair ladye."

For the Benefit of those who Want Wives and cannot get them, an association is being formed in London to do all the matrimonial preliminaries, including the awful one of popping the question, for sums which, as the prospectus soon to be issued states, "are within the means of every gentleman who can prudently take unto himself a wife." The new association will aim at doing something more than merely discovering wives and husbands. It will arrange to find settlements as well, and will charge the recipients a "graduated sum for such advantages, in addition of the fee on account of the better half."

[From the Town Crier Column of the San Francisco News Letter.]

We have Endured many street aggravations without a murmur. We have stepped on long dresses *ad infinitum*, and have been gouged in the eye with numberless parasols. We have stood the importunities of a street bummer, and the whiff of a Chinese cigar. We have sniffed the odors of stale food from restaurants as we passed. We have waited on corners a half hour for a car that was supposed to run at intervals of five minutes. We have stood the raising of car fares, the use of inconvenient tickets, the freaks of disobliging conductors, and we have with grace surrendered our seats to women who wouldn't and didn't say "thank you." We have submitted to losing our boot polish in the miniature lakes that adorn our asphaltum pavements; we have tripped over unexpected nails in our wooden ones, and measured our length on the ground. We have had our nether garments bespattered with sudden and unwarned showers from the sprinkling carts. We have been blinded by the dust swept in our faces by facetious clerks in front of shop doors. We have stood a half hour waiting to cross the street while a band of our home militia went by. We have lost our hat in a whirl of Summer wind, and contentedly chased it four or five blocks amid the encouraging cries of a crowd of young hoodlums. We have carried our corns and bunions across the cobble stones of our streets with an heroic smile. We have have listened to the screeching chorus of a myriad of newsboys and have not been deafened. We have come across as many cripples and blind men playing patriotic tunes on organs and violins, as would do credit to the streets of Rome or Constantinople. The French flower girls (?) have assailed us with their attractions and we have resisted. We have been button-holed and bored, and said no word. All these annoyances of the street have we borne and smiled; but when we come to those blocks of Montgomery street that begin with Sacramento on the north, and terminate with Bush on the south, our bile warns us that our endurance is at an end. It is not to the dust that we object, although it seems to have accumulated from all portions of the city, and settled in those three blocks. It is not to the pasteboard boxes which seem to be holding a mass meeting there, nor to the bits of paper which, toyed with by the wind, flap in one's face as likely as not. Neither do we regard the stumps of cigars that lie scattered in extravagant profusion. But we do feel strongly upon the subject of the rivers of saliva that flow upon the pavement. Perhaps if we put it in downright English and say spit! the public will sufficiently realize how disgusting it is. Every one in San Francisco that chews tobacco seems to have perambulated those three blocks and expected as freely as his glands would allow. Every one in San Francisco that had an affection of the throat seems to have chosen this particular place in which to unbosom himself. Every one in San Francisco that had a cold in his head and hadn't any handkerchief, seems to have come to this spot to relieve himself in a manner more satisfactory perhaps than elegant. Other parts of our city have doubtless been visited in like manner, but cannot compare with this in *quantity*. The details are disgusting it may be, but how infinitely worse is the reality. The cigar stumps may roll, the pasteboard boxes rattle, the papers fly and tobacco juice flow in streams; but they will remain untouched of man. And unless the rain of Heaven fall to wash it, or the fierce sun shine hot enough to scorch it, our pavement will remain defiled with a defilement which would be scorned of the beasts of the field.

Of all the Morbid, Sickly, Disgusting Indulgencies wherein the press panders to the public, is that of narrating the conduct of a man sentenced to die. No sooner had the judgment of the Supreme Court—confirming that of the one below, and dooming Devine—been telegraphed here, than the reporters of the *Alta*, *Call* and *Chronicle* rushed to the Sheriff, and breathlessly entreated to be allowed to torment the murderer, under the guise of interviewing him. The following morning they all appeared with the stenographed report, which, as it was verbally alike in all the journals, was evidently a joint-stock affair, and the public gloated over the details of the words and behavior of the condemned felon. The *Chronicle* was facetious, and the *Alta* labored to be so. The *Call* tendered the courtesy of the press, and the *Alta*, after shedding some mandarin tears on the necessity of hanging the "Chicken," gave a column of his biography, which proved him to be one of the most hardened villains that ever came to California, and that had he been hanged years ago the community would have been all the better for the riddance. But that the man should be tortured by the prurient *quid nuncs*, is too bad. He has sinned grievously, and should die the death; but in God's name let him die privily; let him be put away from this world and cut off silently as a foul thing, but not made a spectacle for penny-a-liners, who report even the last pulsations of his heart and the quivering of his limbs, as he stretches at the end of the cord of justice.

Judge McKee is no doubt a good and upright man, but when he allowed himself to be made Judge he made a mistake. He in all probability would have made an excellent parson, a good President, or even a moderate editor, but he's not a success as a Judge. It was setting a very bad example to let young Sampson off in the way he did. It is true Sampson is young, most of us are at some period of our lives. But we ask him, is it not better to make an example of a boy that uses such a cowardly instrument as a knife and risk spoiling him (already spoilt), than to let hundreds of aspiring Hoodlums run away with the idea that sticking a man with a knife is, if anything, rather a meritorious act than otherwise?

Smif, whom we thoroughly respect, came up into the office on Monday morning complaining of a fullness of the head. "Epizootic," we suggested. "Do bon fink I'm a dunkey?" sniffed Smif, gently agitating the air near our nose. "No," we replied, with one of those vivid scintillations of wit for which we are so celebrated, "it only affects the nobler animal." We here ventured to sweetly smile, but Smif tunfully asked us to "dry to be sensibill for once." We then delicately hinted that he might be suffering from catarrh, and offering him some medicinal snuff, asked him to take a little. Smif sniffed up a good size pinch, and our look of watchful complacency was terribly changed as with a nasal roar he sprang six feet in the air; "Ah—teshahing, and ah—teshawing!" like Woodward's sea lion with the influenza. "Monster," gasped Smif, putting us to sit down violently; "yon—ah—teshaw!—hab ruined my—ah—teshaw—bease ob mide for—AH—TESHAW—cher." Here we rose again, Smif kindly assisting us by the scalp lock, and having shown us a pyrotechnic display, he left. And last night we received a note from Mrs. Smif saying that her husband was then using the last of thirty pocket handkerchiefs and that as soon as convalescent he intended to call. If their is no *Town Crier* next week, our friends will know the reason.

**We Admire Gratitude** almost as much as we do Mrs. Town (N. B.—She is looking over our shoulder as we write), and are only happy to be able to record any splendid instance of its exhibition. Here is one. A drunken excursionist fell overboard from *El Capitan* as that ferry boat was leaving the Oakland wharf a few evenings ago. He floundered about below, whilst the lookers-on stared like flounders above. No one stirred, and the twice soaked toper would have been drowned had not a little fellow of ten pushed his way through the crowd, and down a rope hanging from the deck, and seizing the drowning man's hair succeeded in keeping him up until both were hauled on board. The wee rescuer having also saved the man's hat, presented it with the remark, "Say, mister, didn't I save your life nice?" With streaming eyes and clothes, the saved man, with a magnanimity which history will never equal, put aside the hat and said, "You did, you did, God bless you! *Keep the hat!*" To be sure it was old and several sizes too large, but it is the action, the noble action, we admire.

**A Robust Gentleman** of the name of Gannon has been exercising his muscle in the Mint on George of the *Post*. Not content with putting on the bug, and smiting George in the mouth he was obliged to draw his little gun on his large opponent. Now we should have thought Gannon's training when a boatman ought at any rate to have rendered the drawing of a pistol quite unnecessary. George is by no means a giant, while Gannon is big enough to swallow the George family. It is a singular thing that George had the greatest trouble in getting a warrant for "assault with a deadly weapon." He had to go to Loderblack himself, and as we write we are uncertain as to whether he has got it. We have some idea that when George said Gannon "knew chief Crowley," he came about as near the truth as he could. The *Town Crier* regrets that whisky, even as good as that sold at the Mint, should make so much trouble.

The "Active and Intelligent" Police Officers who have charge of the cells in the base of the City Hall have a method of curing epileptic fits which we heartily recommend to the faculty as being original, and possibly efficacious, if somewhat primitive. Take the patient by the heels or by the head, no matter which; shake him and bump him—the more the better. The action tends to quiet the struggling, especially if his head be the *piece de resistance*. Let him fall suddenly on the flags, and pry his mouth open with a baton, or handcuff or key. Get plenty of salt and water; first cram his mouth with the salt, and wash it down with the water. Repeat the operation until the patient is full or until the fit has passed. This may well be called using an *argumentum ad hominem*, "an argument deriving its force from the situation of the person appealed to."

The Members of the Sheffield Sacred Dramatic Society gave a performance this week at Grantham, of what in the bill was called their unequalled representation in character of the sublime and thrilling Scriptural narrative of *Joseph*, with appropriate music. In the scene where the brethren return from Egypt with corn, says a local authority, "asses are introduced, which perform their duties well. Altogether, the performance was a great success." We confess we do not, however, envy those who can derive either instruction or "amusement" from such a profane exhibition as this. The Ober Ammergau affair was a little too much, even for the Continentals, and will not be given again. We hardly expected to see it transplanted to our uncongenial shores. At Madrid the experiment has been a great success, and it was selecting the right place.

The Rev. Henry Ward Beecher thinks that if the following evening prayer were more frequently used it would possess the merit of sincerity: "O Lord, I met a poor wretch of yours to-day—a miserable unwashed brat—and I gave him sixpence; and I have been sorry for it ever since." Recommended by so high an authority, it is possible that this confession may become popular; but we fear the verbal changes necessary in order to make it rhetorical would soon make it sound like a boast of benevolence.

Captain Semmes, the commander of the *Alabama*, suggests that the surplus of the award should be distributed equally among the men who gave the Geneva tribunal the real and practical cause for the action, seeing that the Americans make a profit out of the affair! It is remarked that General Butler never thought of this view of the case.



**Ignorant Pitz.** Does she not know enough of physiology or psychology, which ever it may be, to know that hens do not crow? How could she expect to get a crow up over the defeated Collins, when, among all her cohorts, not a red comb is to be found. Even a sedate old barnyard hen cannot deliver herself comfortably of a good cackle unless Chanticleer be in the vicinity. If there be no Chanticleer, what is all the clucking and cackling for? Alas, Pitz! Collins is beyond your clutches, and who knows but that he may have gone over to the Boston eisterhood, where hungry spinisters are crying for a rib, even if it be the half of another woman's rib. The despised Collins will be at a premium there, and his fate will warn others here. Oh, for a man, old hens; oh, for a man!

**"Our Enterprise Appreciated,"** is the modest heading to one of the *Chronicle's* Tuesday's articles. It purports to contain the sentiments of the Oaklanders, to explain the exquisite joy afforded them by being able to read the *Chronicle* before breakfast. Now in the first place we have an idea that Oakland people, as a rule, don't eat any breakfast till they get to the city. In fact we are almost certain that what few wretches do feed over there have not yet learned how to read. Even if they can read, it is only the "big caps," and those letters in the *Chronicle* contain too much blood and thunder to give any one an appetite for breakfast. A good one is required to eat an Oakland "dejeuner."

**Who has Not Noticed** two youths who infest our sidewalks always arm in arm. A glimpse is sufficient to show that they hail from London, England. In vain have they grown light chin whiskers; they can't get away from their cockney proclivities. They are almost as inseparable as the Siamese Twins. If one eats, the other eats, too. If one smokes, the other blows a cloud. They lunch together, walk together and no doubt sleep together. One is tall and thin, the other short and stout. They are the Damon and Pythias of our streets, and are as well known as the Emperor.

**The Chronicle of Friday** contains an article that we suppose is meant to be satirical. Its subject is the "War Between England and Assantee." A nation that is whipped and held at bay by forty Indians is not in a position to poke fun at England's China, Indian or Abyssinian wars. She effected her purpose in each case, and did not have more dead warriors pickled and sent home in caskets than she could help. Besides, is not the *Chronicle's* war with China one of the weakest and most puny efforts ever she made!—which is saying a heap. We suppose that De Young's corps are chiefly Micks.

**We Knew** that such a strong dose of Credit Mobilier as Oakes Ames took would disagree with him, might make him sick, but we didn't think it would kill him. But it has, and there is no getting away from the fact that too much Credit Mobilier, with congratulations and home speeches put on the top of it, is certain death. We only wish Colfax had taken a little more, he might have sought a better and happier home. We can't, though, for a minute accuse him of not having taken enough, so suppose that he gorged himself to such an extent that he got sick, threw up, and so is saved.

**The Town Crier** humbly confesses that his only fault is a tendency to sneer at what are called "conscientious scruples;" but when he finds a genuine instance, like the following letter to the manager of a lottery, he executes his little gesture of respect, and thinks better of humanity than the facts warrant: "Dear Sir—I am conscientiously opposed to lotteries; I regard them as no better than gambling schemes. My son has received ticket No. 7,331 in your enterprise, but if it draws anything I beg you will not send him the money. Send it to me."

**When Virtue Sleeps** on a dunghill and vice roosts on a church pew, then and only then shall we pardon Mrs. Stowe for writing parodies on "Deborah, the Poet and Prophetess." Her libel on a man, a poet and a gentleman we treat as poor Byron himself would, as not worthy of the consideration of any thinking person. Her Uncle Tom's Cabin is a tissue of lies, painted black. (Niggers have been known to blush at its flagrant untruths.) To sum her up, she's a bungbop of the worst kind. And then to start in and pretend to translate Deborah's writings into bad English and worse verse. O it's too bad.

**The Stock Broking,** free-lunch bumming population are jubilant. Stocks are up, and wildcat can once more be pulled out and disposed of. Not a quarter of the mines that are called each day are worth a tenth part of what they are sold for. Of course there are exceptions, such as Savage, Crown Point, Belcher, Raymond & Ely, and some few others. They are genuine stocks, and are not in the hands of swindlers, like most of the other mines. No Modoc was ever looked for half as fiercely as Savage is now. Up! up! up! is the order of the day.

**The Parsons** have sold out all their stocks, and have invested their spare cash in new black pants, coats, etc. And why? Because Ward Beecher is coming. Yes, the great boss parson of the East is coming to see us. At pretty nearly every bar-room in the city, pools are sold evening on his best time. Most people give him a day to get drunk in; some bet on two hours. All unite, however, in regretting that he didn't bring his sister along. She's loved a heap here?

**In its Sporting Column** a newspaper places the programme of the "competition for poetry" to be held during the summer at Bordeaux. If it is able, the prize writer might be said to have won by a head.



## NEW BOOKS FROM A ROMAN &amp; CO., MONTGOMERY ST.

"New Life in New Lands: Notes of Travel." By Grace Greenwood.  
Published by J. B. Ford & Co.

The result of the busy brain and ready pen of one of America's easiest and most graceful writers is before us, and glancing over the pages of this book we are struck with the fresh, bright and piquant styles of the whole work, the ardent desire to see everything in its best light, to enjoy everything to the fullest extent, and make the most of every hour. One would think Grace Greenwood had drunk at the fountain of everlasting youth, her writings are so full of joyous light-heartedness, pleasant bonhomie, of quick and ready appreciation of every pleasure offered her, and show such a total absence of the weary, blasé worldworn tone that would seem only natural to the "dweller in" the midst of corruption, political as well as social, that holds high court at Washington. This volume, she says, "is composed of light letters contributed during the last eighteen months to the *New York Times*." They were written irregularly and hurriedly, in brief intervals of travel, visiting, lecturing, and sight-seeing. They go into print the second time, with all their old sins on their heads—the "original sin" of having been a journal of travel over well-traveled paths; "sins of omission" in matter of philosophic thought and valuable statistics; "sins of commission" in the way of puns and slang, and foolish jesting, "which is not convenient." Our fair authoress starts on her trip "Across the Continent" from Chicago, leaving it at the good tide of its prosperity, and revisits it again at the lowest ebb, after its "baptism of fire." She tarries long in Colorado, and writes up its springs, its climate, its peaks, its canyons, its towns, its Indians and Indian fighters, its colonies, its irrigation and its mines. Of one of them, the celebrated "Bobtail" mine, she says: "The latter was named in memory of a certain unfortunate ox used by the original miner in drawing surface earth, in which he discovered gold, down to the creek for washing. Would it have comforted the poor animal in summer-time to know that his abbreviated tail would be thus prolonged in history?" Of the big trees: "In the hollow trunk of another, Fremont had his quarters for a while. I was told that a devoted wife once spent here several months with her husband, a lumberman, and kept a couple of boarders. I felt for her. I know what it is to live in trunks." An elephantine joke on the traveling jubilee. She came "the plains across" in the comfort and bliss of a Pullman car, but the tender woman's heart only recalled the more forcibly the perils and sufferings of the early emigrants to the Golden State. "I suppose these lands of the Platte Valley can hardly be called 'plains'; but though not arid and desolate, they are sufficiently lonely and sombre. We learn that this was the very 'Valley of the Shadow of Death' to thousands of poor emigrants in the early days of California emigration and the fearful cholera times. It may be, before the locomotive came to invade with irreverent noise and hurry this haunted ground, to mock at poor perturbed spirits and whistle them down the wind, a seer might have beheld any dreary, starlit night, ghostly trains moving silently, slowly along by this low, dark river; might have seen white, still faces looking out of ghostly wagons, drawn by ghostly horses and oxen, noiselessly treading over the old track, over the level graves."

Of Great Salt Lake City, Brigham Young, the Mormons, and their "peculiar institutions," she has a great deal to say, and she says it well, and displays a wonderful deal of sound sense in her remarks, and is singularly free from prejudices—for a woman. Of their great leader she writes: "Whatever evils can be said of Brigham Young, however dark and bloodstained pages of his record may be, the man loves his fellow-men, in his way, and is loved by them. The poorest and humblest of his followers love him the most devotedly and blindly. The little they have and are they owe to him. He took them from the black mines and crowded factories, from the garrets and cellars and slums of Europe; brought them to a land of promise: taught them how to work, to live; expounded to them a religion simple, perhaps gross enough for their comprehension, yet having about it something that appeals strongly to their undisciplined imaginations. Arbitrary, ambitious, avaricious though he be, he has been to them prince, priest, prophet and father. I believe they will never look quietly on, and see him imprisoned or any way harshly dealt with." Again—"Considering the elements he has had to deal with—the rudest, the poorest, the most ignorant classes of men, for a greater part a conglomerate of the lowest strata of civilized societies—the off-scouring of the earth" as he himself once called them—considering the hard conditions of early emigration and settlement, he has formed a wonderful working colony, unparalleled for vigor, constancy, and cohesion, has created a State, almost a nation, in this wild, desert land; and on the whole has governed it surpassingly well. But for his one fatal mistake, the man might have left to other times a noble fame, if not for inspired leadership, for masterly sagacity; if not as a prophet of the Lord, as a benefactor of the Lord's poor; if not as the priest of a new religion, as a founder of a new commonwealth." She "does" California sights, and celebrities thoroughly and well. She passes weeks in Yosemite and bids her friends "come, though you have compassed the world all but this; come for the crowning joy of years of pleasant travel; come and see what Nature, high priestess of God, has prepared for them who love her, in the white heights and dark depths of the Sierras; in the profound valley itself, the temple of her ancient worship, with thunderous cataracts for organs, and silver cascades for choir and wreathing clouds of spray for perpetual incense, and rocks three thousand feet high for altars." She visits the Big Trees, Mariposa mines, Stockton, Sonoma and Major Snyder's Vineyard, Napa, the White Sulphur Springs, Calistoga, Petrified Forest and the Geysers, and

drives around Bee Rock and the grade with Foss, whom she thus eulogizes: "The build of the man is magnificent, and his muscular power extraordinary. Mr. Foss has his own philosophy of life, his own ideas on morals and religion; but in the domain of grand stage-routes, over subjugated horseflesh, lies his greatness. He is the monarch of the coach-box. We may put faith in his subordinates; may even admire their arts with the reins, their little airs with the whip; but when we sit beside Foss, and watch for a few moments his magnificent driving, we see a difference: 'the substitute shines brightly as the king until the king is by.' No driving I have ever seen has ever given me such an impression of power and of skill, of audacity and security. It is free and dashing, yet marvelously accurate; it is furiously fast, yet smooth and even, and seems calculated in every curve and angle with mathematical precision and certainty. All tourists ambitious of having an experience like mine—a wild, galloping drive like Phaetons, without the responsibility and peril—should lose no time in making this 'glorious excursion.'" She is the guest of Governor Bidwell, at his elegant residence, Chico; of Governor Stanford, at Sacramento; of Mr. Ralston's at his charming villa, "Glenwood," the representative "open house" of California, the very temple of hospitality. She sees "Occident" speeded; she drives four-in-hand on the Cliff House road; she gets lost going to San Jose; she wanders through the Alameda at Santa Clara, dreaming of the old days when Jesuit priests, "black-robed, keen-eyed, tight-lipped, took their 'constitutional,' walking stealthily, two by two." She praises our climates, our roses, our poets, our actors, our preachers; admires Bret Harte, Joaquin Miller and the *News Letter*; had an earthquake shock in Sacramento, on purpose; goes to a grand ball at Mayor Selby's, and everywhere she is sought after, and entertained, and cherished, as the welcome guest. On leaving, she writes: "I will not here attempt to describe with what emotion I looked for the last time back, over the bright bay, to the new city of my love, rising terrace upon terrace, and hill upon hill, somewhat too bare of foliage and decoration, proud and rugged, and little defiant of aspect, but of young cities 'the chief among ten thousand,' if not 'the one altogether lovely'—the royal wedding-place of the Occident and the Orient."

THE PARTING WORDS OF ADOLPHE MONOD TO HIS FRIENDS AND THE CHURCH.  
Translated from the fifth Paris edition. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York.

Those touching and edifying addresses published under the title of the "Adieux of Adolphe Monod. The speaker was a French Protestant pastor, eminent for piety and for his extraordinary ability as a preacher. The pulpit from which he spoke—and it is sometimes the most effective of all pulpits—was a death-bed, around which, Sunday by Sunday (for he lingered long), he gathered as many members of his little flock as the sick room would hold, and received with them the Holy Communion, and spoke to them of such subjects as the "Regrets of a Dying Man."

#### SMILING AS EVER.

The Hon. Schuyler Colfax says he does not wish to go back to Congress, or to accept office of any kind; that for the first time in twenty years he belongs to his family and himself, instead of to the public; and that he enjoys the rest and quiet it gives him too well to consent that this ownership shall be changed. Happy Schuyler! happy family! It is a sweet picture. The great American Vice sits in the home he loves a "smilin' away like clockwork." He will accept no office; certainly not; but how about stock? He belongs to his family and himself; of course he does; but to whom does that little matter of cash in bank belong? He enjoys the rest and quiet. No doubt; but a longer rest and a more unbroken quiet than any he can find this side of Jordan are exactly what his case calls for. The man is too modest. He is a cheerful fellow creature—the scientific education of those who take him for a Cheshire cat has been neglected—cheerful, and a meek and lowly follower of Jesus, but just a thought too modest. Pity that good men will so hide their light, some under a bushel, some under a bank book; for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven. Now, the fact is, that Schuyler Colfax gets up in the morning, washes, shaves and dresses, like any other man. He has family prayers and breakfast, he goes in and out, he talks morality to the little Colfaxes, and at night he prays and lays him down to sleep, and all the while there is no such person. It is recorded of Enoch that he was not, for God took him; but Schuyler Colfax never was, for he slipped into the world without being seen. He was a Cr dit Mobilier before he was born, and with his everlasting smile he had diddled everybody, from the Eternal Father to the very latest Colfax baby.

Sumner or Butler.---The *Bulletin* thinks it very discouraging that a State like Massachusetts should turn its back on Sumner to take up Butler; but the reason is obvious. Sumner is all for the negro; Butler is all for spoons. The negro was: but spoons are. The negro is used up, gone in, played out: spoons are the same yesterday, to-day and forever. Sumner is cumbered with much negro: but Butler hath chosen that better part, which cannot be taken away from him; for who the devil could steal from Butler?

— The salaries of postmasters are to be readjusted on July 1st.

## ON BANKS AND BANKING.

Our Last Week's Issue contained an article with the above caption. The hints therein thrown out, as to the necessity of the capital of the new banks being bona fide and permanent, were so ably elaborated the following day in the *Alta California*, that we are tempted to insert the article in extenso:

We have occasionally very pompous announcements of accessions of foreign capital to be employed in banking in this city; but, for some reasons, the facts fall very short of the announcements. For some time the rumor ran of a large German bank organizing in this city. At last the figures took shape of \$15,000,000, with a great flourish of trumpets, commanding, however, but little confidence. Finally we procured and published, a day or two since, the prospectus, in which the nominal capital had dwindled down to \$5,000,000. Of this amount only 22,979 shares were put upon the market, at \$20, of which only \$5 were to be paid up, making the paid up capital £149,850, or \$750,000—a considerable discount on \$15,000,000. This \$750,000 is to take the place of the capital now employed by the Messrs. Seligman; consequently there is very little, if any, actual increase of capital. It is no doubt the case that as the market opens out and the means of profitable employment present themselves that the capital will be drawn to the extent of the whole amount; but this, as in the case of the London and San Francisco Bank, will be very gradual. The new foreign banks now before the public are as follows:

	Nominal Capital.	Paid up.	Succeeds.
Bremen Bank.....	\$3,000,000	\$1,000,000	D. Meyer and others
Swiss American.....	2,000,000	500,000	Hentsch & Berton.
Anglo-American.....	5,838,780	656,986	Seligman & Co.
Total.....	\$10,838,780	\$2,156,986	

Thus this paid-up capital of \$2,156,986 in fact represents but little more than has been employed heretofore in the businesses to which the new organizations succeed; but, in point of fact, the foreign banks doing business here have little or no capital. Let us take the returns assessed to the Internal Revenue for taxes:

	Capital.	Deposits.
Bank of British North America.....	None	\$428,571
Seligman & Co.....	None	327,753
Belloc Freres.....	\$57,142	250,017
Hentsch & Berton.....	22,857	55,860
London and San Francisco Bank.....	571,428	1,720,908
Bank of British Columbia.....	373,492	185,404
Davidson, Beral & Co.....	114,286	235,715
Total foreign.....	\$1,192,055	\$3,204,192
Total local.....	4,606,576	7,612,849

These figures being greenbacks, the actual foreign capital is \$930,000. The deposits are the money of merchants and others lodged with the banks for safe keeping, and it will be observed that the public thus lend to these banks nearly three times the amount of their capital. The difference between a local bank of which the capital is subscribed here and wholly paid up in \$20 pieces, and which is loaned out to merchants, farmers, dealers or manufacturers, on their notes, and a foreign agency bank, is very great. The funds of the latter are in Europe and remain there. They usually do not come here at all. The operation of the bank is to draw bills against its credit in Europe at sixty days. These bills it sells to importers of goods who wish to remit, and who pay for the bills in California gold pieces. The foreign banker, so far from bringing any money here, actually obtains California gold on his credit at sixty days. With the gold he seeks means of covering his bills at maturity. He may buy commercial or grain bills at less rates than he got for his own. He may buy silver, or gold ingots, or may ship the coin, or may arbitrate in many ways to get the gold in Europe to meet his bill at a less rate than he sold it for. He is all the time trading upon California money under pretense of lending money. It sometimes happens that, having sold his bills, he does not immediately invest the money in means of covering, but will lend it at 1½ per cent. per month, subject to a telegraphic order to remit it at notice. It is then called in without ceremony and sent to London. There were pretty rough examples of this last Autumn, when interest rose to seven per cent. in London. It is sometimes a boyish amusement to obtain a silver dollar with a hole in it, to which a string is attached, and the dollar dropped on the sidewalks, to be promptly pulled in when the juvenile watcher sees any one attempt to pick it up. This illustrates the employment of foreign capital, or rather credits, for it is always California money obtained on credit that is subject to foreign orders. With local capital there is nothing of all that. The money circulates from hand to hand and must find employment. It cannot afford to be idle. If merchants do not want it, farmers do, or manufacturers may require discount, but some of them always get it. It is not twitched away because the Emperor William gives the old lady of Thread-needle street the gripes.

The Stigmata Humbug is once more dragged into life by the *Post*. Its reporter has seen the "agony and bloody sweat." He ran right straight home and posted it up on their telegraph board. Good little *Post*, if you can't afford telegrams, don't fill up their place with lies.

# REAL ESTATE TRANSACTIONS.

Tuesday, April 1st.

GRANTOR TO GRANTEE.	DESCRIPTION.	PRICE
D Van Nostrand to B Hartshorne.	Lots 45 and S ½ of 6, blk 419, Mis'n Bay	\$2 925
Webster St H'd to H Kenitzer ....	Lots 20 and 34 .....	2,940
Wm A Lapfeer to P Spreckles...	Geary e Powell, 32:6x137:6 .....	15,825
Jane Godfrey to John Kohlmoos...	Tehama sw 4th, 25x75 .....	2,400
Maurice Dore to S Compodonico...	Fulton w Polk, n to ne l of Hayes Cl'm, nw to a point from which a l drawn parallel with Polk st would intersect the n line of Fulton street at a point distant 225 w Polk, s to n line of Ful- ton, e 50 to beg .....	3,000
Wm Hollis to City and Co S F....	Streets and highways .....	...
Thos Burdon to Chas H Killy .....	Octavia s Broadway, 25x127:6 .....	1
Fitel Phillips to F Toplitz.....	Sw cor Fulton and Van Ness av, 109:9x 120; also, S cor Market and 6th, 25x85; also, Market sw 6th, 25x85 .....	...
J Hafenegger to Peter Dally .....	Ransch nw Folsom, 25x80 .....	2,000
T Voizin to Antoine Borel.....	Mission ne 5th, 40x100 .....	11,500
Fred'k M Eckert to H Sanders .....	Se cor Larkin and Wash'n, 100x68:9 .....	5,500
Paul Tract H'd to J W Donnelly...	Lots 1 and 2 blk 57 .....	1,000
John W Donnelly to T Fanniag .....	Same; also, lot 9 blk 444, H Purchase ..	700
John Small to Eliza T O'Connor...	Stevenson sw 5th, 25x75 .....	3,000
T P RJordan to Geo D Hall .....	Se cor Nevada and DeHaro, 66:8x100 ..	2,160
Thos Brown to James C Weir .....	Ellis e Polk, 27:6x120 .....	3,500
Chas J King to Frank Hamilton ..	Lot 18 blk 500, Occidental H'd Ass'n ..	1,000
Wm A Woodward to C Eagan .....	Oak e Webster, 27:6x120 .....	1,575

Wednesday, April 2d.

Dudley L Watson to E Richardson	Folsom s 22d, 7:6x122:6 .....	\$ 600
A J Ralston to Jonas Meyer .....	Ellis e Jones, 27:6x147:7 .....	13,250
L S Welton to Andrew J Pope .....	Geary and Webster, 68:9x137:6 .....	3,000
C T H Palmer to same .....	Same .....	5
Moses B Lichtenstein to I Cohn...	Lot 13 blk 2, Fairmount Tract; also, lots 359 and 361, Gift Map No 3 .....	500
John W Shaw to C C Knox .....	11th se Market, se 100, ne 205, etc .....	15,000
C W Kenitzer to P Erzgraeber .....	Ellis w Webster, 22:6x120 .....	1,000
Jas C Weir to August Hemme .....	O Farrell w Taylor, 87:6x25 .....	8,000
Christian Reis to J C Weir .....	Same .....	1,500
A J Pope to L S Welton .....	Geary e Webster, 68:9x137:6 .....	3,000
O T H Palmer to same .....	Same .....	5
Same to same .....	Laguna n O Farrell, 21:6x137:6 .....	5
Wm Nocthig to H A Butner .....	Guerrero s Corbett, 30x96:9; also, n 6th av s K, 25x100; also, n 33d av w G, 25x100 .....	1,400
Thos H Holt to Julius Jacobs .....	Jones and Chestnut, 40x68:9 .....	860
L E Welton to John H Smyth .....	Bush e Webster, n 275, e 137:6, etc .....	1
B L Brandt to J Greenbaum .....	Und 1½ acres, Moore tract .....	500
Stephen T King to John Toole .....	Lot 14 blk 210, O N & Halcy Tract .....	1
J G Bergener to Chris Grodhaue...	W Fillmore to S Kate, 25x90 .....	3,400
Geary St Ex H'd to Mrs W J Bryan	Lot 12 blk 165 Outside Lands .....	350
Same to Joseph Bryan .....	Lot 15 same .....	350
Same to Ed F Bert .....	Lot 11 same .....	350
Mary Jane Boyle to M Ambrose .....	S Hill w Church, 25:11x114 .....	400
Paul Tt Hd to J S Smith .....	Lot 7 blk 56 .....	500
Henry Rolin to B Lewis .....	Nw Boyd ne Chesley, 49x60 .....	100
Wm Corcoran to Henry Rolin .....	Same .....	200
Jacob Robinson to Adam Menges	Se Tyler and Van Ness Ave, 109x120 ..	20,000
R Savage to F Louise .....	S Filbert w Montgomery, 24x60 .....	350
J F Haycock to Margt A Haycock	W Hyde s Washington, 35x137:6 .....	Gift
F L A Piche to E McReagan .....	Lot 40 blk 24, City Land Association...	90
Thos McInerney to C Fetsch .....	Lot 11 Precita Valley Lands .....	1,500



## Thursday, April 3d.

G V Castro to I C de Francolini...	Blks 395 397 417; also, 50 vara lots 1 and 6 blk 418, W A .....	\$ 1
Webster St H'd to Dr David Cohn	Lot 32, Webster St H'd .....	1,570
J Chavanch to C M Chavanche...	1st s Folsom, 25x62.6 .....	Gift
S F Collins to Angella R Collins...	Sacramento and Franklin, 137.6x127.8 1/2 .....	Gift
C Russ to F Gutzkow .....	Columbia nw Harrison, 37.6x120 .....	1,800
Webster St H As'n to R Bernheim.	Lot 30, Webster St H'd .....	1,565
C T H Palmer to Mich'l Hogan...	Laguna n O'Farrell, 21.6x137.6; also, N O'Farrell e Webster, 55x137.6 .....	5
Masonic Cem As'n to A F Eisen ..	Lot 35, Sec 27 and 42 and 44, Sec 28 .....	225
Cornelius Collins to Barbara Eisen	Lots 372 373 and 377, Gift Map 2 .....	Gift
Same to same .....	Lot 162, Gift Map 1 .....	Gift
Pat'k Donohue to J R Jarboe .....	Mission s Herman, 137.6x137.6 .....	1,750
A J Maguire to John Quin .....	Dolores s 16th, 35 1/2 x 75 .....	1,550
Wm Corcoran to Pat'k Donahue ..	Same description as in deed P Donahue to J R Jarboe .....	500
Paul Tract H'd to Henry A Crane ..	Lots 7 8 14 15 15 blk 14 .....	500
Ernest Brand to Caroline D Brand	Folsom and 21st, 95x90; also, Polk av nw Bryant, 25x75 .....	5
John P Burke to Chas Ackerman ..	Dora nw Harrison, 25x90 .....	2,750

## Friday, April 4th.

Janet Aitken to Geo T Pracy .....	Lot 124, S F H'd Union, 4th Purchase ..	\$1,100
Rob't C Page to Hannah M Burke ..	21st Av se K, 25x100 .....	400
Fred'k Gritzkow to F O Wegener ..	Columbia se Folsom, 37.6x120 .....	1,800
Moses Heller to Lizard Lion .....	Folsom and 8th, 80x50 .....	3,333
F L A Pioche to J Fetz .....	Lot 24 blk 56, City Land Ass'n .....	95
M Morgenstern to T Morgenstern ..	Turk e Leav'th, 23x137.6 .....	Gift
A G Kinsey to B M Hartshorne .....	Townsend sw 6th, 91.8x137.6 .....	8,000
John McDermitt to James Pigott ..	Mission and 10th, 226.6x275 .....	2,773
J G Severance to R M Sherman .....	Tyler e Fillmore, 137.6x137.6 .....	100
R M Sherman to Otto Muser .....	Tyler e Fillmore, 120x68.9 .....	4,500
Otto Muser to Eliza Noble .....	Same .....	4,303
Wm Bosworth to Emile Bauer .....	Roadway and Franklin, w 4 in x n 137.6 ..	150
Bozo Badovich to Dennis Feely .....	Hyde s Union, 20x60 .....	800
W P Lamb to Henry Blyth .....	Sacramento e Steiner, 25x132.6 .....	900
J D Lloyd to Harry W Taylor .....	Illinois n Shasta, 25x60 .....	1,000
John A Haugh to G W Eastman .....	Lot 33 blk 8, Tract A, People's H Ass'n ..	150
John S Waters to Louis Kahn .....	25th e Bryant, 25x104 .....	1,100
Maurice Dore to Jas D Lee .....	Fulton w Polk, 25x120 .....	2,000
Thos Prince to H M Heineman .....	Ellis w Polk, 33x120 .....	4,620
Eliz'th Hunter to J C Brawley .....	Fair Oaks s 23d, s 27 e 132.6, etc. ....	2,400
Julia O'Connor to Peter Mathews ..	Hampshire s 22d, 25x100 .....	300
J O Hickey to A Taylor .....	2 acres, portion McDonald Tract .....	400
W H Bruner to Jane W Bruner .....	Folsom ne 3d, 25x160 .....	Gift
G D Bliss to Rob't Halleck .....	9th av se L, 25x100 .....	311
J J Kenny to E E Gould .....	Lots 15 16 blk 151, 2 blk 311, S S F H'd ..	1,350
City Land Ass'n to John Straub .....	Lots 22 23, blk 46 .....	180
M Riordan to Philip Cosgrove .....	Lots 22 23 24, blk 38, Tide Lands .....	900
City Land Ass'n to A Patturel .....	Lots 9 10 blk 12 .....	180

## Saturday, April 5th.

Paul Tract H'd to Owen Kelly .....	Lot 15 blk 17 .....	\$ 500
Alfred Bauuister to A Hemme .....	Com at a point 764 1/2 ft from sw cor Sac'to and Van Ness av, th along s line Van Ness av, 51.4 1/2 x 100 .....	10,000
Toland M College to Univ of Cal'a ..	Stockton n Chestnut, n 42.6, etc .....	1
M C Thompson to F Heywood .....	Kearny n Broadway, 62.6x20 .....	5
F L A Pioche to J F Crosett .....	Lots 10 and 11 blk 1, Junction H'd .....	700
J F Crosett to L'd Purchasers Ass'n	Same .....	600
J H Applegate to E G E Borda .....	Blk 3, Horner's Addition .....	5
I H Schussler to Adam Menges .....	Se cor Ellis and Taylor, 25x67.6 .....	8,000
Henry Henkel to Pat Monahan .....	Welsh nw 4th, 30x75 .....	4,200
Cal'a Av H'd Ass'n to Wm Parker .....	Lots 7 and 8 blk 68, O L .....	1,000
Michael Fagan to Maurice Dore .....	Natoma ne 6th, 25x80 .....	3,500

## Monday, April 7th.

Michael Kenny to Teresa Kenny ..	Park Ave ne 6th, 25x80 .....	Gift
H G Hanks to Pacific Chemical Co ..	Francisco e Mason, 22.11x120 .....	5
T H Palmer to J H Smyth .....	Bush e Webster, n 275, e 137.6, etc .....	1
Jas McGloan to Thos Bolger .....	Fell e Devilsadero, 27.6x120 .....	1,000
John W Hendrie to F Heywood .....	Kearny s Vallejo, 20x62.6 .....	779
F L A Pioche to R J Parker .....	Lot 3 blk 14, Noe Garden H'd .....	500
Frank Brooks to G A Coursou .....	Se Fillmore and Filbert, 137.6x39.6 .....	1,500
Mie'n & 30th St Ex H'd to J Casey ..	Lot 6 blk 8 .....	100
A Koenig to Frank Koenig .....	Dolores s 15th, s 73.2, etc .....	4,000
Henry C Hyde to M E Thompson .....	Kearny n Broadway, 62.6x20 .....	50

Louis M Cohn to Cstave Gump ..	Geary w Franklin, 27-6x120 .....	3,000
Bay View H'd to Sam'l S Watters ..	Lots 7 and 11 blk 465 .....	1,000
Same to same .....	Lot 11 blk 458, and 10 blk 487 .....	1,000
W H Tillinghast to R A Swain .....	Ellis and Franklin, 275x120 .....	20,000
Bay Park H'd to Oliver H Brann ..	Lot 3 blk 552 .....	360
Jas Roche to Cornelius Dorris .....	Ne Bryant and 23d, 116x200 .....	2,000
W H Parker to W D Johnston .....	Lots and 8 in blk 89, O L, Cal Ave H'd ..	500
Jane Carrington to A Vigoureux ..	Lots 213 to 222, Gift Map 2 .....	950
Geo W Gibbs to Avice Hicks .....	Und $\frac{1}{4}$ S B blk No 2; also, und $\frac{1}{4}$ lots	
	40 to 44 inc, and 3 lots unnumbered ..	3,000
Same to Eliz'th W Walker .....	1-16 same .....	500

## Tuesday, April 8th.

Jacob Martenstein to John Marten ..	Sw cor Tyler and Broderick, 137-6x137-6 ..	\$ 1
Chas F Brown to Herbert Eastwood ..	N Navy w Dolores, 26x114 .....	500
Geo W Osborn to Wm A Frederick ..	Sub blk 5 Mission Addition .....	3,000
Wm L Perkins to Geo W Osborn .....	Same .....	3,400
T Bogel to Wm Davidson .....	S Jackson w Mason, 137-6x22-11 .....	5,000
Pt L Av & P Hd to W N Burkhead ..	Lot 70 blk 242 .....	340
C L Neumann to J Hancock .....	Subdiv W A blk 152 .....	300
F Garibaldi to J M Cogueniot .....	E Powell s Green, n line x s 68-9 .....	100
Paul Tract Hd to Joseph Smith .....	Lot 4 blk 56 .....	305
Albert Schatz to Albert Schatz .....	Lots 3 4 42, 44 blk 21 City Land Ass'n ..	190
Same to Adolph Muller .....	Lots 5, 6, 10 blk 21 same .....	190
S T King to Mary Smith .....	Lot 18 blk 210, Gardenville H'd Ass'n ..	
E W Wiley to C P Wiley .....	S Washington e Jones, e 33 s 137-6, etc.	Gift
Univ Hd Assn to Andrew McShane ..	Lot 6 blk 76 .....	315
A McShane to P McArar .....	Same .....	250
Wm Schmidt to Mrs E Connolly ..	Portion S B blk 13 .....	part
Geary St Ex Hd to M A Austin .....	Lot 40 blk 261 .....	350
Same to J F Kelly .....	Lot 2 blk 267 .....	350
Paul Tract Hd to Jos Bernstein .....	Lot 5 blk 27 .....	500
Vitus Wackenreuder to C J Becker ..	Com at sw cor 50-v 347 Precita Val Lds ..	4,000
Wm J Younger to A M Younger .....	S Broadway 125 w Baker, 132-4x100 .....	Gift
J A Holredge to Theodore Larbig ..	W Folsom, 293 Diamond Alley, etc .....	250
Geo W Dent to Julius C Deis .....	W Shotwell, 170 s 15th, 60x120 .....	5,000
Joseph Albrecht to Geo T Vincent ..	Lots 16 101, 191, w End Hd .....	85
John W Morsehead to R G Brown ..	Lots 727 to 734, Gift Map 2 .....	5
Ft Lob Ave Hd Ass'n to Otto Behr ..	Lot 27 blk 642 .....	350
Felton Tract H'd to E Niemeier .....	Lots 18 and 19 blk 1202 .....	340

## Wednesday, April 9th.

Michael Reese to City & Co S F .....	E Jones, n Francisco, etc—sub 50-v 204 ..	\$3,933
Same to same .....	Subdiv 50-vara 260 W A .....	4,785
Same to same .....	W Dupont s Vallejo, etc, subject to lease	27,526
Same to same .....	W Jones s Bay, etc .....	2,187
Elizabeth F Robinson to R Ward .....	Se Mission ne 2d, 19-6x80 .....	2,600
Jas Sullivan to Maurice Doyle .....	S Shipley e 6th, 25x75 .....	1,800
Alex Andrews to Wm E Bridge .....	Lot 10 blk 641, Pt Lobos Av Hd .....	300
Wm E Bridge to Geo J Smith .....	Lot 12 and 13 same .....	600
John Landers Jr to Sarah Landers ..	Lots 14 and 15 Prec Valley L'ds .....	1
Geo W Green to J L Dubois .....	W Kimball n Sac, 37-6x78-11 .....	9,500
Leander Quint to Jas L Dubois .....	Same .....	1
Same to J M Johnson .....	Same, subject to mortg of \$5,000 .....	2,300
Wm Hollis to Kate Ford .....	S Napa e Arkansas, 25x100 .....	720
Pt Lob Av Hd Assn to W E Bridge ..	Lot 11 blk 641 .....	300
A Menges to H Schnesler .....	S Ellis e Taylor, 20x62-6—sub 50-v 1,000	8,000
John C Hoppe to J P Holdersbach ..	W Virginia, 62 n Jackson, 25x56 .....	1,500
N D Arnot Jr to Reuben Morton .....	N Pine e Van Ness Ave, 137-6x33 .....	4,000
J Godchaux to J Oslander .....	94-73 acres sec 12 tp 2 s r 6, etc .....	1,200
Jas Hepburn to Jas Riddle .....	E Montgomery n Commercial, 29-6x50 ..	27,500
City and Co S F to Wm Hollis .....	Sundry Potrero lots .....	prem
Wm Hollis to Mary O'Neil .....	Same .....	112
C A Calhoun to Jas Atkinson .....	Lot 10 blk L, R R Hd Assn .....	800
Daniel McLaren to Maurice Dore ..	N Pine w Powell, 27-6x137-6 .....	10
Robt F Morrow to same .....	Sw Cal and Powell to, 275x137-6 .....	10
Erwin Davis to same .....	Same .....	500
Wm A Lappiger to Peter Spreckles ..	S Geary e Powell, 32-6x137-6 .....	15,825
Janet Paton to T Paton .....	Sub blk 198 W A .....	1,000
Thos H Holt to Geo Winter .....	For se qr of sec 13 tp 2 s r 6 w .....	5
G W Stevens to Joseph Emerick .....	Subdivisions 100-vara 53 .....	24,000
Cal Build Co & L Soc to W Hayes ..	S Market Square e Spear, 20x45-10, etc ..	1
John J Corbett to E M Hiestand .....	Subdivision 50-vara 943 .....	Gift
E M Hiestand to John J Coybett .....	Same .....	3,000
Archibald C Peachy to A Forbes .....	Undiv $\frac{1}{4}$ Sansome and Sacramento, etc ..	20,000
F L A Pioche to Jules de St Denis ..	S 19th e Dolores, 50x114 .....	1,004
Chas Kohler to City & Co S F .....	N Green w Stockton, etc .....	15,019
John L Smith to W S Thompson .....	Nw Shipley sw Willow, 75x50 .....	4,000

## Thursday, April 10th.

Martha B Hunt to David Taus...	W Stevenson n 20th, n 25x80.....	\$ 125
Henry Hentsch to Lewis B Sage..	S Union e Battery, 25x60.....	2,000
Same to Lewis P Sage.....	Same, to correct error in name of Gante...	....
C A C Duisenberg to H D Cogswell	E Kearny n Jackson, 23x93—sub 50-v 35	5
J Center et al to Cath A McCann..	W Treat Ave, 215 n John, 30x123.6....	224
Michael Bannon to Jos Gutherlett	Sw cor O'Farrell and Beldeman, 30x75..	700
Wm Filmer to John C Moody.....	S Pine w Buchanan, 37.6x137.6.....	1,850
Sarah E Jewett to A B Grogan....	Six lots Gift May 4.....	150
Jas R Kelly et al to Jos C Duncan	S Cal 40 w Sansome, 22.5x80.....	1
Same to same.....	Same.....	50,000
Shubael B Leavitt to Wm B Lake..	Sub 50-v 1317.....	1,500
Wm J Shaw to Board of Education	W Harrison n 11th, 137.6x68.9.....	2
R R H d Ass'n to same.....	Lot 4 blk W.....	1
F H Blanchard to Francis Sherman	E Taylor n Post, 22.11x91.8, etc.....	6,000
J Fitzsimmon to Adolphus Geron	Se Folk and Chestnut, 137.6x68.9.....	850
City & Co San Fran to Hugh Dolan	Sub Mission Block 175.....	prem
Nicholas Haas, Jr to Saml C Gray	Lots 153, 154, 155, Gift Map 3.....	300

## Friday, April 11th.

S N Laughlin to Charles Flammer..	Sundry lots in Gift Maps 2 and 4.....	\$1,500
Charles Flammer to N L Guthrie..	Same.....	1,500
Joseph H Cording to Frank Kahle	Same 47 and 49 blk 560, Bay Park Hd..	244
Caleb Bartlett to A Bachetta.....	E Scotland Place n Filbert, 25x57.6....	1,300
Wm Buschmann to John Ohring..	N Pacific E Larkin, 21x90.....	1,500
Charles H Sawyer to City & Co S F	Streets and highways.....	....
Masonic Cem Ass'n to Geo Cofran	Lots 16 and 21.....	138
Isaac Leckman et al to C Dietle..	Se Stevenson sw 3d, 20x70.....	4,500
P J White to Frank Foye.....	Sw Washington Ave se Mission, 25x113.5	1,000
James S Handlen to Wm J Guan...	S O'Farrell w Octavia, 60x120.....	500
Alexander Lewthwait to same....	S Vale w Church, 51.4x114.....	250
John Gardner to H G Lahnke.....	Subdivision Mission Block 88.....	5,750
Garden Tract H d to Chas Koch...	Lot 2 blk 1.....	350
Charles Koch to Margaret Murphy	Same.....	250
Geo W Chapin to Fred Roeding....	Sw Downey se Bryant, 23x75.....	....
Cal Build & L Soc to M McCann..	W Treat n John, 30x122.....	1
Lucy B Page to Sophia Hauser....	E Hyde n Union, 50x87.6.....	100
Sophia Hauser to H F Speetzen...	Same.....	1,000
Thomas Kelly to Peter Lynch.....	Se Folsom ne 9th, 25x90, subj to a mortg	2,500
Jas R Kelly to Thos Loughbran...	Sw Downey sw Bryant, 23x75.....	1,450
Wm M Brumfield to M Matthall...	Lot 510, Gift Map 3.....	250
Mrs Armanda Arnot to N D Arnot.	N Pine e Van Ness Av, 30x137.6.....	5,000

## Saturday, April 12th.

Moses Selig to Chung Hoon Hoy..	S Jackson e Dupont, 18.7x80.....	\$1,000
N D Arnot Jr to Reuben Morton..	N Pine, 170.6 e Van Ness Ave, 30x137.6..	6,000
George Luttrell to C E S McDonald	Se cor Halleck and Leidesdorf, 44x30..	1,000
Henry Cromer to J F Bullwinkel...	Nw Webster and Sacramento, 28x90.6..	1,450
Meyer Fabian et al to W S Taylor	W Mason n Geary, 57.6x20.....	1
R R Givine to H Schrader.....	E Chenery, 114 e Grove, 25x100.....	300
W W Chapman to same.....	E Chenery s Grove, 25x100.....	300
Elizabeth T Schenck to Wm Willis	Lots 1 2 3 4 blk 28 Fairmount Hd Assn..	1
Same to same.....	Lot 5 and 6 blk 28.....	1,500
Thos T Pearce to Hib Sav & L Soc	Sw cor Jones and Muttonio w 135, etc..	10,150
City and Co of S F to C R Moser..	W Capp n 29th, 95x115—sub M B 182..	....
Paul Tract H d to B Harvey.....	Lot 1 blk 49.....	700
W W Stow to C F Exmann.....	Lots 260 and 261, Precita Valley Lands.	1
Thos Bell to Julia Hastings.....	Blk 642, Thos. Bell's Tract.....	2,000
John Bell to Wm W Young.....	Turk and Gough, 137.6x120.....	100
J W Owen to Frank Cunningham..	Ripley Tract se cor, n 30 deg e 660, etc.	1
Frank Cunningham to A Jacobs...	Same.....	1
L H Bonestell to J T Bonestell...	Shotwell s 25th, 65x115.....	3,000
P Lob A & P H Assn to F Cosgrove	Lot 47 blk 325.....	270

## Monday, April 14th.

Wm S Taylor to Nicholas C Lohrs	W Mason n Geary, w 57.6x20.....	\$6,500
Chas Adams to Hannah W Adams	Sw cor Penn nia Av and Solano, 90x101	Gift
Michael Kenny to Thomas Keboe..	N Post w Broderick, 55x137.6.....	2,000
Chas Monahan to Mary Monahan...	Lots 9 and 10 in blk G Haley Purchase.	Gift
Morris Silver to F Funkenstein...	W Leavenworth s Sacramento, 37.6x56..	4,000
Wm P Mellon, Jr to J C Parkinson	W Broderick s Sacramento, 27.6x82.6..	775
F J C Lavillan to J J Doyle.....	Nw Van Ness Ave and Pacific, 132x124.9	50
L Scellier to A Prousergue.....	Lot 22 blk 19 Market St Hd.....	1
Gabriel Vicente Castro to P Duffy	Block 420 W A.....	1,000
Henry Mahan to Wm Hollis.....	E Scott s Ellis, 50x180.....	3,500
F L Castle to Robert Barton.....	N Bush e Hyde, 68.9x137.6.....	12,500
Sav and L Society to F L Castle...	Same.....	8,250
A R Neustadt to same.....	Same.....	10

## Tuesday, April 15th.

F F Seiberlich to G F Whitcomb..	Ne cor Mississippi and Solano, 100x25	\$	
G E Whitcomb to F F Seiberlich.	Same		700
Geary St Ex H'd to M R Best.....	Lot 5 blk 263.....		350
E A G Con Tittel to J G Kahman	W Kearny n Sutter, 6 inches x 60 ft.		1,600
A J Gladding to David P Marshall	W Larkin n California, 60:3x137:6.....		5
John Morrissey to Pat Morrissey....	Se Tehama sw 5th, 37:6x80.....		5
Patrick Morrissey to J Morrissey....	Se Tehama sw 5th, 37:6x80.....		5
Paul Rousset to City & Co S F.....	W Powell s Filbert, n 30, etc.....		4,634
Same to same	E Stockton s Green, s 2:6 etc.....		6,834
Richard Crooks to E Dixon.....	N California e Steiner, e 27, etc.....		1
Edward Barry to same.....	S corner 6th ave and B st sw 100x25.....		1
John H Smyth to Thos H Douglas	S Pine e Webster, 62:6x137:6.....		3,000
Laurel Hill Cem Ass'n to F Brisac	Lot 2011, Laurel Hill Cemetery.....		384
Michael Radford to E Guibert.....	Se Jessie sw 4th, 20x70.....		2,900
E Guibert to Caroline Guibert.....	Same		Gift
Catherine Stapleton to T Donnelly	E Clinton s Brannan, 25x80.....		1,000

## Wednesday, April 16th.

Ida Precht to Isadore Le Francq..	N Greenwich e Dupont, 17:2x70.....	\$	1,800
Robt R Bulmore to Ed Hoffmann.	N Jackson w Jones, 24:8x112:6.....		4,050
Maria Larkin to H W Larkin.....	Ne 3d se Mission, 77:6x25.....		5
Henry Pierce et al to J R Merrill.	N California w Divisadero, 82:6x132:7.....		500
Jos S Alemany to Cornelius Burns	W Boyce, 175 Pt Lobos Ave, 50x100.....		675
Geo O Conner to Roger O Donnell	Nw Minna, 155 sw 3d, 20x70.....		3,750
J H Meredith to L S B Sawyer.....	Lot 2 blk 94, Excelsior H'd.....		320
John Robb to Nicholas Richard..	S Green e Kearny, 30x3:44½.....		1,475
Edward Edwards to Ferd Baaser....	Lot 39, blk 250, Haley & O'Neil Tract..		800
Daniel B Spangler to D McDevitt	N Jessie, 175 e Church, 50x114.....		500
Ed Moran to Mary Moran.....	W Franklin, 60 n Bush, 30x70.....		Gift
Pt Lobos Av & Pk Hd to J Stuart	Lot 1 blk 425 and lot 69 blk 242.....		600
Ernest Buser to Jules Mayer.....	Lot 7 blk 6, College H'd.....		150
Geary St Ex H'd to J M Quay.....	Lot 27 blk 262.....		350
City and County S F to M Bradley.	Harrison s 22d, 51x100.....		prem
Francis Kauce to A M Kauce.....	Geary w Powell, 25x137:6.....		Gift
Tide Land Com'rs to D Nostrand..	N ½ lot 6 blk 419.....		500
Thos Gallagher to Susan Bradley..	Lots 1541 and 1542, Gift Map 4.....		300
Garden Tract H'd to Edw Coffin....	Lots 26 and 27 blk 1.....		700
Henry Grotheer to Claus Spreckles	8th and Bryant, 50x85.....		12,000
E R Carpenter to S H Brodie.....	Und ½ blk 368 W A.....		15,000
John Hahn to Susan R Burge.....	Grove w Octavia, 1½x120.....		2
Fred'k Cooper to J F Strobel.....	Und ½ Folsom sw 7th, 25x90.....		2,500
Robt H Burge to Wm J Stoddart..	Grove w Octavia, 76:3x120.....		....

## Thursday, April 17th.

C Koopmanschap to Henry Conner	N Vallejo e Powell, 20x137:6.....	\$	1
D F McDonald to Sarah M Hunter	1 acre McDonald Ranch.....		700
Isaac S Allen to S P Corning.....	S Erie w Howard, 27x115:4.....		2,300
Thos Corey et al to Thos Murray.	N Hayes w Polk, 27:6x60.....		1
J F Glover to John Murphy.....	N Glover w Jones, 23x60.....		350
Junction H'd Ass'n to J J Guilfoyle	Lot 19 blk 6.....		350
D J Mills to A J Lewis.....	Se Union and Fillmore, 85:7x195.....		5,000
Tide Land Com'rs to L Weytman	Lots 2 3 and 4 blk 83 Tide Lands.....		1,242
Julius Platshek to Mary Levine....	Sw 10th nw Folsom, 100x102:6.....		7,500
P Masterson to T H Way.....	W Auburn n Jackson, 23x56.....		1,525
John S Hand to John Shurley.....	Subdiv blk 491, Bay View H'd.....		1
City and County S F to J Dexter..	W Pennsylvania Ave s Solano, 75x100..		....
Sav & Loan Soc to M Tranor.....	N Clay w Taylor, 19:6x97:6.....		5,000
City and Co of S F to Wm Hollis.	Subdivisions P N blk 180.....		....
Lorin Brann to S W Shephard....	Nw Mariposa and Missouri, 62:6x100..		4,500

## Friday, April 18th.

Tyler Curtis to Henry P Macnevin	Undivided 1-5 bound e by Division, etc.	\$	22,000
City & Co of S F to W E Loomis.	Sundry properties in Western Addition		Prem.
W E Loomis to City & Co S F.....	Streets, highways, etc.....		....
Samuel F Sinclair to W J Pritchard	E Nebraska, 300 n Yolo, n 24x100.....		100
W J Pritchard to City & Co S F..	Streets, highways, etc.....		....
City & Co S F to W J Pritchard..	Sundry subdiv Potrero property.....		Prem.
N Reynolds to City & County S F.	Sw Powell and Filbert, s 52:6, n 50:9, etc		11,340
Mary Gowenlock to M Gowenlock	Subdiv blk 71 W A.....		4,000
F Brisac to Lauril Hill Cem Ass'n	E Elder Path n Dell Ave 15x14 L H Cem		75
Chas T H Palmer to F B Austin....	N Bush e Laguna, 79x137:0.....		2,000
Henry J Holmes to J M Stockman	Nw cor 28th Ave and B, 300x200.....		100
E A Lawrence to E Robertson.....	50-vara lot 1 in blk 291, W A.....		450
Geary St Ex H'd to C A Sankey....	Lot 33 blk 166.....		800
Marian Hart to James H Lemon....	S 19th e Stevenson, 25x85—snb M B 67		2,000
Paul Newman to Honora Runk.....	S Jackson w Leavenworth, 137:6x34:4½		....
H A Cobb to Henry L Davis.....	Ne Jackson and Montgomery, 60x60.....		....



Web'r St Hd Ass'n to J K Basford	Lot 31 blk 314 W A.....	1,626
Felton Tract H'd to W Josephl...	Lot 1 blk 1203.....	170
Jos A Hofmann to Marian Hart...	S 19th e Valencia, 25x85.....	2,006
John Martin to Margaret Marin...	Se Market ne 8th, 62.6x165.....	5
A J Kopsch to Jose R Pacheco...	Six 50-vara lots in blk 336, W Addition.	1,250
Columbus Bartlett to H Sav & L So	N Sacramento e Kearny, 21.8x59.5.....	14,703
Pierre Boulanger to L Caufield....	W Dupont's Sacramento, 68.9x137.6.....	Gift
Pt Lob Av l d Ass'n to W M Seaton	Sundry lots Pt Lobos Avenue H'd.....	3,500
R C Barbadoes to Wm C Ralston	E 1st s Boston Place, etc.....	3,993
Wm H Taylor to Nicholas Luning	Potrero Nueva Property.....	50
Nicholas Luning to City Gas Co...	Same.....	50
Same to Wm H Taylor.....	Same.....	60

## Saturday, April 19th.

Robert N Cowes to R C Barbadoes	E 1st s Boston Pla, s 25, e 87.6, n 50, etc	Gift
Thos B Lewis to Edward M Hall...	Sundry lots in University Mound Hd.....	1
Stephen S King to David Raymond	Lot 32 blk 227, Gardenville Hd.....	1
John Sanders to N S Simpkins Jr.	S Pine, Larkin, 83.9x137.6 sub to mortg	8,750
David Cahn to S F Butterworth....	N Clay w Van Ness Ave, 137.6x127.9.....	35,000
M C Smith to M O Callaghan....	N North Pt st w Leavenw'h, 137.6x137.6	3,500
Wm O'Neil to Michael McNamara	Nw Jesse sw 7th—sub 100—va 265.....	2,800
Ltad Land Com's to T Donnelly....	Ne Clinton se Brannan, 25x80.....	8
David P Durst to Louis Meyerstein	Se Tyler and Larkin, 137.6x137.6.....	100
Spring Val H'd Ass'n to C Moser	Lots 262, 263, Spring Valley Hd.....	730
John L Cobleigh to H Burr Howell	N Clay w Polk, 50x127.8.....	5,000
Geo McHenry to Chas H Killey....	50-vara lots 2 3 4 5 blk 267, W A.....	1
Wm C Hinckley to O Lawrence....	W Mason, 23 n Pierce, 62.6x23.....	...
Wm Bein to Auton Kramer.....	N Kate w Fillmore, 25x120.....	750
J H Applegate to Buena Vista Hd	Mission blks 91 92 107 108 and n 1/2 of 109	1
Wm M Hinton to Chas H Hinton...	1 acre intersec Co Rd & S V W W T'ct	1,993
Ellen Galvin to Lewis Brandt....	N Hayes w Polk, w 30x137.6.....	1
Dennis Callaghan to same.....	Same.....	5,500
C M Brenner to P A Eakins.....	Lot 14 blk 310, Pleasant View H'd.....	200

## Monday, April 21st.

Spring Val H Ass'n to C Horstman	Lots 30 and 31, Spring Valley Homestead	\$ 730
John G McCullough to John Sroufe	S Fulton e Masonic av; also s Ful'n, etc	1
Pac Tan'y Co to Hib Sav & L'n Soc	E Folsom s 18th, 266.3x245—M B 51.....	24,740
Michael McCarty to same.....	Ne Van Ness and Broadway, 137.6x27.6	2,632
Patrick Burns to Ellen Burns....	Precita Valley and other lands.....	Gift
Stanhope Dickinson to Dan Toole	N Belmont e Palmer, 25x125.....	225
Noe Garden H'd U'n to J Jacobs...	Lot 5 blk 23 and lot 2 blk 22, Noe Gar Hd	1,000
City & Co of S F to J Spottiswood	Subdivs blks 533 and 539 W A.....	Prem.
Sol P Kimball to Harriet C Carlton	Und 1-3 ne Fremont se Folsom, 30x137.6	1
Masonic Cem Ass'n to A Hubbs....	Lot 59 section 14.....	62
E T Perkins to Emile Grisar.....	Sundry properties Potrero Nuevo.....	7,172
Joseph Marchant to Chas Pidancet	Tide Lands.....	1,000
Same to Adrian Pidancet.....	Same.....	1,000
Wm Hollis to George W Lynch....	E Divisadero s Turk, 25x90.....	2,150

## Tuesday, April 22d.

Edwin Martin to J S Luty.....	Block 6 of Sunny Vale Homestead Ass'n	\$ 5
John L Smith to Jonas Barman...	S Folsom e 6th, 25x165.....	7,000
Reville A Swain to Michael Castle	Sw Franklin and Ellis, 275x120—50-vara	...
	lots 5 and 6 block 133 Western Addition, subject to mortgage for \$15,000..	25,000
Paul Reservation to P McDermott	Lot 8 blk 2.....	350
L Van Laak to Geo E Davis....	Lot 3 blk 202 S S F Hd.....	400
City & Co S F to Henry L Davis...	E Old San Jose Road, 130 n 26th, 65x90.	Prem
Chas Feckelnburg to J Witt.....	E Dale w Church, lots 37 38 blk 97, H A	800
Ann E Green to Sarah A English...	S cor Market and 10th, 272x195.....	32,000
J Dexter to City & County S F...	Streets, Highways, etc.....	...
Henry L Davis to same.....	Same.....	...
Frederick Hess to G M Joesclyn...	Nw Sacramento and Kearny, 24.8x28.11	20,000
Sidney L Johnson to Fred Hess...	Nw Sacramento and Kearny, 24.8x58.6.....	5
R Ganzer to Augusta Petrowska...	Sw 11th se Mission, 22.6x90, sub M B 11	1,550
John Benesley to Z F Colby.....	N Francisco e Mason, 22x120.....	250
Jos A Hofman to Wm H Hogan....	S 19th e Valencia, 25x85—sub M B 66...	1,200
Lamson S Welton to Henry Pierce	Se cor Geary and Buchanan, 68.9, etc...	2,000
Felton Tract Hd to K R Schaefer.	Lot 4 blk 1202.....	170
J M Goewey to Louis Feder et al.	N O'Farrell, 137.6 w Polk w 68.9x120...	10,000
Anna E Cook to J A Holman.....	S 19th e Valencia, 50x85.....	250
Tide Land Com's to Thos Prince	S Mission w 7th, 8.5x50—sub 100—va 266.	16
T Prince to Cambrian Mut Aid Soc	Same.....	7,300
D Murphy et al to Syd L Johnson	Nw Clementina ne 2d, 23x80.....	4,088
Restcome Perry to Simon Blum...	Ne D and 24th Ave, etc—sub blk 403 O L	2,500
Geary St Ex Hd to E H Swett....	Lot 2 blk 166, O L.....	450
Savand Loan Soc to J T McDonald	S Fell w Laguna, 25x137.6.....	4,500

Wednesday, April 23d.

Johanna Haggerty to D Bruce....	W Williams, 62-6 n Geary, 25x50.....	\$ 100
Henry Toomy to John Hinkel....	Ne Geary and Baker, 137-6.....	3,000
Fol and Howard P U to R Gannon	Lots 50, 51, Howard & Fol Sts Prop U'n	3,000
T H Ziegenfuss to City & Coun S F	Streets, highways, etc.....	5
City Gas Co to S F Gaslight Co....	Portrero Nuevo.....	1
San Francisco Gas Co to same....	Sundry Water Lots and properties be- longing to S F Gas Company.....	Prem
City & County S F to P F Darche	Sw cor Pennsylvania & Colusa, 50x100..	4,000
Jos D Enas to Amasa B Andrews.	S Sacramento w Jones, 97-6x30.....	1
Jeremiah Callaghan to Wm Hood.	Callaghan building on Kearny s Pacific	50,000
Wm Hood to City & County S F..	E Kearny s Pacific, 109-8, a 91-5, etc....	3
A Anstin to B L Brant.....	Lots 1472 1474 1476 Gift Map 2.....	177
M Crooks to Matthew Crooks.....	Nw Townsend ne 4th, etc.....	1,250
Annie E Cook to Maurice Dore....	Ne cor Stevenson and 19th, 130x85, etc.	12,000
H Wohler to Henry L Davis.....	Undivided 18 acres Rancho de la Merced	4,375
A H Hissak Jr to Abram Bloch....	N Turk w Taylor, 55x137-6.....	
Webster St Hd to M S Greenbaum	Lots 37 38 39.....	

Thursday, April 24th.

City & Coun S F to T A Ziegenfuss	W Valencia s 24th, 65x90—sub M B 169.	Gift
Pierre Boulanger to L Canfield....	W Front n California, 27-6x45.....	450
V Wackenreuder to Theo Erdin....	Lots 319 to 333, Precita Valley Lands..	2,980
Stanhope Dickinson to W Rurgon	N Fairmount e Palmer, 25x125.....	1,980
Cal Ave H'd Ass'n to J K Basford	Lots 10 to 15 inclusive, blk 88, O L....	500
Paul Tract H Ass'n to T H Hatch	Lot 1 blk 30.....	2,500
Bay View H'd to same.....	Lots 12 to 14 inc, blk 457.....	500
Paul Tract H'd to R M Bangon....	Lot 2 blk 30.....	2,000
Lizzie Moneypenny to E J Cox....	Sundry lots in Gift Maps 2 and 4, etc....	400
Charles T H Palmer to J McConick	W Buchanan s Geary, 55x137-6.....	250
Same to Elisha Brooks.....	S Sutter e Buchanan, 34-4½x137-6.....	1,300
Same to Edwin Bonnell.....	Subdivisions blks 272, W A.....	218
Same to Eliphas Maginnis.....	S Bush w Laguna, 30x120.....	250
Same to Thomas G Spear.....	S Post E Webster, 110x137-6.....	135
Same to Geo R Lawson.....	W Webster n Post, 27-6x93.....	1
A Judeon Marsh to C J Pillsbury.	Sundry lots Haley Purchase.....	360
Spring Val Hd Assn to Thos Bell.	Lots 20 Spring Valley Hd.....	650
Wm D Bowie to Sav & Loan Soc'y	S Turk e Pierce, 75x87-6.....	

Friday, April 25th.

Henry Lewis to Geo A Derall.....	S Greenwich e Jones, 30x230.....	\$ 25
Wm Kincaid to Mary E Lovell....	Lot 28 blk 3, Garden Tract Hd.....	380
Wm J Lynch to Richard Dillon....	Lot 21 and 22 blk 131, Terminus H Assn	1,700
Orchard Hd Assn to E Stanwood..	Lots 43, 44 and 45 Orchard H'd Ass'n...	1,200
Bay View H'd to H McPherson....	Lot 4 blk 487, Bay View H'd.....	500
Horatio McPherson to H S King..	Same.....	1
Duncan McDonald to P E Farrell.	One acre.....	200
P E Farrell to John Amos.....	Same.....	250
Lewis Meyerstein to J Regan....	Se Taylor and Larkin, 137-6x137-6.....	2,300
Patrick Dunnigan to Martin O'Dea	Se Jessie ne 3d, 20x80.....	2,150
D F McDonald to L H Bonestell..	One acre, portion McDonald Ranch....	700
J Marks to I Blaszkower.....	Seven lots in blk C of Haley Purchase..	1,497
Henry Toomy to W L McCormick..	Subdivision 50-vara 643.....	6,000
A C Peachy to John Parrott.....	Nw Davis and Cala w 137-6x137-6.....	120,000
Same to Fred Billings.....	B and W lots 547, 548, 549, 550, 552...	70,000

Saturday, April 26th.

E A Lawrence to P G Partridge..	Undivided ¼ lot 1 blk 512, W A.....	\$1,000
Jno Spottiswood to City & Co S F	Streets and highways, etc.....	
I H Reynolds to Augustus Craman	S Ellis e Octavia, 28-9x120.....	2,500
Cal's Pioneers' Soc to H Baker....	Lot 46 sec 43, Masonic Cemetery.....	53
Louis Scellier to George Morean..	Lot 23 blk 5 Garden Tract Hd.....	1
Gardenville Hd to Sarah Hynes..	Re-recorded to correct error.....	
Frank Cullen to Thomas Minihan.	Lots 243 and 261, Cobb Tract.....	400
F S Wensinger to Wm Elder.....	Subdiv blk 101, Potrero Nuevo.....	4,000
Peter Craig to G T Lawton.....	Lot 22 and portion lot 23 Masonic Cem.	1,000
H McNamara to Hiram Tubbs....	Sundry properties on Potrero.....	5
Chas E Richards to A J Gunnison	Ne cor Hampshire & Santa Clara 100x100	500
A J Gunnison to Richard Finlay..	Same.....	300
J C Van Reusselaere to G O Wilson	E Church n Horner, 65x117-6.....	
Geo Wallenrod to Julius Finck..	W Rondel Place 225-10 s 16th, 22-2x64..	1,950
Benjamin P Avery to L S Welton..	S Post e Webster, 50x137-6.....	2,000
L S Welton to Benj P Avery.....	Se Post and Webster, 88-6x137-6.....	2,500
Tide L Comrs to John Mitchler....	N 3d Ave, 150 se Q, 50x200.....	520
Geary St Ex Hd to S B Caswell....	Lots 42, 50, blk 261 and 1, blk 300.....	1,050
Martha B Hunt to J Rieter.....	E Valencia, 110 n 20th, n 25x160.....	300
James M White to Thos Breeze....	Lot 18 sec 2 Masonic Cemetery.....	100
Jacob S Cohen to Ernest Suskind.	Sw Ellis and Hyde—sub 50-v 1331.....	4,000

## Monday, April 28th.

Spring Valley H Ass'n to R Cowan	Lots 67 and 68, Spring Valley H'd.	\$ 720
Same to Fred Bedarf	Lot 124, same.	360
Same to Shultz & Luebeck	Lot 68, same.	360
Henry Toomy to Alice Toomy	E Taylor & Bush, 20x62.6.	Gift
Ida Precht to Alfred Bannister	Ne Bush and Jones, 127.6x60.	19,000
Ida Precht femme sole to same	Same	10
H Ballentine to W C Forsyth	Subdivision Mission Block 4.	800
M de la Montanya to J Morchio	W Kearny n Broadway, 27x90.	4,000
Bay View H'd to Daniel Barry	Lot 6 blk 530.	200
Jas Roberts to Chas G Roberts	Lots 14 to 24 inclu, bl 127, O'N & H Tct	5
Alex Austin to Antoine Borel	E Mission, 235 s 25th, 18x115	168
Owen H Clancey to John Clancey	Lots 10 and 11 blk 52, City Land Ass'n.	50
Richard Harris to Oliver Dale	Kentucky n Solano, 50x100.	2,500
A Himmelmann to H P Merrifield	Sac'to w Steiner, 25:10x120	700
Bay View H'd to Jos Bassett	Lots 2 and 3 blk 466	1,000
City Land Ass'n to R P B Wood	Lots 27 and 28 blk 35	180
A H Rose to W F Davison	E 1/2 Potrero blk 462	7,800
A A Jennings to Chas Ruppel	Church n Park, 150x114	2,000
D Cuneo to Lee Leong	Spofford s Wash'n, 18:4x47.8	2,500
Felton Tract H'd to Jos Boardman	Lots 25 26 and 27, blk 1205.	515
D C Van Nostrand to Mary Wood	Illinois n Alameda, 55x100.	0
A J Moon to John R Jarboe	Valencia s Hermann, 50x80.	5,000
J B Shay to Peter McCannon	N Pine e Scott, 50-vara 2 blk 426 W A.	5,500
Pt Lob Av H'd Ass'n to O Hubbell	Sundry lots in blks 639 642.	2,500
James Brooks to City & County S F	Und half nw cor Kearny and Pac, etc.	10,800
Ass Hull to John Fay	S Sac w Davis, 30x130.	8,000
Robt J Tiffany to David Scannell	Undivided half por blks 314 and 281.	
Ira G Hoitt to Geo C Wickware	Se Market and 10th, subdiv M B 4.	2,300
P Crowley to Henry Brown	N Green w Montgomery, 57:6x20	2,000
C M A Buckley to M Livingston	Undivided 1/2 blk 385, Outside Lands.	1,500
Z D Parker to Jno B Lewis	Se Heron ne 8th, ne 20x80.	100
Levi Parsons to Geo Hearst	Portion Outside Lands.	14,000

## Tuesday, April 29th.

Abraham Lewis to H Borkheim	E Polk s Turk, 28x82, sub 50-v 4 bl 6 W A	\$ 1
Henry Borkheim to A Lewis	Same	1
Michael Reese to City & Co of S F	N Pacific, 80 w Stockton, 137:6 w 17, etc	1
A Himmelman to heirs J W Sul'van	Se Franklin and McAllister, 165x137:6.	1
Paul Tract Hd Ass'n to A Cameron	Lot 10 blk 52, Paul Tract H'd	500
Same to James Cameron	Lot 11 blk 52.	500
Spring Val H'd to G Holtzberger	Lot 243, Spring Valley H'd.	960
Orin Jones to Lizzie E Jones	N Sutter e Leavenworth, 25x68:9	4,000
Wm Humphrey to James Boyd	N Bush, 81:3 e Fillmore, 25x127:6	1,000
Geo Tait to Lawrence W Palmer	W Webster s Hayes, 92x25:6	1,200
Same to Edgar Bishop	W Webster to S Hayes, w 90, s 25:6, etc	1,200
Thomas Brown to Wm J Gunn	Lot 10 blk C, Pacific Sav and H'd Ass'n	470
Jane Sullivan to John Schuessler	S McAllister to E Franklin, s 120 e 27:6.	2,500
C Curtis to Gustave Touchard	Sw Broadway and Battery, 70x137:6.	49,504
John Cox to Edwin Rudman	W Guerrero, 60 s 25th, 25x125	1,000
Daniel Sweeny to Mary A Sweeny	Nw 15th and Shotwell, 120x170.	Gift
Ferd Vassault to John Landers	S Bush w Leavenworth, 52:6x137:6	7,615
Frank Cavignero to F Genaro	W Kearny n Union, 20x60.	1,600
R Cushing to Andrew Louderback	Und half lots 7 and 10 blk 362 S S F Hd	10
Rnfus C Markel to Wm McAffee	W Treat Ave s 23d, 60x122:6.	5,400
A F Block to Isaac F Block	Portion Outside Lands.	5
John C Pelton to A M Pelton	N Pine w Polk, 38:6x137:6.	Gift

## Wednesday, April 30th.

Geary St Ex H'd to A M Wardwell	Sundry lots in blks 262, 87 and 165	\$3,500
Theresa Kahn to Solomon Reiss	Lots 5 and 6 in Central Pacific Hd Ass'n	100
Morris Coleman to John Lynch	Nw Silver sw 2d, 25x70.	3,300
Abbie Whitney to Wm Bennett	S Clay w Powell, 88x71:6, subj to mortg.	1,300
The Associates to Jos Guberlet	Lot 13 blk 454, Property of Associates.	500
Henry Winkle to same	Lot 87 Ben Franklin H'd.	300
A Austin to Marie Clerc	Portion of blk 114, W A.	1
Geo Enabery to James Cornyn	Lots 30 and 31 blk 52, City Land Ass'n.	150
S D Cary to John B Avaline	Se Grove and Baker, 130x105.	4,000
Fred Lumblade to Samuel Hill	Lot 44 blk 10, City Land Ass'n.	100
Kate E Learned to Cath'ne A Brush	E Steiner s Ellis, 50x68:9, blk 361, W A.	1,435
J W Lees to H H Ellis	Lots 4, 5, W A blk 218.	1
H H Ellis to E A Lawrence	Same	210
Martha B Hunt et al to M Kedon	Ne cor Valencia and 20th, 86x80.	680
John Blake to John Kern	N Sagamore w Capitol, 50x125	175
Wm J Gunn to Dr L P Gautier	Lots 1 to 8 inclu blk 43 Excel'r Hd Ass'n	3,000
C Taubmann to Chris Taubmann	Lot 782, Gift Map 2.	Gift
E Duffey to John Rohr	E 7th nw Brannan, 20x80	1
Natale Ferrogliare to C Ferrea	Subdiv 50-vara 387.	Gift
Ed Sumner to Mark Livingston	Block 385 Outside Lands.	10,000

## Thursday, May 1st.

Geary St Ex Hd to E B Shaw.....	Lots 19 and 20 in blk 262.....	\$ 700
Calvin M Verrill to J Fitzsimmons	Se Everett ne 4th, 30x80, subj to a mortg	2,600
Thos Sheridan to G B DeFerrari....	W Laguna, 29 s Willow Av, 5x51:9½...	300
James King to Fannie C O'Donnell	E Bambler Place, 50x90.....	Gift.
Geo Treat to Camilo Martin.....	W Kansas s Napa, 308x100.....	500
Henry Hustmann to Thos Hill....	N Post w Hyde, 34:4x137:6, sub 50-v 1324	8,000
Thos Seridan to Guiseppe Fontana	W Laguna, n Eddy, 25x51:9.....	1,525
Spring Val H'd Assn to W Schultz	Lot 248, S V H'd.....	360
Sun V H'd to Alta White L Works	Lots 1, 2, 3, blk 2, S V H'd.....	5
Edward Martin to same.....	Same.....	5
J H Townsend to J H Blumenberg	S Pine e Sansome, 34:4x96.....	16,500
James Curtis to H P Livermore....	E Mission s 20th, 60x122:6.....	7,500
Hib Sav & Loan Soc to J Hornung	S Pacific w Mason, 22x68:9.....	2,400
Chas G Wilkins to A R Neustadt....	S Sacramento, e Polk, 30x118.....	7,100
John L Hunt et al to Conrad Greb	E Valensia, 60 s 19th, 50x80—sub M B 67	470
College H'd Ass'n to Thos Norris.	Lot 8 blk 10.....	300
T P Riordan to David Bole.....	Ne cor Nevada and Nebraska, 33:4x100.	1,510
Geary St Ex H'd to David Bole....	Lots 44, 45, blk 261.....	700
L D Allen to Seth Walker.....	S Pine w Webster, 25x100.....	500
M Shawl to Jacob Bloom.....	N O'Farrell, 137:6 nw Mason, 37:6x137:6	
Jacob M Pike to Malichi Kean.....	25th w Sanchez, 50: 1x114.....	3,000
J W Tucker to Minnie H Tucker.	Se cor 41st Ave and B e 30'S, etc.....	3
Henry Toomy to Westley Diggins	S O'Farrell e Broadway, 100x137:6.....	2,500
Samuel Crim to J M Shotwell.....	E 14th Ave s 1, s 157:1, etc.....	69
Chris B Wyatt to B J Shay.....	N Pine w Pierce, 137:6x187:6.....	4,000
Ruth A M Weston to Wm Bahr....	Easterly 56 ft Precita Valley Lot No 78.	1,400
Wm A Bahr to W Strueven.....	Same.....	Gift
Michael Burns to Mary Burns.....	E 6th n Tehama, 25x75—sub 100-v 219..	Gift
Sav & Loan Soc to Wm Hinkel....	W Laguna s Fell, 27:6x85.....	3,000
City & Co S F to Wilhelm Borgren	E Hampshire s 22d, 25x100.....	prem
Ann M Richards to John C Pelton	N Pine 230:6 e Van Ness, e 2:6x n 137:6.	250
Jno C Pelton to Anna M Richards.	Same.....	125

## Friday, May 2d.

Jean H H Rene to Louis Dutertle..	E Dupont to N Broadway, 45x97.....	15,500
E H Washburn to John Sanders Jr	Sw Decatur se Bryant, 25x60.....	6
Fred O Wegner to W B Cummings	S Pine e Kearny, 25:11x137:6.....	1
Edney Tibbey to Adam Grant.....	N Bush w Leavenworth, 97:6x137:6.....	28,000
John Center et al to M M Milwain	E Howard n John, 60x122:6.....	1
John Reynolds to Samuel Reynolds	Sw cor Guerrero and Ridley, sw 180, etc	part'n
John H Clark to Bridget Lyons....	N Church, 74 n 25th, 40x75.....	1,000
Duncan McDonald to Robt Watt....	One acre McDonald Ranch.....	700
H S Gates to E P Billings.....	Se cor A and W 27th sts, 125x75.....	42
Chas Neuhaus to Edward Newman	Ne 6th se Harrison, 50x160.....	10,000
Tide Land Com'rs to R Flaherty....	Se Q and 3d Ave, 200x100.....	310
Joseph B Crockett to E W Burr....	Und ½ tract of land known as the Gore	5
Lucy B Page to J B Crockett.....	Same.....	1,000
James Hewn to C C Pendergast....	Sundry lots in southern portion city....	100
Geo W Frink to Thos Byrne.....	Nw cor Hayes and Devisadero, 109x10:5	100
F W Macondray to Vic Koppel....	S Fell e Octavia, 27:6x120.....	5
John P Tibbets to Peter Donahue..	Ne 2d nw Bryant, 60x125.....	12,000
Jas B Chase to Domingo Quintaros	S Broadway e Kearny, 22:10x68:9.....	2,273
James Dows to Chas F McDermott	Mission Block 42½.....	16
Chas McDermott to Chas Main.....	Same.....	26,000
James Mairs to Chas McDermott....	Same.....	5
John Middleton to same.....	Same.....	....
Andrew J Moon to Anne E Greene	Portion Mission Block 5.....	5
Thos W Dennis to Hannah Bean....	N Tyler E Deviso, 30x75.....	1,375
Wm J Gunn to Alfred Bannister....	Se Sutter and Franklin, 120x42:6.....	7,000
Tide Land Com'rs to M Blum.....	Lot 1 to 22 inclusive, blk 570, Tide L'ds	7,080
David Brown to Wm H Gaylord....	Lot 28 blk 552, Bay Pk Hd Assn.....	250
Bay Park H'd to same.....	Lot 29 blk 552.....	365

## Saturday, May 3d.

Tide Land Com'rs to N Lehardt....	Block 748, Salt Marsh and Tide Lands..	\$ 882
Chas B Young to John G Wilkins	N Henry w Noe, 52x115, subject to mortg	2,000
L S Welton to Mary B O'Connor....	S California w Buchanan, 25x137:6.....	531
Masonic Cem Ass'n to W J Gunn....	Lot 14 sec 19.....	152
Henry C Swain to Wallace Everson	E 35th at 120 n of C, 120x120.....	350
S L Cutter to Josiah W Dodge.....	S Filbert e Larkin, 25x82:6.....	1,575
Fol and Howard P U to T C Walton	Lot 52, Howard and Folsom St Prop U'n	1,000
Nw Woodward to J B Mersing.....	Nw Folsom, sw 8th, 50x75.....	7,700
Fanny Lafferty to Rich'd P Davies	Sw Gardner nw Bryant, 25x75.....	2,500
F G Trnett to Byron Pinkham.....	S Santa Clara e Mission, 100x37:6.....	900
Samuel Tyler to same.....	Sundry lots O'Neil & Haley Tract.....	750
Jacob Prince to same.....	W 12th se Market, 50x75:11.....	3,500
Richard Dillon to D Hennessy....	N 23d e Noe, 25:6x14.....	500



## Real Estate Transactions--Alameda County.

Reported by G. W. McKEAND, Searcher of Records for Alameda Co. and San Leandro.

GRANTOR AND GRANTEE.	DESCRIPTION.	PRICE
N Hastings to C H Brickwedel....	Oakland: 100x100 sw corner Laure! and Grove.....	\$1,600
A J Gladding to J A Hobart.....	Same: 182.9 Perilla near 28th.....	750
H H Havens to J F Havens.....	Same: W line Union 211.6 s from 24th, thence s 52x230.....	100
N Hastings to C H Brickwedel....	Same: W line Hannab 400 s from 32d, thence s 200x133.....	1,000
P Dowl to A Remington.....	Same: E line Grove 75 n fr 9th, thence n 25x75.....	725
A J Gladding to H Durant.....	Same: 10 acres Dohr's T'ct San Pablo Rd.....	5
J E Marchand to L P Tenney.....	Same: N 5th st 50 e from Lewis, thence e 50x100.....	1,250
Exs of E Tompkins to L Hamilton.....	Same: W line Broadway 271.10 n from Orchard, thence n 115x100.....	2,000
R K Jordan to L Hamilton.....	Same: 68x100, Academy H'd.....	1,000
E Bigelow to W Stokes.....	Same: N line 16th 50 w from Jefferson, thence w 50x100.....	2,100
Same to H E Winslow.....	Same: S line 8th st 94 w from Willow, thence w 188.1x196.8.....	1,000
Same to J B Willson.....	Same: 50x100 nw cor 16th and Jefferson.....	1,850
Same to J W Jordan.....	Same: 75 e line Franklin n fr 14th x 150.....	3,000
Same to Levi Stevens.....	Same: 5 e l Franklin n fr 14th x 150.....	200
Durant & Bigelow to H Phelps.....	Same: N line 5th st 25 w from Chester, thence w 25x96.8.....	750
Villa H'd Ass'n to P W Hamill....	Same: Lots 72 73 and 74, Villa H Tract.....	900
J B Scothler to S J Knight.....	Same: 32.3x104.9 ne cor Cypress & 15th.....	450
S W Kimball to W McCutcheon.....	Same: 25 e l San Pablo Av x 124, Kimball Tract.....	500
A C Henry to Exrs E Tompkins....	Same: ¼ Int W l Broadway Exten 100 s Durant, thence s 100x174.....	4,375
Same to H Rogers.....	Same: ¼ Int in same premises.....	4,375
J P Moore to J G McCollum.....	Same: 155x80 sw cor 13th and Jackson.....	11,000
M Curtis to W Thompson.....	Oakland: N 22d 137.6 w fm West thence w 50x100.....	600
DeFr & Campbell to O S Holland....	Same: 50x75 sw cor 4th and Broadway.....	4,550
Same to G H Fogg.....	Same: 50x75 sw cor 1st and Broadway.....	3,030
R Ashcroft to D Forster.....	Same: 100x100 ne cor Castro and 4th.....	1
R Morrell to D Stuart.....	Same: S line 5th street 100 e from Lewis thence e 100x113.....	500
T B Bigelow to D Gnor.....	Same: W line Center 125 s from R R Av thence s 50x125.....	1,000
R J Hardy to M Lawsen.....	Same: 94x25 ee cor 3d and Myrtle.....	600
P T Senig to L Story.....	Same: 50x135 near Telegraph Ave.....	700
P McAaran to T J Bugen.....	Same: 150x200 bound 7th and 8th and w by Alice.....	7,000
T Cuff to R Simson.....	Same: 10 acres on Alcatraz Ave.....	7,500
J E Whiteher to J Paynam.....	Same: 25 s line 26th near Grove and 76.4.....	500
P Wynands to M St John.....	Same: 125x107.6 se cor Filbert and 24th.....	750
W Benitz to E Hachett.....	Same: E line Franklin 50 n from 8th th n 50x75.....	2,000
Mason & Huff to D L Quoid.....	Same: 4x90 sw cor Grove and 27th.....	550
Capital Hd Ass'n to J Dunn.....	East Oakland: 117x112 near Lake Merrit.....	763
Same to J Daggett.....	Same: 65x222 same locality.....	1,075
G E Chittenden to N E McLeod....	Same: Se Taylor 100 ne from Monroe th ne 50x150.....	850
A G Gladding to F G Sackett....	West Oakland: Sundry lots Caserly T't.....	5
DeF & Campbell to S F Sav Union	Same: 190x135 ee cor Everett & Willow.....	3,700
E Bigelow to J N Folger.....	Same: N Chase 102.6 w from Willow th w 75x135.....	2,000
J J Haley to Mecartney & Robinson	Alameda: Numerous tide lands Bay Farm Island.....	1
F Dimbra to A Cheseland.....	Same: 50 acres at Bay Farm Island.....	1
J Chester to G Leviston.....	Same--100x282 in Alameda Pk Tract.....	....
T Phillips to C H Harle.....	Same: Lot 8 in blk 62 near High street.....	100
P Hd Ass'n to M Kelly.....	Same: S Alameda 350 w from Walnut th w 50x150.....	500
G S Kittridge to H F Smith.....	Same: Same.....	300
I Heyer to L Palmtag.....	Haywood: ¼ Int in lot Haywood, and int Eden Road.....	100
Same to same.....	Same: ¼ Int in Loyn's Brewery prop'ty.....	1,600
W T McKeown to J Coleman.....	San Leandro: Lots 15 to 25, Durnan's Addition.....	....
E K Miller to F P Dam.....	Alvarado: Lot in Union City.....	....

Woods & Bovee to O Paving Co.	West Oakland: Strip 15 inches x 27 feet Division street.	16
O Paving Co to L Pearson	Same: Same	16
Burr & Dean to S & L Socy	Alameda: S Encinal 150 e Willow, th'ce e 100x150.	2,500
L McGlaulin to G Kustel	Same: 70 Railroad Av x 49:6 near Mastick Station	133
L McMackin to D Nickson	Same: 60x66 near Mastick Station	600
E Terry to N Porter	Same: Tide Land at Bay Farm Island	1
A Eldren to J L Alexander	Brooklyn Tp: 403 acres, Mountain L'd	6,000
S Foster to C T Cooper	Oakland Tp: Lot 18, Regent St H T'ct.	400
G M Blake to University of Cal	At Berkely: 10 acres.	
H Durant to M A Reilly	Near Berkeley: 270x160.	8,500
R Sisterna to Berkeley L & T I Assn	On S F Bay four miles n from Oakland: 30 acres.	24,000
J J Stokes to G E Freeman	Livermore: Lot 1 in blk 19.	150
C H Bradley to H Bay	Oakland: 187:6x100 sw cor Castro & 13th	10,000
W F Bacon to E Flemming	Same: S line 21st 100 w from Brush th w 50x100.	650
E Zimmerman to G Zimmerman	Same: 200x100 ne cor Harrison and 2d.	5
N Steel to C E McGregor	Same: E Lindon 450 n from 28th thence n 50x125.	1,500
M Sanderson to M McCarty	Same: 50x50, se cor 10th and Castro.	1,100
M H Mansfield to F Warner	Same: E line Brush 50 feet n from 5th thence n 50x75.	750
E Bigelow to N Huntington	West Oaland: N 8th 45 e from Wood th e 53x97.	1,650
G A Chase to same	Same: 45x113:5 ne cor Wood and 8th.	1,100
H Schussler to J O'Connor	East Oakland: 150x140 n corner Adams and Contra Costa	2,400
A G Abell to S T Wells	Same: 300x300 Patten, Jackson, Strode and Franklin	1
W B Clement to M P Kay	Alameda: E line Park 125 n from Webb thence n 25x98:2	650
P H'd Ass'n to L D Towne	Same: S line of San Antonia 250 w from Walnut thence w 100x300 to San Jose	2,000
Wilcox & Bigelow to W Blair	Oakland Tp: Lots in White House Tract	4,000
J D Mullikin to W W Carter	Same: 122:6x100:2 sw cor Tel'ph & 39th.	1,000
Oakland H'd Ass'n to R L Bushnell	Same: Lot 120 Maxwell Tract.	5
J E Marchand to T J Murphy	Four miles n from Oakland: 20 acres.	5,000
A J Kopsch to H W Carpenter	Same: A Tract near San Pablo Avenue.	
J W Brumagim to J Anselmi	Near Temescal Creek—100x135 Teleg'ph and Merced.	600
J Siloa to C Martin	Four miles ne from Haywood: 10 acres.	1,200
S Merritt to C Paolitti	Berkeley: Lot 1 blk 1 Villa lots adjoining University	7,000
W G Crawl to S T Cull	Near Haywood: 396 acres	
H S Pitch to J Bailey	Fitchburg: Lots 8, 9, 10 in blk 9	500
Same to A M Crane	Same: Lots 1 to 12 in blk 24.	2,000
A Collins to W Haywood	Haywood: One lot.	700
F Polishwiski to C Hermann	Same: 200x100.	600
Swift & Coleman to Sac Sav Bank	San Leandro: Blk 10, lots M & N blk 18	1,500
M S Palmer to L Levy	Livermore: Lot 12 in blk 14.	175
E Barry to E Dixon	Near San Jose: 10 acres.	1
F Rollins to J T Stevenson	Road Centreville to Alvarado: 25 acres.	4,000
W Morrison to G W Patterson	Near Centerville: 29 acres	3,790
J Kearney to J O'Brien	Oakland—110x51:10 nw cor Brush & 17th	2,350
J Fillmore to same	Same to same.	2
T Cleary to M Trainor	Same: N 5th 125 e Jefferson th e 25x100	Gift
A J Bryant to W Bryan	Same: 125x150 ne cor Harrison and 8th.	12,000
G Preda to D Cavasso	Same: E line Chestnut 169 e fm 2d 25x132	1
A C Henry to D Roach	Same: E l San Pab 70 s fm Alden 70x150	1,150
M Lounson to E L Miller	Same: N 14th 125 e fm Brush th 25x100.	1,000
T B Bigelow to E W Chamberlin	Same: W line Center 175 e fm R R Av thence s 25x143:9	500
J B Scotchler to J E Bacon	Same: N 1 16th w fm Kirkham, 50x104:9	700
L McAlpen to C G Howard	Same: Lots 1 and 31 in blk A, Oak V Hd	800
H K W Clarke to E R Carpenter	Alameda, ½ int in 25 acres Lewellyn T't	
F Dentra to P A McDonald	Same: 83 acres at Bay Farm Island.	1
Same to same	Same: 61 acres same.	1
G Manly to J C Walsh	Same: Lots 10 a 19 in blk 83 near High st	800
Whitcher & Alden to E Mulholland	Near Temescal C'k and Tel Ave, 50x100	480
C L Des Rochers to F L Taylor	Oakland Tp: Part lot 9 in plot 13.	2,400
J J Scotchler to G Tommasini	Same: Lots 23x86 Regent at Hd Tract.	107
Same to F Cerino	Same: Lot 50 in same	70
L Merritt to J Wentzell	At Berkeley: 120x100:7	1,000
Same to J A & A Edgar	Same: 110:3x120.	800
Flint & Haven to C Schmidt	Brooklyn Tp: Lot on Moraga Valley Rd	425
J Bauer to A Hermann	Mission San Jose: ½ interest in ½ acre	1,625
A G Oakes to A Collins	Haywood: 40x300.	500

D L Emerson to P McCarthy .....	Oakland: E line Henry 138 s from 5th th s 25x125 .....	\$ 400
E A & A E Rushell to C Stool ....	Same: W line Market 300 n from 28th th n 50x125 .....	3,000
N Stool to E A Rushell .....	Same: N line 12th 125 w from Broadway thence w 25x100 .....	3,500
H Vrooman to R M Murray .....	Same: Lot 55 Buena Vista H'd Tract .....	425
H A Rockfellow to P Barrett .....	Same: S line 3d 125 w from Cypress th w 29:10x158 .....	500
Villa Hd Ass'n to W H Miller .....	Same: Lots 42 to 47 in Villa H'd Tract .....	1,800
W H Miller to R B Miller .....	Same to same .....	2,100
Hall & Brown to Board of Educa'n .....	Same: S line Alden Ave 240 w fm Grove thence w 200x280 .....	3,600
F Warner to C Stool .....	Same: W line Market 250 n 28th thence n 50x125 .....	3,000
H Stale to C Bruister .....	Same: S line Caledonia Ave 413:6 e from thence e 100x141:6 .....	500
F Senram to G Jirweirt .....	Same: S line 14th 90 e from Wood th e 50x103:3 .....	850
G W Dam to L N Gordon .....	Same: W line Union 50 s fm 30th, 50x115 .....	300
T B Bigelow to J Campbell .....	Same: S line R R Ave 50 w from Chester thence 26x106:3 .....	475
A Campbell to W Dix .....	Same: W line Campbell 85 s from 13th thence s 25x115 .....	500
S T Damon to S Hill .....	Same: 100x150 ne cor Madison and 3d .....	4,000
G W Dam to J H Gordon .....	Same: W Magnolia 200 n from 28th th n 100x133:3 .....	5
H L Haven to J T Haven .....	Same: E line Chester 138 s from 5th th s 75x125; also e Peralta bet 3d and 5th .....	1,100
E McLinn to E H Willet .....	Same: S line 5th 25 w Chester thence w 37:6x113 .....	660
F K Shattuck to E Hunt .....	Same: N 12th 100 e from Grove thence e 75x125 .....	1
E Hunt to E P Stone .....	Same: Same .....	7,000
M Ryan to C S Hoffmann .....	Same: S line 11th 125 e fm West, 25x100 .....	1,600
F Warner to W Hayes .....	Same: 100x125 ne cor 28th and Filbert .....	1,400
E Bigelow to G W Arms .....	Same: E Harrison 714 n fr 12th th n 468 x 150; also w Alice n fm 12th, 312x150 .....	22,500
M Curtis to E Conlon .....	Same: S line 22d 75 w fm West, 25x80:4 .....	250
J H Meridith to L S Sawyer .....	East Oakland: 103:6x40 w corner Charter and Alameda .....	500
O Whipple to J H West .....	Same: 50x150 e corner Jones & Webster .....	600
E C Sessions to P Olofson .....	Same: W line Alameda 90 s from Shat-ton thence 50x127:6 .....	1,250
J Taylor to E Taylor .....	Same: 150x131 bounded Jackson and Franklin and nw by Clay .....	9,000
E Evens to J Studerus .....	Same: Ne Madison 75 se from same th se 25x144 .....	525
H E Emmons to S James .....	West Oakland: E Wood 50:7 n from At-lantic thence n 50x105:7 .....	1,950
O H Tufts to C V D Hubbard .....	Same: N 8th 98 w fm Willow, th 32x86:9 .....	2,500
C Minturn to O Eldridge .....	Alameda: Bounded by willow, Walnut, Buena Vista and Marsh .....	15,000
G C Eldridge to L A Hastings .....	Same: 1/4 inst lots 1 to 5 Jones' acrs lots .....	5
F Franks to A & P K Jenner .....	Same: S line Santa Clara 148 w fm Park thence w 75x150 .....	2,750
T D Mathewson to N Page .....	Same: 35 acrs s by R R Ave e by Fitch n by Marsh .....	1
A L Tubbs to A Merrill .....	Same: The Chapman Estate 111 ac tract .....	5,000
Hays & Caperton to H R Smith .....	Same: 177:6x140:2 sw cor Santa Clara Ave and Broadway .....	1,350
T J Murphy to J E Marchand .....	Oakland City and Township: Sundry lots .....	1
J E Marchand to T M Antisell .....	Same: Same .....	1
H Center to R Riley .....	Near Mission San Jose: 25 cents .....	2,600

VOL. 3.]

[No. 5.]

# THE CALIFORNIA



## MAIL BAG.

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JULY—AUGUST, 1873.

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SAN FRANCISCO:

PUBLISHED BY F. MARRIOTT, 607 to 615 MERCHANT STREET.

AGENTS:

A. L. BANCROFT & CO., ROMAN & CO., W. E. LOOMIS, WHITE &  
BAUER, SAN FRANCISCO; A. S. HOPKINS, SACRAMENTO; C. WIED-  
ERHOLD, PIOCHE CITY, NEV.; WESTERN NEWS CO., CHICAGO;  
AMERICAN NEWS CO., AUGUST BRENTANO, NEW YORK;  
JOHN LAW & SON, OMAHA, NEB.; F. ALGAR, 8  
CLEMENT'S LANE, LONDON, ENG.

ADVERTISING RATES:—\$30 a page; \$15 a half page; \$8 a qr. page; per month.





## CALIFORNIA MAIL BAG.

### APACHE PETE.

Thar ain't no trusting an Injun ;  
 He's a catawampous cuss,  
 And when he's a doing of suthin' bad,  
 He's a wishing 'twas suthin' wuss.

And he'll lie and steal, and he'll sarcum-  
 You out of your very eyes, [vent  
 And he'll take his tod in a way that I,  
 As a christian, do despise.

The most ongrateful, thankless wretch  
 That ever a feller see !  
 Favors is lost on the likes of him,  
 So he never gets none from me.

There was little Pete, a 'Pache boy,  
 Which we had around the camp  
 Down in Arizony, in '69,  
 And I've knowed that sneaking scamp,

When the boys was a havin' a little fun  
 And shooting, it might be, free,  
 To mosey behind a rock or stump,  
 Or shin hisself up a tree,

Till a Greaser chap, which was full of sin,  
 Drawed a bead on the yaller brat,  
 And Pete never felt the want of specs  
 To read with, arter that.

They was little shot, and we raked 'em out  
 With our knives from the critter's eyes,  
 Which never squirms a derned bit,  
 Nor cusses, nor grins, nor cries.

But he takes a stick, in a blindish way,  
 And meanders outen the camp  
 And strikes a trail for his cussed tribe,  
 Which we'd corraled in the swamp.

And he studied a bit in a jubous way,  
 And he didn't seem to take,  
 Which his language were, "'Tain't much of a chice  
 'Tween a bar and a rattlesnake."

But he didn't forgit us, that reptile snake !  
 I was woke in the dead of night  
 By the hossees a rairin' and waltzin' round  
 And cavortin' mad with fright.

Which it were a stampe, and ' the cattle  
 With a painted, yelling mob [broke,  
 A whooping like devils, and that thar Pete  
 A bossin' the little job.

They stamped the critters; nary a hoof  
 Nor ha'r was left behind,  
 And Pete elevated the Greaser's ha'r,  
 Which was kinder goin' it blind.

Wall, thar warn't no jestiss out on the  
 For the sojirs wouldn't help, [plains,  
 And you don't go Injun-fighting on foot  
 If you happen to vally your skelp.

But it shows how the ornery varmint act  
 If you happen to cross their track; [you  
 They just lays for you, and they fetches  
 The minnit you turn yer back.

Satisfaction ? Wal, no, I wouldn't say  
 As you'd feel you had much cause  
 To be satisfied, in a case like this,  
 By killing a few old squaws.

That's why I'm riled when I hear 'em say  
 That an Injun soul's as white  
 As a Christian gentleman's like mine,  
 In God A'mighty's sight.

For I put it fa'r to a larned man,  
 As invited me to drink,  
 (Rum is my tap) and I sez to him,  
 "I'd like to know what you think."

—N. Y. Graphic.

### SOMETHING WORTH KNOWING.

As Lord Dundreary once remarked with extreme good sense, "It is a clever child that knows its own father." A child that shows such a vast amount of discrimination at an early age, ought to grow into a most remarkably clever man or woman. Such a person would, we are sure, if asked to take a drink, at once ask for Napa Soda—thus showing the wisdom alluded to above. Abernethy, the world-famed physician, used to say that the artificial soda water was highly injurious to man, and if used too freely, would weaken and unman him. This assertion, however, does not hold good with the Napa Soda. It comes direct from the bowels of the earth, and no medical poisons rob it of its virgin purity. Many a poor dyspeptic, many a weak-lunged invalid has had just reason for bleating the bounteous hand of nature for sending such a boon to mankind. California, and Napa county in particular, are indeed favored in possessing such springs of health-giving waters. The old fable of the Pool of Siloam sinks into insignificance, when one compares its supposed miracles with the glorious cures effected by Napa Soda. Besides, we should imagine that that pool would make very poor drinks, while Napa Soda as a beverage is not to be beaten, either as a refreshing drink by itself or as a mixed drink with spirits or wine.

Thomas Tooly has just managed to drown himself in Dry Springs. He stood on his head till the blood drowned him, we suppose ?

## LETTER FROM A BRITISHER.

**Manchester, England, May, 1873.**—I do not know whether it is to be taken as more of a slight upon California, or more of a reflection upon the intelligence of Englishmen that so little is known in this part of the world about your charming country, but judging from the ordinary remarks one hears from the average Britisher, when allusion is made to San Francisco and the Pacific Coast, it is clear that a considerable amount of daylight has still to be admitted into the thick skull of John Bull before he can be made to understand that California is not a lawless, uncivilized, backwoods district, where human life is constantly at the mercy of Indians, earthquakes and revolvers. Such, however, strange to say, appears to be the prevailing impression here excepting amongst business men, whose interests have tended to improve their knowledge of geography. I know several presumably well educated people who are even unable to say whether San Francisco is in North or South America.

In your go-a-head country, changes are effected with such astounding rapidity that our school Atlases have to be amended every twelve months in order to keep ourselves posted up in your latest geographical alterations, so that as those useful aids to instruction are seldom if ever referred to by most Englishmen after leaving school—their ignorance is not difficult to account for. Most Englishmen of the middle and lower classes receive their education entirely from the newspapers, and as very little news finds its way across the Atlantic into our newspapers, which is not more or less sensational, newspaper readers do not know much of the steady progress you are making in industry, commerce and civilization. We do not know how big your towns are, what facilities of locomotion you have, how large a population, what sort of climate, and what protection there is for life and property. These facts are to be gathered from a few recent works of travelers by those who are curious about or interested in such matters, but most people one meets with in this busy city have no time for anything but reading their newspapers, eating, drinking, money making, and going to church. Whenever a gigantic railway swindle has been exposed, or some scandalous piece of government peculation, or municipal corruption has come to light, we hear of it fast enough. So also when some Negro or Indian massacre; some grand railway smash, or cold-blooded murder occurs our newspapers duly record it. Thus you see that our impressions of your country are scarcely likely to be of the most cheerful or lively description. People are encouraged to believe that every American report is untrue, every investment scheme a swindle, that life and property are not safe, that taxation is higher than it is here, and living so dear that it would be ruin to most Englishmen, who have anything to lose, to think of emigrating to America.

I was traveling to town the other morning with a medical man here who informed me of his intention to send out one of his sons to Canada to learn farming, and although he seemed to be quite alive to the superiority of the Californian climate, the national prejudices of the Englishman were too strong in him to overcome his dislike to living in any part of America which was not under the British flag, let the climate be as inclement and cheerless as it might. Englishmen will travel 14,000 miles from home to Australia and New Zealand in order to settle down amongst their fellow countrymen, rather than accept superior attractions in the States, where they would enjoy the additional advantage of being within much easier reach of the old country. I cannot help thinking it would be a great advantage for America—and so far as it might tend to improve the relations between the two countries, for England also—if you could attract the stream of emigration from the middle and upper classes, from amongst whom great numbers of well-bred, intelligent families emigrate every year to the Australian Colonies and Canada. Men of this stamp, or rather from this rank in life, are seldom attracted to the United States, excepting in the case of some clever rogue who leaves his country for his country's good, and who probably may hope to find in New York, where political and municipal corruption seem to flourish so well, that congenial society and loving sympathy which his bosom yearns for.

**Unfortunate Journalists.**—Mr. James J. O'Kelly, who has been pitchforked into a certain amount of notoriety as Cuban correspondent of the New York *Herald*, has sailed for Spain, where, it is said, he will undergo a trial for his Paul Pry-like inquisitiveness. He will likely have the pleasure of meeting his *confreere*, Mr. Bradlaugh, of the *World*, who has been mixed up in the little unpleasantness existing between the Republicans and Carlists, and who is kept in durance vile by the last mentioned politicians. Mr. O'Kelly may, perchance, be succeeded by his condutor, Mr. Leopold A. Prince, who has got in trouble in consequence of the part he took in petitioning the Judge who acted for the Government in the proceedings first taken against O'Kelly. He is confined in Fort Canaba, which, we are glad to hear, is a most comfortable prison, infinitely preferable to that in which his brother journalist was confined. From New Orleans, we hear that E. C. Hancock, of the *Herald*, has been interviewed in rather an unpleasant manner, a slung shot being used, and a broken head the result. Where is this journalistic martyrdom to cease? The world is being revolutionized by irrepressible reporters, whose pencils seem to be mightier than swords, though incapable of warding off slung shot.

## THE MARRIAGE IN THE ICE-PALACE.—A STORY OF THE RUSSIAN COURT.—[Continued.]

[Continued from June number of the Mail Bag.]

Directly the Empress got home again, she ordered a large tub of cold water, and notwithstanding the pain it caused her, went in for a thorough ablation. After pursuing this novel avocation with dogged perseverance for some hours, she got into a violent perspiration, for the room was very hot. This seemed to afford her some relief. Then she yielded to the persuasions of her ladies, and took a vapor-bath, in course of which she was kneaded and rubbed till she looked more like a boiled lobster than a monarch; next she was rolled in the snow, then taken back into the vapor-bath, and so on, until at last, dead beaten, she was put to bed wrapped up in furs, and enjoyed the first good night's rest she had had for many months.

The same process was repeated for some days, and in less than a fortnight the Empress was able to drive through St. Petersburg in an open sledge. She alighted at the house of the washerwoman.

Entering her low-pitched, smoky room, and taking the seat offered her by the astonished washerwoman, she began: "I have come to thank you, Anna Ivanovna. What favor can I show you in return?"

"I am glad you are better, lady," said the washerwoman, confused. "There isn't much to thank me for, though."

"Well, what can I do for you?" the Empress asked again.

"Let me do your washing," replied Anna Ivanovna Nullinova. The Empress and her ladies laughed.

"Is that too great a favor?" asked the perplexed washerwoman.

"It is too small, my good woman!"

"Who are you, then, that you can be so liberal?"

"Anna Ivanovna, Empress of Russia," replied the gouty woman, proudly.

"Holy Mother!" the good woman began to pray in terror.

"You have naught to fear!" said the Empress, kindly; "I am very well disposed towards you, for you have as good as saved my life. So tell me something I can do for you."

"Nothing for me, gracious lady Czarina," exclaimed the washerwoman; but you might do something for my child; she is a pretty child, and a good child, worthy to be favored by a Czarina!"

"Let me see this wonderful child!"

The washerwoman, not daring to rise, shuffled out of the room on her knees, and presently returned with a tall, well-made girl, whose features bore the impress of intelligence and amiability, blended with remarkable beauty. "This is my daughter," she said proudly.

"Well, you have good reason to be proud of her," said the Empress graciously.

"What is your name, little one?"

"Anna Ivanovna," replied the "little one," who was taller than the Empress, in a tone at once fearless, yet courteous.

"I am very well pleased with you," continued the Empress; "I will not forget either you or your mother. You will hear from me soon, very soon. How old are you?" "Eighteen."

"Alas! Alas!" sighed the Empress, "it seems but a moment since I was eighteen. How life runs away, and youth and beauty with it. Once I was pretty, too, Anna Ivanovna."

"The gracious Czarina is still the prettiest woman in Russia," declared the washerwoman. And the Empress smiled, for she felt just then in the washerwoman's low smoky cabin, happier than she had been for many a long day under the gilded roof of the Imperial Palace.

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Biron, who resembled an Eastern despot of the "Arabian Nights" category, not only in his cruelty, but also in his capricious notions, conceived to celebrate the Empress' recovery in a very novel fashion. He determined to construct a palace of ice of the Neva, and give a brilliant entertainment in it. The building was carried out more successfully than might have been expected; the Ice-Palace, a thorough bit of frozen fairyland, enticed thousands and thousands of curious spectators, from far and wide. The blocks of ice were shaped like stones, and placed together on scientific principles, so as to support the heavy weight of the roof, which was also of ice. The palace was fifty-two feet long, sixteen broad, and twenty high, and ornamented with all sorts of architectural embellishments, carved in ice. In front stood six ice cannons, and a couple of ice mortars; they had been turned with a lathe, and were furnished with carriages and wheels, all of ice. Beside the Palace stood a small chapel built of ice, with altar, windows, and fittings of ice also.

The Empress, who was now able to take exercise without the least inconvenience, came to the festival given by her favorite in a sledge representing a dragon drawn by four horses, which Biron himself drove. Dressed from head to foot in the costliest snow-white ermine, and sitting on a heap of black bear-skins, she seemed dumb with astonishment when she first caught sight of the Ice-Palace. Then she clapped her hands in childish delight, and hastened out of the sledge to inspect it.

The guests, who were the flower of the Russian aristocracy, and had been told by Biron, in consideration of the peculiar nature of the building, to appear in the



ancient costume of Moscow Bojars; and thus afford the ladies especially an opportunity of displaying extraordinary luxury in furs, gold, embroidery, and jewelry.

The festival began with a grand dinner in the Ice-Palace, the floor of which was covered with three thicknesses of bear-skins. A band of three hundred musicians performed in front of the fairy-like building; and on Biron's rising to drink the health of the Empress the ice-cannons fired a salute. They were of the size of six-pounders, but instead of the customary three pounds of powder they were charged with only a quarter of a pound, and the balls of twisted hemp. The ice, though not more than four inches thick, bore the explosion so well that after dinner a trial was made with iron shot.

The Empress, surrounded by the guests, stood on the steps of the Ice-Palace, gazing at the novel spectacle, which had attracted an immense crowd of spectators. Two-inch planks were fixed as targets, and these were easily pierced by the balls from the ice-cannons at a distance of sixty paces.

After the cannonade came the ball.

While the Empress was dancing a polnaise with Biron for her partner, she heard the Countess Rostopschin pronounce a name she had not heard for nearly fifteen years—a name that set even her lethargic blood galloping—that of Prince Anatol Galitzin.

"What about him?" she asked impetuously, interrupting the dance.

"They say," replied the countess, "but I don't think it's at all probable, that since he has been abroad he has gone over to the Roman Catholic religion, and that he returned to St. Petersburg a few days back with a charming young French-woman whom he intends to marry."

"Marry?" repeated Anna Ivanovna, trembling all over with excitement. "We'll see about that!" And taking Biron aside with an impetuosity quite strange to her, she said: "I always do my best to please you, and now for the first time since we have known one another, I command you to do to please me—understand me, Biron, which I *command* you to do. Prince Galitzin offended me some years ago. He has deserted our holy church. I mean to be revenged upon him, and you must carry out my revenge precisely in the way I tell you." Anna Ivanovna spoke with clenched hands and heaving breast, and her small Chinese eyes flashed with cruelty. For the first time in his life Biron felt almost in awe of her. "Your commands will be carried out to the letter," he answered.

Half an hour afterwards Prince Anatol Galitzin and his betrothed wife, a French lady of good family, were arrested at the Prince's palace.

"What is my offence?" asked the prince.

"Don't know," abruptly answered the police-officer.

"By whose orders am I arrested?"

"By the express orders of her Majesty the Empress."

Galitzin laughed a bitter, scornful laugh. He was at once parted from his lover and conducted to prison, where he made up his mind for the worst, and seriously began to prepare himself for a cruel and ignominious death.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

### MESSRS. BARRY & PATTEN'S

Very Interesting Men and Memories of the Spring of '50 has elicited the following reminiscence from H. C. Kibbe, Esq:

SAN FRANCISCO, June 20, 1873.

Messrs. Barry & Patten—Gentlemen: Your delightful "Memories of '50" brings to mind a pleasant reminiscence of Gideon Y. Yates, a pioneer, who was with Fisher & Co., pioneer stage men of Stockton. Yates was a most genial and brilliant writer. He died in '52. While riding on horseback with Yates from the City of Mexico to Mazatlan, in 1849, he has read his own poetry to me by the hour, but the following little morceau so impressed me that it is as green in my memory to-day as it was the day he gave it to me in Mexico. Yates, when quite a lad, was a pupil in an academy in Maine, the Principal of which, Hiram Little, was—in contrast to his name—a man who weighed 300 pounds. A particular chum of Yates' was a boy named Blair, who was an immense caricaturist, while Yates dealt in sarcasm. One day, Blair proposed that he should draw the head of the Principal on the blackboard, if Yates would write his epitaph. They proceeded to the school-house, where Blair drew a splendid likeness of the Dominie, horribly caricatured. Yates took chalk and drew a gravestone around the head, and wrote the epitaph, as below:

Beneath this stone old Hiram Little lies, Fills this little hole,  
Little—in everything but size; Through—hell's—small—keyhole  
And while his mammoth body Creeps—his—little—soul.

Very truly,

H. C. KIBBE.

**Desiccated Ink.**—The latest boon to literary travelers is "graphine," which is described by the London press as a little packet containing four small sheets of paper, and on cutting off a little bit, no larger than one's finger nail, and soaking it in a table-spoonful of water, it will produce a beautiful purple-colored ink. This condensed writing ink can be carried in the pocket-book like court plaster, and no traveler need in future carry an inkstand with him.

TWO WAYS.

[BY CONSTANCE F. WOOLSON.]

<p>I.</p> <p>"The spring returneth ever,"          So sang the bluebird as he fluttered by,          So hummed the soft rain falling from the sky;          Up from the budding earth broke forth a          "Welcome, O Spring!"          But, moving to and fro with steady pace,          She said, "It comes not back into my face,          Where is the tender bloom and youthful          That it should bring? [grace          The spring returneth never."</p> <p>"The spring returneth ever," [side          So sang the brooks as down the mountain          They ran to join the rivers brimming wide;          Full of new life the mighty ocean cried,          "Welcome, O Spring!" [said.          "But no, it is not true, O waves!" she          "Where are the hopes of youth, so long          since fled,          Where are the loved ones gone unto the          That it should bring? [dead,          The spring returneth never."</p> <p>Thus she lamented ever;          And in her garden sloping toward the sea,          So full of birds' and blossoms' revelry,          She never turned from her own misery          To watch the spring;          She never even saw an opening flower,          She never even felt the balmy shower,          But all alone she wandered hour by hour,          And held the sting          Close to her heart forever.</p>	<p>II.</p> <p>"The spring returneth ever."          So breath'd arbutus peeping from the snow          So thought the crocus in the garden row;          Convinced at last the lilacs whispered low,          "It is the spring." [bloom!          "Yes, yes, it is the spring, O buds of          It is the spring," she cried, "away with          gloom! [meet the groom          Come forth, come forth, bride-rose, to          Whom it will bring.          The spring returneth ever."</p> <p>"The spring returneth ever."          "I know it, know it well, O land and sea!          Among the April trees in leaf-buds sad;          It is a full delight merely to be,          To breathe, in spring;          Though old my face, my heart again is          young, [have sprung,          Though old the roots, bright flowers again          And courage open wide the gates has flung          To meet the King          Who still returneth ever."</p> <p>"Yes, hope returneth ever.          It is the coward's part to loiter sad          Among the April trees in leaf-buds clad;          Even my dead are living and are glad          In some far spring!          Immortal am I—mind, is there a choice?          Immortal am I—heart, O heart, rejoice!          Immortal am I—soul, lift up thy voice          With faith, and sing,          The spring returneth ever."</p>
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THE TWO REVERENDS, STONE AND SUN LUNG.

**Dear News Letter:**—Having no congregation of my own to sit in mute and glowing admiration, to listen with intensified attention to the heavenly truths filtering like priceless pearls through the consecrated lips of your humble Parson, and being at leisure on last Lord's day, after having listened to an oration on the Chinese situation in America, by the Rev. Dr. Stone, I accepted an invitation from Chong Wong, the President of the Hop Kee Company, to visit their Chinese temple of worship, located on Broadway, and listen to divine service, as rendered by his most sublime holiness, the highly elevated, personified crowning apex of Celestial theology, the Right Rev. Sam Lung. He was assisted in the ceremonies of his religion by the Rev. Sing Lee, Rev. Hing Kee, Rev. Ching See, and Most Rev. Rinn Gee. The clergy were supported by five leading dignitaries of their church, Deacon Chung Lung, Hung Fung, Sung Swung, and Whung Bung: the services were of the most solemn and impressive character, and the ceremonies were imposing to the last degree, the occasion being the anniversary of the birth of Josh in the Flowery Empire, just ten thousand two hundred and two years previous to the creation of the world by the God of the Christians. A most eloquent discourse was delivered by his holiness Sam Lung; his text was from one of the holy books of the Celestial Kingdom, and is found on page one hundred and seventy-seven thousand, seven hundred and seventy-seven of the sacred transcript of the Celestial Empire, as transcribed by those ancient inspired Mongolian writers who walked and talked with Josh. The text was as follows:

I am the only living Josh,  
 Sin melts before mine eye like slosh,  
 I'm first, and last, and all, by gosh,  
 All other creeds but mine are bosh.

Want of space in your valuable paper, my dear *News Letter*, prevents me from giving you the sermon from the foregoing text, by the gifted Sam Lung, and to condense the brilliant effort to fit the prescribed limits of a newspaper article would so alter the tone, mar the beauty of expression, and detract from the sonorous merit of the Mongolian classics that I deem it little less than sacrilege to curtail the pathetic effusion of any of its fair proportions, and in translating the text from the flowery language of those children of the sun into our barbarous English dialect, I fear I have failed to portray the soul-softening glamour and mellow light of holy radiance, that gives an everlasting luster to each and every word inscribed on the sacred pages of the holy transcript. I had listened to the Rev. Dr. Stone in the morning, whose text from the Christian Bible, was, "Be kind to the stranger within thy gates," and, in this case, his stranger was the Chinese. The text was good, lofty in sentiment, just and correct in principle, but was handled by the

learned divine in a most clumsy and offensive manner; clumsy in proclaiming, from his gilt-edge pulpit, the doctrine of universal suffrage, equal rights, the enjoyment of civil and religious liberty, and the uninterrupted pursuit of happiness by every human being who chose to seek shelter beneath the out-stretched wings of the American bird; and then in the next breath showing the narrow view he took of the situation, and the selfish interest he had in the Celestial emigrant, by making the offensive statement, that by putting the ballot in the hands of the Chinese, it would checkmate the Irish in politics, and if he could then convert the Monzolian to Protestantism, it would ring the death-knell of Popery, and wipe out Catholicism in America. The Rev. gentleman only missed his mark in two important points: first, the Chinese don't wish to vote; second, he will not be converted to Protentantism, or any other ism. The supreme impudence, sublime egotism, and vanity of an American clergyman is wonderful to contemplate, when he announces to an intelligent audience that a few obscure pigmies, like himself, with scarce a local renown, will at no distant day cut loose the fast anchored hopes of China's pagan millions, and by the lily hand of faith will lead his moon-eyed brother forth from out the deep and sombre shade, where frowning Josh, for countless years, bath sat in awful majesty enscreened among forgotten centuries:

Make him forget his land of flowers,  
His sunlit streams and sylvan bowers,  
His waving woods and azure skies,  
And fields elysian when he dies.

And what is offered him in exchange? Mr. Stone's seven-by-nine heaven, with golden floor and porphyry walls, with a jasper throne on which sits an improbable God, with impossible powers, about which millions of fanatics, called Christians, have prated and preached for eighteen hundred years, without any one of them being able to give it a definite location. The Chinese cannot see the advantage of changing a religion, hoary with the respectability of ages, for the mushroom theology of a day. The talented Sam Lung treated his subject in a much more masterly manner than his brother clergyman, Dr. Stone. He said the whole human family were brothers, but that was no reason why they should cut each other's throats; that he did not wish to convert Mr. Stone or any other Caucasian; that the white races had all created hells for themselves, and he was willing they should occupy them eternally; that the Chinese people did not wish to take any stock in a sulphur mine. But I am only spoiling the eloquent Sam Lung's sermon by the translation. I will, however, give you a sacred hymn, in English, as sung by three saints representing the Celestial trinity: it was sung in honor of the immaculate conception; the singers were Saints Ah Toy, See Poy, and Ho Boy, and ran as follows:

#### HYMN.

Josh arose from his couch on the wings of the morning,  
He came in a sunbeam to visit the earth,  
While a star in the East show'd its light as a warning  
For mortals to look for a wondrous birth.  
Grim darkness was over the face of creation,  
Till Josh threw a glance from his all-seeing eye,  
Which rested upon our Celestial nation,  
And show'd us a wonderful visitor nigh.  
Josh asked for no prayers, he needed no urging,  
He left his bright world for our flowery land,  
He had sought through the gardens of earth for a virgin,  
To reproduce Josh by a miracle grand.  
At length the sweet daughter of earth he was seeking,  
He found in a hut on the plains of Co Wang;  
There a young Josh was born and transported to Peking,  
And has reigned ever since in a gilded Che Bang.

I was fully convinced, after attending divine worship at the Chinese tabernacle, that the whole Christian religion was but a weak imitation and transparent counterfeit of the superstitions of Asia. It is no wonder the Chinese people laugh at the efforts of the American clergy to convert them to Christianity. Should they embrace a shadow now, when they have been wedded to the substance for sixteen thousand years? Not quite. John shabee Mexican man too muchee. A holy pig was now cut up, and liberal slices of the sacred porker were passed around. We gorged a chunk of consecrated hog, swallowed a large amount of Celestial piety, in about three pounds of lard, slipped easily out of the temple, and quietly disappeared.

Yours, unctuous and oily,

THE OAKS, June, 1873.

THE PARSON.

It is a Shame that the jealous London Orchestra should poke fun at the daintiest *prima donna* in existence merely because she is of American birth. Here is the way in which the large-footed Britisher comes down on our dainty little singer: "The musical critic of the Cincinnati *Enquirer* says that 'Miss Kellogg is in every tissue an American girl. She is this in her delicate beauty; her lithe yet perfect form; her tiny snow-white hand and Arab foot.' Her Arab foot has often been remarked, but it never seemed to us so thoroughly American as her Ionic nose, her Sardinian chin, or her bewitching French mannerisms."

**Court Chat.**

**Mr. Wilson**, who has formed so beautiful a collection of pictures, and who recently bought Constable's Weymouth Bay for £2,260, has presented that fine specimen of our sombre landscape painter to the Louvre, adding to this gift a study of Salisbury Cathedral, by the same artist. It is a curious fact that Constable is so highly considered by the contemporary school of France *paysagistes* as to be looked upon as their father in art. Men love their opposites, it is said. The bright warm French like the cold and wet looking works of the English painter; and one is reminded of old Fuseli's directions to his servant, on a Summer afternoon—"John bring me my greatcoat; I am going to see Mr. Constable's picture." Mr. Wilson, though English by name and parentage, was born in Brussels, where his father, originally from Manchester, established the first great bleaching works, in the days when King William I. of Holland ruled over Belgium. After the rupture of 1830 Mr. Wilson followed his Royal friend and patron into Holland, and established cotton printing-works at Haarlem, making, in a few years, a large fortune, which was augmented by his son, the generous friend of art who has now resided in Paris about six years.

**Anecdote of Beau Nash.**—It is recorded by Goldsmith that the late Duke of B—, being chagrined at losing a considerable sum, pressed Mr. Nash, for the future, to tie him up from playing deep. Accordingly, the Beau gave his grace a hundred guineas to forfeit three thousand whenever he lost a sum to the same amount at playing in one sitting. The duke loved play to distraction, and soon after at hazard lost eight thousand guineas, and was going to throw for the thousand more, when Nash, catching hold of the dice-box, entreated his grace to reflect on the penalty if he lost. The duke for that time desisted; and so strong was the furor of the play upon him, that soon after, losing a considerable sum at Newmarket, he was contented to pay the penalty.

**The Hungarians**, the *Manchester Guardian* (May 21) thinks, have never forgotten the sympathy which they found in England in those darker days which have now happily passed away; and in the visit of the Prince of Wales they saw an opportunity of testifying the depth of their regard for the English nation. A correspondent of the *Times* states that this really remarkable demonstration of public feeling was not only spontaneous, but "was manifested in spite of the orders of the authorities that no official character should be given to the visit." After all was over a young politician is said to have made the jocular remark, "The Prince of Wales might be the only dangerous candidate against Deak in Pesth."

**The Other Day** the Prince of Wales gave a breakfast in the Restaurant of the Trois Frères, and the next morning he might have read a minute account of all the doings of his party, of all their rambles and adventures, how many they were, and how they laughed and enjoyed themselves. It was quite a bit for the paper, the *Wiener Tagblatt*, one of the cleverest and most widely-spread journals, for every one wanted to read the account, and by the end of the morning all the copies had been bought up. Nor did, indeed, the Prince lose by it, for it added to the popularity he had already acquired by affable and easy-going ways.

**When the Pope** is dead, the Cardinal Chamberlain, adorned in purple, knocks three times with a golden hammer at the door of the bedchamber, calling the Pope by his Christian, family, and Papal names. In the presence of the clerks and attendants he then declares "he is dead," the fisherman's ring is brought to him and broken, he takes possession of the Vatican, and the great bell spreads the news over the city. The dead Pope is embalmed, and lies in state at St. Peter's for nine days. On the tenth day, and after the burial, the new Pope is elected by ballot, and the ceremony of the Adoration is then performed.

**It is Stated** that a number of laborers on the Queen's estate at Osborne recently sent a memorial to Her Majesty asking for sixpence more pay and one hour less time. Other demands were made by the men, who signed the memorial in a "round robin." The Queen, through Sir Thos. Biddulph, sent the memorial to the steward, who has discharged seven of the men and cautioned the others. The present wages of laborers on the Osborne estate is 14s. weekly, with many advantages.

**Her Majesty** one morning, at Perth Station, seeing Miss Heath, the charming actress, on the platform, did her the honor of sending for her to Her Majesty's private room at the station, and presented her to the Princess Beatrice and Prince Leopold. The Queen also graciously conversed with her for some time, and accepted from Miss Heath a bouquet of choice flowers, which she carried with her to the railway carriage. At the parting Her Majesty warmly shook Miss Heath's hand.

**The Pope** drags on his existence painfully. Reports of his death have been circulated and contradicted, but his state is bad enough, and gets worse every day. He has lost the use of his legs, and cannot get about on his feet at all. He is moved from one chamber to another, when he is able to bear it, on a couch with wheels; he is somewhat depressed and downcast. His attendants lift him in and out of bed. His legs, in fact, are dead.

**The Sultan of Turkey** retains the exclusive service of a lady physician, to attend the females and children of his household. The physician is a New Hampshire lady, who graduated in Philadelphia.



## APPLE BLOSSOMS.

Underneath an apple tree  
 Sat a maiden and her lover;  
 And the thoughts within her  
 Yearned in silence to discover.  
 Round them danced the sunbeams bright;  
 Green the grass lawn stretched before  
 While the apple blossoms white  
 Hung in rich profusion o'er them.

Naught within her eyes he read  
 That would tell her mind unto him.  
 Though their light he after said  
 Quivered awfully through and through  
 Till at last his heart burst free  
 From the prayer with which 'twas  
 And he said, "When wilt thou be  
 Mine forevermore, fair maiden!"

"When," said she, "the breeze of May  
 With white flakes our heads shall cover,  
 I will be thy brideling gay—  
 Thou shalt be my husband-lover."  
 "How," said he, in sorrow bowed,  
 "Can I hope such hopeful weather?  
 The breeze of May and winter's cloud  
 Do not often fly together."

Quickly as the words he said,  
 From the west a wind came sighing,  
 And on each uncovered head  
 Sent the apple blossoms flying,  
 "Flakes of white! thou'rt mine," he said,  
 "Sooner than thy wish or knowing."  
 "Nay, I heard the breeze," quoth she,  
 "When in yonder forest blowing."

## DR. STONE ON THE CHINESE.

Dr. Stone applied himself, on Sunday last, to the consideration of a problem which requires, he said, the "wisest statesmanship" to cope with. Nobody was surprised that Dr. Stone left this large problem even darker than before. He merely repeated flippant assertions, in themselves partly true, but in the meaning and the relations put upon them, almost wholly false. It is true that America offers a shelter and a home to the people of every land, who seek our shores; but it is notoriously untrue that the Chinese who come here seek our shores of their own free will. It is true that thousands of men daily land upon our soil and melt away out of sight, in the valley of the Mississippi; but it is not true that they pour into California. It is true that this State is part of this "broad, free" America; but it is situated on the outer verge, in such a position that the European immigrants hardly ever find their way to us, while the Chinese cannot land anywhere else, and hardly leave us. It is true that the Irish are clannish; but it is silly to charge them with anything like an approach to the exclusiveness of the Chinese. The real parallel for the Irishman is the New-Englander; and Dr. Stone is hardly to be excused for overlooking the merits of his more immediate countrymen. It is not a little odd in a presumably liberal clergyman to single out the Irish as a "separate and distinct class of our population." Why are they more separate than Germans, or French, or English? They associate with their own people, to be sure; and who does not, if he can? Bostonians do not, as a rule, choose their friends from Virginia and Carolina; they do not even seek to know more of Germans or Irishmen than the law allows. It is mere imbecility, and nothing less, for a man to pretend that he does not know why the Chinese immigration, even if it were free, is radically unlike any other we could receive; and Dr. Stone does this. We regret it; for it would afford us exquisite pleasure to call him an imbecile old humbug. The Chinese are absolutely repellent to men of the white race, and do not assimilate to them under any circumstances. This is no question of superior and inferior races; each holds itself to be the better. It is a mere question of fact, and it is a fact. With every branch of the white race, any other may unite, will unite, to form a homogeneous people; but with the Mongol there can be no free union. Dr. Stone and his hearers know this as well as they know why they make war upon the Irish; but they prefer to wink violently on the right side. Every element that can readily be absorbed and merged in a nation adds to its strength and vitality; and a man who will not himself become a citizen, and whose children, if he has any, merely refrain as he did, is not a desirable member of the community, even though he be personally industrious and inoffensive. As an individual, human being, his life and rights are as sacred as any; but sensible men may be excused if they do not rejoice over his presence among them. We do not affect to settle the Chinese problem; but we do call for regulations which shall put an immediate stop to everything like the real slave-trade now carried on between China and this place; and there we stop. The Chinese who come here freely, knowing what they do, and free to go where they will when here, ought to come, and every freeman, wherever born, ought to insist upon their coming; for we are part of the civilized world, which every day tends more and more to become the habitable world. We go further than this. We declare our conviction that Dr. Stone, ignorant as he is of the principles of freedom, should yet be allowed to live here, and even to preach, as long as anybody will listen to him.

In Chili round balls have been discovered that are believed to be the eggs of the extinct lizards, the Ichthyosaurus, and the Plesiosaurus. Only fancy the hatching of these creatures—say in the Zoological Gardens! Why not? Life has remained in the mummy bean for centuries. We must admit a little difficulty in the way, but the bare possibility of such a thing as animating a representative of an extinct class is too flattering to be relinquished without many struggles.

[From the Town Crier Column of the San Francisco News Letter.]

**Oakland is Mad with Excitement**, for they have actually had a circus there. Just imagine what a sensation it must have created. The "oldest inhabitant" never remembers such stirring times. The effect upon the younger branches of the Oakland families has been astounding. The *T. C.* has been favored by a suffering and afflicted mother with a true and heartrending account of its effects in her little family circle. This afflicted lady is not strong minded, oh dear no. She has a family, which strong-minded women seldom or ever have. Her family consists of three boys, aged respectively twelve, ten and four, and one little girl of eight Summers—and Winters. Thinking to give them a treat, this fond parent took her "quiver full" to the circus. Little did she dream of the awful effect it would have on the juvenile mind; little did she wot how great a cloud was about to obscure the sun of her domestic felicity. The dear little children went into ecstasies over the performances; they laughed at the clown till bone buttons flew off their little pants like apples off a shaken tree. The animals also came in for a share of their approval, but what impressed them most was the tumbling. Weren't they tickled at that? Little sleep had these youngsters that night, and what little they had was so mixed up with rattlesnakes turning summersaults down aligator's mouths, clowns tying themselves in knots and hanging majestically from the ceiling suspended by one eyelash, that it did not amount to anything. They all, however, agreed, before going to bed, to meet in the parlor as soon as they should wake and play circus. They woke and played, with these results: The eldest boy's left eye has assumed a deep purple color, while his nose, once acquiline (and said to be the image of his father's), is now reduced to an ignoble snub. Little Willie, a flaxen-haired youth of ten, has three front teeth less than he had when he went to the circus, and has a head on him that requires a larger hat than it used. These little troubles came from an abortive attempt to turn a back summersault off the lounge, and the awkward propinquity of a fender. The little girl also met with a slight mishap in trying a daring feat of horsemanship, in which her eldest brother played horse and her second held a fiery hoop to jump through, well anointed with coal oil and then ignited. She is now in bed suffering from severe burns; her hair, once long and luxuriant, is now very short and crisp. The youngest boy has never been seen since, but is supposed to have perished in the flames which destroyed the house, furniture, etc. This poor mother says that she won't go to any more circuses yet awhile, and her husband agrees with her in thinking them too exciting for the juvenile mind.

**A Newspaper Wag** has lately been amusing himself at the expense of our juvenile friend and protector, Uncle Sam. This ambitious Bohemian is an annexationist of the first water, a communist on an immense scale, a jovial, jolly cuss who delights in tickling our national vanity. If he continues he will have justly earned the appellation of the great American Gobbler. His thirst is insatiable. First he wanted the Dominion of Canada and the British Possessions annexed to "the greatest republic the world has ever seen;" this he followed up with a generous desire to gobble the northwestern States of Mexico, and now the merrie rascal has extended his sympathy to the Republic of Guatemala, Central America, which he tells us is ripe for annexation. In his wholesale thirst for mud he has forgotten the luscious specks of dirt known as San Domingo, Cuba and the Sandwich Islands, thinking, no doubt, that these would one day float to Plymouth Rock or Cape Cod, and there anchor themselves for the special benefit of Uncle Sam, his heirs and posterity for all time to come. It seems to us that this wag is inclined to be ironical. May he not be a statesman in disguise, who is inciting the "great American people" to foreign ware, having in view the astute idea this is the best way to heal local dissensions. Let us have the opinion of the loyal patriots of Louisiana and Arkansas on this subject. This in the negative or affirmative shall not, however, decrease the loudness and musical effect of our snoring, so long as Goat Island is not created a penal colony for the safe keeping of the editors of our local daily press.

**A Deluge of Briny Tears** has irrigated our ample cheeks, the blood around our generous heart has ebbed and flowed with intense sympathy: our prayers, as the dews of heaven, have been lavish, and yet the prodigal rascals will not return to righteousness. St. Paul, in his first, second and third epistles to the Romans, was full of vindictiveness and fury to the sinners of the age. We, more merciful than the Apostle, weep and groan for the iniquities of our times. Charity commences at home, and hence have we labored in great tribulation of soul to convert the editorial fraternity of this city into brotherly love. But, like dogs that "delight to bark and bite, for God hath made them so," they will gouge and chew and masticate each other. The *Chronicle* is on the war-path, in red paint and feathers, vowing vengeance upon the *Alta*, and the venerable grandma talks back with the virulence of a hussy. The emaciated *Call*, unable to do anything vigorously, except through Foley's affidavits, yelps about the *Chronicle*, and does some notorious lying in the matter. The war of words between these high-toned gentlemen of the Billingsgate school is disgraceful. We have given up all hopes of killing the fatted calf, and now, by these presents greeting, we shall hereafter refrain from mussing our linen with crocodile tears. Go on, ye saints, and reflect credit and glory upon the great bulwark of liberty, a free, but d--d nasty press.

"**Time Rights the Wrong**," says the *Bulletin*. We are glad to know it on such good authority, for if anybody ought to know what wrong is, it is the *Bulletin*. Time will right this, no doubt, when the highly respectable paper dies.

The City is Filled with hordes who have the characteristics of intelligent Huns, Goths and Vandals. We have met them by the scores on Montgomery and California streets during the past few weeks, and, as a consequence, have attached a long chain to our two-hundred-and-fifty-dollar time piece. We have taken pains also to go to the Bank of California and see that our plethoric bank account was all right. We notice that all moneyed men, like ourselves, are unusually cautious since the advent of the hordes alluded to came in our midst. Special inquiries fail to discover where they huddled up formerly, and, like the Aztecs of Mexico, their history is lost in the remote regions of antiquity. We know that they are not laden with coin, for our dog Jack never greets them with an affectionate smile. He is an expert in such matters, and never deigns to associate with poor devils who are hard pressed. We give up the conundrum as to who these local Huns, Goths and Vandals are, and suggest that an investigating committee of curb-stone brokers be formed to solve the mystery. They may be "rising young lawyers" indulging in their *dolce far niente* during vacation. Our surmises in this respect are strongly confirmed by their extensive practice at the bar, where we do a land office business. Like ourselves, they are suspicious characters and will bear watching.

Once More the Hated Name of the Masculine Susan B. Anthony appears prominently before the public. This time for voting when she had no right to vote. She has been found guilty, and will have to take the consequences of her stupidity. The *T. C.* could never make out why some women will persist in thinking that they ought to vote and have as much to say in State matters as men, when they know all the time that women actually at this present moment rule the world. How many husbands are there that would have the audacity to vote a different way to the one his better half advocated? How many unmarried men are proof against the all-overpowering charms of a lovely woman? The *T. C.* upholds that women have ruled the world from the day that old mother Eve made Adam eat that crab apple to the present. Their influence works in a thousand and different directions, and assumes forms most tempting and therefore most potent. It lies with the wife to either make her husband's home a heaven or a hell, and who shall dare to say that such being the case, women do not indirectly rule mankind. All the Susan B. Anthony's in the world, with all their love of publicity and letting out of filthy gas could not do as much in the ruling way as one quiet, determined woman, who understood man and his foibles.

While Taking a Constitutional Down Powell Street, the *T. C.* came across a most charming sight, and one that impressed him wonderfully with the sanitary condition of the neighborhood. He had often gazed at the old empty coffin that sticks its defiant weather-beaten figure-head out of the picturesque mud hill which forms the corner of Powell and Greenwich, with feelings akin to admiration for that emblem of mortality. Such feelings, however, did not rise in his bosom when he counted, in the vacant lot there, seven dead hens, in every state of decomposition; two dead cats—one dried up, the other blown out—and exhaling the most horrible stench. Now, the vacant lot is just opposite the "Nunnery," and no doubt is often used as a playground by the children who attend the school. It seems to be the execution ground of that part of the city. Every old lady in the vicinity takes her canary-eating cats there to be slain, and old hens who have long forgotten to lay, and stubbornly refuse to get fat, are there stoned to death.

While Quietly Strolling down Montgomery Street, the other day, the *T. C.* met an old friend of his, J. J. was leading two pack mules, and on these mules J. had quite a little battery. A howitzer with all its appliances, some two dozen rifles of all descriptions, and several cases of cartridges made up the load. J. himself carried a Henry rifle, a brace of Smith & Wesson's and a Bowie about a foot long. Had the Modoc war not been over we should have thought that J. was going on a visit to Captain Jack. After a little cross-questioning, he elicited the fact that J. was merely going to Santa Clara Valley to preempt. We ventured to remark that he was abundantly armed; to which J. gave answer thus: "I guess I've been on more of these ere trips than you, and I know termination well that preempted land wants more guns on it than plows for the first few months." We imagine that J. will soon be heard from.

Professor Tyndall has had his share of abuse for the proposed testing of the results of prayer, submitted to the world some months ago by a skeptical Briton. What must be said or done to the Rev. T. K. Noble, who declares that we must settle the Chinese question "with prayer, and with great and serious thought!" We agree with him, and, after great and serious thought, we conclude to let loose an original prayer of our own, the most sensible ever printed in San Francisco: "Oh, Lord! let the Pacific Mail Steamship Company take the *Chronicle* and the little *Post*, and Lohscheid and Noble and Winn, and whatsoever loveth and maketh a tempest in a teapot, and dump them all in China, world without end, Amen!"

The San Francisco Bulletin is an admirable paper, one of the eight first-class papers in the world, according to its own deliberate judgment. This being the case, what are we to think of its enterprise when it quotes on the 18th June from the New York World correspondent at Sitka, a statement that "a new industry—that of ship-building—has sprung into existence there, which promises to be of some importance in the future." It is a great proof of enterprise in a first-class paper to send three thousand miles away to find out something which happens at its own doors at least two years before. The Bulletin is a great paper, this is a great country, and Alaska is a great unknown to the public. Let us pray.



**A Certain Hon. Major Colborne** has been immortalizing his name by carrying two bricks fifteen miles in three consecutive hours. We cannot imagine a more useful kind of employment or one more calculated to suit the mental capacity of the average British officer. The *Court Journal*, in chronicling this feat of arms, although very particular in stating "three (not five) consecutive hours," still forgets to finish the wonderful history, which the *T. C.* will take the liberty of doing. These bricks were carried those weary fifteen miles for benevolent though selfish motives. They were to be the foundation stones, or rather bricks, of a lunatic asylum the Major is about erecting and hopes soon to occupy.

**The Dear Little Birds** are all mating, and the season is peculiarly favorable to the development of the tender passion. This is the season in which corpulent little husbands send their better halves to the Springs, and during such a happy respite employ much spare time in penning billet doux to young ladies and fair widows. One gentleman, celebrated for his particularly *gentlemanly* demeanor, and whose little domestic fights have been often poured into the ears of his much bored friends, has had a most violent fit of "tender passion" since his wife went away. His hair is coming off, and he may often be seen pensively sitting in a certain church porch.

**Some Prognosticator of Evil** has informed the public through the *Alta*, that Europe will, in all probability, soon be again in a state of turmoil. This correspondent seems to be in the confidence of most of the crowned heads of Europe, and expresses his opinions in such a decided manner that he must either be an egotistical ass or else a very favored individual. The *T. C.* prefers thinking him the former. Perhaps he is bearing Austrian securities, in which case he is a rogue without a chance of success. As widely though the *Alta* be known (yea, even unto Sancelito) he hardly can hope to do much harm to them through such a channel.

**It is Rather Amusing**, and highly interesting to the general public, to know that Pickering sells his surplus *Calls* for wrappers, and that a certain Brady is a large consumer of his literature, but still not so large a one as the Chinaman opposite. We can imagine what crowds (as the *Barnacle* says) would rush to see such a wondrous sight as a pile of old *Calls*. We have, of course, interviewed Mr. Brady, and we find that the reason he does not use the *Barnacle* for his wrappers is that the customers complained, when he did use that erudite sheet, that the fish, crabs, etc., so wrapped up, stank before they got home with them.

**A Certain Fair Helen, of Troy**, having been in early childhood considered, and in after life brought up as a girl, has just surprised her friends by suddenly turning into a man, and marrying some fair damsel. We always knew that the climate of Troy was a wonderful one, but hardly felt prepared for such astounding news. Troy school-marms are said to be now very particular as to their pupils' sex, and parents at all short-sighted or absent-minded usually call in a doctor, in order that no mistake of the kind shall occur again in the classic neighborhood of Troy.

"**If a Stranger** sojourn with ye in your land ye shall not vex him—thou shalt love him as thyself for ye were strangers in Egypt." Well done, Stone, my boy, well done. The *T. C.* sends thee greeting, and only wishes that the text in question was more thoroughly acted upon. We don't see much more harm in praying to Joss than to a stone, and in fact if we had our choice we should vote for Joss and a slice of glazed pig in preference to Mary and dirty Holy Water. Depend upon it, we have worse elements in our midst than poor hardworking, persecuted John.

The *T. C.* had begun to fear that party quarrels were about to defraud the public of their Fourth of July pageantry. He is, however, glad to hear that things are settled amicably. Death will perform some most wonderful feats of horsemanship, Meagher will appear as "The Skeleton in Armor," while Selleck will sell small "star spangled banners" to small boys at five cents per flag. The usual amount of drunken Fenians will display their green, and a most happy day is looked forward to—by those who can leave the city.

The *T. C.* congratulates the *Alta* upon the infusion of a little young blood and a few fresh ideas in her "social editor." It seems rather unnatural for her to be sportive, and painfully reminds one of Grandmamma, regardless of her years, usual gravity, and wrinkles, getting up in tights and turning "hand springs." Still it is a relief from the dull monotony of her auctioneer notices and lead-like leaders.

**We have been Looking through the "Post"** for several months past, in the hope of seeing the letter of John Stewart Mill, the eminent British philanthropist, to Harry George. The time for printing it having long since come round in the regular course of time, we, in common with many others, would be happy to see it in print. But perhaps the stereotyped plates have been mislaid.

**We have Lately Learned** from Pittsburgh that the average German values his "fran" at \$250. The public, however, wont deal at that price, so a lower figure must be taken as a just estimate, say \$20. Even then the public would require some guarantee as to the lager-beer-drinking, onion-eating propensities of the wife to be sold, before any reliable business could be transacted.



## A PICTURE OF MIRANDA.

Thou hast th' embodied shape that Shakespeare knew,  
 When in the glow of bright poetic power  
 A form like this beamed forth to bless the hour.  
 Thus, to maidenhood Miranda grew,  
 With something in her look of morning dew,  
 And tranquil stars, and bud of lily-flower;  
 And Ariel's music heard in sea-girl bower,  
 The sweetest child that Fancy ever drew,  
 "The fringed curtains of th' lids advance,"  
 To eyes like these might Prospero have spoken;  
 And he, the enamored prince, beneath such glance,  
 Might say, "I do beseech your name," some token  
 All hallowed borne, of creature made so fair,  
 "Chiefly that I may set it in my prayer."

—ELIZABETH OAKES SMITH.

[From the San Francisco News Letter.]

## LETTER FROM LONDON.

London, May 29th, 1873.—MY DEAR NEWS LETTER: As I wish to advertise thoroughly before running for Congress, I feel it incumbent on myself to do so through your columns. My immediate cause for writing is this: I have been presented at Court. Fact! I kept this a profound secret from all my friends (eighteen only being told in confidence) until the moment of presentation, and then I burst out in all my glory. I didn't care much about being presented, in fact, I rather objected, but I was urged so strongly by Sir Bosh and Lady May that I at last consented. I say I didn't wish to be presented, but this is for outsiders to suppose; but to you I will admit that God only knows what efforts I did make to get the thing put through, but having some good wire-pullers, who, had they been in S. F. in Vigilance Committee times, would have elected Jim Casey as Bishop of the State if necessary for his welfare, I wriggled through. I can't say what it cost me, but I will stake my existence that I didn't pay half what I promised. I flatter myself that, being an Oregonian, Californian and Arizonian, that I can depart from the truth without increasing my pulsation a single beat. I certainly ought to be able to lie a little after a residence of twenty years on the Pacific Coast. Well, I went through the ordeal, and now my name—fancy, my name—is in all the papers, and when my friends call on me I introduce the subject and rush for a paper, which, by the way, I always keep handy, and point with pride to my name. I know that everybody in San Francisco will be jealous, and I hope they will; I consider 'twas a master-stroke even for a Montgomery-street politician. There are lots of my friends here from the Pacific Coast whom I have been very intimate with, common fellows though, so I have dropped them since my presentation. I used to be a believer in a Republican form of government, but since coming in contact with so much nobility, I am inclining towards a Monarchy, and if it wasn't for that infernal corner grocery where I made all my money, I would try to be a gentleman, but I can't. I don't even dare to say I am in the presence of Californians, for I'm such a liar no one would believe me. Pressing engagement to dine with Lord H—— prevents me from saying more, but you may expect to hear again, at a future day, from your  
 GREAT ORIENTAL.

P. S.—The rumor that I tried to sell a wild cat mine while at the presentation is as false as the calves that were under my hired silk stockings. I merely mentioned casually that I had the biggest thing in the world, paying dividends from the start, and I would let the Prince of Wales have an interest if he would allow me to put his name on the prospectus, but nobody seemed to be interested. Alas! how different from the days when I was lobbying in Sacramento.  
 G. O.

The Thing which has Hitherto Puzzled Scientists is the reason of the "crowing" of the cock. Some have said that it is the temperature which affects the voice of the monarch of the dung-hill, others assert that a change in the weather will make him crow for four-and-twenty hours. In Australia cocks will crow all the night through as regularly as the clock strikes, while in Lapland it is stated they never crow at all. Lapland decidedly has the advantage there. An Edinburgh Judge has discovered a new cause. At the Police Court there, last week, two persons were charged with keeping cocks in their back yards, to the annoyance of the neighbors. The complainant stated that after daybreak all sleep was impossible on account of the lusty crowing of innumerable roosters. On account of their conduct his wife was denied sleep, and her health was encroached upon. The Sheriff said that the hutches in which the birds were kept were not sufficiently secured from the light, which was the cause of their crowing, and ordered that this defect be remedied. What the result of this experiment may be it will be interesting to know, both for the sake of restless sleepers and piping chanticleers. The only remedy we have found effective for a restless Cochon, is simply to wring his neck. As Shakespeare says, "Silence is the perfectest herald of joy."

## FEMININE CHIT-CHAT.

A Lady Correspondent in London writes to us as follows: The quaint troop of vocalists calling themselves the Jubilee Singers seem likely to become the fashion. The oddity of their appearance—their unmistakably negro origin, some of them being full blacks, and the old world look about them, altogether make them attractive for their very singularity; but curiosity soon merges into delight at the sound of their voices. Their selections are nearly all religious, and full of devotional melody; but their singing is so wonderfully harmonized, and their voices blend so beautifully, that it is a greater treat to hear them than many of the greatest Italian artistes. The Queen heard them at Argyll Lodge, and was very much pleased, consequently every one else is pleased too. Her Majesty is gone for a brief rest after entertaining her Royal visitors in right royal fashion. The King and Queen of the Belgians have been everywhere and seen everything, and appeared to heartily enjoy themselves and the enthusiastic welcome which met them everywhere. His Majesty of Belgium is a pleasant, keen looking man, with an observant face, that seems to note everything, and remember it too. His Queen is by no means pretty, but has a good-natured face, and white teeth, which are always visible when the lips break into a smile. Compared with the present fashion of faded colors and neutral shades of no color at all, her Majesty's taste in dress seems rather gay. Both times when I caught a glimpse of her she wore very bright colors. The exhibition of the Royal Academy at Burlington House is made use of as an exhibition of another sort, and the lounge through the rooms may be fairly considered a "toilette show," inasmuch as ladies go there not so much to see the pictures as one another's dresses. It is impossible to see anything of the paintings yet or to catch more than a vague idea of a mass of color on the walls. The best things are always hidden by a mass of silk and lace as ladies crowd together to get a peep. I have seen several of the new mantilla bonnets without crowns, and I must say, though they are ridiculous-looking things in the hand and are in reality only a mounted wreath or circle of leaves, they are becoming and pretty when on. The hair is dressed very high on the top of the head, and the bonnet goes round it. The style is much prettier than the sailor bonnet, which is perched at the very back of the head like the hat of a man-of-war's man, and leaves the whole front exposed. The newest trimming this season is what the milliners call "organ pipes." The name describes it exactly. It is a series of flutings rounded by having cotton, wool or stiff muslin inside of them, and graduated in height like the pipes of an organ. The style is ugly and heavy, and I should say a dress so trimmed would be very uncomfortable and clumsy to wear—but one must be in the fashion. A very pretty fichu mantlet is being worn with the light Spring costumes. It is round at the back like a cape, and trimmed with two frills, one broad and one narrow. The front crosses and ties loosely behind with two broad, long ends. It is especially becoming to young people. I see the blouse style of dress is coming into favor again for little boys. I saw some last week prepared for the Princes at Marlborough House. They were in dark greenish gray cloth edged all round with a darker shade of the same cloth about 1½ inches wide. The blouse was double-breasted and cut square at the bottom, and the trousers were short, only reaching to the knee. The buttons were oxidized silver, with a pretty device of a bird on a branch on them. I have seen a great many of these suits at the West End, and I see that many boys wear gaiters with them, buttoned with a row of very small buttons. The gaiters either match or are made of soft buff leather. A large linen collar edged with lace is the proper style with this dress, which is very quaint looking and pretty.—*Glasgow Mail, May 24th.*

## THE CLAY-EATERS OF THE ORINOCO.

The *Ottomacacs*, of whom it is said by other Indians "that there is nothing so disgusting that they will not eat," live the greater part of the year on fishes and turtles; but when the Orinoco and its tributaries swell during the periodical rains and render fishing next to impossible, they become "dirt-eaters," and assuage their hunger with an unctuous clay. Such is their predilection for this strange aliment, in which chemistry detects no trace of organic matter, that even in times of abundance they mix some of it with their nutritious food. The most remarkable fact is that during the two months of the year when they daily devour about three-quarters of a pound of clay, and are restricted to a meagre supply of vegetable or animal provisions, such as lizards, ants and gum, the *Ottomacacs* still remain healthy and strong, and never complain of indigestion. These barbarians are ugly, wild, vindictive; and, besides being passionately fond of palm-wine and maize-spirit, use the powdered pods of a leguminous plant, the *Acacia Niopo*, as a means of intoxication. The hollow bone of a bird serves as a kind of a pipe, through which they sniff up the powder, which is so irritating that a small quantity produces a strong fit of sneezing in those who are not accustomed to it. The effect of the *Niopo* is to deprive them for a couple of hours of their senses, and to render them furious in battle. Such is their malignant ingenuity that they poison their sharpened thumb-nails with the *Wourai*, so as to be able to inflict a death wound with the slightest scratch, and such their tiger-like ferocity that they suck with fiendish delight the blood of their slain enemies. The country these wretches inhabit is described as romantically beautiful—a mournful contrast to a state of society where man is eternally armed against man.—*The Tropical World, by Dr. G. Hartwig.*

## A GREAT MAN GONE.

There Died in this City, some days since, a man more remarkable than any who ever trod these western shores. The Royal Chancellor of Greece, George the Fisher, was born in Hungary in the year 1795, a few years too late to take part in the great French Revolution, though he was the first to enunciate the principles of that sublime event. When he was little more than a year old, his mother was called to Italy; and while there the infant genius was seen and applauded by Gen. Bonaparte, who laid his mighty hand upon its brow, and observed, in his Corsican-Italian, "This will be a great fisher!" And it was so. At the age of ten years, while playing one day on the shore of Lake Malar (the family had visited Sweden from a sense of duty) the youthful thinker drew out of the waters a heavy body, which was long supposed to be the crown of Margaret, till the court jeweler's analysis proved it to be a rusty ringbolt. This incident paved the way to his future eminence. Alexander II. offered him, in the year 1811, the post of Court Interpreter of the Rig-Veda Sanhita, with a salary of 80,000 roubles a year. He filled this difficult position for one year to the satisfaction of every one. At the end of that time, his undaunted courage having leaked out, the Czar made him Military Governor of Moscow, Rostopchin being ordered to give him implicit obedience. It was the fertile brain of the Fisher which conceived the glorious thought of burning Moscow when it was seen to be impossible to save it from the French Conqueror; and the same exhaustless mind composed the haughty inscription in the French tongue which Rostopchin put up on the door of his country seat. In the whole of that terrible French retreat, George the Fisher was the presiding genius of Russia, and the destroying angel of the Gallic hordes; though, owing to the inclemency of the weather, he found it inexpedient to appear in the national costume of the angels, and wore a fur overcoat. At the frightful passage of the Beresena, he walked across the bridge on the heads of the struggling French, in pursuit of Napoleon, hoping to capture him single-handed and drag him back to the feet of Alexander; but the Corsican monster escaped, to inflict mankind. Foiled in this, his darling hope, the Fisher began the study of the British Constitution, which he followed up with such extraordinary zeal that the Duke of Wellington, meeting him by accident on London Bridge in the year 1832, confessed before three members of his cabinet, that, until he saw the Fisher, he had never known the meaning of habeas corpus. Our hero next went to Egypt, and persuaded Mehemet Ali to put an end to the Mamelukes; but disgusted with scenes of blood, he withdrew to Constantinople, where Mahmoud made him Professor of Philosophy in the Atmeidan. His lectures, which were delivered in eighteen languages, were phonographically reported by the Sultan's Engineering Staff, and still form the course of study in the Colleges of Samarkand, Cabool, Benares, Cashgar and Pekin. It is since their introduction into the East that we have seen the amazing revival of those effete communities, and their desire for closer communion with the West. All Asia testifies to his worth, and the human race is the monument of George the Fisher.

**A Coquette's Punishment.**—The following story is from the *L'Illustration*: S—, an advocate of considerable reputation, had married a pretty, silly little creature, whom he surrounded with every luxury that a woman's heart could desire. But there is a pretty large class of women whom nothing contents. A handsome cousin arrived upon a visit, and Madame S— began to coquette with him. The husband felt the sting of all this, but he devised a neat piece of revenge. He wrote the cousin a letter as follows:

DEAR PAUL: I know all. Thou payest court to my wife. Nothing else goes on but toyings, tender glances, romancing, and interchange of flowers. Indulge no more in these disguises and mysteries. Leave me, both of you—and that quickly. With this note you will receive a small casket containing thirty thousand francs. 'Tis Lucie's dowry. I have intimated to her that she is at liberty to take away her jewels and wardrobe. All being settled, then, take her, lead her away, convey her so far that I may never again set eyes upon either of you. Farewell, *bon voyage*, and good luck.

Shortly after dispatching this note, Monsieur S— received the following note from the handsome cousin:

I set out to-morrow for St. Petersburg. *I go alone*. My absence will last for a year at least.

And so he went, taking with him Lucie's thirty thousand francs!

**Club Life** is making rapid way in French manners. It will not much affect the domestic hearth, since husbands and papas will only change from their favorite *café* to a more exclusive one. Mamma will go to balls, happy in her isolation, and the girls will accompany their aunts to the theater, so that there will be no competition between mothers and daughters. Professions, whether learned or unlearned, have their clubs, permission of course being obtained beforehand from the authorities. One vice creeps into these agapemoues—gambling.



### THE COACHING CLUB.

This Offshoot of the old Four-in-Hand Club bids fair to become a formidable rival to its predecessor, if Wednesday's gatherings—when no fewer than 32 drags turned out in Hyde Park—is to be taken as a fair indication of its distinctive progress. The members of the new club arrogate to themselves no special features belonging to the good old aristocratic club. Their object has rather been to get together and periodically exhibit the drags of private gentlemen horsed by cattle available at any moment as useful roadsters in a four-horse coach. There are, however, some exceptions amongst the members, notably those of Lord Carrington, President of the club, and also a member of the Four-in-Hand, who has a team of dappled dark bays of matchless beauty and fine action; Mr. Alfred Rothschild, whose four high-stepping blacks are perhaps unsurpassed by any stable in England; M. Murrietta's superb team, and Viscount Cole's chestnuts. But the majority are useful and well-selected cattle, without any remarkable pretensions to display. The meet on Wednesday was at the Magazine, where four lines of coaches marshaled themselves shortly before five o'clock. The unceasing downpour during the afternoon had the effect of lessening the number of spectators, but a great many carriages and equestrians had turned out when the weather cleared. At the start Lord Carrington, as President, with his brother-in-law, Lord Colville, on the box, led the van. His lordship was followed by Viscount Macduff with a magnificent team of light chestnuts, by the Earl Poulett (whose working team and general turn-out approached perfection), Lord Leigh, Mr. Charles Hoare, and Captain Whitmore, a member of the Four-in-Hand Club. Then came Viscount Cole, having his Royal Highness Prince Arthur on the box with him, and following in succession were the drags of Major Jary, M. Cristobel de Murrieta, Mr. Price B. Hamilton, Mr. Yate Hunt, Mr. Frederick Villiers, Captain Ferguson, 2nd Life Guards, Captain Wheble, 7th Dragoon Guards, and the Marquis of Worcester, acting as the coachman of the Royal Horse Guard's drag. Mr. John Gerard Leigh, with Mrs. Leigh, and a large party, here turned in as another representative of the Four-in-Hand Club, the new element being next represented by Mr. Allen Mackenzie, Royal Horse Guards Blue, followed by the coaches of Mr. Mitchell, Captain Candy, Mr. James Brand, Lieutenant-Colonel the Hon. C. White, M. P., the Hon. H. C. Needham, Grenadier Guards, Sir George Clark, 2nd Life Guards, and Mr. W. E. Oakley. The last half-dozen coaches were those of Mr. T. Chaloner Smith, Captain S. Tudor Ashton, late 14th Hussars, Mr. Hugh McCalmont, Major Rolls, Mr. John Kirk, and Major S. Carlyon. There was one team of pure skew-balds, another of dappled grays, and many mixed fours, but amongst them all there was not a single restive animal, nor one driver who required a groom's aid. Altogether the scene was to be remembered; and Colonel Armytage, the energetic Secretary of the club, has good reason to be proud of the turnout. The destination of several of the drags was the Crystal Palace for dinner, but many of the gentlemen, after driving through the southern suburbs, turned their horses' heads towards London.

**An Awkward Affair** once occurred to one of the Judges on the Western Circuit. It appears that, having finished his labors and cast off his forensic wig at his lodgings, he had retired into the next room to wait for his brother Judge, whom he was about to accompany to meet some of the local aristocracy at dinner. The female servant of the house had entered the bedchamber by a side-door, and, not knowing that the Judge was in the next room, in a frolic arrayed herself in his wig. Just at that moment when the fair Mopsy was admiring herself in the looking-glass, the Judge unexpectedly entered the room, and the poor girl, catching sight of the stern countenance looking over her shoulder in the glass, was so alarmed that she fainted, and would have fallen to the ground if the learned Judge, impelled by humanity, had not caught her in his arms. At this critical moment his brother Judge arrived, and, on opening the dressing-room door, with a view to see if he was ready, discovered his learned brother with the fainting maid in his arms. The intruder quickly attempted to withdraw, when his brother Judge vociferated, "For heaven's sake, stop and hear this matter explained!" "Never mind, brother; never mind—the matter explains itself;" and he left his learned colleague to bring the fainting maid to as best he could.

**A Short Time Since** a gentleman with long fair whiskers, and dressed in the height of fashion, entered a hosier's in Vienna, and requested the shopwoman, who happened to be alone, to show him some colored shirts. Every variety was brought out, when he made his choice, and requested that a parcel might be made up for him. This being done, "What an idiot I am!" he said, "I have not seen how the shirts look when on. Would you oblige me, mademoiselle, by putting on one over your dress?" The shopwoman having complied with the request, "Be so good," he continued, "as to button the collar and the wrist-bands, that I may get a thoroughly good idea of the effect. And now," he added, taking up his parcel, "allow me to wish you a very good morning!" and in an instant he was outside the door, and had disappeared, the unhappy girl perfectly stupefied, not daring to follow him into the street on account of her singular costume. Her employer, on returning from his *café* half-an-hour later, found her, with the fatal garment on, crying on the counter.



### THE ACADEMY OF SCIENCES.

This Learned Body met on the 16th inst., Dr. Stearns in the chair. New members were proposed: two or three of them hopefully rich and likely to be stirred up one day to rival James Lick and Michael Reese. They were elected, of course: and only two of them have since been indisposed. It is not expected that the result will be fatal. Judge Hastings being called upon, read an interesting paper on the radiation of heat in lands fenced and unfenced. He began by laying down the broad proposition that heat was a mode of motion: that this definition had been made public as far back as the year 1828 by a member of the party then known as the Loco-Foco party, who first employed the matches so called, and in honor of whom the word Locomotion was invented by a French Democrat. Radiation of heat, he went on to say, was caused by fences. These, being made of open work, allowed the rays of the sun to pass through in the day time, as any one might see by observing the shadow cast by a picket-fence; but the rays, once entered, are caught and held by a picket on each side, exactly as a drunken man is held by two of Crowley's policemen, and for the same purpose, which is to control the latent heat and allow it time to radiate fruitfully over the surface of the ground. A remarkable instance of this radiation had been observed by the learned Judge in Sonoma County on a cold day of last November, when the ground on the open fields was covered with hoar-frost. A party of gentlemen, seven or eight in number, were standing close to a fence, evidently engaged in study, for their heads were bent downward. Going up to them, the Judge found, to his great astonishment, that so great was the amount of heat evolved from between the pickets of the fence that the faces of these gentlemen were flushed and covered with perspiration. They seemed even to be somewhat exhausted, for he remarked that they supported themselves against the fence. His previous studies in physical science supplying no adequate explanation of this curious phenomenon, he was forced to the conclusion that he had, so to speak, stumbled upon a discovery of the greatest importance, and he submitted to the Academy whether it would not be proper to speak hereafter of the "Fence Law of Radiation." Before closing, he anticipated and refuted an obvious objection to his new discovery, as clashing with the definition of heat as a mode of motion, by adding that the gentlemen referred to were all in a continuous state of motion while his observations lasted, swaying gently from side to side like a buoy in Raccoon Straits, and evidently under the influence of some unseen and invisible agent.

### THE MORNING CALL AND MR. PIXLEY.

We are Not in the Habit of Praising our Morning Contemporaries for the excellent reason that ordinarily we find little to praise and much to criticize. But the enterprise of the above journal in obtaining news is something positively amazing. We are sure it has not its equal at the price on the continent for the amount of general reading matter furnished its readers from day to day. But its editorial department is not satisfactory and should be improved. This it now has an opportunity of doing since Mr. Pixley has voluntarily disconnected himself from the *Chronicle*. And with the hope of securing him Mr. Pickering, as we are informed, has tendered to Mr. Pixley a written apology sufficiently ample to cover all past differences, and with it an offer of \$200 per week to take charge of his morning paper, but thus far without success. Mr. Pixley is inexorable. In the mean time the *Chronicle*, once a formidable rival of the *Call*, has sunk back into insignificance and is almost forgotten, while the *Call* has not made any corresponding advance. Could Mr. Pixley be induced to bury the hatchet, to bottle his just wrath and take charge of the *Call*, we feel that from that moment its position as the first morning paper of the coast would be finally secured; and we suggest that the public will scarcely justify him in indulging his anger toward Mr. Pickering to the extent of depriving it of the pleasure and edification obtained in reading his elegant, spicy and pungent articles. His personal feelings do not concern the public in the least, while Pixley and his genius are public property. He has no right to play the Achilles to this journalistic Agamemnon, but should set about writing at once either upon the *Call* or the *Bulletin*, the columns of both of which papers are open to him and with most tempting offers. We trust, however, that Mr. Pickering will make his apology still more ample than it has been, and that he will increase his offer of salary until Mr. Pixley's scruples are overcome, and his susceptibilities appeased, and to continue with them until he is once more at work where the people so much desire to have him.

The Parisians at the Concert Musard, in the Champs Elysees, the other night had an edifying illustration of the progressive manners of "Young America." Seated in the most prominent part of the audience was a tall young man, with a rakish New York air, a bright crimson necktie, and a natty little velvet smoking-cap cocked capriciously over his left ear. His natural make-up and free dashing style alone would have insured him a generous share of public attention, but when he settled himself as low as possible in his seat and carefully deposited his feet on the back of the chair in front of him, and quite on a level with his head, the sensation throughout the audience was intense. He maintained this position for the most part during the two hours the concert lasted, and so secured for himself and his long legs towering in the air more notice and admiration than did the ladies' toilettes or the baton of the conductor.

## THE MARRIAGE IN THE ICE-PALACE.—A STORY OF THE RUSSIAN COURT.

[BY L. VON BACHER-MASOCH.]

[Concluded from June number of the Mail Bag.]

By this time it had got dark, and the Empress was looking from one of the windows of the Ice-Palace at a brilliant display of fire-works, which finished up with an illumination of her own name. Biron came up to her, and said:

"It is done!"

"Good!" said Anna Ivanovna, in a dignified tone, that showed she was not at all displeased to play the part of mistress for once. "Send one of my sledges at once to Anna Ivanovna Nullinovna, the washerwoman, who lives in one of the last houses on the bank of the Neva. Send her one of my handsomest dresses, my best sable mantle, and a large thick veil. The washerwoman is to dress herself in these things, and to cover her face with the veil, so that no one may be able to recognize her; she is to come here, where she will learn what she is to do next."

"As you desire," returned Biron.

"Now, dismiss the guests, and carry out what I have ordered," continued the Empress. "And be sure that the washerwoman is treated kindly, for she saved my life; and let her be well wrapped up in furs and skins, for the poor creature suffers terribly with the gout."

\* \* \* \* \*

Galitzin had been scarcely two hours in his cell when he was fetched by a police-officer, and told to get into a sledge standing ready at the prison gates. He had so entirely prepared himself for the worst that the apparent possibility of the Empress having graciously decided to be satisfied with sending him off to Siberia made him positively cheerful. When they came in sight of the illuminated Ice-Palace, he asked the officer who accompanied him what new building that was. His astonishment at the reply describing the origin of the building and the festivities that were taking place there was increased when the sledge stopped in front of the Ice-Palace, and the officer conducted him into the chapel at the side. There, in front of the brilliantly-illuminated altar, stood awaiting him with the priest, a man unknown to him, with the star of some order on his breast, and a lady in rich ermine cloak, her face hidden by a thick veil.

The stranger beckoned to him to draw nearer, and then addressed him solemnly in these words: "You have been summoned hither, prince, to hear from my lips the sentence pronounced upon you by Her Majesty the Czarina Anna Ivanovna, whom God preserve! Her Majesty might have justly condemned you to death, but she has chosen to exercise her clemency, and her judgment is simply that your marriage shall be at once solemnized in this chapel and the adjoining Ice-Palace."

"What Her Majesty is graciously pleased to command I obey cheerfully," said Galitzin, who was by no means deficient in Russian cunning. "And if you, sire, are Ernst Biron?"—"Yes, I am he."

"Then I will beg you, as Her Majesty's representative, to accept my most humble thanks," added Galitzin, kneeling down on one knee before Biron, and kissing his hand. That action at once ingratiated him with the omnipotent favorite.

"What has become of the bride?" muttered the lady in ermine.

"I see her coming now," said Biron; and as he spoke there entered a tall female form, clothed in the richest velvets and sables, and thickly veiled. She tremblingly approached the lady in ermine, and reverently kissed the hem of her garment.

"Do not fear, Anna Ivanovna," said the lady; "all that happens here is for your good; in a few moments you will be one of the noblest and wealthiest ladies in Russia."

The priest now went up to the altar and began the ceremony, putting the usual question to the prince, and then to the veiled bride.

"Anna Ivanovna," he said, addressing her.

Then for the first time Galitzin perceived that it was not his French bride who stood beside him at the altar. He stared in astonishment at the imposing figure at his side, and at the same moment she ventured for the first time to lift her eyes and look at the handsome, noble features of the man who was to be her husband. She trembled all over, but with a very different feeling from that of a few minutes before; one glance at him had given her courage, and she answered, in a firm, distinct voice, "I will."

"Anna Ivanovna? Could it be the Empress? Did she still love him?" Such were the questions that forced themselves on Galitzin.

Rings were exchanged, and the two were irrevocably united. Then at a sign from the mysterious lady in ermine, Biron gave his arm to the prince's wife, and conducted her out of the chapel, followed by the priest.

Directly they were alone the lady in ermine went up to the prince and muttered, "You think you have your Frenchwoman for a bride, I dare say; did you not hear, your wife's name is Anna Ivanovna? Suppose it should be the same Anna Ivanovna that you deserted so shamefully fifteen years ago, and who is now your Empress?"

"Then I should indeed be the happiest of mortals!" exclaimed Galitzin, though actually horrified at the thought.

The lady laughed mockingly. "No, no! that Anna Ivanovna stands before you," she said, throwing back her veil and gazing at him with a look of mingled

hatred and jealousy; for the sight of the man whom she had loved so passionately, still young and even far handsomer than before, had rekindled her love. Galitzin fell on his knees.

"Yes, that is your right place, serf!" exclaimed the Empress. "Your Frenchwoman has been sent out of the country by my orders, and I have chosen a bride for you; not one of royal blood like yourself—that were to good for you. A serf only deserves a serf. Your Anna Ivanovna is—a washerwoman! Go into your bridal chamber and greet the old hag that awaits you there with the bridal kiss!" So saying she left him, and the police-officer entered to conduct him to the Ice-Palace, at the entrance of which he said to Galitzin: "Your bride awaits you here. The Empress has given orders that neither of you shall quit the palace before sunrise. Every door and window is guarded, and any one attempting to escape will be shot. His excellency Biron sends you these things;" and he handed him a valuable fur mantle, a pair of fur boots, and a fur cap, adding: "He would not like you to get frozen; and now my mission is accomplished."

The prince entered the Ice-Palace. The door was closed behind him, and he threw Biron's furs on the floor and looked round. The apartment was splendidly furnished as a bridal chamber, and in the center of the room stood a table laid out with refreshments for two persons, the two chairs and the floor being covered with bear-skins. In a distant recess stood his bride.

Determined to bear his fate with all the philosophy he could command, he clothed himself in the prince's furs and beckoned to his bride to come and partake of the repast provided for them. She approached just as he was somewhat awkwardly attempting to put on the big fur boots Biron had sent him, and throwing herself at his feet begged him to let her wait on him.

"What do you mean?" "Oh! let me be your slave!"

The tone was singular; there seemed something in it familiar to the prince, yet incomprehensible—a tone that went from heart to heart.

"Your voice does not sound much like an old woman's," said the prince. "By the way, I have not yet given you the bridal kiss."

His spouse retreated bashfully, but he followed her, saying, "Any how, you are my wife, you know, so of course I must kiss you."

When he lifted her veil he uttered a cry of surprise. It was not the old washerwoman, as the Empress had said, standing before him, but a young and beautiful girl, with a wealth of flaxen hair, and big blue eyes beaming with intelligence, amiability, and love.

"You! Can it be you who are my wife!" he exclaimed.

"Yes sir," she said, composedly, for she at once perceived the influence she had exercised upon him, and that restored her self-possession.

"And you wish to be my servant?"

"Yes; for I am your wife before God, and I love you!"

"No, no, Anna Ivanovna," said the prince; "I will be your servant!" and he threw himself at her feet and covered her hand with kisses.

"My lord, you demean yourself!" she exclaimed bidding him rise.

"I am not your lord!" said he.

"My husband, then. But I am only a washerwoman; these beautiful clothes and furs are not mine," she muttered half abashed.

"What do I care, since you are my wife?" he replied. "Can I not clothe you in ermine like a monarch? But tell me, now, how this has all come about."

"It is a mystery to me, too," she said. "The Empress wished to bestow a favor on my mother; but my mother begged her to take me, her daughter, under her protection, and to this the Empress seemed not averse. To-day a sledge came to our hut with these clothes and a message from the Empress, that Anna Ivanovna was to appear at court at once in order to be married to a wealthy prince. So my mother, who had been laid up in bed with the gout for the last two or three days, said to me: 'It can't be me that's meant. What should I want to be married for? Put on the furs and go!' I obeyed, though not over willingly, for I fancied a rich prince would be sure to be old and ugly. And then I saw you, my lord, and"—

"Well, and?" "And I obeyed gladly enough."

"My darling wife!" exclaimed the prince, "take this kiss, and with it all that I have. I am yours and you are mine, and no power on earth shall separate us." She trembled as his lips pressed hers, and he whispered:

"You do love me, then?"

She answered him not in words, but threw her arms round his neck, and gave him not one kiss but many for her reply.

The next day, when the mistake, that happened so fortunately for the prince, got noised abroad, the Empress lay on a sick bed, a martyr to an attack of gout, the consequence of a severe cold she had caught at the festivities in the Ice-Palace. The failure of her revengeful scheme contributed not a little to increase her sufferings and hasten on her end. She soon after died, raving at one time about the Ice-Palace, at another about the frozen plains of Siberia. She had appointed Biron regent, and he made up for the persecution of the Empress Anna Ivanovna by treating Prince Galitzin with peculiar favor.

The prince's beautiful wife, with that quickness which distinguishes women of the Slavonian race, soon made herself at home in her new position. She did not rest content with the mere enjoyment of the princely luxury that surrounded her, but endeavored to acquire knowledge of every kind, so that it was not long before she had out-distanced all the ladies of her day. Her husband, to whom she bore several children, lived in uninterrupted happiness with her. There was one



family anniversary that they always kept with more than customary heartiness, and that was the day on which the Empress had conceived the happy notion of marrying the prince to a washerwoman, and celebrating the "Marriage in the Ice-Palace."—Translated from "*Westerman's Monatshefte*," by F. Stewart Cobb.

### THE MONOPOLY OF MONOPOLIES.

On This Coast, where monopoly reigns supreme, by land and by sea, where rings rule railroads, and rapacious capitalists get up corners in stocks, one monopoly stands out in bold relief, pre-eminent, both for its despotic sway, and the absolute necessity of the element it controls. We refer to the Spring Valley Water Works Company. There is, perhaps, no city in the world but San Francisco that would stand the exorbitant charges, and the unfair and unequal way in which these charges are made. Ever since the consolidation of the San Francisco and Spring Valley Water Works Companies in 1865, they have been slowly, yet surely, increasing both their prices and their control of the water supply, till the city is now completely in their hands, and at their mercy. How they use this power, rather abuse it, the municipal corporation, and the householders know to their cost. Their exorbitant bills are sent in, and if not paid the water supply is at once cut off, and no redress can be obtained. They say, "If you want water you must pay our prices, or else go without." Now, as even in these days of whisky and lager, water is more or less useful about a house, the poor householder has to cash up or go tealess, gardenless and washless. Is San Francisco always to submit to this outrageous violation of the laws both of justice and nature? Last year there was a big talk about the "Lake Tahoe" Water Company, but what has it come to? All wind and no water. In course of time, we shall, no doubt, have a company who will have the whole and sole control of the air we breathe; for water is as necessary to human life as air. There is also another way of looking at this most important question. Supposing two dry seasons were to come, what guarantee have the poor, duped public that they will be supplied with water at the present, or even higher rates? The supplies from Lobos and Pillarcitos Creeks are not by any means inexhaustible, as these creeks are dependent upon the rains. Even granting that the company can always keep supplies equal to the demand, the water so supplied is of such a poor quality that the prevalence of *diabetes* in this city is attributed by doctors in a great measure to its pernicious effects. Their mains are only cleaned out when almost blocked up with vegetable and other filth, and the whole management is from beginning to end a gross imposition upon the public. The elections, however, are coming on, and it is the duty of every citizen to strenuously oppose any candidate for Senatorship, or office, municipal or otherwise, who shall not first pledge himself to do his utmost to free the city from a monopoly, which, like Victor Hugo's devil-fish, extends its thousand arms into our households, and if it does not suck our life blood, has it in its power to enforce its own price for the most necessary element of life, viz: water. We growl about the Chinese, and have lately taken some measures to mollify that nuisance, yet still we calmly see in our midst an evil infinitely worse, and are either too supine or too much under the thumbs of the capitalists to make even an effort to free ourselves from shackles which no other citizens in the States would ever have allowed to bind them for one moment. The time has come when we must either make a bold fight for freedom or else make up our minds to be forever at the mercy of that most abominable of monopolies, the Spring Valley Water Works Company. And the way to do this is, not to buy up the played-out, old plant of the Spring Valley, and so throw away ten millions for a most doubtful return, but for the city to negotiate with parties here, who are ready and willing to supply water of better quality at lower rates, and who will give reliable bonds.

### OUR PLACARD EXCHANGE.

We are Constantly Receiving new and valuable, though unpretending, additions to the "California Placard Exchange." Noticeable among these are the Map Directories from Mr. G. DeYoung, publisher. A copy of his Sacramento County Directory, which contains an accurate, classified and alphabetical arrangement of the business firms of each town and station in the county, together with valuable statistical information and well-written descriptive summaries of the commercial and general character and resources of the several places is now before us. Mr. DeYoung's Directories are highly spoken of by the press throughout the State, and we are glad to say, from our own examination, very deservedly so. The Sacramento dailies are, for once, unanimous in the justice of their criticisms. They agree in this, that exact and valuable business talent has been exercised by Mr. DeYoung in his Directories. The Sacramento *Union*, the Sacramento *Record* and the Sacramento *Bee* all bear witness to the ntility and business merits of his undertaking. Need we add that when the *News Letter* indorses their testimony *c'est une affaire finie*? We are happy to add, on the strength of many years' acquaintance, that Mr. Gustavus De Young is not only an indefatigable business man, exact and reliable in all he undertakes, but that his popularity is enhanced also by his affability and integrity in private relations and his general characteristic of acting like a gentleman.



## LETTER FROM A BRITISHER.

Manchester, England, June 3d, 1873.—Froissart said of the English, eight hundred years ago, that "they took their pleasure sadly," and certainly to an impartial observer, who has had the opportunity of comparing notes with our neighbors on the Continent, the comment has lost none of its meaning. A lot of Englishmen put for a holiday is anything but a pleasant sight. I happen to live eight miles from this smoky manufacturing center of half a million inhabitants. The place in question is a fashionable suburb—the West End of Manchester—and being somewhat in the country, it boasts of an ancestral hall and a fine old park, a fair specimen of the many picturesque old spots which are everywhere dotted over England, and which (notwithstanding all the ravings of Communists and Republicans) no true Englishman would like to see pulled down, plowed up or done away with. This ancestral domain belongs to the "noble" Earl of Stamford and Warrington, and under the refreshing shades of the fine old beech trees, a splendid avenue of which leads from the road up to the hall, a distance of about three-fourths of a mile, the British public is graciously permitted to promenade up and down so long as it carefully avoids leaving the footpath, and does not disturb the herds of deer that peacefully graze upon the verdant sward. The "noble earl" who inherits the fine old house and extensive park, together with almost the whole of the land which forms the site of the fashionable suburb which is springing up on all sides right under the park railings, either finds the encroachments of the Manchester snobocracy too much for his aristocratic feelings, or else he is not so insensible to the advantages derivable from a well-dilled exchequer as noble lords are generally supposed to be, for, sad to say, he has had the bad taste to withdraw his august person entirely from our vicinity, and has betaken himself to another of his paternal estates somewhere in the midland counties, where his privacy is not intruded upon by the pretentious villas of self-made Manchester cotton lords. Sad, also, to say, the ancestral hall is sub-let to one of these self-same cotton spinners, who glories in driving about in a carriage and pair attended by a couple of powdered flunkies, and ostentatiously displays on each door of his vehicle a coat of arms as big as a dinner-plate, emblazoned in all the colors of the rainbow. Thus you see that every Englishman is naturally inclined to imitate his "betters," and to ape the aristocrat whenever he can afford it. In early life, when he perhaps was struggling to make both ends meet, and had nothing particular to lose, he takes in the radical paper and is a diligent attender at his Methodist chapel. As he gets on in the world and makes money, he gradually drifts into toriyism, and hires a pew in a fashionable church because he finds that the church, with its noisy peal of bells, is so much more "respectable" than the mean-looking little chapel, and as he is ambitious to get on in the world and shine in society, he soon finds that to be a radical won't pay, and his *entrée* is much more facilitated by a profession of tory principles. Thus it comes to pass that an ancestral park, near to a large city like Manchester, need not wait long for a tenant who is ambitious of being mistaken by the "vulgar multitude" for a live lord.

It is said that the aristocratic owner has lost money by horse racing—which would certainly be no new thing in his class—and finds the increase to his income by letting the hall an inducement. The whole of his adjoining land is being sold off for building purposes, and it is whispered that the fine old park itself will soon have to be cut up and parceled out into building sites also. The mode of selling building sites, hereabouts, may possibly be new to your readers. Instead of buying the land for cash, the purchaser binds himself to pay *forever* a yearly ground rent to the owner of the soil, and the average value of these sites is represented by a rental of 4 cents per square yard. One decided advantage of large tracts of land being in the hands of one owner is that some control can be exercised over the external appearance of the houses erected, and as one of the stipulations in the building contracts in this particular suburb is that the houses are to be built of white brick, the result is that a more cheerful aspect is imparted to the place than is usual in English suburbs, or villages. In the large towns where no sort of supervision is exercised over builders, the rule seems to be for every one to erect the cheapest and ugliest red brick houses he can knock together. No regard whatever (except in a few of the more expensive buildings in the center of the town) is paid to the public taste, and the consequence is that modern English towns are, without exception, the most uninteresting, ugly, monotonous looking places imaginable. The park before mentioned is a favorite place of resort for holiday seekers from Manchester, and here the British workman so far as this part of England is concerned—may be seen in his element. The sight is by no means an attractive one, or conducive to the development of much natural pride in the bosom of a Britisher. As a rule the British workman's holiday attire consists of a complete suit of black—a relic of the Puritan times, no doubt. Sometimes he indulges in a flaring necktie of sky blue, or arsenic green. He is a short, thick-set, ugly looking man, and generally accompanied by an equally short, fat, ugly woman, dressed in a style which outrages every one's sense of harmony of color. The crudest and most showy colors seem to prevail, and the more startling the contrasts the more popular they seem to be: scarlet, purples, and greens mixed up in an indescribable manner make up the usual costume of the British working-man's wife, who is also generally enveloped in a wonderful shawl of the loudest and most glaring patterns. The holiday seekers generally drive out in carts, which are crammed full of as many men, women and children as they will hold. They do not seem to have any definite object in view in coming into the country except to hang about some well-known roadside public house and drink beer and spirits.

After eating and drinking as much as they will hold they drive back to town again, and are presumably happier for the day's "out."

One of the saddest facts which is generally forcing itself upon the conviction of the intelligent Britisher is that the working classes here are gradually but surely becoming a very degenerate and demoralized race, and this strikes one in few instances more forcibly than in observing them when taking their holiday. The fact is the workman has been spoilt. For the last twenty or thirty years all legislation and all political sympathy has been directed towards ameliorating the hard lot of the "tolling millions"—"the horny handed sons of toil"—or by whatever sentimental name the workmen of this country have come to be known. Most thinking men are, however, beginning to conclude that this sort of thing has been carried too far, and there is quietly going on a steady reaction against the extreme radical opinions of which at one time Manchester was considered the great hot-bed. Now we find conservative clubs amongst the working classes flourishing amazingly in this center of chartism and repulcanism. The working classes have been having as much of self-government latterly as they well care for, seeing that the trades unions are nothing more than a system of republican self-government of the purest type. The workmen are one and all trades unionists, and, seeing that in all matters affecting their relations with their employees they have full control of the situation, and can practically dictate their own terms, and do manage to have their own way entirely, it is difficult to understand what greater amount of personal liberty they can have anywhere else. The result of trades union self-government has, however, been very demoralizing to the men. All good workmen object to be reduced to the level of the most incompetent of their fellows, and to be told that they must not seek to earn a farthing more than the others, however superior their abilities may be. The result is that the best men leave the country and go to the Colonies, or the States, where they expect to find that a man, who has ability to do something more than the common run, will receive some encouragement to raise himself above the dead level of trades unionists. I have had considerable personal experience of the working of this beautiful system, and can testify that the men do not take the slightest pride in doing their work well, that their sole object is to do as little work as possible, and be as long over it as they can. As a specimen of the working of the trades union laws I may refer to a case in my own experience where I requested an ironmonger to take down and replace an ordinary small English fire grate. This job, which any two men could have performed in three or four hours, required the services of four men for a whole day before it could be completed. English chimney pieces are generally made by marble, or stone masons, and the grates are built in by bricks. Hence, I was informed that four men were necessary to do this paltry job, that no stone mason could be induced to touch brick, and no bricklayer would have anything to do with stone. Moreover, neither of these worthies would work without a laborer to attend on him. These are some of the rules of trades unionism in a free country. In this city there is at present being erected a new town hall built of stone, and I hear on good authority that the union has made it a rule that no mason is to make more than a limited number of strokes per minute with his mallet. Thus they have introduced what is called the "town hall stroke," to the great delight, no doubt, of the rate payers, who have to pay for this little job.

The result of recent strikes has been to render all things much dearer in this country, and as we possess amongst the "upper middle classes" an immense army of do-nothings, who live on fixed incomes derived from rents, government funds, etc., it is obvious that these unfortunate people are getting poorer and poorer every year, having to lay out the same sum in necessary expenses, which they had to do 10 or 20 years ago, and still finding that they can only purchase half as much with it. Thus we have an enormous increase of "genteel poverty." Poor clergymen, of whom there are several thousands subsisting upon small salaries of \$500 to \$1,000 per annum, on which it is, at present prices, barely possible for one man—let alone a family (and clergymen's families are notoriously large)—to keep body and soul together. The Marquis of Lorne has started a movement for raising a fund to increase these small livings, but it is not anticipated that my lords the bishops, who clothe themselves in purple and fine linen, and fare sumptuously every day, will be likely to display sufficient christian disregard of the good things of this world as to sacrifice any portion of the thousands they annually pocket for the sake of benefiting their poorer brethren.

Money buys everything in this country. It is a notorious fact that the majority of the livings of the Church of England are sold to the highest bidder. Thus the church has come to be looked upon as a mere profession, offering a suitable return for an investment of capital, and what may appear more marvelous still is that these livings are many of them in the hands of Roman Catholic owners. A smartly written pamphlet has recently appeared here, holding up the looking glass to the church rather unmercifully, and suggesting the desirability of getting up a joint stock company to buy up all the livings in the market, and farm them out to poor curates at a low salary. It is anticipated, says the writer, that "good dividends could be paid if the scheme were well managed." As, however, we have succeeded in getting rid of the purchase system in the army, we may hope shortly to see Mr. Gladstone prepare for his coming attack on the church.

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The Report of the Bank of British North America announces a dividend at the rate of 10 per cent. per annum

### Court Chat.

**Louis XVI. Going to Bed.**—At eleven o'clock came the officers on duty and courtiers. Every thing was ready; a splendid toilet-table with lace and gold brocade, the dressing-gown of white embroidered Lyons silk on a chair of red morocco, the chemise wrapped in a piece of taffety; on the railing a double cushion of the cloth of gold, called sultan, with the nightcap and handkerchiefs on it. By it were the slippers of the same material as the gown placed near pages of the chamber, standing against the railing. The monarch arrived, the first gentleman of the chamber received his hat and sword, and handed them to an under-official. The king commenced a conversation with the courtiers, that was longer or shorter according as he found it pleasant, and was often too long for our sleepiness and weary legs. After the conversation was finished, the king went within the railing, knelt with the chaplain-in-waiting alone, who held a long taper-stand of silver-gilt, with two tapers, while the princes could only have one. The chaplain recited a prayer (*Quæsumus omnipotens Deus*; and, when the prayer was finished, the taper-stand was handed to the first servant of the chamber, and he, at the king's orders, gave it to any gentleman to be distinguished. This honor was so much appreciated in France, that many aspirants could not disguise their disgust if they did not obtain it. After the prayer the king took off his coat, the right sleeve being held by the grand-master of the wardrobe, the Duke de Liancourt, and the left by a master of the first rank, M. de Boisgelin or De Chauvelin, and always in descending order, if the higher officer was not present. Then the king took his shirt; it was given him by the first gentleman of the chamber. But if one of the princes of the blood was present, it was he who had the right to put on the nightshirt which was considered a great honor. Then the first gentleman of the chamber presented the dressing-gown to the king, while he took his purse, and immense bunch of keys, his telescope, and knife, from his pockets; then let his small clothes fall down below his heels, and, standing thus, would often again converse for a long time. At last he sat down in an armchair; a servant of the chamber on the right, one of the wardrobe on the left, knelt down, and each took one of the king's feet to pull off his stockings; then two pages of the chamber advanced and put on his slippers. That was the time for departure; the usher gave the signal saying, "Pass, gentleman." No one remained but the princes, the special service, and those who had the little *entree*. They talked to the king while his hair was being prepared for the night. That was the time for pleasant speeches and little anecdotes; and the free, noisy laugh of Louis XVI. often struck our ears in the *Château de Bouff*, where we awaited orders for the next day. Before Louis XVI. was absorbed by his troubles, bedtime was his time for relaxation and fun. He played tricks on the pages, teased Captain Laroche, and made them tickle an old officer, who was so sensitive that he used to run away for fear of it.—"*Recollections of a Page of the Court of Louis XVI.*"

**London, June 23d.**—One of the grandest naval displays ever held in British waters was made to-day, in honor of the Shah of Persia, at Portsmouth. The town was ornamented with streamers and ornamental arches; the shipping was decorated with flags of all nations, and the shores on both sides were covered with masses of spectators, thousands of whom came from London. The fleet was drawn up at Spithead, and consisted of forty-four vessels, the finest and largest in the British navy, comprising the entire Channel squadron, with numerous additions, and nearly all the great iron-clads. The Shah arrived at Portsmouth at noon, and was received with cheers by the immense assemblage in and around the depot. The royal yacht *Victoria and Albert* was in waiting, and the Shah immediately embarked, accompanied by the Prince of Wales, Prince Alfred and the Czarowitz. The yacht steamed slowly out of the harbor, and on arriving in front of the fleet, was greeted with salutes from the iron-clads. The Shah took a conspicuous post on the yacht, surrounded by the Princes, and proceeded to inspect the fleet, passing up and down in front and between the lines. Yards were manned and salutes fired as the royal yacht passed. When the inspection was completed, the *Victoria and Albert* steamed up to the front again, and a grand salute was fired simultaneously from all the vessels of the fleet. The royal party then steamed up to Portsmouth, where a banquet and other festivities are now in progress. The Shah, in a conversation with Schenck, the American Minister, last week, regretted that distance and want of time prevented him from visiting the United States, a country he had heard so much of, and he desired that his compliments be sent to President Grant.

**Prince Iturbide.**—A Paris letter to the London *Times* under date of May 10th reports as follows: Prince Iturbide of Mexico, the last surviving son of Emperor Iturbide, who was shot at Padilla on July 21st, 1822, died May 9th at his lodgings, 163 Rue de Roule, aged 55. He came to Paris during the Mexican war, in December, 1865, and had several interviews with the American Minister, whose support he canvassed in favor of his dynasty. The sudden conclusion of the war leaving him no chance, he resigned himself to a very humble kind of Paris life. He became attached to a housemaid in the Hotel Espagnol, Boulevard Montmartre, where he lived for six months, and with her he started a table d'hôte on the third floor of the house No. 6 Boulevard Montmartre, where this son of an emperor might often be seen in person going round the table to collect the small scot of 1f. 60c. per head. In 1867 he bought a dancing and singing café at Courbevoie, which he sold at a profit next year. Though not rich enough to live according to his rank, he always had some money, and he seems to have been inclined to make a generous use of it, for the principal part of his assets, which by will he has left to his partner, consisted of outside loans. The American Consul, General Meredith Read, has put seals upon his papers.



MARY'S DREAM.

They parted in tears at the shining bay,  
 And her heart was sad and her eyes were dim :  
 And her lover was gone for a year and a day,  
 And she looked o'er the waves and prayed for him,  
 And still she heard by the land or the lea  
 The wail of the moaning sea.

She dreamed that she saw him one stormy night,  
 When the billows were high and the wind was loud ;  
 The ship was tossing, the waves were white,  
 And the black hull seemed like a drifting shroud.

The sun shone out on the morrow morn,  
 And Mary went down to the quiet shore,  
 To see her lover all white and torn,  
 And kiss the lips that would speak no more.

And still she hears by the land or the lea  
 The wail of the moaning sea.

S. L. P.

THE FIRE-WORSHIPERS OF THE FARALLONES.

Mr. Editor :—It will gladden the hearts of that refined, cultivated and intelligent portion of the religious world, comprised in the large class of readers of the evangelical *News Letter*, to learn that, cheered on by the brilliant success of the Rev. Dr. Stebbins in coaxing the Americans, Father McCue in driving the Irish, Dr. Stone lugging along the Chinese, Hallelujah Cox capturing the lowest of our Darwinian ancestors by preaching on Meiggs' Wharf, and stimulated by the superhuman efforts of the clergy generally to coax, push, pull, drive, thrust, kick, squeeze, jam, poke, insert and wheedle, every living being into the fold of the lovely Redeemer; I repeat that, cheered on by the unparalleled success of the above mentioned class of laborers on God's farm, the Young Men's Christian Association determined to extend their pious efforts beyond the narrow proscribed limits of the home mission, and flash the gospel light of glory beyond the boundaries of the Golden Gate. The President of the association, a man of much learning, deep research and vast resource, had learned from a pious fisherman, one of Italia's dark-eyed sons, that somewhere far beyond Point Lobos' rocky shore, fenced in by the blue Pacific's sun-lit waves, lay an enchanted isle, where a devoted band of Pagans dwelt, and still observed the unhallowed rights of Persia's worshipers of flame.

Strange tales were told of that benighted land—  
 And Iran's worshipers should feed the fire;  
 None e'er returned who sought its haunted strand;  
 That when the rising day-god's early ray,  
 But an old legend was picked up afloat,  
 With rosy beams should chase the night away,  
 Near where the dago sails his fishing boat,  
 Each devotee should eastward turn his face,  
 And quaint old letters on a sea-dog's hide  
 Tell that idolaters upon the isle reside.  
 And on the lonely mountain's highest place,  
 The legend hinted naught of former home,  
 Or why, or wherefore, those wierd souls  
 Should bow his head before the advancing flame,  
 Or shun the polished haunts of other men,  
 And in the sunlight worship Iran's name.  
 And seek retreat in that secluded den.  
 Years have roll'd on, yet each and every night  
 The strange old parchment said, that  
 The passing ships have seen that mystic light,  
 From loftiest peak should flash a beacon light,  
 And every day above the sea-mist shone  
 Revolving steadily around an upright spire  
 The sunlight on the haunted Farallone.

In corroboration of the parchment legend found by the Italian fisherman, various rumors would occasionally obtain in town, that the pilots, cruising off the harbor of San Francisco, had often seen the island, and some of the bolder ones had made several attempts to reach its unexplored shores, but when they drew near the land, the island would fade from their view and disappear in a bank of fog; then the wierd scream of strange birds and the unearthly howl and roar of nameless sea monsters would shake the nerves of the hardy mariner, and he would bout ship and fly away before the wind from the awful isle. Here was an opportunity for the Y. M. C. A. to distinguish themselves, not to be lost; they would fit out an expedition to the Farallones, and spread the gospel among the Pagan dwellers of that benighted isle. Accordingly a committee of three, composed of Ex-Governor Blaisdell, the Hon. H. P. Coon, and the President of the association, waited on your humble servant, the Parson, and said they had learned that I was acquainted with several of the pilots, and asked me to use my influence with them in procuring a pilot boat for the expedition. H. P. Coon said he preferred the boat named after the great Christian benefactor and philanthropist, George Peabody. I called on the owners, stated my case, when they cheerfully tendered me the use of their vessel, as all of her owners, four in number, were members of the Y. M. C. A. We procured all the modern appliances for converting the heathen, and sent them on board. The Rev. W. H. Joliff was elected Captain, Deacon Shiry first officer; the Hon. J. P. Jones, of Klamath, had charge of the cake and wine to be used for the sacrament; Deacon Eugene Freeman, of Cape Cod, was superintendent of



tracts and bibles, while the guns, powder and shot were the especial care of the Parson. We got under way from Hanson's corner, at Vallejo-street wharf, at sharp three on Sunday morning. The leave-taking on parting with our friends who had come down to the wharf to say good-bye was very affecting, and brought tears to the eyes of a large concourse of people who had gathered there to witness the sailing of the expedition. Before embarking on board the *Peabody* we all knelt down on the wharf and listened to a fervent prayer offered up by H. P. Coon for the success of the expedition. We then proceeded on board, following the lead of ex-Governor Blaisdell in singing that beautiful hymn:

Down into the waters we young pilgrims go,  
To serve our Lord and Master in righteous acts below.

We then hoisted our flag, a beautiful banner, made for the occasion, and presented to us by the Old Woman's Relief Society. The legend on its silken folds was worked in snow white floss, on an azure field, and represented the Right Rev. Bishop Kip, rampant, holding in one hand a bible, and in the other a pack of playing cards and a bottle of Cutter's best; while slung over his shoulder was a Henry rifle. He appeared to be taking long strides towards the setting sun; while the Farrallone Island was dimly seen lifting its granite peaks through a fog-bank in the distance. Underneath the picture was a hand pointing to the figure in the flag, and in blood-red letters were these words: "The Great Modern Christianizers of the Human Race: Rum, Powder, and Bibles." We set sail, and after a run of four hours made the island, and hove-to off the eastern side. We launched our boat, and each one armed himself with a Henry rifle, a can of Dupont's powder, and a bottle of whisky; then with a pack of cards in our bosom, a bible in one hand, and a copy of Dr. Watt's hymns in the other, we landed, and took formal possession of the island in the name of the Lord. Gov. Blaisdell said it was the proudest moment of his life; that he felt like Columbus when he fell in with America. He immediately dropped on his knees, and sent a hearty thanksgiving on high for our safe arrival. Tears stood in the eyes of Deacon Coon, as he uttered the responsive Amen. The Hon. J. P. Jones took a drink, nibbled a sandwich, and commenced singing that popular church melody:—

On Jordan's stormy banks I stand,  
And cast a wistful eye  
On heaven, or any other land,  
Where saints may not go dry.

Deacon Shirly was deeply affected. He reverently lifted his hat, flinging the luxuriant wealth of his silken locks to the balmy breeze, and shouted, "Glory!" He had reached the ambition of his life, to land as a missionary on the desert isle. Our lay brother, Deacon Freeman, seemed lost in a dreamy reverie. There was something in the surroundings which seemed to call up vague and ill-defined memories of by-gone days, and all he could utter, was, "Cape Cod, by the Lord, God!" The Parson offered up a pound of powder as a burnt offering to the Lord, the report of which brought the natives down to the beach. They were not at all like what we expected to find them. They appeared to be quite human, and had names like ourselves, with the prefix of Mr., as the leader of the band introduced himself as Mr. Morse. They also recognized the marriage institution, as a lovely female

With cheeks like moss roses, and eyes of deep blue;  
And two lips like posies, with pearls shining through;

came skipping down to the beach, singing in the sweetest voice I ever heard,

The light of other days has flown,  
Yet, one fond heart still throbs with mine,  
And on the isle of Farrallone  
My light of life shall ever shine.

She was presented to our party as Mrs. Morse. She listened with grave attention to the remarks of Deacon Coon. He said, "We were sent by the Lord to spread the gospel, and make this desert isle to blossom like the rose." He asked her had she ever seen a bible. She replied, that she had one somewhere about the island, but had not seen it for years; it was an old story, and she thought its day of usefulness had passed away. Deacon Freeman offered her a tract, called the "Sinner's Death-bed." She smiled, saying, she did not wish to have her dreams disturbed by any such nightmare. Brother Blaisdell asked her if she knew that Christ died for her. She said she had heard a report of that kind, but did not see how it could be, as Christ was killed eighteen hundred years before she was born. Here, Deacon Coon chimed in, and said if she would not have religion, would she take a policy in the Charter Oak Life Insurance Co. She, laughingly, declined, remarking, that it was traffic more than piety that brought us to the island. Deacon Shirly asked Mr. Moore if it was true that he was a fire worshiper. He said, in reply, that he recognized light and heat as the great essentials to life and motion, and the sun as the great, first cause of all the effects we now behold, and that he held in especial veneration sunlight and fire. If that was considered worship then he was a fire worshiper. Here, the Hon. J. P. Jones produced a pack of cards, and offered to play Mr. Moore a game of seven up for a young seal and two dozen Murr eggs, against a bible and a bottle of whisky. Mr. Moore declined playing. He refused to have introduced into his peaceful community the elements of discord: whisky and bibles. He said the two things that had been the greatest curse to humanity, that had destroyed one-half of the race, and deluged with blood the

civilized world in every age, were those two articles of Christian traffic: rum and religion. We left in disgust. We could make no impression on the possessors of common sense. They were wedded to the cause of a Christian, human reason. We, however, concluded a treaty with the natives by which Deacon Joe Dager has the exclusive right to gather Murr eggs for the devout Catholics of San Francisco.

The Oaks, June, 1873.

Yours, in sorrow,  
THE PARSON.

### Special Brevities.

**Mrs. Berry** writes in the London *Mirror*: The general appearance of the walls is certainly one of "nakedness." I do not mean that the walls are not covered—*au contraire*—but I mean that out of every ten pictures one at least shows a naked figure. We know, of course, that to paint the nude perfectly is the summit of the painter's art, and that the great artist is known as much by his faultless outlines as he is by his touch and coloring, but then, to render the figures pleasant to the eye they should be perfect in form and beauty, which here they are not. There is not a touch of poetry in any one of them—when I say poetry I allude to the poetry of attitude, otherwise grace. There are nymphs and bacchantes innumerable, some sleeping, others waking, and others playing, but all alike faulty in form and taste, and hideous in their ungraceful nakedness. How different from the "Lady Godiva" in the International Exhibition of last year, where nudity was clad with modesty, and could not even shock a young girl's eye! I could also name many other nude figures in the Royal Academy of two years ago—so exquisite in form and beauty, and so modest in attitude, that, according to an able critic, at the time, "they might be sensuous, but never sensual." Here, all are sensual, and nothing else.

**New York has Accepted the Farewells** of the last two of our winter stock of foreign notables—Rubinstein and George MacDonald. Rubinstein has just closed a series of seven concerts, illustrative of the history of piano-forte music. His last night was devoted to his own compositions, and his last piece was "a long series of forcible but rather uninteresting variations on Yankee Doodle." His tour has been profitable in money to himself and in art to us, and we trust he may return some time, though he now thinks he shall never come again. The *Tribune* complains that he has not shown himself to us at his best—that is, as a composer. Mr. MacDonald lectured on *Hamlet*. He has found warm friends here, and we hope will say a good word for America as a place to be sick in. If we did not fall down and worship him, he must at least remember that they don't do that at home. We have an eminent respect for the spunk of the MacDonalds in coming to America at all. Think of taking wife and one child, kissing good-by to the other 16, and voyaging over here on the strength of a novel-writer's reputation! Rubinstein and MacDonald sail to-day. The last reveler departs.

**The Scenes of "Black Friday"** and other "field-days" in Wall street, were fully matched in the Vienna Bourse at the beginning of the late panic. Speculators, brokers, and capitalists, seem to have been convinced in a moment of each other's utter untrustworthiness, and the Bourse became a perfect pandemonium. Men cursed one another, shook fists at one another, raged and stamped and tore around as if frenzied. The little bell which rings whenever an insolvency is announced, seemed never to be still; and, before it ceased tinkling, three hundred failures had been recorded. Outside, a miserable crowd had assembled. There were representatives of all classes and callings: ex-princes of the Bourse, chaplains, billiard-markers, haggard clerks from the government offices, commanding officers and subalterns, grocers and countesses, servant-maids and singers from the opera. The Bourse had to be closed to stay the tumult and the riot. Lynch-law was openly advocated, and the bearers of the greatest financial names in Vienna had to fly for their lives.

**Ladies' Goods at Vienna.**—The ladies find a great many articles cheaper here, says a Vienna letter, than in Paris. Kid gloves of the very best quality, with three buttons, cost but 60 cents per pair, such as would cost 6 francs, or \$1 20 in Paris. Silks are also cheaper here, but velvets and lace much higher. Ladies' boots of the most elegant material and elaborate workmanship cost but \$5. Narrow laces made here are very cheap, such as are suitable for ordinary trimming, costing but from 20 to 40 cents per yard. Linen handkerchiefs, with worked corners, can be purchased for but little more than the cost of the linen, and very elegant ones for 1 florin, or 50 cents. Womens' work, such as embroidery, or trimming and working of dresses, is exceedingly cheap. A lady's dress, embroidered all over with silk cord, that would have required ten days' close application, was shown us to-day, the work upon which cost but \$7. The fashionable dressmakers, however, charge Paris prices, and run up very heavy bills on the strangers who visit here.

**A Touching Instance of the Courage and Fidelity of Dogs** is given in the story of the assassination of Major Macdonald, at Michinee. The murderers, after they had brought that officer to the ground by a shot in the leg, rushed up to him and finished their bloody work with swords. They wished to cut off his head as a trophy, but they had been so worried by Major Macdonald's dog that ere they could accomplish their object they were driven off by friendly villagers. When the latter came up the faithful dog was found cut to pieces and lying dead by the side of the master it had so stoutly and devotedly defended.

[ From the San Francisco News Letter. ]

## LETTER FROM LONDON.

London, June 4th, 1873.—DEAR NEWS LETTER: What would you do in California with a man who, holding a position in the Legislature, repeatedly expressed himself in opposition to the poorer classes having any opportunity for pleasure seeking, and not content with the mere expression of opinion, does everything in his power to make those who toil for six days of the week unceasingly miserable and unhappy on Sunday? What would you think of an individual who, with every advantage in the way of enjoyment himself during the week, deliberately objects to the enjoyment of others on the only day fortune allows them, and who would build up legal barriers, so that there should be no green fields, no clear blue skies, no pure air, no recreation, nothing but psalm-singing and hymn-shrilling for those who have been toiling in crowded courts and alleys, or in pestiferous factories, until they yearn for the parks and pastures even as the thirsty hart pants for the waters? I can fancy your answers being almost too strong for print. I can also fancy you imagining that my questions are but the outcome of a fanciful imagination. They are, though, based on very hard facts, indeed, as gross persecution is just now attending the efforts of the National Sunday League to make the "Lord's Day" something more than an opportunity for howling canters or disgusting drunkards, and London is at present plastered with the reasons of the Earl of Shaftesbury and Mr. "Tom" Hughes for Sunday being a day of rest and not of recreation. True philanthropy, this, for the men of many chances to destroy the only opportunities their poorer brethren possess, and then to pride themselves upon their christianity.

Mr. Hughes has another weakness; he objects to racing, and to the betting consequent thereon, and he annually makes himself ridiculous in the House of Commons about the presence of members on Ascension Thursday, and their adjournment on the Derby Day. But despite his efforts, and despite the howling, canting, and somewhat blasphemous assertions of the unhealthy and unhappy gang by whom he is supported, the Derby is annually run and won, and the members of Parliament get their holiday. Mr. Hughes is a living instance of the effect of over-praising. He wrote a very moderate book, for which he was hoisted on a pinnacle of spurious fame, and as his book contained a strong sporting element, he elected himself a sporting oracle. Finding, however, that his opinions were generally proved wrong, and that if he made wagers he invariably lost his money, he turned over a new leaf, became a true Christian and an avowed enemy of the turf, enlisted himself under the banner of Shaftesbury & Co., made Exeter Hall his headquarters, at once denounced the Derby, and became an enthusiastic objector to Sunday pleasures. But he came a cropper this year. To make his case good he made a deliberate mis-statement—no uncommon feature in strongly religious arguments—but, unfortunately for himself, he was discovered. In addition to this, he received a slight rebuke from the Speaker, and so sat down, a somewhat sadder man than when he rose. This is a small mercy, for which I am truly thankful.

The running of twelve horses over a course a mile and a half long—a race which lasted just 2 minutes 60 seconds—drew nearly half a million people to Epsom, and caused as many pounds to change hands, sufficient proof in itself of the chance racing stands of being put down by one or two puritan enthusiasts. The congregation on the Downs of this one annual occasion can hardly be imagined by those who have never been on the Derby run, and it is wonderful how a handful of policemen manage to keep the course as clear as though a tremendous abyss separated the two great lines of stands, and spectators. But then we are "order-loving Englishmen," which possibly also accounts for our quiescence under the rabid persecutions of an intolerant minority. We may, though, turn round suddenly and rend these curs some day. Yet, some day means a very indefinite period.

Can it be true that you believe Joaquin Miller and his friend Olive Harper are celebrities here, and that our landed gentry, our nobility, and our leading literati, are striving with each other for the honors of the Americans' acquaintance? If you have been told so please contradict the assertion unqualifiedly; you want nothing but a knowledge of our social system, no matter how slight, to prove how utterly unlikely such a state of things is. The days have long since past when very small celebrities like Miller—men whose genius hardly counterbalances their defects of education—were asked to great men's tables to furnish food for laughter, and unless it were to exhibit his *gaucheries*, it would be hard to discover why Miller should be invited among people who consider a breach of etiquette the greatest crime in the world. Don't think I wish to say unkind things about a man who has shown himself possessed of a fair share of ability, but our lines are marked out, and even Tennyson himself must not overstep the boundary. Byron was a lord, and Thackeray a real swell, or neither could have moved in the circles which admitted them irrespective of their talents. Fielding was a Society man born; Smollett was not, and true to their relative ranks they remained through life. Charles Dickens never passed the middle class barrier; he was never admitted to the inner circle; and how can poor Miller, who is utterly unknown to even the great body of English journalists, hope to be feted and flattered where the true nobility of letters have failed? Does he think the Rosettis—with their friends the respectable Morris and the clever but disreputable Swinburne—are fashionable? If he does, I pity him.

Of Miss, or Mrs. Harper I have little to say. I don't know her, nor do I know any one who does, and I should be perfectly unaware of her existence if I had not happened to see in an American paper a reference to her great doings in London and



a specimen of her work. As for her doings they must, like the German's camel, have been evolved from her inner consciousness, for—though I am the last man to berude to a lady—I must say that a capacity to converse in decent English is necessary for even common-place English society. And those who can speak the language will be sure to write it. Whereas, Mrs., or Miss Harper's narrative hobbles horribly, as though it went on crutches.

The *Daily Telegraph* has got itself into a great mess recently owing to the dishonesty of its Khivan correspondent. I presume you know all about it as it is sure to be well published, and so I merely refer to it because of the terrible diatribes against piracy to which it has led in the columns of the *Globe* and the *Pall Mall Gazette*. That their remarks are just no one will doubt, and there is no doubting the correctness of the obloquy which falls on the pirate and plagiarist when discovered. But what have the *Globe* and the *Pall Mall* to say about the great family likeness which some of their short editorials bear to paragraphs in American journals, and notably in the *San Francisco News Letter*? Do the editors of these papers know anything like this: "He that is without sin, let him cast the first stone?"

I referred in a recent letter to a piece which a dramatic critic had succeeded in "placing" owing to the exercise of his critical faculty. This piece, *The Wonderful Duck*, was produced on Saturday, and failed ignominiously. Towards the end of its third dreary act the major part of the audience, who had throughout given signs of impatience, got up and went away, expressing damnable opinions rather strongly. As I passed through the vestibule I saw, seated on a lounge and looking the image of despair, the unfortunate author, who had evidently heard many pleasant things from those who knew him not. I think I should myself have pitied him, if the memory of a recent unjust criticism in the *Standard* had not risen up before me. I passed on, wondering if he remembered how he had ground men's hearts to powder, and if he liked the turn he was sure to get—a turn he had been so anxious to obtain. Well, so much for the critical faculty when tested by the standard of literary ability.

There are many other things connected with the general theatrical and literary worlds of which I should like to apprise you, but art is long and space is short—if I may be allowed to paraphrase a well-worn proverb—and so I have only to say, goodbye for the present.

### "DEATH TO THE SAVAGE UNITARIANS!"

This Pleasing War-cry, invented and long monopolized by Rosas, has been taken up by Dr. Bellows, to the great amazement and heartfelt sorrow of his liberal brethren. At the Unitarian Conference, held in the Church of the Messiah, New York, in the month of May, the question of a liturgy for the church worship was debated, and Dr. Bellows strongly favored it. He declared himself sick of the "baldness" of Unitarian worship. "We run after liberty of conscience—where to! Into an open sack, and away down to the bottom, which is closed, and we have to scramble back again." The metaphor is suggestive of rats, and so far agreeable; but its chief value is, that it confirms what we said of Dr. Bellows when he astonished the faithful in this city six or seven years ago. We called him Pope Bellows, and we knew what we were saying. He also knew what he was doing; for he lost no money by his trip this way, and he left behind him, as his last, best gift, the unfortunate man, who has buried Unitarianism on this coast. Dr. Bellows scrambled out of his sack in time to tell his brethren of the Conference that the greatest enjoyment he ever had in his life was a visit once to a Catholic church.

"I sat four hours," he said, "in a perfect rapture of soul and spirit \* \* \* transfixed, as it were, by the beauty and harmony of all things around me." Alas! why not forever? What an eloquent testimony to the true faith had the saintly Bellows been made one with the Rock, literally petrified, with the rapture of soul and spirit eternally stamped upon his suggestive face! There had been a miracle to make Miss Collins go quietly about her business, with never a stigma on hand or character. But God moves in a mysterious way. There is rejoicing in the Catholic camp, over these remarks of the Unitarian Pope; but one finds it hard to explain their joy. The rest of the Unitarians were surprised and somewhat scornful in their reception of the great man's allocution. If Unitarianism be, to a certain extent, suicidal, why think so much of a poor Unitarian suicide? If the Catholic Church be truly the Church Universal, why blush with pride and pleasure because a notorious time-server declares that he feels disposed to acknowledge the Church? "The French Republic," said Bonaparte, "is like the sun in heaven;" but the organs of the Church of God are tremulous with delight because one poor creature takes their farthing candle for a celestial luminary.

**Hayward and the Springs.**—We learn from the interesting and amusing letter of "Sally Gabbleton," in the *Alta*, that Hayward has offered the large sum of one hundred and ten thousand dollars for Harbin's Springs, and that his large offer has been refused. Mr. Hayward has already bought Zeigler's Springs, an adjacent watering place, and it will no doubt be regretted by the public, who so well know and appreciate Mr. Hayward's almost princely way of managing whatever he undertakes, that the owner of Harbin's Springs has not accepted an offer which, we feel sure, he will never have a chance of bettering.



### LOVE UNEXPRESSED.

The sweetest notes among the human heart-strings  
 Are dull with rust;  
 The sweetest chords adjusted by the angels,  
 Are clogged with dust;  
 We pipe and pipe again our dreary music  
 Upon the self-same strains  
 While sounds of crime, and fear, and desolation,  
 Come back in sad refrains.

On through the world we go, an army marching  
 With listening ears,  
 Each longing, sighing, for the heavenly music  
 He never hears;  
 Each longing, sighing, for a word of comfort,  
 A word of tender praise.  
 A word of love to cheer the endless journey  
 Of earth's hard, busy days.

They love us, and we know it; this suffices  
 For reason's share.  
 Why should they pause to give that love expression  
 With gentle care?  
 Why should they pause? But still our hearts are aching  
 With all the gnawing pain  
 Of hungry love that longs to hear the music,  
 And longs and longs in vain.

We love them, and they know it; if we falter,  
 With fingers numb,  
 Among the unused strings of love's expression,  
 The notes are dumb.  
 We shrink within ourselves in voiceless sorrow,  
 Leaving the words unsaid,  
 And, side by side with those we love the dearest,  
 In silence on we tread.

Thus on we tread, and thus each heart in silence  
 Its fate fulfils,  
 Waiting and hoping for the heavenly music  
 Beyond the distant hills,  
 The only difference of the love in Heaven  
 From love on earth below  
 Is: Here we love and know not how to tell it,  
 And there we all shall know.

### LIEF ERICSON.

The Scandinavians of Minnesota and Wisconsin have just discovered an extensive mare's nest. They have become possessed of the documentary proofs that Lief Ericson, one of their countrymen, discovered the American Continent about the year 1,000 ("B. C."), says the intelligent *Sacramento Union*, or nearly 500 years before the discovery by Columbus. They propose to erect a statue to the memory of this great Ericson, at the capitol of Wisconsin; and have already collected \$10,000 towards it. The fact is that the discovery of America by the Northmen has been long known to everybody who has heard of America. The evidence was published in full, many years ago, by the Society of Northern Antiquaries, of Copenhagen; and it will be very interesting news to that Society to learn that the "documentary proofs" in this matter, which properly belong to them, are in the hands of Wisconsin and Minnesota Scandinavians. For the implied belittling of Columbus' fame as the true discoverer of America, resulting from this Scandinavian claim, it may not be out of place to say a few words. The voyages of the Northmen, frequent as they were, were absolutely sterile of result, even as concerning their own country; and so far as related to the world at large, they might as well have been voyages to the moon. The world knew no more of them than if they had never been. The discovery of America by Columbus was a real discovery; the New World was then first revealed to the knowledge of mankind. It is a parallel case to that of Vasco de Gama's discovery of the route to India. There can be no doubt that the Egyptians and the Carthaginians both knew that Africa was a peninsula: we have the documentary proofs of its circumnavigation by both of them; but who regards these as more than curious, historical facts? They were absolutely without meaning or influence, in the course of human history; and the way to India was really discovered by Vasco de Gama, though its accessibility by land undoubtedly diminishes his achievement as compared with that of Columbus. The hints which may have come to Columbus from one quarter or another, came to everybody as well as to him; he was the only man who read the meaning; and if there be such a thing as glory, unassailable by chance, or change, or time, it is the glory of Columbus.

[From the Town Crier Column of the San Francisco News Letter.]

**A Change of Location** is often desirable, especially when corner groceries have to be shunned, and tailors have a habit of calling to inquire into the state of your financial health at unseemly hours. Such, however, was not the case with poor old M., who poured his tale of woe into the ever open ears of the *Town Crier*. No, M. is almost a model man; his debts are all regular, and don't bother him a bit. For him a corner grocery has no terrors, and a tailor's morning call does not disturb the equanimity of his temper. Was it not too bad, when lately returning from a trip in the country rather late, and with a little old Bourbon on board, to find that his house on Union street had taken unto itself wings, or legs, and had departed. For some hours poor M. roamed round and round the Plaza, gauging the state of his sobriety by walking on one plank, and going through the multiplication table backwards. At last he saw an officer, and with joy beaming in his weary, bleary old eyes, asked him where No. — had gone to, and if he was right in supposing he was on Union street. The kind policeman explained to M. that the house in question had merely retired a few yards to make way for the unpromising avenue. He pointed out to M. a narrow plank, at the end of which he espied his lost home. M. drew a long breath, thanked the police officer, and essayed to walk that plank. He only fell twice, and then was home again. His room did not look like it used to look. His wife's picture lay prone with its glass and frame smashed. His jug had poured its contents over the bed, and had scattered itself over the floor in minute atoms. Everything was demoralized, and M. went to sleep in a glorious state of uncertainty as to whether he might not find himself, house and all, on the top of Telegraph Hill when he woke.

**Mr. and Mrs. Town Crier** were as near quarrelling on Wednesday night as they have been for the week. This was the reason: Mrs. *T. C.* has an idea that trailing draperies are becoming to her, and so in walking is always followed by a train of about half a block in length, much to the pleasure of wayfarers and, if she would confess it, to her own inconvenience. On the evening in question, the progress of the fond couple, along Stockton street by the by, was one of frequent interruptions, owing to Mrs. *T. C.*'s being pulled up suddenly about every five minutes by her freight train catching on the convenient spikes which so plentifully stud the sidewalks of that street. And, of course, every time the train collided there was a break on or a tear off. For the first dozen or so occasions the *T. C.* meekly disentangled the debris and used up all his private stock of pins in repairing the damages, but with his last pin went his patience, and he said in a tone which his gentle partner afterwards characterized as brutal in the extreme, "Why don't you hold up your dress my dear?" "Why don't you use the immense influence you boast so much about and get the Mayor, or Governor Booth, or the gasmen, or somebody to keep the sidewalks in decent repair?" retorted she with that brilliant rapidity of reply for which her dear mother was so remarkable. Although somewhat nonplussed the *T. C.* did not own it, but answered her in kind, if not kindly. And now two loving hearts are wretchedly estranged, and all because those who should see that the sidewalks are kept in proper repair neglect their duty in this matter as flagrantly as they do in all else.

**We are Vexed** at the late exploit of one whose exemplary past does not palliate his apostate departure from the Moral Code, whereof we are the lauded expound and Crusading vindicator. It disquiets us that one, who, ever eagerly avowed our tutorship, and sunned himself in the beams thereof, should, on a single occasion, have forsaken his standard when fancying himself beyond our all-observant scope, inasmuch as he has sought to wile the good folk of Los Angeles a faulty dissimulation we herewith Court-martial. It appears that Mr.—excuse us into the belief that he would serve them without, at the same time serving himself, —*Professor Ebenezer E. Knowlton*, whilst sojourning among the dwellers of our California Eden, conceived the idea of giving an entertainment—"Our Boys and Girls," "Elocutionary Gems," and such like—professedly, for the sole benefit of the Los Angeles Library Association; but it having transpired that he had projected this little scheme with the covetous design of garnering for himself one-half of the proceeds, one of the volunteer contributors to the programme gave notice of his intended withdrawal, and the Professor pressing him for the reason thereof, was met with the undisguised accusation of a want of disinterestedness—a charge before which the valiant Knowlton fell prostrate and confessed. For the benefit of this guileful penitent, we give the following not inapt quotations: "Bread of deceit is sweet to a man, but afterward his mouth shall be filled with gravel;" "Who-so diggeth a pit shall fall therein;" and "He that rolleth a stone it shall return upon him."

**It Seems to be the Aim** of most of our fashionable young ladies to emulate in dress and manner as much as possible the "demi monde." Some of them draw the line of demarkation so finely that it is a difference with a hardly perceptible distinction. They stare at men in a way that is, to say the least, suggestive, and their powdered cheeks and elaborate head-gear would better become the Jardin Mabille than our unpretending and quiet streets. The folly and absurdity of such a course ought to suggest itself to parents who are not desirous of having their daughters followed by the "nice young men" who haunt our corners, and are only too willing to interpret what perhaps was only meant for fun to mean profanity. The *T. C.* advises mothers having such fast daughters to keep them at home, and make them make their own dresses and wear their own hair.

Politics are now the order of the day, and professional politicians, who have been for some months growing seedier and seedier, are now looking brisk and blooming in their new beaver suits and plug-hats. Their beaming countenances also tell of the whiskies put away each day. It would be very interesting to follow one of these political suckers through his day's work and watch how he went about his business. The very fact of such a class of men existing at all, shows that there are men, and lots of them, among us who, either from love of power or from greed, will keep half a dozen of these jail birds at work at big pay to insure his election to office. There are certain men who take certain lines. For instance, that rough-bearded, red-headed, thick-lipped, high cheek boned, animal-looking man in the beaver coat, fancy waistcoat, green tie and white fuzzy plug hat, is invaluable to any candidate who wants to propitiate the Irish element. That dark, small-eyed man, with long hair and a clean shave, holy-ghostly looking face, whose coat tails almost sweep the ground, and whose mild voice would do for charming rattle-nakes, can wheedle more votes out of the Methodists than any man on the coast. Here comes a little dapper man, with tight check pants, brown coat, black tie, long, dark mustache and goatee; he is a sport, and that heavy watch guard and diamond shirt pin testify to his ability as a canvasser. The T. C. could and will give descriptions of a few more of these suckers, whose trade is politics and whose motto is—Coin.

**No One Can Properly Appreciate** the exquisite pleasures of a camping out expedition who has not been on such a trip. It was the T. C.'s fate to go on one of these happy excursions last week, and being of a generous disposition he tenders his experience and advice to the public. In the first place, never wear a pair of thin boots; he did, and after the first day had nothing left but one heel and half a sole (he walked). In the second, be sure you have the whisky stowed away properly on your pack horse; he didn't, and so lost it all on the road. Thirdly, don't undertake to carry a gun that weighs more than ten pounds; he did, and now has a stiff arm. Fourthly, don't sleep on over-ripe hay; he did, and found that fleas, bugs, centipedes, tarantulas, etc., can't compare with rubbed-in hay seeds. Fifthly, don't depend upon what you shoot or catch for food; he didn't, so got plenty to eat. Sixthly, don't have a man with a voice as one of the party; he did, and the paucity of the game bag was mainly attributable to this cause. Seventhly, don't wade in after terrapin, or when you have caught them don't tie them up in a handkerchief; he did both; the results, rheumatism and large hole in handkerchief, through which terrapin escaped. Eighthly, take a friend along who can and will cook the grub; he did, and appreciated his talents. Ninthly, if you have any show of doing anything else, don't go camping out at all.

**The T. C., Some Two Years Ago**, was presented by his loving wife with a sweet little male infant, whose training he has himself undertaken with most favorable results. His bible has hitherto been, as far as the T. C.'s training goes, the *News Letter*, and his prayer book the *Mail Bag*. His fond mother, however, labors under the immense disadvantage of having possessed religious parents, whose pernicious training she can never shake herself completely free from. In vain has the T. C. thrown out sponges at her kneeling form, and otherwise tried to wean her from idolatry. She will keep up her bad habits, and even went so far as to have the baby dipped in water, a process she called christening, and one which caused that infant to snuffle for months. The result of her mania upon the child may be gathered from the following conversation, which took place between the T. C. and his precocious infant: Child (looking up at the stars): "Pa, have those stars any people in them?" T. C.: "We have every reason to believe that they have." Child: "Will they all go to heaven?" T. C.: "Can't say, but why do you ask such a question?" Child: "Ma says that no one goes to heaven unless Jesus dies for them, and if he dies in every one of those stars, it must hurt him a good deal." T. C. (very embarrassed): "Go to bed, Tommy, and don't bother me."

**Warner**, the proprietor of the "pro bono publico menagerie" and Cobweb Hall, at Meliggs' Wharf, says that if the Board don't alter the arrangements of those sewers down North Beach, he won't have a monkey left alive in a month, and as all the other inhabitants will be either dead with fever or removed by that time, he thinks it would be "kind of lonesome down there alone." The Board of Health are invited by him to a little boating picnic excursion, at North Beach, and need not fear boat accidents, as they are to take their pleasure in the putrid stinking pool they have themselves created. They are requested not to snuff up all the smell, but to leave a little for the Mayor and corporation.

**Are Fish Animals?** Is there not a society for the prevention of cruelty to animals? Is it cruel to keep over a hundred gold fish wedged in a little tank of about nine inches by twelve, to keep them there day after day, packed, indeed, like herrings in a barrel, panting, gasping, like frightened birds? If so, is not that owner of such a tank of cruelty, to be found in the fruit store on the north side of Washington street, just below Dupont, amenable to the laws for the suppression of shameful brutality to God's creatures?

**Dr. Blach, the City Physician**, has petitioned the Board of Health for a three dollar fee for signing certificates of death, and he is authorized to charge that amount for such services. His charge for a cure, if in proportion, must be somewhat large, but it's so seldom such a charge is necessary that the worthy doctor prefers making a sure thing out of the dead ones.

"Love," says an amorous writer, "is an internal transport." The same might be said of a canal boat.

## THE DEVIL'S WALK THROUGH SAN FRANCISCO.

"From his brimstone bed at break of day  
A walking the Devil has gone,  
To visit his snug little farm, the earth,  
And see how his stock goes on."—COLERIDGE.

Once more to the fumes of hell,  
The Devil has bid adieu,  
And for a day  
He steals away  
His own pet city to view.  
Last week there came a message,  
As he was taking his wine,  
To pray that he  
Would go and see  
About the Amador Mine.  
For sundry knockings were heard,  
Which scared the little devils,  
And made them fear  
They'd got too near  
To hell in the deepest levels.  
The Devil set off at once,  
And he told them to beware;  
He wanted no souls  
To steal his coals  
In a way that was unfair.  
The Devil then went away,  
Feeling he'd done his duty,  
And he came right here  
While the stars shone clear,  
To see our youth and beauty.  
He looked at the new tramway,  
They're building up Clay-street hill,  
"I wonder," said he,  
"How long it will be,  
Before they will have a good spill."  
He said, "If the chain once breaks,  
My word won't there be a smash,  
It won't leave enough  
Of their corpses tough  
To make e'en a decent hash.  
He boarded the *Crusader*,  
But the captain was not there;  
So he said, "Ah well,  
He's too bad for hell,  
And his mate, too, I declare."  
"Folks talk of me with horror,  
But some of these old sea-dogs  
Are so bad that I  
Wouldn't spoil my sty  
By putting them with my hogs."  
"These paltry, low-life rascals  
Can do whatever they please,  
And it seems to me  
That there can be  
No law on the open sea."

Disgusted, he left the wharves,  
And he strolled through China town,  
But the girls had fled.  
Said he, "Are they dead  
That all their shutters are down?"  
So he stopped an officer,  
With a good old whisky face,  
And asked him "Why  
They didn't try  
To clear out Waverly Place?"  
And the officer replied,  
"These electioneering tricks  
Are only done  
By some big gun  
Who thinks it will please the Micks."  
"Ah! Ah!" then laughed the Devil,  
"What hypocrites most men are;"  
And he slipped a "piece"  
From out his valise  
In the hand of this bright "star."  
The officer gave a howl,  
For the coin was burning hot,  
With a curse and hop  
He let it drop,  
And went away at a trot.  
This was the very first case,  
Of a "star" refusing tip,  
And the Devil spent  
That coin as he went,  
Below, in a good stiff nip.  
He said, "What politicians  
I've got at home, to be sure,  
But then down there  
They act pretty square,  
For hell is their only cure."  
He scratched his back on the *Poet*,  
And blessed the Duke of Argyle,  
And said he would call  
If he wasn't so small  
For Georgie after a while.  
He took a walk to North Beach,  
But he could not stand the stink;  
He said, "What a smell!  
Why its worse than hell  
Ten thousand times, I think."  
And the smell made him feel so faint  
That he left in great disgust,  
And he cursed the Board  
Who such filth ignored,  
Then rattled off home to his crust.

## THE NEW AUSTRALIAN LINE.

We are Authorized to state that Mr. Russell, the Commissioner appointed by Australia and New Zealand to negotiate for a line of first-class steamers between those countries and California, has made satisfactory arrangements with General Burnside and Thomas A. Scott for a line of propellers, of 2,500 tons each, to run twelve knots an hour, and make the round trip in a month. Mr. Russell feels confident that his government will consider favorably these proposals. The first ships put on the line are to be British, to allow time for American vessels of superior quality to be built. Great credit is due to W. M. Neilson, who is the originator of this undertaking, and who has devoted much time to the scheme, and has traveled some 30,000 miles in its behalf. General Burnside and Thomas A. Scott will proceed to make arrangements in London, whilst Mr. Neilson will return to San Francisco, and will visit Australia and other points where agents, etc., have to be appointed. It will gratify the friends of the *S. F. News Letter* to be informed that their favorite sheet will be the official organ of this important line, and that the office of the new company will henceforth be at the "Placard Exchange."



## THE LETTER.

In her room she's sitting lonely,  
And she looks upon the lawn,  
Through the twilight grey and solemn,  
As the stars begin to dawn.  
On her face a look of sorrow,  
Like a mournful picture lies;  
And a calm deep shade of anguish  
Lingers in her tearful eyes.  
On her lap was seen a letter  
She had read an hour ago—  
When her lips began to quiver,  
And her burning tears to flow.  
For its lines had hushed her laughter,  
And had filled her heart with pain,  
Till she felt no joy or rapture  
E'er would linger there again.

All her hopes of future gladness  
Now were scattered—lived no more—  
Dropped like withered leaves from flowers  
When the Summer's nearly o'er.  
He for whom she prayed had perished,  
He whose memory was her pride,  
He for whom she long had waited—  
Waited to become his bride.  
Ah! that letter brought her tidings  
That had chilled and blanched her cheek;  
Bowed her mind with saddest memories,  
And a grief she could not speak.  
He who'd vowed to love her ever  
In a distant land had died—  
He with whom she oft had lingered  
By the wood and mountain side.

All her bridal dreams had faded  
And her bitterest pangs were known;  
While her face, o'ercast with sorrow,  
Looked as rigid as a stone!  
Often in the sober twilight,  
As the stars begin to dawn,  
Sits the maiden sadly looking  
Through her tears upon the lawn!

—S. H.

## THE PERSIAN SHAH.

The Simple Pleasures of Childhood are sweet in the eyes of uncorrupted maturity: who would mar that spontaneous gaiety? Not we, for worlds; and the remarks we feel obliged to make are not meant to interfere with the innocent sports of the California press. Every daily paper of the State, from the *Call* down to the Sacramento *Union*, has devoted its mighty mind to the exposure of the nefarious schemes covered by the trappings and banners and parade of the Shah's reception in England; and every one, we need hardly say, succeeds in tearing the mask from A lion's perfidious face. Our very soul is rent with anguish, when we think of the misery in store for the British Ministry, when mail after mail dashes headlong into London, groaning under the weight of the *Call's* leaders, indorsed by the *Chronicle*. Illium fuit! The old island will rock and strain under the stress. God grant that she may bear it, and yet hold together! But we fear. One thing consoles us. As soon as we heard of the Shah's landing in England, we telegraphed to him for information as to his purposes, and the "Successor of the King of Kings, the Most High and Mighty Lord of Persia" (we are indebted to the *Chronicle* for his Majesty's official titles) deigned to vouchsafe the following reply, received here at 4.15 p.m. on Thursday, June 26, 1873: "Friend *News Letter*: Thy pleasing message is before me. It is not true that I am the successor of the King of Kings. I am a peaceful Shah, fond of my pipe and the balet, but otherwise, as thou wilt have conceived, a good deal of a Quaker. It is not my fault if thy California writers are bitten by the gad-fly of importance; but thus much will I say unto thee. Often have I seen in Persia men diseased in mind, touched by the hand of the Almighty, wandering to and fro, foaming at the mouth, and talking wildly of terrors and judgment to come on the morrow; and their noise was as the noise of grasshoppers. Comfort thee, my lamb: it may be that God has forgotten those poor men; and shall they not write!"

## THE PROTECTOR OF FRANCE.

Does France Need a Protector? Some will say, of course, she does; others, and we are of them, will smile at the imbecility of the man who even dreams that France can ever be anything but a great power in the world, let the world rot as it may. But believers in France, and unbelievers, will both be filled with confusion and amazement when we tell them that France has found a protector in the "Gallant Irishman whose blood has mingled for some generations" (none but an Irishman could perform that feat) "with the genial current of French chivalry." The Dublin *Nation*, from whom we borrow these soul-stirring words, in its issue of the 31st of May, is crowded, crammed, overrun with Patrick MacMahon, the Irish President of France, "supporter and avenger of the Papacy." Not content with glorifying him in singularly Irish prose, the *Nation* has called in the aid of the engraver, and electrifies its readers with a picture, of which the following is a faint description: The background of the composition is a massive rock, perhaps a little too large for the Blarney Stone, and intended, no doubt, if one may judge from the expression of MacMahon's face, as he leans against it, for Vinegar Hill. Besides the frightful grin upon his classic features, the hero is attired in enormous jack-boots: with his left arm he holds to his manly heart a lady, a good deal disheveled, and more completely at her ease in his embrace than would be agreeable to Madame MacMahon, if her feelings were worth considering. At the base of the hill swarm bayonets, and spears, and shakos, and three faces of nondescript nationality, were it not for the open mouths of two or three, which cry out "Murphy," as distinctly as if you were in Connaught. This is the way the Irish nation conceives the French contemporary history.

COULD YOU.

Could you lay your hand in mine, love,	Could you meet me, could you greet me,
As you laid it long ago.	As we met when days were sweet,
When the air was frosted wine, love,	When the chiming bells beat music
And the earth was sparkling snow;	To the rhyme of dancing feet;
Could you kiss me as you kissed me,	When our hearts beat wild with pleasure,
And our lips meet as they met,	Earth was joyous, life was new;
Ah! there never was a joy, love,	When our love was all our treasure,
But was answered with regret.	I was happy, you were true!
Is it ages that have passed, love?	Could I clasp you, could I hold you,
Is it centuries? is it days?	Could my kisses rain in showers,
Has the Winter and the blast, love,	Could my arms once more enfold you—
Blotted out the olden ways?	Autumn leaves bring Summer flowers?
Other arms have fondly pressed thee,	Could the rhyming and the chiming
Other lips caressed than mine,	Of the bells bring back once more
Other love perchance has blest thee,	All the sweetness and completeness
Since the day of "Auld Lang Syne."	Of the vanished days of yore;

Vainly would these arms surround thee,  
Vainly would this heart enfold,  
Woman's love—a sea to drown thee!  
Woman's warmth—a Winter's cold!  
Yet the ringing and the singing  
Of the bells, bring back to me  
Other days when thou wert mine, love,  
And thy heart was all to me.

POSING FOR THE NUDE.

About Twenty Students were collected at the atelier, awaiting the arrival of the person who was to pose. A glowing stove made the place excessively warm, with a view to the comfort of the expected model. As it was customary to admit only painters, X— advised me not to intimate that I did not belong to the priesthood of art, as painters, especially models, disliked the presence of Philistines—layman being thus designated in the language of the atelier.

Presently the model arrived—a bright handsome brunette of nineteen or twenty. There was a demonstration of welcome from the painters, the door was locked, and she proceeded in a business-like fashion to prepare for work. When ready she mounted a platform about two feet high, where she fell under a lofty broad side-light. Two of the more advanced painters, who acted as a committee of arrangements, placed her in position. This being the first pose, there was a discussion about the posture to be assumed. Several times the two placed her and then retired a few yards to observe the effect, remarking as they did so, "Don't hold the arm to stiff," "Incline the head a trifle," and what not, accompanied with painters' pantomime, such as slowly sawing the head, shutting out portions with the intercepted hand, and massing the effects with half-closed eyes. The fourth trial proved to be a success, at which a phrase of general satisfaction was expressed. The two, enjoining her not to budge, while the others, got behind their easels and went to work, some taking off their coats. One modeled in clay; with this exception all held crayons. All faces turned earnestly toward the canvas, the clay, and the model, and not a sign of dawdling or frivolity was to be seen. To them the woman was a statue. Nothing was recognized here but art; it took the form of worship, and he who looked with other eyes than those of an artist was accounted sacrilegious. Thus the public opinion of the atelier made them all artists, and if the art feeling was not possessed, it was assumed.

After a time the silence was broken by her requesting some one to heat up the stove as she was cold, which brought out one or two ejaculations, and a murmur that we were already in the interior of Africa, to which she retorted that they would not think so if they were in her place. Another long silence was interrupted by her asking the time, at which one of the elders remarked, "Not yet, mademoiselle." Again in a few minutes she said she was sure the time was up. "It is, my child," answered the same elder; "repose yourself." She left the stand, drew a mantle about her, and took a seat by the stove with a sense of relief. She was obliged to look out for herself in regard to the time of posing, as the painters were usually so absorbed as to forget it.

The repose of the model brought with it a contrast to the previous silence. There was a general buzz, and lighting of pipes and cigarettes. Two or three compliments were addressed to the model for her excellent posing; native gallantry cropped out, and two or three told her she was an angel or a duchess, to which she replied in that spirit of railery with which these things were uttered. This was an illustration of French character—fond of work and equally fond of play.

I approached the model as she sat by the stove and entered into conversation with her, when I learned she had another occupation, that of artificial flower-making, by which she earned three francs a day. Posturing was naturally more profitable; she received five francs for the two hours and a half to three hours she remained in the atelier, during which she posed about two hours, the remainder being taken up in rests. The times of repose she called *he entr'actes*. Believing me to be a painter, she called my attention, in a simple, natural way, to the

roundness of her arm, the texture and color of the skin, and the curved lines of her shoulder. She went on to say in a manner purely professional:

"My arms and shoulders are my best points, and I occasionally pose for them; I like it much better than posing for the whole figure."

At length the painter in authority told her it was time to resume the pose, and before stepping on the platform he looked at his watch. She was posing for Cynthia, who cast the shepherd Endymion into a deep sleep in order to kiss him. One of the painters having acquainted her with the mythological story of the artful stealing of the osculation, she observed that she paid very little attention to such nonsense—besides, one could not believe more than half these painters said about such things. Then she fell cleverly into the posture, guided by a few directions. As they proposed to work on the face, she was instructed to wear a pleased expression. Cynthia was taken at the moment she is advancing toward the sleeping Endymion to snatch the kiss, coy and yet impelled by sweet temptation.

"Try, my child," said the man in authority, "to imagine that the young man you love lying asleep before you—with his pockets full of bank notes."

This had the desired effect; the model could not help laughing, and the traces of it remained some time on her face. All fell to work again and silence was supreme, as each tried to transfer Cynthia's happy face to canvas. Once in a while, when through lassitude or forgetfulness she modified the posture, *papa!*—the elder—said to her sharply, "Mademoiselle, pay attention," which showed that, however much license was allowed during the rests, rigid discipline was exacted in time of work.

When she got through, she made her toilet in the same business-like way that she had unmade it. She asked for a looking-glass to complete it, but the article could not at once be found. "What savages! twenty men and not one mirror. But I am not surprised at it; you are such monsters you are afraid to look at yourselves." As Frenchmen like to be called monsters by the women, this was taken as a general compliment. At length a cracked mirror—poetically styled *starred*—was produced, before which she smoothed out her plumage like a bird in the sunshine. Her attire was simple: a sombre-colored little hat, black alpaca robe, dark brown mantle, closely fitting gloves and boots and a parasol in her hand comprised her costume. Equipped, she had the demeanor of a *rosière* of Nanterre, or a convent girl. The five franc piece was handed to her enveloped in paper, a mark of delicacy. After making an appointment for another day, she passed out with a modest, quiet air amidst a general chorus of adieus.

The painters of the atelier were composed of both sexes, working together apparently without difficulty. Six or seven women were present, two of whom were Americans. On making the acquaintance of one of the latter she observed:

"Some of our countrymen find an impropriety in our working in a mixed atelier, and perhaps there is, according to society's code; but if a woman wants to be a painter, she must get over her squeamishness; if she wants to paint strong like a man, she must go through the same training. The trial to a modest young woman is at first great; but as soon as she is possessed of the art feeling, the first impression which she receives on entering the atelier wears away, and she is absorbed in her work like those around her. There is no sex here; the students, men and women, are simply painters. In the atelier, excessive modesty in a woman painter is a sign of mediocrity; only the woman who forgets the conventionalities of society in the pursuit of art stands a chance of distinction. If the woman has not a desire, an enthusiasm to profit by the advantages of the atelier, she had better never touch paint or pencil. This is one of the best ateliers in Paris to learn to paint in, and this is a sufficient reason for our coming here. Society can no more be governed by the rules of art, than the atelier can be governed by the rules of society. If Rosa Bonheur had occupied her time looking after the proprieties she would not stand where she does to-day."

There was something almost defiant in the remarks of the young lady, as if she held a position that required defending. What she said, too, left an inference that she had broken many lances in maintaining herself on what is regarded as debatable ground.—*Albert Rhodes, in July Galaxy.*

**The Women of Vienna.**—A correspondent of the St Louis *Democrat* writes from Vienna that he has found the type of woman whom Rubens loved to paint. The Austrian capital is the shrine which enfolds these buxom dames. This looker on in Vienna says: "Undoubtedly it is in this city that German womanhood attains the highest physical perfection. Nowhere else can you see women so tall, stately and robust, mantled with that richness of color and gladness of expression which are the products of a fine physical organization. They are for the most part decided blondes, or decided brunettes, Germans or Magyars—but they all seem to be cast in the same large mold, and invested with the same magnificence. In the vitality and affluence of their charms, and the scale of their ample stature, they seem to be the very woman that pray, smile, or dance on the warm and glowing canvas of Rubens." But our American reporter does not altogether agree with Peter Paul in his enthusiasm for these ample and expansive charms. He shows his loyalty to his own country-women by adding, "This implies, and is meant to imply, that their beauty is not of the finest order. In that respect our own fair country-women are, I honestly believe, unrivaled, but, on the other hand, they are inferior in physique to these Austrian dames."



THE LONGER LIFE.

[FROM THE OLD ENGLISH OF TOTTER'S MISCELLANY, 1557.]

The longer life, the more offence,	The shorter life, less count I find,
The more offence, the greater pain,	The less account, the sooner made,
The greater pain, the less defence,	The count soon made, the merrier mind,
The less defence, the lesser gain,	The merry mind doth thought evade,
The loss of gain, long all doth try;	Short life in truth this thing doth try;
Wherefore come death and let me die.	Wherefore come death and let me die.

Come, gentle death, the ebb of care,  
 The ebb of care, the flood of life,  
 The flood of life, the joyful fare,  
 The joyful fare, the end of strife,  
 The end of strife, for which I sigh;  
 Wherefore come death and let me die.

GALLOWES LITERATURE.

The Old Lady who Liked to Enjoy her Murders, says the *Saturday Review*, ought certainly to have been a subscriber to the New York *Herald*. The readers of that famous journal have lately supped full of horrors. We have before us an article headed "Nixon's Nemesis," which begins by stating in plain prose that Michael Nixon died on the gallows at New York on the morning of the 16th May. He quarreled about the right of road with Charles H. Phyfer, pulled out a revolver and shot him through the head, so that he died in ten minutes. He was tried, found guilty, and sentenced to be hanged, and found to his astonishment and dismay, that the sentence would be carried into effect. The respectable inhabitants of New York who, according to the *Herald*, were lately inquiring "what they should do to be saved," have answered their own question by hanging a few of the atrocious ruffians by whom their city was infested. Nixon sank to abject terror when he lost hope. He held affecting interviews with his wife and children, and a reporter was present, or dreamed that he was present, with note-book all the time. "The *Herald* of yesterday contained an account of his farewell to his children, of his affectionate parting from his wife. It was not his last." The market was propitious for a few more parting words. A positively last interview was held. Speech was almost choked by emotion, and yet the reporter managed to catch every word. After parting from his wife Nixon returned sadly to his cell. He looked around. "All was so still and silent." He sat down and was evidently still thinking of his wife. "He murmured her name and spoke to her." He was recalled to himself by Father Duranquet, who began praying. Nixon prayed too. His eyes shone with a strange light. He sighed. "What a deep, deep sigh!" "No words could have expressed the anguish he (Nixon) must have felt." We are glad to find that the reporter had some little modesty, although he appears to have stripped himself of delicacy. Even he could not undertake to paint the scene between the murderer and the priest. After a few minutes Nixon listened to the reverend Father's words, and became calm. He was prevailed upon to go out into the corridor. He smoked for half an hour. "He seemed to enjoy it." Then he prayed again with the priest. At midnight he ate supper in the corridor. "He could not eat much—a piece of bread and coffee, that was all." He returned to the cell, lay down, and tried to sleep. The lamp threw a ghastly light upon the different objects in the cell. He shut his eyes, but a horrible sight rose up before him. There was blood upon the wall—a human form—deathly glassy eyes—blood—blood—everywhere blood. He started up with a shriek. All was quiet, all was dark. No blood, no terrible vision; but the kind Father spoke gentle words of love that sank into his soul. He lay down again, but could not sleep. He jumped up and clutched the iron bars. "Yes, he was a prisoner." Then he went to sleep, and dreamed that he was standing under the gallows, and a reprieve was brought by his wife. He awoke, and presently went again to sleep, and dreamed that he witnessed his own hanging. All this is written with considerable power, and it might furnish Mr. Irving, or any other actor in the homicidal line of business, with an effective recitation. But is it or is it not a newspaper report? There is nothing to prevent a continuation of the same narrative after Nixon was actually hanged. If a reporter can see and hear through stone walls and iron doors, perhaps he can look behind the veil of death. The eye that searches the Tombs at midnight ought to be capable of penetrating beyond the grave.

Rev. Father Damen, S. J., says the Chicago *Evening Post*, is a very sensible, if not a very Catholic divine. He has been talking to the girls, and talking to them plainly. He says that paint and powder on the cheeks are a sign of barrenness within. Much paint, no brains. He says further that they should each weave dime novels and cultivate the cook-book, and raise their mothers to a level with themselves by sharing their work in the kitchen, and permitting them to share their leisure in the parlor. Moreover, he says they mustn't tell any more "fibs," if they want to be angels in a future state of existence.



[From the Court Journal of June 14, 1873.]

**MARRIAGES IN HIGH LIFE.**

**A Large Circle Assembled at St. James' Church, Piccadilly.** London, recently, to witness the marriage of Lady Fanny Octavia Louisa Spencer-Churchill, second daughter of the Duke of Marlborough, K. G., and Mr. Edward Marjoribanks, eldest son of Sir Dudley Coutts Marjoribanks, Bart.

The wedding party congregated shortly after 11 o'clock, the bridegroom being accompanied by Mr. Edward Balfour, who acted as groomsmen.

The Duke of Marlborough and the bridesmaids assembled at the church entrance in Jermyn street to receive the bride, who arrived at a quarter past 11 accompanied by her mother, the Duchess of Marlborough.

During the arrival of the guests the organist played a voluntary. Among the relatives and friends assembled were the Marquis and Marchioness of Blandford, the Marchioness of Lansdowne, the Marquis and Marchioness of Londonderry, the Marchioness Camden, Sir Ivor and Lady Cornelia Guest, the Earl of Portarlington, Lord Randolph Spencer-Churchill, Lord and Lady Alfred Churchill, Mr. and Lady Isabella Stewart, and many others.

The bride was conducted by her father to the communion-table, followed by the eight attendant bridesmaids—namely, her four sisters, the Ladies Rosamond, Anne, Georgianna and Sarah Spencer-Churchill; her cousin, Lady Alexandrina Vane Tempest; the Misses Mary and Isabel Marjoribanks, sisters, and Miss Hogg, cousin of the bridegroom.

The bride's dress was of white satin, trimmed with the finest Brussels point lace, with veil of the same fabric, and a wreath of orange blossoms. The only ornaments she wore were a necklace of pearls and a pearl diamond pendant and earrings, the gift of Sir Dudley and Lady Marjoribanks.

The bridesmaids were uniformly attired in dresses of pale blue silk trimmed with white gauze, wreaths of pink roses and feathers and veils. Each youthful lady wore a crystal locket with colored engraved monogram and pearl and gold borders.

The religious rite was performed by the Bishop of London, assisted by the Rev. John E. Kempe, Rector of St. James'. The bride was given away by her father. After the Bishop had blessed the bride and bridegroom they retired, followed by their nearest relatives, to the vestry, when the marriage was registered and attested.

The bridal party afterwards reassembled at the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough's mansion in St. James' square, where they were met by a distinguished company invited to the wedding breakfast. The guests at the breakfast included nearly all the aristocracy of any note, and several very distinguished foreigners.

At a quarter to two o'clock the bride and bridegroom left St. James' Square for the Southwestern Railway, on their way to Abbotsbury Castle, the Earl of Hchester's seat in Dorsetshire, to spend the honeymoon. On their departure the bridesmaids lined each side of the way from the door to the carriage, and as they were driven off the conventional shower of satin shoes followed. The bride's traveling dress was composed of pale blue and pink silk, handsomely trimmed with lace; bonnet to harmonize, with lace fall.

**THE BRIDAL PRESENTS**

were very numerous. Among the presents of jewelry, in addition to the jewels the bride wore on her marriage, she received a diamond and sapphire bracelet from Sir Dudley Marjoribanks; from Miss M. Marjoribanks, a ruby and diamond locket; Miss Isabel Marjoribanks, a chatelaine watch; Mr. Archie Marjoribanks, a jacinth ring; Mr. Coutts Marjoribanks, an antique locket; from Misses Maria, Laura, and Emma Marjoribanks, an onyx and pearl pendant and earrings, gold collar and cross, and an aquamarine locket; a gold chain, locket, earrings, and bracelet set with pearls and diamonds from Sir Ivor and Lady Cornelia Guest; a turquoise and diamond locket and earrings from the Marchioness Camden; a gold bracelet, with diamond and sapphire center, from Sir James and Lady Hogg; a gold bracelet, set with pearls, rubies, and emeralds, from the Earl and Countess of Dudley; a gold bracelet, set with sapphires and diamonds, from the Earl and Countess of Hchester; a sapphire and diamond ring, from the Countess of Portarlington; a gold bracelet, set with pearls and diamonds, from Mr. and Mrs. Schenley; a gold bracelet, set with pearls and diamonds, from Colonel and Mrs. Hogg; gold bracelets from the Marquis and Marchioness of Londonderry, Mrs. Dansey, and Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Campbell; onyx and pearl locket, from Mr. Balfour; diamond and onyx bracelet, earrings and pendant, from Mr. M. Garel; a gold locket, set with pearls and rubies, from Baroness Mayer de Rothschild; pair of beautiful coral earrings, from the Countess of Cork; a Spanish cross from Miss Guest; pearl, diamond, and turquoise bracelet, crystal locket with diamonds, and pearl and diamond ring, from Mr. Marjoribanks; a gold bracelet, set with rubies and diamonds, from Mr. and Mrs. Pullen; gold collar and bracelet, studded with pearls, from Mr. and Mrs. E. Marjoribanks; a pair of pearl and diamond earrings, from Mr. Johnstone; a gold snake bracelet, from the Earl of Feversham; a gold bracelet, set with onyxes, from Lord and Lady Rendlesham; gold bracelet set with coral and pearls, from Mr. A. Balfour; a gold locket set with coral and diamonds, from Mr. C. Forbes (of Newe); gold earrings studded with pearls, from the Marchioness of Blandford; enamel opera-glass, period Louis XIV., from Mr. Davis. Presents of plate were made by the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough, a silver gilt dessert service, and tray, and breakfast service; the Marquis and Marchioness of Londonderry, a silver gilt tea service; the Dowager Marchioness of Londonderry, a silver box; Lord

and Lady Aveland, a pair of silver gilt candlesticks; Mr. H. Meux, a pair of silver gilt candlesticks; Mr. Dansey, a pair of silver candlesticks and a silver gilt work-case; Colonel and Mrs. Clitheroe, a silver inkstand; Mr. Weyland, a silver gilt dish; Mr. Strangways, a set of silver salt cellars and spoons; Viscount Holmesdale, a set of silver shell salt-cellars and spoons; Viscount Newport, a silver box; the Ladies Georgiana and Sarah Churchill, a pair of silver gilt sugar bowls; Mr. and Lady Charlotte Schreiber, a pair of silver goblets; Messrs. E. and R. Dawson, silver mustard and pepper set; Lord Cremorne, a silver gilt dish; Viscountess Newport, a pair of silver liqueur cups; Messrs. Wroughton and Pryor, a set of silver teaspoons and sugar tongs; Viscount Malden, a silver box; the Countess of Donoughmore, a silver basket; the Earl of Rosebery, a silver teapot; Mr. Mackenzie, a pair of silver gilt candlesticks; Mr. Horace Farquhar, a silver gilt broth bowl; Baroness North, a silver gilt bowl; Mr. Graham Vivian, a silver gilt sugar basin; Mr. and Mrs. William Russell, a silver dish; Mr. and Mrs. Smith and family, a silver inkstand; Mr. C. S. Hope, a silver flask; Mrs. Lee and Miss Marjoribanks, a pair of claret jugs; Viscount Grimston, a silver sugar basin and cream jug; Mr. Alfred Montgomery, a silver mounted brush; Mr. Hunter, a silver tea service.

Among the presents of articles of vertu and of a miscellaneous description were a valuable Cashmere shawl from the Marquis of Blandford; Lord and Lady Alfred Churchill, a clock and China casket; the Earl of Portarlington, an oxydized silver casket; Mrs. Grissell, a Sèvres China clock; Mrs. M'Garel, a traveling cloak; Viscount Helmsley, a Dresden China looking-glass; Mr. Keyte, an oxydized silver casket; Mrs. Robertson, an oxydized silver box; Lady Mary Hely Hutchinson, an ormolu inkstand; Lord Randolph Churchill, a traveling bag and dressing case; the Ladies Rosamond and Anne Churchill, a China dessert service; Lady Antrobus, a pair of candlesticks; Madame Van de Weyer, a Sèvres China inkstand; Captain and Lady Maria Hood, an enamel scent bottle; Sir Anthony de Rothschild, a velvet bag with antique clasp; Julia Countess of Jersey and Mr. Brandling, an enamel scent bottle and ormolu chatelaine; Colonel Jocelyn, an Algerine coffee-pot; Lord and Lady Ernest Van Tempest, a Sèvres card dish; the Earl and Countess of Wilton, Dresden China ornaments; Lady Molesworth, an agate vase; Mr. Marjoribanks, a costly-fitted dressing case; Lady Cornelia Guest, a writing-box; Hon. Mrs. Strange Jocelyn, a Sèvres China tea set; the Earl and Countess of Mount Charles, a Dresden China tea service; the Countess of Maclesfield, an aneroid barometer and stand; the Hon. Randolph Stewart, a China tea service; Hon. Mrs. Tomline, a lapis lazuli seal; the Duchess of Marlborough, a China coffee service; the Earl of Abingdon, an ormolu inlaid clock; Lord Claud J. Hamilton, a Brussels lace fan; a similar one from Mr. C. Sykes, M. P.; Lady Francis Churchill, a Dresden China flower vase; the Earl of Dartrey, a perfume barrel; Lady Churchill, a pair of China candlesticks; Lady Townshend Farquhar, a basket work-table; Sir T. and Lady Bateson, a clock; Major-General Hon. J. and Mrs. Macdonald, a clock; Lord and Lady Wharnccliffe, a watch; Lady Whichcote, a silver chatelaine; the Duke and Duchess of Abercorn, a pair of China vases; Sir J. and Lady Cowell, an ormolu and onyx box; Lady Georgiana Hamilton, a Venetian glass vase; Lady Dorothy Nevill, a painted fan; Baroness Bülow, a China flower vase; Mr. Marjoribanks, a Chinese sable robe and handsome silver belt with ornaments; Mr. Portman, an oxydized silver jar; Mr. Robertson, a Sèvres cup and saucer; Lady Louisa Spencer, a pair of Dresden figures and lace fan; Mr. and Lady Isabella Stuart, a pair of China candelabra and clock; the Countess of Bective, a painted fan; Viscountess Dungannon, a choice malachite ornament; Lady Catherine Weyland, a China tankard; Colonel Dudley Carleton, a pair of candlesticks; besides many others, too numerous to describe, etc. Sir Dudley Marjoribank's servants presented the bride with a silver gilt sugar-bowl and a set of dessert spoons, and the servants and workmen of Guisachen sent a bracelet, earrings, and brooch of cairngorm and gold.

The bride carried a choice bouquet, composed of the rarest and most beautiful flowers, surrounded with rich Brussels lace and trimmed with pearls and satin. This was supplied by Harding, of 32, New Bond street (late of Maddox street), and was the gift of the bridegroom.

**One of the Light Brigade**, a survivor of the "noble six hundred" who rode "into the mouth of hell" at the famous charge of Balaklava, lives in Chicago. He entered the British service as a private in the ranks, and served in India and Crimean campaigns. He was frequently promoted for his soldier-like qualities until he finally attained a captaincy. In the "charge of the light brigade," he received eleven wounds, six of which were severe enough to leave permanent scars. His story is that of the "noble six hundred," when ordered to "charge for the guns," all thought they had an easy task in the capture of a few field-pieces. They never dreamed, he says, of the 30,000 Russians who were lying in wait behind the batteries. Five hundred were killed on the field and only one escaped un wounded; yet in spite of the storm of shot and shell they spiked the guns, and all that were left of them found their way back to the British lines. Of this memorable charge three are now in England, two in Canada and one in Chicago. They each receive a pension of £100 per annum from the British government.

**Trenor W. Park**, of the Emma Mine swindle notoriety, is one of the new Directors of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company.

## A FEW SERIOUS WORDS

Respectfully Addressed to the Clergy of San Francisco.

[BY A LAYMAN FROM CLEAR LAKE.]

Oh, gentle Parsons, pray ye heed  
These halting lines, which I, indeed,  
Have scribbled just for you to read,  
When ye have leisure.

Reflect upon them, if you please,  
And tell me if parsonic ease  
Right in the teeth of facts like these,  
Can yield you pleasure.

Knights of the Cross, why idly rave?  
Reef Christ, oh! rest in thy cold grave!  
Thou canst not make another slave:  
We've turned the tables!

Thy day is done: the hour is near  
When perfect love shall cast out fear;  
Thy hell shall wholly disappear  
With other fables.

Thy sad, sad tale, long held to view,  
Distant in clime, in time not new,  
Let's hope to God it is not true,  
Told but to frighten!

Thou said'st thyself (a) that men might  
What trees in moral orchards grow, (know  
Best by the fruit that each should show  
When it doth ripen.

Where'er the heathen learns to pray,  
Sing psalms, and keep the Sabbath Day,  
There a rack holds spiritual sway,  
A God that pleases.

And parsons bring their knavish tricks,  
Their gospel shops of stone or bricks,  
Their Bibles, Holy Ghosts, Old Nicks,  
And their diseases.

Most other creeds refuse strong drink,  
Purge prostitution's venom'd sink,  
Thine winks on both a solemn wink,  
As sins quite venial.

Buddhists, Mahommedans, Hindoos,  
Alike the genial cups refuse  
Allowed to Parians and Jews,  
And Christian menial.

Can we not in thy life below  
Detect—though pure as driven snow—  
The germs whence these foul night-shades  
Of human folly? [grow

Thy first of miracles (b) was wrought  
To brew strong drink that none had sought  
For folk who'd had just all they ought,  
And were quite jolly.

And ever, in thy life so sweet,  
'Tis singular we always greet  
Some Magdalen (c) about thy feet,  
Slobbering and fooling.

Thou didst not even blame the lives  
Of light o' loves, and faithless wives;  
E'en she caught i' the act contrives  
T' escape e'en schooling! (d)

Oh, monstrous mockery of love!  
Oh, soft-voiced eagle-taloned dove!  
Oh, mildewed manna from above!  
Mildewed and rotten!

Was it worth while to come so far,  
Thy deity with nails to mar,  
To show us all what fools we are,  
Thou God-begotten?

Shaking the dust off as they trod,  
To damn to an eternal rod  
All who denied their pauper God  
To be Jehovah.

Should Cornish fishermen come now  
With a like yarn, and raise a row,  
They would not net one fish, I trow,  
From Sky to Dover!

Once when an hungered thou didst spy,  
A noble fig-tree spreading nigh,  
For figs its branches thou must try,  
Though it grew wildish.

"The time of fruiting was not yet;" (f)  
Thou damnest that fig-tree in a pet,  
And witherdest it before sunset,  
That was spoli—childish!

Devils at thy command were sent  
Into a herd of innocent  
And grunting porkers, and they went  
T' the land of No-man.

Here was a pretty piece of work!  
Forbidden to the Jew and Turk,  
If thou thyself declinedst fat pork,  
Why should the Roman?

No other virtue do we see  
Equivalent in sanctity  
To following and believing thee  
To be Jehovah.

Conceited from thy baby years,  
Naught in thy eyes thy mother's fears,  
Her anxious search and gentle tears  
Shed for her rover. (g)

Unfilial, unfraternal man,  
Who thy domestic life shall scan,  
And wish his own formed on thy plan,  
Thy friends all toadies.

Thy mother and thy brethren (h) naught;  
Respect for parents never taught;  
The dead neglected (i)—horrid thought!—  
To feed the blow-flies.

Oh! Prince of Peace, thou canst to draw  
The sword of Bigotry and Law,  
And gorge the vulture Murder's maw,  
Till he grew lusty.

And only lately hath the lore  
Of science broken on her door, [gore,  
That falchion drenched with faultless  
Now old and rusty.

Scan well thy work: let devils tell  
Its blood-stained chronicles, which swell  
The fragments of thy fabled hell,  
Broken to splinters.

The bloody cross its fires must pale,  
Nor hots of black-robed priests a wall,  
When nations learn its hideous tale  
In coming winters.

"Glibbeted Gods!" in vain ye bleed,  
To license drink and lust and greed,  
The world demands a purer creed,  
And it shall have one.

Turn to the East, its star ye view,  
Where England's missionary crew  
Now learns one from the meek Hindoo;  
It came to give one!



Unlettered fishermen were sent, (e)  
In every hamlet to pitch tent,  
And preach salvation as they went,  
Loafing around there,

A few steps further prythee ride—  
God's thought is free, God's world is wide,  
Survey the shield on either side,  
Pluckiest of Mars' sons.

Whom should men not at once receive,  
The astounding tale right then believe,  
Then were these holy ones to leave,  
Stamping the ground there.

With wiser eyes this landscape scan,  
And, marveling at our Father's plan,  
Pause ere ye damn your fellow man,  
My gentle Parson. —Don Fulano.

(a) Luke, vi., 43-44; Matt, vii., 17-18. (b) John, i. (c) Luke, vii., 37. (d) John, viii., 3. (e) Matt., x., 14. (f) Mark, xi., 12-23. (g) Luke, i., 48. (h) Matt., xii., 48. (i) Matt., viii., 22.

### THE NEW AQUARIUM AT WOODWARD'S GARDENS.

Nearly Every One Knew that, for the last year, Mr. Woodward had been hard at work making an aquarium, but few were prepared to see it such a complete success. On Wednesday, Mr. Woodward invited the scientific men of the city, and the press, to a private inspection of this, his latest addition to an already wonderfully fine collection of living curiosities. The new aquarium is some seventy feet long, and is divided into fourteen tanks, already filled, and two larger tanks, with stalactite roofs, not as yet inhabited. Three tanks are devoted to fresh water fish, most noticeable among which are the speckled trout from San Pedro, and the perch. The salt water tanks, with their varied and interesting inhabitants, are a source of never-ending amusement and instruction to the spectator. There we see the sea anemone (*actinia viridis*), with its countless tentacles spread out to lay hold of any edible substance that may chance to be floating around; also, the star fish (*asterias pulchella*), which may be seen sticking to the glass, thus giving a good view of its wonderful formation. It is most interesting to watch the crustaceans, who seem perfectly at home in their new residence, and fight with as much zest as if they were "at the bottom of the deep blue sea." Not the least interesting among the sea fish is the common wharf catfish. This fish does not only swim like others, but it may also be seen hanging on a rock in a perpendicular position, sometimes upside down, evidently ready at any moment for a spring at its prey. Two fine specimens of the spotted sharks are to be seen leisurely swimming round tank No. 4. They are about three feet long, and are savage, sulky-looking fellows. There are specimens of various kinds of sea perch, the black, blue, silvery, etc.; also of the cod, whose green looking bodies form a strong contrast to the white, sandy bottom on which they lie. The fish are fed with some kind of minced fresh meat, which is dropped in at the top of the tank, and is generally seized by some hungry fish long before it reaches the bottom. The crab shovels it into his mouth with his claws like a man filling a pipe, using his nippers as a tobacco pouch. The catfish darts from his seat on the rock with a swiftness that one would hardly expect to see in so clumsily built a fish. The sea anemones have to be fed by means of a long pair of wooden tongs, which deposit the meat on their tentacles, which soon draw it in and quickly digest it. The water in all the tanks is as clear as possible, and a perfect view can be obtained of all their finny inhabitants. Too much cannot be said in praise of the landable spirit which has prompted Mr. Woodward, in spite of many severe disappointments, to still persevere in an undertaking which will form no mean part in the natural history education of the rising generation of San Francisco. Mr. Woodward has brought all his European experience (gained with an especial view to the subject in question) of aquariums, and that of his able assistant, Mr. Schumann, to bear upon the present undertaking, which is a complete success. Mr. Woodward provided a very elegant cold collation, which was done ample justice to by both scientific men, doctors, the press, and the "most humblest man in the room," as James, the red-shirted fisherman, who sat at the far end of the table, facetiously termed himself. The wine—which, by the way, was of excellent quality—circulated very freely. Numerous speeches were made, most of which were more remarkable for their peculiar grammar than for their eloquence, and any amount of ecomiums were lavished upon Mr. Woodward, who seemed to hold up very fairly under such a weight of flattery. At about half-past seven the party broke up, returning to town by special cars provided by Mr. Woodward. All were unanimous in declaring that the aquarium was a complete success, and that Mr. Woodward was a truly enterprising, public-spirited man. We cannot end this account of the aquarium and its opening without saying a word in praise of Mr. Andrews, whose management of the affairs of the Gardens goes a great way towards making them such a favorite place of resort. He is a courteous gentleman, and is a universal favorite with all classes.

**A Big Dictionary.**—German newspapers announce that the dictionary of the German language, in course of compilation by the brothers Grimm, will contain more words than any other publication on record. It has already reached the number of 150,000, and by the time it is complete it will comprise at least 500,000.

**It is Rumored that Philip Meagher, formerly of Meagher, Taaffe & Co., is to be nominated by the Tax Payers for the State Senate.**



### Court Chat.

The Court has been Placed in Mourning for ten days by the death, on May 24th, of one of the Queen's grandchildren, Prince Frederick William, second son of Prince Louis of Hesse, who fell from a window of the Castle at Darmstadt, a depth of twenty feet, dying two hours afterwards. Fears are entertained as to the effect of the accident on the Princess Alice, who is very near her confinement. The facts of the sad occurrence are given as follows: At a quarter to eight, the nurses as usual brought the Royal children into Princess Alice's bedroom. On this occasion there were but three, viz., Prince Ernest, Prince Frederick William, and the baby, Princess Victoria. Out of the bedroom opens a bathroom, into which shortly after his arrival Prince Ernest ran. The Princess, knowing the window to be open, as was also the one in her bedroom, hastily got up and followed the child, leaving Prince Frederick William by himself and the baby on the bed. During her short absence Prince Frederick William let a toy with which he was playing fall out of the window, and, while trying to recover it, he fell a height of twenty feet to the ground. The Princess, hearing a noise, rushed back, but only in time to see the unhappy child in the air. Her shrieks soon brought assistance, but all efforts were useless, and the poor little fellow died at about eleven o'clock. He was a weakly child from his birth, but of a lively and gay disposition, and his death is an immense sorrow to his parents, for whom, it is needless to say, the greatest sympathy is felt. The little Prince was buried on the evening of June 1st, at the mausoleum of the Rosenhohe, just outside the city. The most touching sympathy was manifested by all classes of the people. Mr. Evan Bailie, the British Charge d'Affaires at Darmstadt, represented Her Majesty the Queen at the ceremony. Information has been received by Her Majesty the Queen that the Princess Alice and Prince Louis, her husband, display great resignation and fortitude under the heavy affliction which has befallen them.

The Hero of the Week has been His Oriental Majesty the Shah of Persia. Neither the indisposition of the Emperor of Germany nor the sad incident to which we have alluded have interfered with the very marked attention shown to the Royal stranger at Berlin. The Shah and his suite are described as taking as much interest in everything they see as they awaken by their presence. We hear much of the Shah's gens, and of the need that there will be to give a reception here that shall harmonize with an oriental estimate of ceremonial. We understand that Sir Henry C. Rawlinson, K. C. B., Sir Arnold B. Kemball, K. C. S. I., C. B., Major Burne, C. S. I., and Capt. Grey, Bengal Army, left London on June 16th, *en route* for Brussels, to meet the Shah, and they will remain in attendance on His Majesty during his stay in this country. The Corporation of London is busy arranging to give due civic honors, Buckingham Palace is being made ready, men-of-war are set apart for a naval display, and it would seem that unusual care is being taken that England should not, on this occasion, be behind in homage. The object of the Shah is said to be to gather information with a view to the material progress of his country: that he is not a student of the science of war, and thus not wholly absorbed with the latest perfections in the art of war introduced to him in Prussia. The ceremonies at Berlin are, in point of magnificence, dimmed by the gaiety of Vienna, which has reached a climax in the reception given to the Czar of all the Russias, who arrived at the Austrian capital on June 1st. There appears to be no cessation of the "mutual admiration" which the three Emperors are lavishing on one another at their respective capitals. International exhibitions have not hitherto been all success in promoting peace and good will, but that at Vienna is at least singularly powerful in gathering emperors, kings, archdukes, and princes from all Europe. The Emperor of Germany will be the next distinguished visitor. The King of the Belgians and the Prince of Montenegro are sharing the special ovations given to the Czar.

The Ceremony of Crowning the Rosiere of Nanterre took place on Whit Sunday, notwithstanding the rain which fell without intermission. The fortunate candidate on this occasion was Madlle. Anne Melleux, aged eighteen, the daughter of agriculturists in rather straitened circumstances, and who in their absence has to take care of their three small children. The crown of flowers was placed on her head by Madame Boquet, wife of a rich landowner of the neighborhood. The rites at the Marie and the Church were performed with all the usual solemnity, due honor being rendered to the procession by a detachment of the 104th of the Line, in garrison at Rueil. The Rosiere received several presents from Madame Boquet, besides a dowry of 500 francs, given by the Commune.

It is not Generally Known that at Viscountess Beaconsfield's death her fortune passed away to the family of her first husband, Mr. Wyndham Lewis. Mr. Disraeli has his pension of £2,000 a year as an ex-Cabinet Minister, which has been well earned by his long services to the public; and some years ago an eccentric old lady in Devonshire left him the bulk of her fortune, amounting to about £25,000. Mr. Disraeli continues to keep aloof from any party and public demonstrations.

The Queen remains at Balmoral. A few days ago Her Majesty visited some of the relatives of her personal attendants living in the glen. Mr. and Mrs. Donald Clark were the first honored with a visit from the Queen, who partook of the humble fare placed on the table before her. Her Majesty, while in the glen, called on Francis Leys, farmer, at Crofts, Aberarder, whose son occupies the position of second piper in the Royal household.

Mr. Gladstone and Family have been spending Whitsuntide at Chatsworth, on a visit to the Duke of Devonshire.

NEW ROME.

[LINES WRITTEN FOR MISS STORY'S ALBUM.]

The armless Vatican Cupid  
Hangs down his beautiful head!  
For the priests have got him in prison,  
And Psyche long has been dead.  
Bat see, his shaven oppressors  
Begin to quake and disband;  
And the *Times*, that bright Apollo,  
Proclaims salvation at hand.

"And what," cries Cupid, "will save us?"  
Says Apollo: "*Modernize Rome!*  
Whatinns! Your streets, too, how narrow!  
Too much of palace and dome!  
O learn of London, whose paupers  
Are not pushed out by the swells!  
Wide streets, with fine double trottoirs,  
And then—the London hotels!"

The armless Vatican Cupid  
Hangs down his head as before.  
Through centuries past it has hung so,  
And will through centuries more. —*London Times.*

A PRECIOUS CORRESPONDENT.

The *Sacramento Union* has been publishing, for some time past, the letters of one Theodore Triplet, a fine specimen of the "intelligent American" tourist in Europe. His letter of May 25th, dated at Paris, is a curious compound of Josh Billings, Chambers' Cyclopaedia, Harper's Guide-Book, and original ignorance. He is profound on the French language: "Having acquired sufficient French to make my wants known, I believe I will cease further efforts in that direction. The faculty of acquiring languages does not belong to the highest order of intellect anyway. . . . Our own Saxon has a literature rich enough to afford," etc., etc. This reasoning is undoubtedly Triplet's, though we once heard Starr King, in a lecture on Bryant, fairly outdo the "Own Saxon" twaddle by proving to his audience how well America, if cut off from intercourse with the rest of mankind, could live and thrive on the intellectual riches of her Edwardses, her Franklins, her Emersons and her Bryants. All Frenchmen have reason to congratulate themselves that Triplet's mind is too mighty, "anyway," to acquire their language. The vials of wrath have been poured out upon them, but they are spared the last infamy, the cackle of a Triplet's own Saxon bosh, in broken French. The great fountains of Versailles were to play on Sunday: and to Versailles, on Sunday, went Triplet, disregarding, as he writes, "the — commandment;" blank, because he had no English Bible, and could find no "Frenchman who knows one commandment from another." There is, in truth, very little in common between Triplet and most Frenchmen. The latter go frankly about their business, without talking of Moses: Triplet pretends to believe in the sacredness of the Mosaic law, and cannot, for the life of him, remember what he calls his religion. One of the great paintings, the "Conversion of Clovis," is too much for Triplet's Cyclopaedias and Guide-Books. He wants to know why the Bishop calls Clovis "a Sicambre," and what a Sicambre is. We are never so happy as when we teach the young idea. A Sicambre is neither more nor less than a Mormon; and if Triplet had filed his mind to the study of French, he might have known this. In the Bois de Boulogne, our traveler saw many pretty women driving; most of them bad, he says, and we are bound to believe him, for when a man acquires just French enough to make his wants known, and then settles the character of the women he sees in public, how can you doubt his knowledge of French society or his honesty? No more than you can call in question his conclusion, that there is no "sincerity in the life, no earnestness in the purposes of Paris." The life and the purposes of Paris must be familiar as his garter to a man, who confesses his ignorance of French verbs; and it gave us supreme delight to find him repeating, after the school readers, that the French have no word for "home." No, indeed; neither have they any word for *wagon*, nor for *railway*, nor *steamer*, nor *humbug*, nor *Morning Call*, nor *live paper*; but, oddly enough, they have the reality of all these, except the *Morning Call*. There are stupid Frenchmen, but none low enough to make a *Morning Call*. Something like the *Sacramento Union* they might descend to: beyond that, lead could not sink them. The Triplet, summing up his French experience, finds his own Saxon literature insufficient, and quotes (in English) the Frenchman Montesquieu to the effect that "virtue is the mainspring of a republic, and honor the life of a kingdom;" and concludes that while there may yet be many kingdoms in France, there cannot be one republic. This is bad for France, destitute of virtue, while she abounds in honor; and possibly it is far from consoling to Triplet's own native American land, where the honor which makes the life of kingdoms is so far a word without meaning, while the virtue, which is the mainspring of a republic, is spoken of only to be laughed at.

The *Gazzetta di Venezia* Says: "Two young girls, whose features and olive complexion indicated an Eastern origin, passed through the station of Mestre yesterday, coming from Trieste. These young persons reproduce the phenomenon of the famous Siamese twins, with this difference, that they are united by the back. They appeared unembarrassed in their movements, and in good spirits. A question was asked at the station whether they should pay a ticket for one or two persons, and the question was not decided. Reference has been made to the Board of Directors of the railway.





There is **Every Reason to Believe** that the editors of the local daily press delight in making asses of themselves. We rejoice in this, for if there is anything we like to see it is an ass who has no more brains than the code allows. But when these braying animals attack the praying animals, as they did the Rev. Dr. Stone a few days ago, we are severely shocked—and this despised community is well aware of the fact that it takes a good deal to shock us. If the Rev. Dr. had murdered a Barbary conster, bought stock in the *Call*, pilfered short bits from the blind cigar peddler, or had done some other act equally outrageous, we could have conscientiously applauded the donkeys in their howling against him. Having simply forgotten his high and holy mission by turning his back upon Heaven a few moments to boldly face the Celestial problem which riles our Caucasian mudsills, deserves eulogies rather than condemnation. His views on the question were sound to the core; he trampled upon the corns of the long-eared, and hence their braying. The donkeys aforesaid have no interest in this matter, one way or another, except to make money out of it. By flaming appeals to the chuckle-headed public they put cash in their coffers. Behold the contrast to our unselfishness. Like Dr. Stone we have spent a lifetime as a missionary in ameliorating the condition of the wrong and oppressed; and we add, proudly, with a profound contempt for coin. The only reason why we are not abused as he is may be attributed to the fact that we are not worth abusing. With our usual modesty we correct this snow-white falsehood with this palpable truth: they fear us.

The **Venerable and Gouty Old Duffer**, who hopes to get to heaven on the strength of being "a man of means," is in great demand in this community at present. His stock is up, and hangs high and lovely as the goose. The "stylish and fascinating young widow" is after him with a vim in the "Personals" of the press. She wants a "home," not a husband this time. She is willing to sacrifice her charms to any toothless, bald-headed, cross-grained, knock-kneed, old dupe who will furnish coin as an equivalent. This fascinating young virgin, "lately from the East," with her false hair, false teeth, false health and false heart, openly and shamefully offers herself as a victim on the altar of lust. Her staid commodities are put up for the highest bidder, and the victim who unfortunately gives her a "home" finds himself in a hell. This white elephant is as naturally attracted to California as his satanic majesty is to sin. This is the Mecca of her lecherous imaginings. Here she hopes to revel in the iniquities of the flesh. With her arts and smiles and devilish ingenuity she coils herself about the innocent and unsophisticated "man of means," a peculiar human product, which, the sweet Lord be praised, is found in no other geographical location on this planet outside of California. We weep a copious weeping of briny tears for this old man, we invoke the Young Men's Christian Association for this toothless duffer, we appeal to the local priests and confidants of the great I Am for this aged and miserable dupe. In conclusion we give him a little sound and original advice: "Old man, be virtuous and you'll be happy."

The **Detestable Leeches** known as quack doctors are our special pets of abomination. In hunting up something exceedingly mean and nasty, even unto the perfection of meanness and nastiness, we have struck upon these quacks as filling the bill to a T. A reconnaissance on Kearny or Montgomery street will develop these human vermin as thick as lice upon the cranium of a Plute brave. Mr. Lo, in his utter contempt for sanitary laws, richly merits its wealth of personal property in "live" stock, but why a Christian community should breed and feed the other pestilence is a question that might well perplex a Philadelphia lawyer or a Chicago Bohemian. Our morals as a people are unsullied, and our reputation for chastity has been carried on the wings of the wind to the four corners of the earth. A man has merely to mention the fact that he hails from San Francisco, in any nook or quarter of the civilized and uncivilized world, and forthwith paens rend the air in praise of his many virtues. Great is Diana of the Ephesians, was the old war cry, but the modern bugle blast re-echoes, Great is the man of Frisco. Considering our immaculate skirts, we cannot see why a roaring Providence should afflict us with our pet abominations. We have no desire to add to our reputation as a notorious liar by pretending to ignorance in this matter. We know all about it. These infamous quacks are the leeches fattened through violations of the seventh commandment, etc. There's more truth than poetry in this brief sermon.

The **Town Crier** could never understand why people who become American citizens, should persist in parading on every possible occasion the flags of the countries they have deserted in order to obtain the coveted privileges of citizens of the Great Republic. That it is bad taste to flaunt such flags all must acknowledge, and that it is an insult to our flag many with just cause think. The *T. C.* congratulates the Fourth of July Committee on their pluck and good taste in not allowing other flags to be carried on the day of all others when the starry banner should reign supreme. The Fenians feel hurt to think that their flag—one by the bye which would reflect no credit upon any civilized procession—should not be allowed to wave triumphant and defiant on the Fourth. It is an emblem of priest-ridden ignorance and of fancied wrongs, whose existence are notional in the extreme; and even granting that they do exist, have been brought about by the savage barbarity of the sufferers themselves. America and England were never better friends than they are to-day, and all true Americans feel it as an insult to a land that they have not yet ceased to be proud of claiming their origin from, to allow the furtive green of played-out Fenianism to wave as proudly as their own honored flag of liberty and fraternity.





LIGHT.

While I hid mine eyes, I feared ;	But I hear a voice as sweet
The heavens in wrath seemed bowed ;	As the fall of summer showers ;
I look, and the sun with a smile breaks	And the grave that yawned at my very feet
And a rainbow spans the cloud. [forth,	Is filled to the top with flowers!
I thought the winter was here,	As if 'twere the midnight hour,
That the earth was cold and bare ;	I sat with gloom oppress ;
But I feel the coming of birds and flowers	When a light was breaking out of the east,
And the spring-time in the air.	And shining unto the west.
I said that all the lips	I heard the angels call
I ever had kissed were dumb ;	Across from the beautiful shore ;
That my dearest ones were dead and gone,	And I saw a look in my darling's eyes,
And never a friend would come.	That never was there before.

Transfigured, lost to me,  
 She had slipped from my embrace ;  
 Now lo ! I hold her fast once more,  
 With the light of God on her face !

FEMININE CHIT-CHAT.

**A Lady Correspondent** in London writes to us as follows: The Claimant has bestowed a title upon a coat, though I don't think the fashion will last as long as his notoriety. The garment ticketed by the tailors as "The Claimant" is an ugly dust-colored affair, with huge buttons, and about as much shape as a sack. The huge man's popularity is on the wane; the public are tired of him and his clumsy speeches, and he no longer draws crowded houses when he is announced to appear at theaters or music halls. He is not pretty to look at, and he is a very bungling speaker, so there is really nothing to attract people to see him. Ladies don't crowd to Westminster as they did at the beginning of the trial, and a fashionable west-end toilette is by no means necessary for the occasion. Blue is the prevailing color in ladies' toilettes now, and a very ugly shade—a real old-fashioned "sky"—is the favorite tint. I saw a very pretty costume prepared for Ascot in sky blue silk, trimmed with white and black lace. The polonaise was the newest shape from Paris, and which is very becoming to almost all figures. It is fastened from the neck to the bottom, but is not cut to the waist in front. It fits tightly behind, with a large full pouf with a large bow and ends. Alternate rows of black and white insertion are laid on as trimming, and a very wide mixed black and white lace is put on at the edge. Straight down the front there is a handsome trimming of insertion and lace, with large bows at intervals, and very large square cuffs of lace and insertion finish the sleeves. The "Ascot" bonnet is very stiff and ugly. I think it must be meant for an imitation of a Welch woman's hat. It is high in the crown, and the brim turns up in front. It has no feathers or flounces, but a broad band of ribbon of a darker shade than the bonnet goes round it, and it has a large bow on the right side. Under the brim is a wreath of flowers, a ruching of ribbon on a quilling of tulle, according to taste, which has at a little distance precisely the effect of a muslin cap border. A veil of the same color as the trimming goes from the left side of the bonnet under the chin and up to the back of the right side behind the ear, where it is fastened and falls in a long end down the back. There is nothing to recommend it—it looks stiff and ugly even on the prettiest face. The newest hats are a curious shape. They look exactly as if they had been perched here and there all round the brim, which turns down and rests flat upon the head. The crown is low, and the trimming comes from the back right over the top to the front. The style is pretty and careless looking, and a new change from the rather severe looking sailor hats, which don't suit everybody. The "Alexandria" waist-band and bag is a pretty trifle in bronze leather, which is very much worn. The belt is mounted and buckled with silver, and from a pretty clasp on the right side hangs a small bag.

**A Lady Gay Spanker.**—As a proof that the ladies of "Young England" are not behind their grandmothers in pluck and stamina, the following impromptu achievement will testify: "About half-past eleven, on the day of the great race, as the Duke of Beaufort and his daughter, Lady Blanche Somerset, were preparing for a ride in the Row, her ladyship remarked she should like to see the Derby run for; but as his Grace had made no arrangements there was only one chance open—to ride down. No sooner said than done. Both being in good condition, they started at a quarter to one, and reached the Downs in an hour and forty minutes. The Blue's coach was easily found near the winning post, whereat they lunched, and after witnessing the race returned to town on horseback, reaching Grosvenor square at half-past six! To add to the pleasantness of the trip, the crowd had assembled on the course before they had got there, and only four vehicles were passed after crossing Putney Bridge. They had the road all to themselves, likewise, in returning. Considering that Lady Blanche is only seventeen, this was a marvelous performance, and shows what condition—acquired by hunting through the winter, and riding, walking, and dancing exercise, in the season, in town—will accomplish."

## DOCKAGE, WHARFAGE AND TOLLS.

**A New Schedule of Rates.**—Following are the rates of dockage, wharfage and tolls established by the Board of State Harbor Commissioners, to go into effect immediately:

DOCKAGE.		Per Day.
Vessels.		
Under 10 tons		\$200 50
10 tons and under 25 tons		(8) 75
25 tons and under 50 tons		1 25
50 tons and under 75 tons		1 50
75 tons and under 100 tons		2 00
100 tons and under 150 tons		3 00
150 tons and under 200 tons		4 00
200 tons and under 250 tons		5 00
250 tons and under 300 tons		6 00
300 tons and under 400 tons		7 00
400 tons and under 500 tons		8 00
500 tons and under 600 tons		8 50
600 tons and under 700 tons		9 50
700 tons and under 800 tons		10 50
800 tons and under 900 tons		11 00
900 tons and under 1000 tons		11 50
1000 tons and under 1100 tons		12 50
1100 tons and under 1200 tons		13 50
1200 tons and under 1300 tons		14 50
1300 tons and under 1400 tons		15 50
1400 tons and under 1500 tons		16 50
1500 tons and under 1600 tons		17 50
1600 tons and under 1700 tons		18 50
1700 tons and under 1800 tons		19 50
1800 tons and under 1900 tons		21 00
1900 tons and under 2000 tons		22 50
2000 tons and under 2200 tons		23 50
2200 tons and under 2500 tons		25 00

Vessels 2500 tons and over, in proportion. Vessels loading and ballasting, half the above rates. Vessels in outside berths or in the slips shall pay half rates of dockage.

**TOLLS.** Vehicles drawn by one or more animals,  $12\frac{1}{2}$  cents; loads when in excess of two tons, 6 $\frac{1}{2}$  cents additional for each ton or part thereof, except grain, flour, potatoes and other vegetables when in excess of two tons 5 cents additional for each ton or part thereof; loads of lumber when hauled on the wharves, of 2,000 feet or less,  $12\frac{1}{2}$  cents; loads when in excess of 2,000 feet, 5 cents additional for each 1,000 feet or part thereof; extra vehicles,  $12\frac{1}{2}$  cents; cattle or horses for transportation, 5 cents each; sheep or hogs,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  cents each; hand-carts, 5 cents each.

**WHARFAGE.** The following articles, when landed upon the wharf and remaining for a period not exceeding 48 hours, shall pay wharfage as follows: Wood per cord,  $12\frac{1}{2}$  cents; lumber, per M. feet, 10 cents; stone, iron and general merchandise, per ton, 6 $\frac{1}{2}$  cents; brick, per 1,000, 10 cents; coal and asphaltum per ton, 10 cents; hay, per ton, 10 cents. Any of the above articles remaining on the wharf more than 48 hours shall pay the above rates of wharfage for each additional day or fractional part thereof. All goods landed upon the wharf, and taken from thence in lighters or other vessels, shall pay 6 $\frac{1}{2}$  cents per ton wharfage. All goods received or discharged by vessels lying alongside of the wharf or in slips, from or into lighters or other vessels, shall pay 5 cents per ton wharfage, and lumber 5 cents per M.

**RULES AND REGULATIONS.**—Dockage to commence upon a vessel making fast to the wharf, and to conclude when she hauls out, and to pay for each day or fractional part thereof. No allowance to be made for Sundays, holidays or rainy days. Vessels shall rig in jib, flying jib and spunker-booms when required by the Wharfinger, and shall also haul or change births, at their own expense, by his direction. No merchandise will be allowed to remain upon any wharf over night without permission of the Wharfinger, and then only at the risk of the owner. All goods remaining on the wharf after the owner or consignee has been notified to remove the same, will be removed by the Wharfinger at the expense of the owner. All goods, wares and merchandise shall be charged by weight or measurement, according to custom. Two thousand pounds shall constitute a ton, except coal, iron and stone. No load exceeding five tons will be admitted on or off the wharves, except single packages. Driving on any wharf faster than a walk, prohibited. Parties holding portions of the water front under lease from the Board of State Harbor Commissioners, are obligated to charge and collect the above rates; and any person violating said rules will forfeit his lease.

**The Sale of Game and Rabbits.**—According to a return to the House of Lords the licensed game dealers last year in England sold of game, 1,485,553; wild fowls, 396,354; hares, 640,293; and 1,406,833 rabbits. In the United Kingdom the game numbered 1,641,900; wild fowls, 580,388; hares, 702,890; and rabbits, 5,104,817.

## A SUNSET WALK.

Purple, gold, and ruby tints,  
Are fading in the sunless sky,  
And pearly, dim, uncertain glints  
Mark one lone star on high.  
The cricket's tiny bell is rung,  
The last song of the bird is sung.

Far away the din and fret—  
The daytime hurry and the strife—  
The weary toil and sad regret,  
Which haunt our daily life—  
Oh, far away these leave me now,  
With sunset's kisses on my brow.

Leaves, which all day idly tost,  
Now pause to listen for the Night,  
Fast riding with his radiant host,  
O'er hills of dying light.  
Around me falls the hush of prayer,  
And dimmer grows the pulseless air.

—George Cooper, in *Appleton's Journal* for June.

Peace and Love on all descend!  
Oh, surely, in an hour like this,  
Kind Heaven seems nearer earth to bend,  
To give one good-night kiss!  
Fair home-lights now the wanderer sees,  
Like fire-flies, twinkle through the trees.

Loving ones return to him,  
And rosy cheeks with love-light glow;  
Fond hopes arise, at twilight dim,  
In dreams of long ago.  
And all the joy sweet memory gives,  
Touched by the hand of sunset, lives.

Oh, tranquil sunset of the soul,  
When all the jar of earth is past!  
When storms no longer round us roll,  
And heaven is near, at last!  
We know, though faint and fall we may,  
Calm sunset ends the longest day.

**Women as Hod-Carriers in Vienna.**—I have before alluded to the fact that women perform the hardest kind of laboring work in Germany. but was not prepared for the sights I have witnessed to-day in Vienna. In America mixing mortar and carrying the hod is considered such hard work that few white men can be found willing to undertake it at the present day. An immense building near our hotel, occupying a whole block, is in course of erection, on which not less than 400 persons are employed, fully 200 of whom are women. All the hard laboring work is done by women, such as making and carrying mortar in buckets on their heads to the workmen handling the brick. They are not allowed a moment's leisure, several overseers being on guard to keep them constantly in motion. We found the same proportion of women at work on all the new buildings, and there must be many thousands of them to-day doing this species of laboring work in Vienna. The are both young, middle-aged and old, but all seem to be strong and healthy. At dinner-time they swarm into the shops to purchase a piece of brown bread and fat bacon and a mug of beer, and eat their dinners sitting on the curbstones. Their wages is one florin, or 48 cents per day, and I am assured by a gentleman residing here that most of them sleep about the buildings on shavings, or in barns and sheds, having no homes. Amidst all the splendor and wealth of this great city, with its millions of inhabitants, there is, perhaps, more destitution, want and suffering than in all the cities of America. Still, we frequently hear some of our countrymen praising and preferring the governments of Europe. Whilst viewing this scene, the emperor and empress, with his staff and outriders, glittering in gold and precious stones, dashed along the Ringstrasse, on the way to the palace, whilst a short distance off stand the royal stables, a magnificent structure, covering at least four blocks of ground, as large as Franklin square, the meanest animal of which is better cared for than these women. It is not to be wondered that of the 8,000 births annually in the lying-in hospital in Vienna, less than 500 are of children born in wedlock.—*Correspondence Baltimore American.*

**In Moses Square** boots and shoes may be obtained at any price from sixpence to five shillings. A brisk business in the boot trade is done on Sunday mornings in this densely crowded place on the system of exchange, but this is the inferior department. There are stall-keepers in this wonderful fair who deal in boots "past mending," in dilapidated, trodden-down things, tongueless, and with their eyelet holes all riven out, and with gaps between their soles and upper leathers. It would seem impossible for boots in a worse condition to be worn, but wearers of old boots—just a little worse only—attend the fair bent on bettering themselves at an outlay of a few pence, and, after a narrow and anxious examination of a pair on the stall, and a close comparison of them with the leaky old wrecks on their feet, they will perhaps bid three-halfpence or twopence and their own for the other pair, and effect the change on the spot, squatting down on the muddy pavement to do it. Every Sunday there is almost a scramble among them for the privilege of hiring at a most exorbitant rate the few feet of space they require to display their goods. I cannot say for certain, but I believe that the rent of the unclean soil that comprises the area of Moses Square is estimated at a penny the square yard, the term of tenancy commencing at ten o'clock on Sunday morning and expiring at two in the afternoon.—*St. Pauls.*

**During** the first week of the opening of the free baths in New York, this year, 42,000 boys and 21,000 girls took a wash. From which we may infer that girls are twice as much afraid of water as boys.



### THE FOURTH ATLANTIC CABLE.

The *Great Eastern* is now more than half way across the Atlantic, engaged, in company with two consorts, in laying the fourth cable which has been placed and worked in the bed of the ocean. Counting from the first cable-laid in 1858, this is the fifth of the Atlantic cables, but as that one only worked for a few weeks and has since remained neglected and silent, it does not count. It was originally intended to lay this fourth cable from Portbou on the Cornish coast, direct to Halifax, and thence to New York. But owing to the desirability of reducing the risk of laying by adhering to the system of short lengths, and to other reasons of a commercial nature, it was determined to fall back upon the routes of the other cables, viz: from Valentia to Heart's Content, Newfoundland. The course of the fourth cable, which will be known as the cable of 1873, is to be north of that of 1865, and unless at the shore ends, the two will not approach nearer than thirty miles. The squadron, of which the *Great Eastern* started at the head, comprised also the *Hibernia*, the *Edinburgh* and the *Robert Lowe*, the latter being a small vessel of 700 tons, and the former being 3,000 and 2,300 tons respectively. The laying of the shore end at Valentia was done by the *Robert Lowe*, after which the vessel returned to the Thames. The Sydney Cable is to be laid by the three smaller vessels after the completion of the present one, and after that job is complete the *Hibernia* will join the *Great Eastern* at Heart's Content, whence the two will proceed to the point of rupture of the cable of 1865, which is 500 miles from Valentia, where it will be grappled for, and as is expected, found and repaired. The length of the cable of 1865, whose recovery is thus to be attempted, is 1,800 miles, the cable of 1866 is 1,898 miles; the French cable from Brest to St. Pierre is 2,567 miles, and the line about to be laid will be nearly the same length as that of 1865. To give an idea of the expense of these cable undertakings, it may be noted that the cable squadron, as it left Portland Roads on the present expedition, represented a moving mass worth two and a half millions sterling.

The Appeal Court of Paris has just heard a case of some historical interest. The Countess de Marsan, sister of Marshal de Rohan-Soubise, and Gouvernante of the Children of France, was possessed, at the period of the Revolution, of considerable estates in France and Belgium. She was obliged to fly, and fell into very straitened circumstances. Four of her servants, however, followed her. By a will dated Linz, Austria, July, 1793, she appointed Prince de Rohan-Metbazon her universal legatee, subject to the payment of certain bequests to her domestics. The validity of the testament was contested, as the countess had been declared, in common with all other *emigres* by the revolutionary laws, incapable of exercising any civil rights. When the Restoration took place, her heirs were placed in possession of considerable funds out of the millions allotted for indemnification of the persons who had fled. But in the interval the right of succession had been sold to a certain M. Deciercq, for 800,000 francs, a sum far below the real value of the property. Since then the Duke d'Angoulême, as representative of the Prince de Conde, commenced an action to recover one-half of the countess's inheritance. A compromise ensued, and the duke received two millions and a formal guarantee against any claims which might be brought against the estate. In the present case, a person named Potter, a business agent, sued the Duke d'Angoulême and the heirs of M. Deciercq to recover certain sums, which, with interest, reach a considerable amount, and which he alleged were due to the heirs of the four old servants, and which he declared he had purchased. The case was first brought before the Tribunal of the Seine, which dismissed the claim, and that sentence has now been confirmed.

A Few Years Ago a lot of domestic rabbits were imported into Japan. These have multiplied wonderfully. Fancy colored rabbits are held at fancy prices. All the side of Japan have been seized with a rabbit frenzy. Bonnie is cherished, petted and carried in aristocratic arms. If one wealthy Jap boasts of his pets, another one overmatches them with his own. The speculative spirit now prevails. There is a great stock speculation going on. Auction houses make notable sales. Buyers will purchase at one house and rush over to another to sell at auction if possible at an advance. The rabbit speculation is perhaps as legitimate as many of our mining stock speculations, with this difference, that one can always see the rabbits, but cannot always see the lead of a gold or silver mine. The Japanese have struck a good lead. It is better than the great tulip speculation of Holland. Fancy colored rabbits by the million, and all Japan going wild on the handsomest rabbit. There is something tangible in this business. Honest bonnie is held up by the ear and publicly inspected, the hairs on every fancy spot counted, and the coin laid down for him. The Japanese have got a novelty. But it is an honest one. No painting in of extra spots, but colors that will wash, is the order of the day in Japan.

There is Considerable English Railroad Iron coming here from Portland, Oregon, shipments. The iron was originally imported for the Northern Pacific Railroad, and the cause of its diversion to California is not made public.

## CINCINNATI INDUSTRIAL EXPOSITION.

The Fourth Cincinnati Industrial Exposition will be opened on September 3d, and continue till October 4th, 1873. Premiums are offered for nearly every kind of machinery and manufacture and natural product: sewing-machines, musical instruments and productions in any department of the fine arts being specially excepted. It is not a little curious that the managers of these great shows have not yet thought of applying the principle, thus recognized in special cases, to every class of articles on exhibition. A great occasion of the kind draws together vast multitudes of people, and affords the owner of an article an unequalled opportunity to bring it before the public; why is not this enough, so far as the managers of the exhibition are concerned? Every man will see to the advertising of his own wares; and if you furnish him the best means of doing this, why should you be further called upon to take sides with him against others in the same line of business, and declare, under your own hand and seal, that his are the only genuine Holloway's Pills, and all others counterfeit? This is the weak side of all these fairs. The premiums have been so lavishly distributed that discrimination as to merit is merely impossible; and practically, no man cares a snap whether the soap, or the spoons, or the piano he is looking at won the gold medal at the Great Exposition, or not. The public has an instructive common sense in matters of trade. It knows how gold medals are made, and it knows how easily they may be given to the wrong person. Let the dealers go to these fairs as they go into the great every-day fair of the world, on their own merits, show what they have, and be glad that so many people saw it. They would devote more time to the perfecting of their wares, if they knew that nothing but excellence in their products could benefit them. We should like to call attention, before closing, to the ascendancy of France and the French phrases over the American mind, in a quarter least suspected of feeling their influence. It is the boast of American business men that they are original and practical. We feel like calling for the police when an American uses either of these words; but it is enough to point out that there never was an Industrial "Exposition" in America until after the one at Paris in 1867, and that since that time hardly an association, or city, or State in America has dared to hint at anything but an *Exposition*. None of them could say what an Exposition was, or in what it differed from an Exhibition, with its real and well-known English meaning; it was enough that Exposition was French and only half understood, to make it irresistible.

## A PASTORAL PIPER.

Bishop Elder, of Mississippi, is a genial writer, and seemingly a cousin of Bishop Kip's. The writing of the one is like that of the other, and the driving of both is like the driving of Jehu, the son of Nimshi, for they drive furiously, in the face of all sense. Bishop Elder is of the elder and original Catholic Church—which is a very different thing from the old Catholic—and his latest Pastoral is concerning that old serpent, the devil, of whom he tells us: "St. Paul called the devil the god of this world, who has so blinded the minds of unbelievers, that the light of the gospel of the glory of Christ may not be seen by them." This is strong language, and, if it were not St. Paul's, we should call it rather too strong to be adopted by a good bishop, who believes that "God created the material world and the laws which govern it," and that it is "He who gives men the power to discover from these laws of nature just as much as he pleased to let them know, and nothing more." Evidently there is one god too many in this scheme of the world. Either St. Paul is right, and then the god with a small *g* has it; or else Bishop Elder is right, and then this world belongs to God. If it does, what shall be done to a bishop who treats his God like a scene-shifter? "In our generation," the Pastoral goes on, "God has been lifting the curtain a little higher than before, and men are learning something more about the elements and their mode of action," or, in plain English, they are able to see the legs of the actors and actresses, capering about upon the stage. That is what the Bishop wanted to say, and we are glad to help him at a pinch. Feeling no surprise at the raging of the devil, as permitted by God, the Bishop of Mississippi recommends to his flock to protect themselves against the evil spirits by prayer, signs of the cross, twiddling of the thumbs, holy water (of the Benedictines) heads, sharks' teeth, scapulars, medals, spelmarks, and the like. A large supply of the above constantly on hand and for sale, low, to the trade, by the only original Jacobs, of Mississippi.

Boiler Explosions seem to be the order of the day. Why will not parties using steam power take precaution in time, and use none but the best and most approved kind of boiler? "The Root Wrought-Iron Sectional Safety Boiler" is now becoming pretty generally used, and has the highest approbation of many prominent engineers and others: It is in use on the Cunard line of steamers, in all parts of the States, in Virginia City and Gold Hill, to wit: Belcher Mining Co., Imperial Mining Co., Union Mill and Mining Co., Chollar-Potosi Mining Co., Sutro Tunnel Co. A model may be seen at room 18, No. 331 Montgomery street.

The Price paid for the property on the east side of Sansome street, south of California (30 by 137½ in size), was \$60,000, and not \$70,000.

## REDUCTIO AD ABSURDAM.

It is Said that a Professor of English Composition in Rutger's College, having given the Freshman class of that venerable institution the "Animal Kingdom" as a subject of disquisition, was amazed at receiving from every member of the class a copy of the following, as his composition:

"The animal kingdom differs sumwhat from the Kingdom of Grate Briton, in-azmuch that it iz divided into different parts, kalled sub-kingdums. Tha are split up az follows, into the water kind, wich iz klams, and the fl-shes, and the wale, wich iz the biggest. Then kums the land animals, them wich kleeps, such as the hose and the man; but the man kleeps on his handz and neez; then kums them wich swims in the air, such az the be and the egle, wich iz the biggest ov birdz. Awl animals don't have legs, but sum hav mo'ran others doo, and sum are a good deel bigger'an others, az the Elifant, wich iz sum eizes bigger'an the fle. Awl animals don't liv in the water, but tha du hav to liv whar tha iz air, sum don't hav no hart, and we heer sum people sa that sum wimin are hartless, but we don't know how that iz, for we hav never dissected um. Most things what liv, except wiggittables, are kalled animulz. Sum animulz liv by eating each other, and are kalled kanniballs. A grate meny animals eat anything tha kan get hoal ov, wile others are more choice in thare grub. Sum animulz swaller thare wittal- hull and chaw the kud afterwards like the sheep; but the snak don't du like the sheep. Other animals bash up what tha eat with teeth wich iz in the month, befor tha swaller, most 'interwiduals' in the animul kingdom hav bonez; birds hav bonez and are covered with fethers tow. wile the turkle is covered all over with hizz bak bone. in this fture tha are alike, for tha both sing and lay egs. The kow ain't like the horse except tha are covered awl over with hare and hav 4 legs. Kows hav horns most generally, always 2, horses don't. Kowz giv more milk than horsez du and are good for the milk wich tha give. Kalves don't giv no milk, but are leetle kowz. Horsez are sumtimes fast trotters, and are very usefull. the lokomotive is kalled a hors, but it ain't the kind we are talkin about. Man iz a animul, but he noes more than awl other animals put together and shook up in a bag. He kan build houses and make books and write kompozishuns and a good many other things, but other animulz kan't kanz tha hain't got no sentz to think with. they do things bekauz it iz natural for them to du it. Sum animulz are klean and some haint. Hogz are dirty; katz aint so much so for they lik themselves, so duz a kow. tha iz a grate meny things wich barez on this subject, but we don't think ov mentioning um now, so in konklusion we wud sa that this kompozishion iz about the animul kingdom."

## LETTERS FROM AUSTRALIA.

The Following Extracts of Letters from a young gentleman in Anstralia to his nephews in Partick may be interesting to your young folk readers:—

HERBERT RIVER, Cardwell.—I don't know that I have any stories to tell you this time about snakes; I may tell Jamie one this mail. I might tell you now about alligators. We have very heavy floods here just now, the river overflowing its banks in all directions, filling up all the swamps and flooding the low-lying ground. It has not done much damage to the sugar cane as yet, although some severe landslides have taken place, carrying cane and earth with them into the river. In consequence of so much water, alligators have come out of the river and established themselves in the swamps and water holes. Last week a fine cow was so badly bitten by one that it had to be shot. The alligator had caught her by the breast and torn a large lump out before she could escape. The day after one of the horses in the paddock had its head completely eaten off. Next day a few of us went out with rifles, etc., to have a shot at it. We found it had got the body of the horse into the water, and was quietly munching it. Once it popped up its head when we fired a volley at it. It was evidently struck, for it gave a "swirl" in the water, giving us a good view of it. It was, I should say, about 30 feet long. Yesterday, owing to the water going down, we were able to go into the paddock again, when we found one more bullock missing.

I told Johnny in this letter I would tell you a snake story. A young child had been asking for some time bread and milk for baby, but as her mother never saw her eat it herself, but always take it away outside, she determined to watch her. She followed the child, and heard her crying "Baby, baby," and immediately a large carpet snake came out of a hole and commenced eating the bread and milk out of the saucer held by the child. If the snake happened to spill a drop of milk the child patted it on the head and said, "Naughty baby to spill the milk." When the milk was finished the snake was told to go to sleep, when it went into its hole immediately. The mother was watching the child all the time, but dared not go near in case the child should be bitten. When her husband came home the snake was hunted out and shot, but strange to say the child after that pined away and died, grieving for the loss of her strange playfellow. This story is said to be true, and just happened lately. A large carpet snake was shot here the other day and skinned. I measured the skin—it was 18 feet long. Wasn't it a big one!

We Must Congratulate the Mint upon obtaining the valuable services of Mr. William H. Keith as Assistant Coiner. We have known him ever since '52, and have always found him "just as good as gold."



**WILD BEASTS IN INDIA.**

An Important Paper was read a few days since at the rooms of the Social Science Society by Captain Rogers, on the "Destruction of Human Life and Property in India by Noxious Wild Animals." It appears that the inhabitants of the border lands between jungle and cultivation are killed and eaten by tigers in such numbers as to require the immediate and serious attention of Government both in India and in England. We give a few out of many instances:—"A single tigress caused the destruction of thirteen villages, and 256 square miles of country were thrown out of cultivation." "Wild beasts frequently obstruct Government survey parties. In 1869 one tigress killed 127 people, and stopped a public road for many weeks." "In January 1868 a panther broke into the town of Chicola, and attacked, without the slightest provocation, the owner of a field. Four persons were dangerously wounded, and one died." "Man-eating tigers are causing great loss of life along the whole range of Nallay Mallay Forest. There are five of them. One is said to have destroyed 100 people." "Writing from Nuydunca, 1869, a gentleman says one tigress, in 1867-8-9, killed respectively 27, 34, 47—total, 108—people. This same tiger killed a father, mother, and three children; and the week before she was shot she killed seven people." "In Lower Bengal alone, in a period of six years, were killed by wild beasts 13,401. In South Canaree, in July 1867, forty human beings were killed by wild beasts." Finally, Captain Rodgers concludes by telling us that the Chief Commissioner of the Central Provinces in his report shows the following terrible returns of human beings killed by tigers:—In 1866-67, 372; 1867-68, 280; 1868-69, 285; total, 946. It appears that there are difficulties in the way of killing down these tigers. First, the superstition of the natives, who regard the "man-eating tiger" as a kind of incarnate and spiteful divinity, whom it is dangerous to offend; secondly, the failures of Government rewards; thirdly, the desire of certain classes in India actually to preserve tigers as game, to be shot with the rifle as a matter of sport. Capt. Rodgers exhibited an ingenious self-acting spring gun for the destruction of tigers. An animated discussion followed, in which Lord Napier and Ettrick, K. T., the chairman of the meeting, and other gentlemen connected with India, including natives, took part. Various remedies were proposed. Among them Mr. Frank Buckland suggested an organized destruction of the tiger cubs in the breeding season, and the attraction of full-grown tigers to traps, pit-falls, and other devices, by means of a drug of valerian, of which tigers (which are only gigantic cats) are exceedingly fond. He defended English sportsmen against the imputation of even conniving at the preservation of tigers for sport at the expense of the lives of men, women, and children in India.

**THE SAN JOAQUIN AND KING'S RIVER IRRIGATION CO.**

This Company have done all the surveys necessary to secure a general irrigation for the entire valley, and that their operations are confined exclusively to the west side of the valley, from Tulare Lake to Antioch, that they do not interfere in any way with the future irrigation of Kern, Tulare, Fresno, Merced, Tuolumne and Stanislaus counties, and that the result of their operations tend only to advance the general system of irrigation for the valley. The surveys which the company have made throughout the valley during the past two years have been of great public benefit, because they have demonstrated the wonderful natural adaptability for irrigation, the abundance of water available from the winter's rains, and the melting of the snows, from the middle of December to the middle of July. These surveys, which have taken the past two years to perfect, have enabled the Irrigation Commission, appointed by Congress, to understand the water system of the valley, and will, thereby, enable them to report *two years sooner* than they could possibly otherwise do. The actual profiles—longitudinal and transverse, taken by the company and the railroad company—have been completed sufficiently to give a correct idea of the best general system of irrigation of the entire valley. Every county has, therefore, been benefited by these surveys. This company's field of operations are, and will be, confined exclusively to the west side of the valley, and, therefore, the above surveys, while advancing a general system for the southern and eastern portions of the valley, are in no sense a monopoly of the waters, as so often charged in newspaper articles.

Most People must have remarked and admired the large and beautifully dressed doll that was on exhibition at the White House on Thursday. She, like the rest of our fashionable ladies, was dressed there, and presented by the White House to the managers of the fair to be held next week at Platt's Hall for the benefit of the orphan boys of San Rafael. Very few of our city young ladies possess a more complete toilette than this doll, itself and its wardrobe being worth more than \$200. It is a very handsome present, and given for a very good cause.

**International Postal Cards.**—The Postmaster-General is engaged in considering a system of postal cards between America and Great Britain. The proposed rate is three cents, and notwithstanding the objections of steamship companies, competition is sure to bring forward a candidate for carrying the mails at the lowest possible rate. One effect of this will probably be the reduction of the postage on letters.



## SUICIDE.

I long to leave this weary earth,  
And shake its trammels off;  
I've had the messes very bad,  
Also the whooping cough.

Oh, would that in my early youth,  
Ere sin had entered in,  
I'd changed into a cherry bum  
The gates of heaven within.

I will not hang myself, for that  
Is a more felon's death.  
And please and, though it kills,  
Causes unpleasant breath.

I do not care to shoot myself—  
I hate the cannon's roar—  
And then, you know, the fearful mess  
It makes upon the floor.

I would not from the window jump—  
Asphaltum has no charms—  
And it might do you pass-r-by  
With causeless dread and alarm.

Alas! I fear I still must live;  
Still drain life's bitter cup,  
And damn my poor eternal soul,  
Cursing Woe's Fango's pup.  
U. C., (*Chief of Mary Sufferers.*)

## THE ENGLISH HEAVY SWELL.

Sothorn's "Lord Dundreary" is so fresh in our memories that the following graphic description of the life of an English heavy swell will be read with interest. "I have a friend," says a correspondent of the *Boston Post*, "though, I do not boast of him, who is a simon-pure London man of fashion. He is the second son of a lord, and has an income of five thousand pounds a year. Of course he is not so urgent as many as to engage in any occupation. I hear the old baron, his father, would make short work of his five thousand if he dared to put a purpose of going 'into trade.' And what does he do? He seems to be the most enviable of men, for I never saw mortals more perfectly content with everybody, himself included. As his daily career is a type of that of high London society in general, I will sketch it for you. In his person he represents, more perfectly and exhaustively than any one I know, the spirit of aristocratic London in the season. He rises in his room at the Albany at halfpast eight, and breakfasts at the Junior Carlton, close by, skims the *Times* and chats with his boon companions till ten o'clock. Promptly with that hour his groom appears with the sleekest of chestnuts, which he mounts and makes for Rotten Row. There he dirts, hears the latest gossip, books a wager for the Derby, and takes an hour's break canter. From the park he goes to lunch—not to the Junior Carlton, but to some West End house. Likely enough, he drops in to lunch with Lady Blanche, and then goes to lunch a second time with Lady Amelia—that is, lounges at lunch time into perhaps a half dozen houses, where he takes a nibble at the delicacies, and has a refreshing chat. The afternoon is full of engagements: it is a *fait accompli* at Richmond or Putney, a match of cricket at Lord's, a race on the Thames, a royal breakfast party in the gardens of Buckingham Palace or Windsor, a crack game of billiards at the club, a meet of the hounds in Middlesex, a drive into Kent or Surrey, an inquest at the Exchequer, a pleasant little party to the Academy, or a whitish dinner at Grosvenor. In the evening his aim is in a perfect muddle what, among so many things, to do. There is Patti as "Desdemona" at Covent Garden, and there is the bewitching Ulla di Murska as "Margaret of Valois" at Drury Lane; there is *Dumas' Damiis de Lys* at the Princess's, and *The Wandering Jew* at the Adelphi. But Lady Tompkins is going to give an "at-home," and the Countess of Cranberry's ball must not be neglected; there is a musical evening at Sir Titus Tite's, and the masque at Ranelagh House, Cremorne, with its lanterns and song and free and easy talk, is tempting, and not less so Tom Hopkins' bachelor "pinner." So our man of fashion, when practice has made art perfect, divides himself generously with a view to a variety of projects. He drops for a while into his box at Covent Garden, and makes a tour of the boxes of his acquaintances. How he sees no more than any spectator may see for half a crown, who, from his perch in the "upper theater," may gaze down upon the dazzling array of dress, jewels, fashion, and rank in Europe. Covent Garden on a night in the mid-season is wonderful; everybody is as resplendent as he or she can devise, everybody enjoys himself, and the theater is a saloon as well as a theater—where society goes to make itself heard and seen, as well as to listen and behold. What a brilliant, noisy, glittering London it is, one of those damped June nights! There is something infectious in the gay sounds and sights of which the stately quarters west of the parks are full. Every other house is light from top to bottom, the roll of equipages is ceaseless; the hairly, curly-winged, scarlet-coated, cockaded coachmen are everywhere; the esquiremons on the coach doors glitter in the sunlight. The covered ways from the doors of lofty mansions to the curb-stones, with carpets laid between, obstruct your way at every other step, and, as you pass, cloud-like forms pop out of the carriages, whisk by in a twinkling, and hurry along over the tarped pathway; not so quickly, however, but that you are dazzled by a glitter of jewels and a shimmer of silk. Within, there is the subdued hubbub of conversation, or perhaps the rattle of a waiter's *au round about* is bustle and rattling, and you ask yourself if these are really the melancholy folk which the old French chronicler of the fourteenth century so graphically describes. My fashionable friend, who seldom goes to bed, in the season, until he has made his appearance in half a dozen West End drawing-rooms, clearly enjoys it all, and comes out next morning as only an Englishman can—as fresh and red-cheeked as if he had just come out of a Devonshire farm."

### LADIES' CLUBS.

**Apropos** of the incipient steps that have been taken in New York to organize a club for ladies, or rather to establish waiting-rooms, a rendezvous for practical as well as social uses, the following reference to similar institutions in London will be of interest. Ladies coming much into town, says the *London Queen*, whether for pleasure or business, frequently feel the want of a quiet resting-place other than a pastry-cook's shop, or a railway refreshment-room, where they could make an appointment to meet a friend, a dressmaker, or a servant, and wait comfortably until it is time to return home with their husbands. This desideratum is well supplied by the Berners' Club for Ladies, at No. 9 Berners street. Here, for the moderate subscription of one sovereign per annum, and five shillings entrance fee, ladies can enjoy the accommodation afforded by a spacious drawing-room, and a pleasant, quiet library, fairly stocked with books, old and new, including Mudie's last acquisitions, four daily papers, and some of the best weekly periodicals, together with necessary conveniences for writing letters, etc. Here is ample provision for passing a few hours agreeably, or for resting, after the whirl of London streets and shops. Nor are the bodily wants by any means neglected; excellent plain meals can be procured in the comfortable dining-room at remarkably moderate prices. We point out these advantages of temporary accommodation to our lady readers living in the suburbs, believing that they will find this Berners' Club a very desirable London *pied-a-terre*, from its respectability, quiet, and comfort. The institution was, however, designed especially for the benefit of the ladies in London engaged in professional pursuits and in tuition. Many of these ladies are living alone in lodgings, and instead of being compelled to dine at some restaurant, and returning to a too frequently comfortless abode at the end of their day's work, they find in Berner street cheerful rooms, as in a comfortably appointed house, pleasant society, access to standard and current literature, and the power of seeing their friends by appointment, for the trifling outlay we have already mentioned. The value of such mental refreshment and rest to the routine worker can scarcely be estimated, and we are pleased to learn that the club is much used by the class of ladies to whom it is likely to be so useful. We doubt not that were the existence of this establishment more known, its comforts would be more widely taken advantage of. We are informed that many ladies whose social position and home duties do not render it necessary for them to avail themselves of the accommodation offered by the Berners' Club, belong to it for the purpose of swelling the fund necessary to provide for the comforts of their less fortunate sisters. We should like to see this good example extensively followed by the many happy wives, whose every want is anticipated and gratified. Lady authors, too, might help this useful institution by donations of their own or standard works to increase the library. Another establishment intended for the convenience of ladies visiting the West End is projected in a very central position, No. 8 Piccadilly. Here also a suite of rooms is provided to give ladies a chance of resting, making appointments with persons whom they wish to see, and of procuring needful refreshment. A special feature of this Ladies' West End Subscription Rooms is the provision of bed-rooms, where ladies may fit on dresses or dress for any evening entertainment in London, thereby sometimes avoiding a long drive. The proprietors seek to ensure respectability of their establishment by requiring an annual subscription of one guinea, and the registration of the name and address of the subscribers.

### THE TRADE IN ITALIAN CHILDREN.

**An Italian Gentleman** has been interesting himself in the condition of young children of his nationality in New York, and his investigation has led to some rather startling developments. A ragged, half-starved little fellow, 12 years old, who was found promenading Central Park, was questioned concerning his antecedents, and stated that he was stolen out of his bed in his home in southern Italy, and brought to New York, where he was shut up in a cellar with other boys, at night, and made to play the fiddle, as soon as he had mastered a few tunes, by day in the street; if the sum he carried home to the "padrone" at night was too little, he was beaten. All he had to eat was black bread, and little enough of that. He says that ten little boys and four girls were kept in the cellar of his "padrone," and all were treated as he was. Moreover, while he was at his house, more than fifty children were brought in and taken away, having been sold to other men. Several thousand of these kidnapped children are in the United States, over three hundred having come in since March, most of them being brought to New York. There is a regular traffic in them, the prices ranging from \$100 to \$300 for boys, while girls often bring \$500, or, if strikingly pretty, much more. It is said that there are two little girls who are to be seen playing every day in Wall street, for whom their owners paid \$1,000. These little beggars pick up much more money than is commonly supposed, and keeping them is quite a profitable business. The commissioners of immigration should look to this revolting traffic in humanity, not only on account of its injurious character and of the brutal treatment to which the little things are subject, but because it is an intolerable nuisance upon the streets infested with them.

**The New York Board of Health** report that city to have been healthier thus far this season than it has been for any summer for many previous years.

### Court Chat.

There is One Grand Institution of the East which, it is greatly to be desired, the Shah should not find flourishing here—to wit, backsheesh. A correspondent of the *Daily News*, who seems to have access to some recondite sources of information, gives publicity to the scandalous story that the Sultan was actually pestered for presents by the officials at Buckingham Palace. "One noble lord," "E. G." says, "who had, or still has, a situation about the Palace, bitterly complained that he had been left out of the distribution (of snuff-boxes covered with diamonds), and, like a sturdy beggar, whined and begged to the Grand Vizier till he got his snuff-box." We can hardly believe that such rapacity would have been betrayed, even had covetousness been felt, by any gentlemen occupying such a position at the Queen's Court. The domestic servants at Buckingham Palace and Windsor are well-known to have become—since a celebrated internal revolution accomplished by the late Prince Consort—a remarkably attentive and obliging household, exhibiting no peculiar attachment to "vails." It is a little too bad to hear that the high-placed dignitaries to whom gold and diamond snuff-boxes would be appropriate offerings, should be capable of actually asking for a *cadeau* from one of the Queen's guests. Probably it was precisely because he was the "Grand Turk," and not a Christian potentate, that the offender imagined it was not such "bad form" to dun him through his Vizier for backsheesh.

The Following Account of a memorial service for John Stuart Mill at Moncure Conway's chapel in London, says the *Observer*, is a strange mixture of heathenism and Christianity, reminding one of Nebuchadnezzar's image: "On Conway ascending the pulpit, the choir sang Fox's well-known strain, 'Famous old Chaucer, swan-like in dying,' after which he read certain extracts from the book of the Prophet Isaiah, commencing with, 'How beautiful are the feet of them,' etc. He then gave from Confucius the celebrated chapter 'On Character,' which forcibly points out the chief characteristics of divine and human nobility. This was followed by the recital of Buddha's essay on human graces, excellences and duties, and then concluded with the beatitudes from the fifth chapter of St. Matthew's Gospel. After the hymn—

'Calmly, calmly lay him down;  
He hath fought the noble fight;  
He hath battled for the right;  
He hath won the unfading crown'—

adapted from Gaskell, a meditation was given, which consisted of a short, well conceived enumeration of the various qualities and virtues, which, in Mr. Conway's opinion, are necessary to form the ideal character of an exemplary man. Then came the sermon, of which the text was: 'The righteous perisheth, and no man layeth it to heart.' The preacher then delivered an elaborate eulogy on Mr. Mill and his writings."

The Shah's Manners are "perfectly horrid," according to a Berlin correspondent. He has no idea of punctuality, and ruthlessly breaks engagements, even with the royal personages who are his hosts; he actually kept Mrs. Emperor William of Prussia waiting for him half an hour, one morning. Then he eats with his fingers, and getting hold of something that didn't suit his pampered palate, one day, he threw it on the Empress' dress. He speaks French fluently, but is ill at ease when there is a crowd around, and "balances first on one foot and then on another, like a hen on a hot griddle." He went to the theater, one night, escorting the Empress Augusta, but when he had led her to the front of the imperial box, he plunked himself down in his chair, leaving her to do the bowing, in response to the music and rising of the audience. At the end of the first act, the Shah rose, and, instead of offering his arm to the Empress, caught hold of her and pushed her along, and as she didn't go fast enough to suit him, he "cast off his tow-ropes and forged ahead, leaving her to haul up alongside" at the entrance to the salon. He is grouchy and hard to please, too, and not the sort of a man one likes to entertain. Altogether, he is a troublesome guest for the European potentates, and if reports are true, they would be pleased to hear of a revolt in his harem, or a rebellion among his subjects, requiring his immediate presence in Persia.

Unhappy Amadeus.—The other day, crossing the Ponte Trinta, I met his ex-Majesty Don Amadeus of Spain. He was walking alone, and had a bunch of violets in his button-hole. He looked neither to the right nor the left, as he passed me; his vacant eyes stared into vacancy. His face was pale, haggard, and positively unhappy, and I could not help feeling a foolish sympathy with a disappointment which is so real to him, and so very unreal to most other persons. A few boys scampered after him, just as they used to do after Fisk and his likes in Broadway; the Florentines came to their shop doors, looked, pointed their fingers and laughed; but no hats were taken off, and nothing was further from anybody's mind than to cheer. Yet Amadeus' abdication seemed both honest and plucky, and I respected him for it, until I heard another interpretation of his design, the other day, which gives a very different coloring to the whole transaction. In any case, there was an immense deal of humbug in his return to Italy. The house of Savoy is deeply mortified, and the people are anything but enthusiastic.—*Florence Letter to New York Tribune.*

Prince Napoleon arrived at Paris from Italy on Friday morning, June 10th. His stay in France will be of short duration; he merely wants to establish his rights and to protest against the measure adopted against him by the ex-President of the provisional Republic.



**London, July 7.**---The *Herald's* correspondent at Khartoum telegraphs, via Alexandria, confirming the arrival of Sir Samuel and Lady Baker and party, all the details of which are known from previous dispatches. He adds: "Sir Samuel Baker succeeded in organizing district governments, appointing superintendents, and making Fatiko the chief station, Gondokoro being next in importance. He also established eight other principal posts, which form a connected chain from Nubia to Nyanza, and obtained one thousand additional troops. An important geographical discovery is said to have been made, which will astound the scientific world, as it is said that Lakes Tanganyika and Albert Nyanza prove to be one and the same body of water, and a magnificent inland sea, 700 miles in length. It is further announced that vessels can be landed above the falls named after Sir Roderic Murchison, and sail to Ujiji. Sir Samuel Baker and party were in excellent health, and were to leave at once for Soussim, en route to Suez." The above narrative is direct from the explorer's lips.

**The Statue** of the late Prince Consort, for the Albert Memorial Chapel at Windsor Castle, has arrived. It is of white marble, and has been executed by Baron Triqueti. It represents the Prince in full uniform, in a recumbent position. Angels support the head, and a favorite dog lies at the feet. The inscription is "Albert, the Prince Consort, born August 26, 1819; died December 14, 1861; buried in the Royal Mausoleum, Frogmore. I have fought the good fight. I have finished my course." The statue has been placed on the sarcophagus for the Queen to view it.

**Ladies** generally take an interest in family matters, especially when they concern a remarkable personage, and a rather handsome man, like the Shah of Persia. They may, perhaps, care to be reminded that Nasr-ed-din is the son of Mohammed Shah, one of the 48 children of the late Abbas Mirza, eldest of the 265 children of the celebrated Fath Ali Shah. He himself is the happy father of six daughters and three sons, all grown up or nearly so, though he is only forty years of age, and they have already given him twelve grand-children.

**Editor Mail Bag:**---For the past month or so we have been treated by the dailies with a continued brag of the timed ship race from this port to Liverpool, not one of whom has given a fair version of the same. Captain Evans, of the *La Escosa* (British), never expressed himself in any other manner than that the *Young America* (American), would arrive at Liverpool before his ship. His reasons were: First--Size, the *Young America* being about 600 tons the larger. Second--The *La Escosa*, being of iron, and not cleaned since leaving home, her bottom would be foul before arriving back. Third--The *La Escosa* was carrying sixty per cent. above her registered tonnage, while the other carried not quite forty per cent. above. Notwithstanding this state of facts, Commodore Allen comes out in a card, challenging any one to bet him that his ship, the *Favorite*, would make the better trip of the two, a comparison between the two being like one between "Occident" and Frank Pixley's mule. A noble Briton, Captain Arnold, of the bark *Times*, gives in his own language how the same ships passed him on a previous voyage: "I was (h)off the (H)orn, bound (h)ome from the West Coast, when one morning, with a stiff breeze, two ships were sighted astern coming up. About noon one of them came within (h)ail. Says he, 'Is that you, Arnold, my boy?' 'Ay, ay, my lad,' says I. *Damn my (h)eyes*, and that was all I had a chance to say to him. *Damn my (h)eyes!* A short time after the other one came up and give me a (h)ail. Says I to Evans, 'Give my regards to my box of diamonds when you get (h)ome. *Damn my (h)eyes*, and I had time to say plenty more if I had known what to have talked about. *Damn my (h)eyes!* Yours, OLD SALT.

**The Man** who was proud of having been kicked by the King of France, has always been looked upon as a fool of the first magnitude. But he was a real fool; and Brooklyn has the honor of sheltering his descendant in a right line. Hurr G. Hosmer is the name of something in the City of Churches, which writes to one of the New York papers that in 1862, being in London, it begged of Thos. Carlyle to receive it; which Carlyle did, and the Hosmer sat down at the tea-table between him and his wife. The talk was all on the part of Carlyle, and H. G. H. tells, with natural pleasure, how the great man virtually called it a fool, and how it asked for more, and got more, till Carlyle was pleased to send it home; because, no doubt, he grew tired of wasting his kicks. An American cannot but rejoice that his country produces an exceptional fine breed of toadies, long-eared, cold-blooded, pachydermatous objects, especially created for the satisfaction of foreign celebrities, naturally anxious to look upon a specimen of the free American. The Brooklyn thing is very fine of its kind; and we cannot but wonder at Carlyle's self-restraint, that he did not run a pin through the creature, and fasten it up in a glass case.

**Clerical Presumption.**---Coal-Mine Overlooker (to curate): "I can assure you, Sir, that these 'ere colliers, now they're in full work, can make their ten an' twelve shillin' a day!" Curate: "Dear me! ah! It's actually more than I get!" Overlooker: "More than you get? Why, it's more than I get!"



## A REVERIE.

I paced in sad and thoughtful mood  
Our little lane that runs a rood  
To join the highway near the wood.

I looked above, and with surprise  
I saw a thousand crimson dyes  
In varying shades bedeck the skies.

A picture this (I spoke aloud),  
The colors, sunlight, space, and clond,  
The limner is behind a shroud.

And while I gaze the gathering pall,  
Erased the beauty past recall,  
I wept because I knew not all.

I knew not all, nor could suppress  
The thought, if due to feebleness,  
Responsibility is less.

My soul then caught a subtle power,  
Life seemed but wedded for an hour  
To Time, with sorrow for its dower.

A few more risings of the sun,  
A few more settings one by one,  
And then our little part is done.

I thought, when from my feet there broke  
A bird with hasty fluttering stroke,  
And from my reverie I woke.

I searched and found whence it had flown  
With leaves and long grass overgrown,  
Its nest within a hollow stone.

My bursting heart that sought relief,  
Now found a symbol of its grief,  
Three fledglings and a withered leaf.

I mused again, for hours it seems,  
With this the text of all my dreams,  
New life and death, the two extremes.

J. S. B.

## BARNEY ON THE BEAR.

The Bears in Jollyman's Menagerie were brown bears, which Barney, who was more of a Cockney than Smith, always introduced to the public in this way: "Sing'lar to relate, ladies and gentlemen, the bear has as many toes as us, but it don't go a springin' on 'em like a dandy or a dancin' master—it puts its foot flat to the ground. The bear has likewise teeth like ourn—its cheek teeth are not sharp like those of other beasts of prey. Consequently it can live both on animal and vegetable food. But if he do once git a taste of beef and mutton, it's a case for the sheep and cattle round about—nothin' else will satisfy him. Poultry and ants, and all kinds of small animals the bear will gobble, and it is uncommon fond o' honey. It will climb up trees after honey, and with its strong claws it grubs up roots. Twigs and berries, and fruits, too, the bear is fond on, and it is also mentioned in Scriptur'. David killed, we are told, a lion and a bear before he let fly at the giant, and two she bears walked into forty-two of the kids that were pokin' fun at the prophet. But these *ain't* the bears that is mentioned in Scriptur'. These are brown bears, which is to be met with—sometimes hofener than is agreeable—in forests of Hurup and Haeter. The biggest is a pretty fine specimen, but whoppers weighin' full a hundred stun—butcher's stun of eight pounds—have frequently been shot. Of the great American grizzly, that can crack a man a deal heasier than you could crack a walnut, ladies and gentlemen, without the crackers, we never had a specimen; and our magnificent polar, which, when on its hind legs, could put its nose pretty nigh four yards above its toes, paid the debt o' natur', howin' to the unnatur'al circumstances in which it found itself. The American black bear, formerly belonin' to this establishment, likewise suddenly hegspired, and the verdict of the faculty was—Buns. The hanimal's happeitete for that specie of refreshment was unlimited, and the public's supply was ditto, but unfort'nately the quality wornt ekal to the quantity—the buns was doughy. Bear's flesh, ladies and gentlemen, is good eatin'—uncommon like fat pork—and when cured, the hind legs make fust-chop hams. Young bear's as good as lamb, and the Rooshian royal family lick their lips over bears' paws, and the bear licks 'em hisself as if he liked 'em—but that's to make the new skin grow. He sleeps through the Winter in some hole or holler tree, and when dug out from the snow is found to be as fleshy as an alderman. In the spring he comes out of his own accord, lean and 'ungry, and is then most dangerous. He will tackle a man—whom he generally avoids—killin' him with kindness, by huggin' of 'im to death. The she-bear is likewise savage, if you try to take away her young uns."—"The Traveling Menagerie," by C. Camden.

The San Joaquin and Kings River Canal and Irrigation Company. This company have completed 40 miles of canal, which is 54 feet wide and has 4 feet depth of water. About 15,000 acres of crop, consisting of wheat, barley, corn, alfalfa, cotton, etc., are being successfully irrigated by its waters this year. The company intend, as soon as the means can be secured, to extend their canal 45 miles further, to enter the San Joaquin river at San Joaquin City, just below the mouth of the Stanislaus. When that is completed there will be 85 miles of canal, navigable throughout, and will irrigate over 300,000 acres of as fine land as there is in the State, securing it forever from the effect of drought. The canal from Tulare Lake to Antioch, which this company propose to construct, is a work wholly distinct from the one just named. This Tulare Lake Canal will irrigate from 400,000 to 500,000 acres, and the two canals will command nearly 800,000 acres of land, and both will be navigable throughout.

### Commercial Summary.

**Six Months of 1873** having passed, a retrospective view of business affairs will not be inappropriate at this time. The first half of the year has been prolific of no important speculative movement in any article of staple merchandise. Business has, however, been steadily progressive in volume, and money steadily becoming more plentiful and at lessened rates of interest. The financial status of our merchants and traders will compare favorably with that of any city on the continent. Few failures have occurred among business men, and while no sudden or great acquisitions of wealth have accrued to any as the result of some speculative operation, yet the percentage of gain accruing from regular business has been satisfactory to the masses. Imports have been considerable, yet by no means oppressive to any. Stocks of staple merchandise in general are not burdensome, as was heretofore the case, and the general complexion of commercial affairs upon the Pacific Slope is eminently satisfactory. Our exports of Breadstuff for the harvest year are more than 100 per cent. greater than in any previous year of California's history, aggregating 11,000,000 cents of Wheat, valued at about \$20,000,000. Our Wool shipments have been correspondingly large, having received from the interior the past six months 18,000,000 lbs.; exported eastward in same time, 14,000,000 lbs. Our stock now on hand, 3,500,000 lbs. In addition to this, our shipments of Wine, Salmon, Fruits, etc., Hides, Leather, etc., have been of considerable and increasing value. Our Mines have yielded freely both of precious and base metals, so that we are likely to make our combined exports for the year reach at least *one hundred millions of dollars*.

**In Presenting** a bird's-eye view of our leading markets, we will append in round figures the aggregate imports for six months. Thus, of Coffee—

	Six months, 1872.	Six months, 1873.
Receipts.....	8,250,000 lbs.	8,200,000 lbs.

And since the 1st of July, our Coffee imports aggregate 28,500 bags from Central American ports, leaving only two more cargoes of this year's crop to arrive. Holders are very firm in exacting 18@20c for good to prime Greens, while some importing holders are under limits of 22c, or more, and are not disposed to crowd the market or to make sales at present, looking for improved prices later in the season. The opening up of a large market in Missouri for our surplus Coffee is a great help to us. Already, this year, over 2,500,000 lbs. of Greens have been shipped to St. Louis, and there is every prospect of a continuance of this trade. The market is now bare of Brazil, Ceylon and Manila, though of the latter, imports have not ceased, as is the case with Ceylon and Rio. The stock of O. G. Java is light, Kona taking its place to some extent.

**Sugar Imports** for the first six months of the current year in round figures aggregate 40,000,000 pounds, as against same period of 1872, 32,000,000. If we add to these figures stocks on hand for the corresponding periods, we find that we had available for consumption in 1872, six months, 41,850,000 pounds, against 55,250,000, six months, 1873. The demand for Sugar has of late been below the average, owing to comparatively high prices, for when prices early in the year were low, every buyer and consumer stocked up liberally, thus lessening the demand in the last quarter. The Sugar trade in imports other than Hawaiian has largely passed into the hands and under control of the refiners, who now import the bulk of all refined by them. The Hawaiians send us chiefly grocery grades, selling from 7½@9½c. The business of importing Hongkong refined Sugar has proved very disastrous to the shippers, and will no doubt be discontinued for the future. The past six months our largest imports came from Batavia, 4,000,000 pounds; Peru, 3,000,000 pounds; Hawaiian, 2,800,000 pounds; Central American, 2,250,000 pounds; Manila, 1,500,000 pounds; China, 1,500,000 pounds; Mexico, 435,000 lbs. Our average Sugar consumption per annum for two years past is about 60,000,000 pounds. Present price of White Refined, 11c; and Golden, 9½c.

**In Reference to Rice Imports**, they have been for six months in 1872, 22,500,000 pounds; 1873, 18,000,000 pounds; this exhibit shows a deficiency of 4,500,000 pounds for the period named. This branch of trade has greatly fallen into the hands of the Chinese resident here and in the interior, they being also the largest consumers. The market for some time past has been very sluggish, between the range of 6@7c. for China. Thus far during the year our chief supplies have come from Hongkong. Present stocks are liberal and the trade very slack.

**As Regards Tea Imports** for the past six months, some increase is discernable, say in 1873, 1,850,000 pounds against 1,150,000 pounds same time in 1872. A large quantity received here is in transit for the East and is not entered at our Custom House, and is not therefore included in our figures. Our local trade seems to be growing steady, but the business of importing is more scattered; heretofore two or three wealthy firms controlled it all, but now there are half a dozen large houses and a dozen jobbing houses, all claiming to be importers. Auction trade sales with us are held perhaps every sixty days. Our sales are being extended Eastward quite steadily and will in time be of considerable importance.

**Traffic** in the leading items shows that our local manufactures are doing considerable towards checking Eastern supplies on this coast. Bags for grain are largely made here and of good quality. Boots and shoes show a large falling off in Eastern supplies, thus establishing the fact that home Pacific Coast factories are making visible headway reducing imports 50 per cent. in six months. Candles come from the East in increased quantities, but another year will show a great

change to the credit of home manufactories. Provisions continue coming from the East in large quantities, such as Sugar Cured Hams, Bacon, Lard, etc. Butter and cheese, on the contrary, show an exhibit favorable to an increased Pacific Coast product. Hogs on foot in quantities are now arriving here from Nevada. Our farmers ought to give more heed to the raising of swine upon this coast; there is no crop so profitable as hog raising in California if well applied. Eggs in large quantities come here from Michigan, Indiana, Illinois, etc., and though selling at comparatively low prices are profitable to the shipper, if he succeeds in getting them here in good order.

**Tonnage** continues scarce and is likely to be so for sixty days to come; the last freight engagement to the United Kingdom for Wheat was at £5. This we consider an extreme rate. At present there is but little new business offering. Wheat arrives very sparingly, and ships now on the berth make slow progress in loading. Shippers pay \$1.65 for wheat delivered alongside, but at this price farmers are by no means anxious to sell. Most of them are now in the harvest field, and have no time to bring their grain to market. Macdonray's steamship Valley of Lorne, for Hongkong, sailed on the 10th instant with 12,720 quarter sacks flour. The Arizona, for Panama, carried en route for New York, 1,200 half sacks. Parrott's steamship Cyphreus, hence for Hongkong July 3d, carried 18,900 quarter sacks flour. The flour market is sluggish; superfine can be bought at \$4.25, extra superfine \$4.50, extra \$4.75, extra \$5.00 per 100 lbs.; the latter an extreme price for best silk-dressed extra. Millers buy all the good old wheat they can get at \$1.75; new crop selling at \$1.60. Barley - the crop is a full average one - feed selling at \$1.12½, brewing, \$1.20. Oats are not plentiful; price, \$1.75. Corn is quite abundant at \$1.25. Hay, \$10.00 per ton. Potatoes, \$1.50 per 100 lbs. Hides, 15¢ for dry Mexican; California, 16¢; dry, 8¢. Tallow, 6¢. Wool, over present stock, upwards of 3,000,000 lbs. The steamship Ajax, July 8th, brought 629 bales Oregon, and for this description of fleece there continues an active demand, at some advance upon previous rates. Recent sales of choice Northern fleece have been effected at 22½¢, the latter for superior clips of long staple. Burry and inferior Southern fleece has also advanced fully two cents per pound from the lowest rates of the season, now quotable at 14½¢; medium clips, 16½¢; average, 19¢; good to choice Northern, 22½¢, the latter an extreme figure.

**Fruit.**—The market is now profusely supplied with Peaches of medium quality and of small size, selling to canners at 40¢ per basket, which is considerably lower than last year. The Cherry and Currant season is rapidly drawing to a close, though there is still quite a quantity of Currants to come in, the most of which will probably go to the factory, as the trade takes but little. Other kinds of fruit are in better demand and more salable. The Royal Ann Cherries sell readily at 17½¢. Apples are now very plentiful and cheap. Tomatoes come forward rather sparingly as yet. Figs, both black and white, are in good supply; our people as a whole do not take kindly to them, requiring to be educated up to a knowledge of their goodness in a ripe, fresh state. Blackberries, Strawberries, and Raspberries continue in good supply. The markets make a splendid exhibit at this season of the year, the assortment consisting of Apricots, Pears, and all other kinds in their season. The Stagboud, from Tahiti, brought 180 M Oranges, Limes, Cocoanuts, etc. We quote as follows: Apples, choice, \$1.25 per box; common, 50¢ per box, 30¢ per basket. Pears, Bartlett, \$2.50 per box; common, 50¢ a 1¢ per box. Peaches, Crawford's, \$1.50 per basket, according to quality; Hale's Early, \$1.50; Tillofson, 30¢ per box. Grapes, 50¢ per lb. Plums, 2½¢ per lb. Strawberries, \$3.00 per chest. Raspberries, 8¢ per lb. Gooseberries, 8¢. Blackberries, 8¢ per lb. Red Currants, 6¢ per lb, 4¢ to canners. Figs, 8¢ per lb. Apricots, 3½¢ per lb, \$1.25 per basket. Oranges, Tahiti, 40¢ per M. Lemons, Sicily, 45¢ per 100; Los Angeles, 50¢ per 100. Limes, 15¢ per M. Bananas, 30¢ per bunch. Pine Apples, 20¢ per doz. Cocoanuts, 12¢ per 100. Watermelons, 12¢ per 100. Cantaloupes, 32¢ per doz. Dried Fruit Apples, 6¢ per lb in sacks, 70¢ in boxes; Plums, 50¢, pitted 16½¢; Raisins, 5½¢; Figs, 80¢; Figs, white, 15½¢.

**The Bag Market** shows improvement. Sales for the week, 14½ a 14¢; now held higher. Agents for Gilroy Burlaps are now demanding 15½. Coal continues to rule; English, steam, \$9 a 9 50; West Hartley, \$11 a 11 50; Cumberland, \$20 a 22 50; Coast Bituminous, \$8 50 a 10; Chili, \$12 50; Anthracite, \$10 a 12. Chemicals are in quite moderate supply and prices firm and steady. Borax abundant at 20 a 25¢. Salmon is plentiful with large shipments to Liverpool. French goods are in renewed supply; prices steady. Malt liquors are in better supply, but good prices prevail. Metals move off slightly. Pig Iron, \$50 a 52 50. Oils.—coast whale, sold at 30 a 32½; Caster oil, \$1 25 a 1 50. Petroleum has declined to 34¢ for standard, and 40¢ for Devco's in cases. Provisions are plentiful, and prices for the most part as heretofore. Choice Sugar Cured Hams, 14 a 15¢; Bacon, 11½ a 13½¢; Lard, 11 a 11½¢; Cheese, 10 a 14¢, latter rate for factory; Butter, 25 a 30¢; Eggs plentiful at 25 a 30¢. Spices are quite scarce. Salt is slow of sale. Syrups, 60¢ in kegs, 55¢ in hf bbls, 52½¢ in bbls for California golden. Spirits remain unchanged in value. T. H. Cutler's Old Bourbon continues to command the market.

**Quicksilver.**—A contemporary says that the "Redington mine, which for years has been the third, and may become the second, Quicksilver mine in the State in the amount of its production, has not yet finished its new furnaces, and will probably not get under full headway again before November. The consump-



tion of our coast is about 19,000 flasks annually, and other portions of the continent about 11,000, so that North America supplies her own demand, with no surplus." There is no good reason why the production of this valuable staple is so greatly restricted upon the Pacific slope. We have the ability to supply not only the entire wants of the United States, but also meet the large export requirement of Mexico and China. It is simply the restrictive policy of the monopolizers that these things are so, and the price crowded up to \$1  $\frac{3}{4}$  lb. It can be produced at a large profit for half the present price. A new mine, the St. John's, near Vallejo, has recently erected a new furnace, which is now complete and in operation, and is capable of producing 150 flasks per month. This and the Phoenix mine product is under the agency of C. Langley & Co. At last advices, the price in London had advanced to £15  $\frac{3}{4}$  flask.

**Imports** for the current month include four full cargoes of Central American Coffee, and general merchandise from France, England, Scotland, and the Atlantic States; Coast supplies of Coal, Lumber, and produce in general to a liberal extent. Our exports include Flour, Wheat, Wool, Oil, Wine, Lumber, Salmon, Lead, and other home products too numerous here to mention.

**University of California.** The following is the daily order of exercises for Commencement: Friday, July 11th, at 8 p. m., Durant Rhetorical Society, Brayton Hall—Oration by Rev. Horatio Stebbins, D. D.; poem by Charles Warren Stoddard. Saturday, July 12th, at 8 p. m., Neolean Literary Society, Brayton Hall—Debate and other literary exercises. Monday, July 14th, at 8 p. m., Zeta Psi Society, Brayton Hall—Oration by Rev. W. A. Scott, D. D.; poem by E. B. Pomeroy, B. A. Tuesday, July 15th, at 4 p. m., at Brayton Hall—Selections from the Theses of the graduating class; presentation of candidates for Degrees. Tuesday, July 15th, at 6:30 p. m., Grand Central Hotel—Annual Festival of the Alumni Association. Wednesday, July 16th, at 4 p. m., Commencement—At the North College (College of Letters), Berkeley. Wednesday, July 16th, from 8 to 10 p. m., President's Reception, at the parlors of the Grand Central Hotel, Oakland. Candidates for admission will be examined Tuesday, July 15th, at 9 A. m., at the College building, Oakland.

**San Franciscans Abroad.**—PARIS.—Mrs. M. A. Bartlett, Miss Alice Bartlett, Miss Annie Bartlett, 4 Rue Balzac; F. A. Benjamin, Grand Hotel; Mrs. Wm. E. Brown, 3 Rue Euler; Alfred Elfet, Grand Hotel; Mrs. Matthias Gray, Hotel des Deux Mondes; Mrs. A. E. Head, Miss C. R. Head, 49 Rue Lafayette; Mrs. C. G. Hooker, 49 Rue Lafayette; Miss L. M. Nudd, Miss S. P. Nudd, Hotel Chatham; Charles M. Plum, 45 Rue de Trevise; E. W. Scott, Hotel Chatham; Lloyd Tevis and family, Grand Hotel. LONDON.—Miss Nellie Chapman, Miss Lizzie Chapman, 29 Upper Bedford Place; Mrs. M. Cheeseman, Miss C. Cheeseman, Golden Cross Hotel.—*American Register.*

**In San Francisco,** the total assessment this year was \$215,709,778, of which sum \$169,504,129 is of real estate, and \$46,205,649 of personal property. A tax of 1 $\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. on the total amount would yield a revenue of \$3,235,646 67, which, it is thought, will be amply sufficient. One per cent. (\$2,157,007 78) will be sufficient for municipal requirements, while fifty cents on each \$100 will doubtless be sufficient for the State tax. The valuation of property this year is \$82,175,464 less than that of 1872, in consequence of the recent decision of the Supreme Court, declaring mortgages and solvent debts exempt from taxation.

**Californians Registered at the Office of Charles Le Gay,** American Commission Merchant, 1 Rue Scribe, Paris, June 20, 1873.—Lloyd Tevis and family, Thos. Sunderland and family, Mrs. A. J. Butler, Mrs. E. R. Cory, W. M. Smith, Chas. M. Plum, A. E. Head and family, Miss Head, C. G. Hooker and family, J. B. Dickinson and wife, C. F. Fargo, Mrs. S. Ladd, Judge McRea, Mrs. C. Reis and family, Mrs. A. L. Barnes, Geo. A. Worn and family, L. Scellier, H. Laurencel, Chas. Crocker.

**A Cardiff Paper,** in reporting the ceremony of turning the first sod of a new colliery undertaking near Celynen, near Abercarn, pays the following compliment to a lady who took a prominent part in the proceedings:—"Mrs. Beynon, in a navy-like manner, wheeled the barrow containing the first sod along the plank to the place assigned, and returned with the barrow behind her in a most workman-like manner."

**Ambition.**—Grandmamma (encouragingly)—"And what will you be, Harry, when you grow up?" Harry—"Please, Gran'ma, I'd like to be an organ-grinder with a monkey."



### THE SUNFISH.

In the cool clear stream,  
Where the white pebbles gleam,  
You glide through murmurous ways of shade and sun,  
Where currents of untroubled pleasure run.

Thrills of most exquisite  
Rare happiness flit  
Ever across the crystal of your life,  
Unsmitten of any dissonance or strife.

Uninterrupted flow,  
Above you and below,  
Broad volumes of rich music undefiled,  
And artless as the first song of a child.

And my life, too,  
Is sweetly drifting through  
A crystal deep of wonderful harmony—  
Of songs of birds and streams poured over me!

—James Maurice Thompson, in *Appleton's Journal* for June.

### SNAKE-CHARMER.

The Most Charming Snake-Charmer is Mrs. M., whom an inquirer, "not very much afraid of snakes," has been kindly allowed to interview. Mr. M., who received the visitor, after remarks upon the weather, produced out of a cupboard a large boa-constrictor, a python, and several small snakes, which at once made themselves at home on the writing-table, among pens, ink, and books. Interviewer was a good deal startled, when the two large snakes coiled round and round Mr. M., and began to notice himself with their bright eyes and forked tongues. Mr. M. then went to call Mrs. M., leaving him alone with the boa deposited on an arm-chair. He felt queer when the animal began gradually to come near him, to improve their *tit-a-tit*, but was soon relieved by the entrance of his hosts, followed by two little children, charming and charmers also. The lady and the children went at once to the boa, and, calling it by the most endearing names, allowed it to twine itself most gracefully round about them. This boa-constrictor, as thick round as a small tree, twined playfully round the lady's waist and neck, forming a kind of turban round her head, and expecting to be petted and made much of like a kitten. The children over and over again took its head in their hands and kissed its mouth, pushing aside its forked tongue in doing so. "Every one to his taste," as the old man said when he kissed the cow. The animal seemed much pleased, but kept continually turning its head toward interviewer, until he allowed it for a moment to nestle its head up his sleeve. This splendid serpent coiled all around Mrs. M., while she moved about the room and when she stood up to pour out coffee.

About a year ago Mr. and Mrs. M. were away for six weeks, and left the boa in charge of a keeper at the Zoo. The poor reptile moped, slept, and refused to be comforted; but, when his master and mistress appeared, he sprang upon them with delight, coiling himself round them, and showing every symptom of intense delight. The children are devoted to their "darling Coo," as they call the snake, and smiled when interviewer asked if they were ever frightened by it.

Interviewer's conclusion. It is mere prejudice, when snakes are not venomous, to abhor them as we do. They are intelligent and harmless, perfectly clean, with no sort of smell, make no kind of noise, and move about far more gracefully than lapdogs or other pets. These seemed very obedient, and remained in their cupboard when told to do so.—*All the Year Round*.

### CIVILIZATION AND CAPTAIN JACK.

The First Evidence given us that the Modocs have felt the influence of civilization is Captain Jack's explanation of the hand he took in the recent Lava Bed troubles. Now the untutored savage of olden times would have maintained a dignified silence in the presence of his captors or simply remarked, "I did it with my little hatchet—I am prepared to die;" and wrapping his robe around him he would have received his death wound with stolid indifference, and died chanting the war song of his nation. But Captain Jack has given up all such foolish ideas of Indian etiquette and has adopted the civilized dodge, and says, "Now, look here, boys, a joke's a joke, but this has gone far enough. You can't play this on me. Never saw General Canby; don't know him. When he got killed I was trying to stop the row, that was all. Always did like the whites anyhow, and tried to help 'em along. Never stole anything in my life; always bought it and come down with the coin like a man. The other fellows were always trying to kick up a disturbance, but I wasn't. Never shot off a gun during the whole fight: 'pon honor I didn't. You see I ain't the man you're looking after at all. Now just ask the boys and see if I ever told a lie in my life. I wouldn't tell a lie to be President of the whole United States." If the authorities don't swallow Jack's explanation, he will have to fall back on the insanity dodge.

[From the Town Crier Column of the San Francisco News Letter.]

The T. C. learns from a special sent direct from the White House, that U. S. Grant was actually crowned Emperor of the United States last Wednesday evening. His informant, who was an eye-witness, thus describes the mysterious and imposing ceremony: "Last night, after the President had read prayers and was taking his usual allowance of Old Bourbon and fifty-cent cigars, a ring was heard at the front door-bell, which, being immediately answered, a party of twenty-five mysterious visitors was found, one of whom, evidently the leader, handed the servant a small note for the President, and said he would wait for an answer. Despite the late hour of the evening, the servant was so much impressed with the serious and important demeanor of the visitors, that he at once took the note to the President. He found him just pouring a regular three-finger dose down his throat, and was met with the somewhat uncourteous remark, 'What the h—l do you want? Can't you let a coon take his tansey in peace?' 'Please, your Excellency,' replied the somewhat abashed attendant, 'a party of very high-toned gentlemen are outside, and one of them gave me this (here he handed the President an embossed envelope), and said he would wait for an answer.' U. S. impatiently tore open the envelope, and having perused its contents with evident satisfaction, said, 'Show these gentlemen in at once. Yet stay! Put away the whiskey and cigars first, and bring me a copy of our Constitutional laws from the library. And so,' cried the President, 'my fondest hopes are about to be realized. O, this is hunky!' The servant quickly returned with the book, Grant struck an attitude of deep study, and the guests were announced. 'Settle down,' said the President, 'and make yourselves quite at home. I'm glad to see you all, though you have somewhat surprised me.' 'Most worthy and potent sire,' answered the tall man who had given the note to the servant, pulling at the same time a large bandbox from under his cloak, 'we have tested the feelings of the country, and have found them to be almost universally in favor of the little Imperial suggestion we made to your Excellency some time ago; so much so, that we have taken the liberty to wait upon you in order this night to place upon your head a crown which could never find a worthier wearer.' Here the President smiled, and blushed a pale purple, but overcoming his embarrassment, he thus replied: 'Gentlemen, I have long felt that there was a something wanting to make my head feel as it should feel (cries of no, no), and that something is what I guess you've got in that ere band-box. Produce it, put it on me, and let us have peace! But stay,' he said, scratching his left ear in a thoughtful way, 'I reckon the missus and Nellie ought to see me topped up.' He then pulled the bell, and told the servant to tell Mrs. Grant and Miss Nellie to come down at once, and if in bed to 'hurry up their fixings,' as he was very anxious to see them as soon as possible. In about ten minutes a rap came at the door, and a pretty face, with hair in curl papers, peeped in. Seeing so many people, however, it hastily popped back. 'Don't be scared, Nell,' shouted the President, 'where's the mother?' 'She's outside, Pa,' answered the owner of the head. After a little more parleying in they both came. Mrs. U. S. was tastily dressed in a blue and red striped dressing gown, spotted with stars, while Miss Nellie wore 'a robe de chambre,' composed entirely of the breast feathers of eagles. A worthy Bishop, whose name I dare not repeat, then proceeded to read some scarcely audible words over the President, who had in the meantime thrown himself flat on his back, and kicking the lid of the band-box produced a first class crown, which, after telling Grant to get up, he placed upon his noble brow and hailed him as Emperor of the United States. The twenty-four other visitors then threw off their cloaks and masks, and discovered to the astonished President all the most influential Bankers, Steamboat, Railway, Credit Mobilier, etc., men in the States. Feeling bound to say something, the Emperor thus briefly spoke: 'This is the proudest moment of my life.' Ladies retire. 'What will you take, gentlemen?' At a late hour next morning, twenty-five masked and cloaked visitors left the White House in an express wagon, singing lustily, though huskily, 'Long live our Emperor! Long live great Grant!'

The Ladies of Brooklyn seem to have met with a most severe disappointment. The dead body of a man was lying in the Brooklyn morgue awaiting identification. One old lady thought it was her son-in-law, but on a closer examination she could not find the scar that her daughter had inflicted on him just before he became missing for six months. The tears of this bereaved mother-in-law were heart-rending when she knew for certain that it was *not* her son. Two ladies from the land of saurkraut and lightning-conductor hats had a little difference of opinion as to the identity of the corpse. One said it was her husband, while the other swore it was her son. The former was horribly amazed, and the latter visibly affected, at not finding the 'strawberry mark,' without which no identification can be complete. A sweet and blushing young wife from the Fatherland also recognized the pants of the deceased as those of her Ferdinand, who took \$700 away, and remarked on parting, 'I'm going away for to leave you, so good-bye.' She swore to a scar on the left arm of the corpse, which had been caused by the accidental explosion of a cannon, whilst her husband was looking down to see if it were clean. The obliging showman of the morgue—an Italian of the name of McGuire—dispelled the illusion by explaining that the well-known scar to which the would-be widow alluded was merely caused by one of the numerous icebergs which float around morgues. This fair creature also went home a sadder but a wiser woman. Thus three loving hearts were broken, and one cracked. Such is life. *Sic transit, etc., etc.*

**"New York, July 8th.**—An exhibition game of billiards was given last evening, by several experts at St. Cecilia Church, on One Hundred and Fifth street." The *T. C.* thinks this a step in the right direction, and would suggest the following programmes in our churches when sermons fail to draw, and sacred concerts don't clear enough to buy sacramental hard tack: Trinity.—A grand exhibition in aid of the funds of this church will be held on——, when the following racy programme will be gone through: A set-to with gloves between the two well-known Professors, Rip and Silliman; a Virginia Reel by the members of the choir, led by the "stiff brother;" "We won't go home till morning," simultaneously in three different keys by the organist, with bagpipe accompaniment by the sexton; to conclude with the "same old plate trick" by the collectors. Calvary.—A grand entertainment in aid of destitute bummers will take place at this church on—— next, when the public may expect a rich treat. Programme:—Mr. Hemphill will illustrate the "Rakes Progress," with graphic illustrations, and volunteer assistance from some of our most noted leaders of fashion; Michael Rouse will take part in scene No. 1; a gentleman, of some note as an elocutionist, will then read some striking verses from Byron's Don Juan. The performance will end with a ballad by the ladies and gentlemen who have taken part in the "Rakes Progress," introducing an Irish jig by Hemphill. Dr. Stone's.—On the—— of this month a game of Faro will be introduced in this church, the funds derived from which will be devoted to furnishing the most Rev. Dr. with a set of false teeth. St. Mary's.—The clock of this church sadly requiring a coat of green paint, an evening entertainment will be given on——, introducing the following highly interesting features: Comic song, by Bishop Alemany, "O take the girls away from me!" double somersault, by six young priests; the wonderful Stigmata trick, by a young lady of this city; a set-to with shilldubs, by Patrick Murphy and Phil McMahon. To conclude with "Finnegan's Wake," by the choir.

The Board of Education, and other boards of wooden heads, are blather-skiting about what shall be done with the condemned ship, all agreeing that she should be placed at the service of the hoodlum custodians for their delicate wards. One way to dispose of these wayward juveniles, after having them on board a short time, is to palm them off on some unsuspecting shipmaster, who, if he spansks one of them, will be arrested upon his return to the United States, and thus make fun for the lawyers and newspapers. What sport we have in prospect. Dog Jack recommends that she be placed in command of that *weather-beaten* mariner, the Shipping Commissioner, who will receive all the festive hoodlum youths on board, and make mariners or soldiers of them, as he understands drilling soldiers better than shipping sailors, judging from his knowledge of the latter duty as shown daily. Should the ship not be large enough to afford the room for drilling, he could get permission from Pickering and Fitch to take them to Goat Island for that purpose, and when wanted for service in Arizona, they could be sent down by that Atlantic and Pacific Railroad which they did not build last year.

While the *T. C.* was leisurely talking to one of the clerks at the Lick House (one who unlike most hotel clerks is a most pleasant gentleman, the most perfect type he ever saw of the unsophisticated Irishman walked, or rather hopped in. His hair was the color of a coconut fibre door mat, sprinkled with cayenne pepper. His underlip protruded in such a way as to render the use of a pocket handkerchief a work of supererogation, while the vast amount of real estate he carried on his face, neck, and hands stamped him at once as an embryo landowner. This child, or rather freak of nature, inquired for the Steward, Mr. S——, and, on being politely told that he was not home, looked half angry and half sorrowful. Scissors, soft-soap, a spokeshave, and a strong solution of "blue mass," carefully rubbed over his person, will, no doubt, in a short time, metamorphose this sweet specimen of humanity into a first-class waiter, and for aught the *Town Crier* knows he may himself have the sublime pleasure of having his soup split over his clean shirt-front, or his butter carefully rubbed down by the deft fingers of this distinguished foreigner.

The *T. C.* cannot bear to see any one in tears (rather suggestive of a dead frog in spirits). No, his tender nature, one which even the death of a bed bug or the sacrifice of a mosquito affects, melts at the sight, and he, though he blushes to own it, feels bound out of sympathy to make one more in producing a briny shower. Imagine the fearful effect of the following unfeeling parody composed by a funny friend:

"Oh, old Thiers, unhappy Thiers,  
Who hast now no chance to reign;  
I am glad that it is so,  
And that France is free again."

Sacramento is a great city. It celebrated the Fourth of July in a surprising manner; not quite new as to form, indeed, but as to matter, purely original and Sacramental. The procession, and the rest of it, passed off as well as could be expected; but the crowning glory of the day was an oration in honor of the big-fisted Northmen, who carried hammers, and robbed all their neighbors; a kind of remnant of history, secundum Carlisle and Kingsley. An illustration of the fact that the rougher the climate the better the man, was found in "Athens and Sparta," which were free and vigorous under a "forbidding sky." This rather staggered our settled belief in the Grecian heavens; but rising to the height of the occasion, we remembered with pleasure that the sky of Athens, and even of Sparta, always forbade the existence of any such tremendous boobies as grow in Sacramento.



**What a Poor Opinion** the New York correspondents must have of our California dailies, when they telegraph the wretched jokes of the parricide Walworth across the continent; and what a still poorer one our dailies must have of the public when they publish them. To shoot some one seems about the surest way to become famous, for the meanest joke or most commonplace remark proceeding from the mouth of a murderer is immediately telegraphed all over America, while the lofty genius of such men as Pickering, MacCrellish, etc., is condemned by an unsympathizing public to the ignoble office of wrapping up tripe, liver, crabs, and such dainties. If Mac would only choke his grandmother (*Alla*) with a slice of Saucelito, or Pick smother his last born hybrid with a wrapper, the telegraph would flash their movements to the utmost corners of the earth, and eager multitudes would gloat over their every word.

**The Reason Why.** We have often thought that the singular animosity of the Irish against the Chinese presented some of the features of a family quarrel; but, being horribly afraid of Irish arguments, we never dared to say so much before. Now, we find a brother of the holy Society of Jesus, the Rev. S. Thebaud, declaring in his great work on "The Irish Race," that the Irish are the oldest people in the world except the Chinese. There is no longer any doubt possible. Here we have the clue to the origin of that feeling, which vents itself in cobble-stones and *Chronicles*. But for the cunning of the Chinese in stepping in ahead of them, the Irishmen might to-day wear the pig-tails, and smoke the opium, and do the cheap washing, and be chicken thieves instead of Supervisors. We almost forgive their hatred of the Mongol.

**For the Thousandth Time** has the request just been put to the unfortunate *T. C.*, to render a decision on the great question now before the public—"Wherefore does a canine vibrate its scandal appendage?" For the thousandth time has he begged those interesting specimens of inquisitiveness to go to Hades! He now appeals to the world for sympathy and protection. He respectfully petitions the city daddies to pass an ordinance directing the pound-keeper to arrest all such offenders. In his palatial mansion they will have ample opportunity to ratify their mind on the above question.

**Vive la France!** The glorious army, which, since '70, had been rather in the shade, has regained its prestige since the grand victory on Friday last. *La revanche* has commenced; the first battle has been fought. The success of the *grande nation* would have been doubtful but for the masterly ability with which General Hewston caused the Tentons to retreat. All hail to the victor! We humbly suggest that the Legion of Honor be conferred on the mighty warrior! Nobly does he deserve of his—no, of another fellow's country!

**Senator Casserly**, finding that he can get his shirts (he has two) washed cheaper East, has been in the habit of "franking" one each month to New York. As, however, the little franking game is about played out, he sent two at the end of last month, and might have been seen at home pacing the room, wrapped in a green blanket, till Saturday last, when he got a big mail, and now adorns our sidewalks in all the splendor of a snowy white shirt-front and a large diamond (native) breast-pin.

**The Public Schools** were reopened on the 7th July. Among the first questions put to the pupils was this: "If the World's Fair at Vienna is called by the English an *Exhibition*, by the Germans an *Ausstellung*, by the French an *Exposition*, by what name should it be known to Americans?" The pupils answered, in chorus: "It is known in America as the *Vienna Exposure*."

**The New Minister.**---The Rev. W. N. Van DeMark, of Pittsburg, Penn., who has accepted the call from the First Universalist Society, arrived in this city on Thursday evening. The Society met at 804 Bush street, last evening, to give him a most heartily, social greeting. He will preach his first sermon in Pacific Hall, on Sunday morning, at 11 o'clock, and in due time the *Town Crier* will photograph him.

**Pacific Mail Stock Enjoined.**---NEW YORK, July 11th.—The Chairman of the Stock Exchange this morning issued the following notice to members of the Board: "Morton, Bliss & Co. have been enjoined from transferring any Pacific Mail stock in the name of persons recently published as bondholders, and such stock is not now good on delivery to purchasers."

**The Annual Election** for Directors of the Central Pacific Railroad was held in this city yesterday, with the following result: Leland Stanford, C. P. Huntington, Mark Hopkins, E. H. Miller, Jr., Robert Robinson, C. H. Cummings and Wm. E. Brown. All the so denominated branch roads of the Central Pacific, except the California Pacific, will hold their election to-day.

**A New Story** is told of Sidney Smith, who rebuked Lord Melbourne's profanity by saying, "Let us assume that everybody and everything are damned, and proceed with the subject."



**PLUNKETT AND PRIOR.**

It was School Director Plunkett, and he said to Mr. Prior,  
 "I do not care a damn, sir, for the way you think of me."  
 Then back to Mr. Plunkett spoke the plucky Mr. Prior—  
 "Ditto, sir, to you!" says he.

Then the School Director madly smashed the fearless Mr. Prior,  
 Smashed, and beat, and knocked and kicked him, in a manner sad to see;  
 But the more he kicked and pounded, all the more the sturdy Prior  
 Lay down flat, undauntedly.

Then the haughty Plunkett's fingers, in the locks of Mr. Prior,  
 With a soft and pleasant motion, nestled so confidingly,  
 And he bumped him till he cried, "Mr. Plunkett, I require  
 You at once to let me be."

Then the wild Director Plunkett hauled the sternly speaking Prior  
 In a fashion most Homeric, along the wide entry,  
 And while they went, like Stephen, looking upward, Mr. Prior  
 Saw the glory that should be.

And the ceiling swam before him. "Prematurely," thought the Prior;  
 "I must leave the Union Grammar, and my monthly salary,  
 If this furious monster slay me!" Then he thought of Mrs. Prior,  
 And his babies, two or three.

And to Plunkett, madly bawling, with a faint voice spoke the Prior:  
 "I adjure thee to forgive me for the kicks I had from thee.  
 Thou art wrathful, thou art noble, and the weeping Mrs. Prior  
 Will expect me home to tea."

Sternly smiled the haughty Plunkett, and released the praying Prior,  
 And he, with humble gesture, rose and bent the grateful knee;  
 And the Plunkett's anger melted, and he patted Mr. Prior  
 Where his honor ought to be.

**"LA MOUNTAIN," THE AERONAUT, KILLED IN A BAL-  
LOON ASCENSION.**

Chicago, July 7th.—Mail reports give details of the fatal accident to the aeronaut, La Mountain, at Ionia, Friday, July 4th. His balloon was simply filled with excited air, hot gas. The canvas had a worn appearance, as if worse for being filled with heated air too often. At the summit, where the canvas was sown together, a block some ten or fifteen inches in diameter was fastened, and through this hole six guy ropes were secured, hanging down over the sides of the balloon, being at the bottom some seventeen feet apart, and these were tied to the basket by the Professor himself. There were no ropes running around the balloon horizontally, to keep the guy ropes from slipping, or to prevent the whole thing from slipping out between the ropes with a gust of wind. At 3:30 p. m. the Professor stepped into the basket, and the balloon took a shoot up almost perpendicularly, with the Professor swinging his hat to the crowd, all apparently enjoying the sight. A few moments later, however, the mouth of the balloon was observed to wave about two or three times, then to pass between, the balloon careening over on the side, when the ropes broke out from the fastening at the top, and the fall commenced. La Mountain was not said to be apparently making some effort to get the basket above him, and, if possible, to break the fall, but after the first struggle he fell so rapidly that nothing could be distinguished but the falling body, his hat coming after him about one hundred feet or more behind, the old canvas, nearly collapsed, falling down gradually. He struck with such a terrible thud that it jarred the ground for fifty rods around, and made an indentation in the solid ground eight inches deep. There was scarcely a bone in the whole body not broken into fragments, it was as limp as a rag, and there were very few fractures of the skin except the right foot; the bone of the right leg was driven through the bottom of the foot.

**REPORT OF WOOL MARKET.**

July 8th, 1873.—The "Fourth," and the ensuing day, holidays, seem to have left our market without life, a very common effect, but we hope not a lasting one. Up to the evening of the 3d, there was considerable activity in all grades at full prices—23¢ 24¢ for choice, 16¢ 22¢ for fair to good, and 11¢ 15¢ for burry.

WATT & McLENNAN, Wool Commission Merchants,  
 615 Sansome street, San Francisco.

A Relief Party which had been sent to the Spitzbergen group of islands, found the eighteen Norwegian sailors who had been left there by a vessel of the German Arctic Navigation Company, all dead.

[From the San Francisco News Letter.]

LETTER FROM A CHINAMAN.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 9th, 1873.

Dear News Letter :---We have a Chinese clerk, a bright and intelligent fellow. He is a keen observer of men and things, and he reads the newspapers. He finds the *News Letter* on our desk, and has discovered that you are not so senseless an enemy of his race as are some other papers. It therefore occurred to him that he might venture upon the American custom, and as a newspaper correspondent present his view of the Chinese question. He appeals from the press to the people, and has brought us the accompanying letter, with the request that we ask the *News Letter* to immortalize it in print. It is a simple screed, letter-writing being "a game that he don't understand." Yours,

JONES & WALKER, Front street.

SAN FRANCISCO, July, 1873.

*To the Great and Just Paper, the San Francisco News Letter:*

I am Chinaman. I like speak to American man. Newspaper say you no like Chinaman—Chinaman work too cheap, wash clothes, make blankets, make shoes, make cigar, and many things American man like buy. Newspaper say Chinaman make plenty money, take money, go back China. You say Chinaman bad man, no live all time in California, no have wife here, no have same God, Jesus Christ, no wear same clothes like American man. All time say no want Chinaman come here. I like talk with you. I learn little English. All Chinaman no can write English, so I speak. Long time ago China country all alone. No Chinaman go away, no American man in China. China big country, plenty people, plenty work. Chinaman make tea, silk, many nice things. Pretty soon Englishman, Dutchman, American man, Frenchman send ship. He buy tea, silk, he bring Chinaman other things. He make plenty business, plenty money. Then he make treaty with China, and say American man come live, work, make money in China, and Chinaman go do same in other country. Chinaman long time no like. By and by Chinaman say yes. Pretty soon plenty man come live in China, get rich, have big store, big business, like Chinaman money very much. When make plenty money go back home, leave China. Then come California big gold mines. Every people like gold. All come see California and dig. All same come American, English, French, Dutch, and every country. Suppose he make money, he go home and take away money. Suppose he no make money, he no can go. Some Chinaman, not many, come too. Pretty soon plenty people in California; make houses, have wife and children, and make nice country. They say we like stay here. So American man he say he like railroad, factory, and many things all same like other place. He come over in China, and tell Chinaman, suppose you go to California, have plenty work, get one dollar day, and make money all same like American man make money in China. So Chinaman come—some China merchants, some factory man, some work man, maybe some bad man come too. Plenty bad man in all country. When Chinaman get here he go work. Five, six thousand dig two, three years, make place for great railroad. Plenty American man work too. Chinaman take pick, shovel, wheelbarrow, American man make bridges, big shops, iron rails, cars, plenty things Chinaman no do. All have plenty work. Now railroad done, American man have work all time, Chinaman not, Chinaman work done. Then Chinaman learn make shoes, blankets, cigars. He make very good, very cheap, so American man no have to buy shoes, blankets, from other place, so can keep money here. Suppose 5,000 Chinaman make shoes, blankets, cigars, cheap. I think all men in California, 700,000 people, like that. Suppose 5,000 Chinaman no make, then all 700,000 people pay more money, and send same all away some other place. That not good for California. I think American man no like that. Suppose Chinaman make blankets, everybody buy blanket for six dollar pair. Suppose Chinaman no make, everybody pay nine dollar pair. That no good for California people. Shoes, cigars, all same. I suppose poor man no like that. Some Chinaman go work in country, in harvest, get one dollar day. Farmer say he no can pay two dollar day. Suppose he no can get Chinaman, he no plant wheat. That not good for California. Suppose many Chinaman work, that make work all time for every people. Some people make big factory house, make machinery, make wagons for carry goods, make shops for sell goods, and ships and railroads for wheat and other things to go in. No have some work cheap, no can have all these things, because no can use. Then other people no have work. Chinaman make nice vegetable grow. Chinaman understand that. He make plenty strawberries cheap. Suppose Chinaman no do that, then no can have vegetable cheap, no can have strawberry cheap. Everything Chinaman do is good for poor man. Poor man like strawberries, nice vegetables, good blankets, and everything all same as rich man. Chinaman no bring wife here because he afraid American man take away. Chinaman love wife, love father, love mother. You no like Chinaman take away money. Chinaman no take all. He make one dollar, he spend half dollar. He pay plenty money for ride on railroad, on steamboat. He pay plenty taxes, he pay policeman, he keep shop, pay big rent. Good Chinaman pay all he owe, bad Chinaman not. American all same. Chinaman buy plenty chicken, pig, spend much money. Chinaman no speak much English. Plenty Dutchman, other man all same. Chinaman no have American wife, plenty Jew all same. Chinaman no have same God, Jesus Christ, Jew all same. What for American man like Jew, no like Chinaman? Suppose you no like have Chinaman come here, no send ship tell him come. When Chinaman all go home, American man go too, for no have busi-

ness. California very big country, not much people. Great many people in other place, but too far, so cost too much money to get here, and people no come. Suppose people no come, business get sick. Maybe, by and by, long time, people come, then California rich, but everybody here dead then. That no good for this people. Suppose you no let Chinaman come here, American man go build factory in China, send wool over to China, and Chinaman make blankets there all same like now here. Factory man send blankets to California, get nine dollars pair. That very good for China factory man, no good for California people. Suppose you no see that, you like; all right, Chinaman like too. Good-bye! Suppose American man like come to China, Chinaman very glad. Chinaman children no throw stone at American man. Chinaman no tell American man, go away. American man teach Chinaman many things—some good, some bad.

Good-bye!

Au-Me.

### Business Notices.

**George Washington**, when a boy, met with an accident that came very near making him a cripple for life. It happened thusly. George, then a curly-headed little urchin of ten, was sitting on a high, old-fashioned stool, practicing pothooks, when suddenly one of the legs of the stool gave way, and over he went backwards. For some weeks his back was so much injured that serious doubts of his recovery were entertained. He however eventually recovered. It only shows us how careful every one should be in buying office and school furniture. Gilbert & Moore, on Bush street, make the best we have ever seen.

**A Rolling Stone** gathers no moss,

A lazy bee no honey,

And while a man's a bachelor

He never will make money.

No, get a loving, faithful wife—

A loving and gentle soul—

Then take a house and furnish it

From the store of N. P. Cole.

**The Fourth** is over, and business men are once more hard at work, feeling all the better for their short holiday in the country. A great many people drove out that day to the Golden Gate Park, and were most agreeably surprised to find there an hotel equal to any we have in the city for comfort and good dining. We refer to the "Park Villa," just opened by Mr. and Mrs. Mangenberg. It is the most perfectly fitted up place we ever saw, and cannot fail to be a grand success. The gardens are simply lovely.

**Wherever a man** meets his neighbor,

Be it ever so wet or dry,

He pats him on the shoulder,

And its "What are you going to try?"

Now if you have to drink with all

You're apt to get quite frisky,

So take a pioneer's advice

And stick to Cutler's Whisky.

**Lord Dundreary** has filled the California Theater almost to overflowing for a week, and Brother Sam has followed suit. Brother Sam's get-up is almost perfection. His necktie and collar seem made for each other, while his shirtfront and waistcoat are on the most friendly terms. His gloves fit like skin, and the *tail ensemble* is faultless. Now as most of our young men like to have nice collars, shirts, neckties and gloves on, we will give them a small piece of advice: Always go to Anderson & Irving for your hosiery, etc. They beat the deck.

**It is mistaken economy**

To buy things cheap and bad,

When, just for a very trifle more,

The best things can be had.

And if you want to buy a carpet,

Why, go to Plum & Bell,

Their prices are not exorbitant—

Their carpets are liked well.

**Noah** made himself very comfortable on board the Ark, and has very often been heard to remark "that though he rather preferred the land, yet a trip on the sea was very grand." He said, too, that there was something wrong with the stove, and that several nice messes and elephant hashes were spoiled on that account. One morning Mrs. Noah was preparing an omelette, when the old stove blew up and sea did her very badly. Noah has heard of the De La Montanya Union Range, and says if he ever goes to sea again he'll have one.

**Look at him**, watch his tottering step.

Observe his bleary eye,

And that nose, which like a comet shines,

Stuck in a whisky sky.

Had he but stuck to the Gerke Wine,

His eye would now be bright,

His step would still be light and free—

His nose be cool and white.

In 1864 the United States entered into a treaty with the Modocs, but it was not ratified and proclaimed till 1870. It was signed by a chief and four leading Modocs, who were in made properly drunk for the occasion. In accordance with this treaty the Modocs went on the barren Klamath Reservation, where they stopped for a long time. Captain Jack, however, would not acknowledge the treaty, as he had not signed it, but he said that if the United States Government would supply him with proper food and some of Eberhardt & Lachman's celebrated native wines, he would stop there.

**Six Miles** down the San Bruno Road, Harry Blanken's comfortable house invites the weary traveler and the heated excursionist to come in and rest. He is always at home and glad to see his friends.

**Many Feet** below the surface of the sea lives the bivalve known as the Oyster. There, all secure in his pearly castle, he increases and multiplies till the rude instruments of man drag him from his hiding place; he is killed by the murderous knife, and before he has had time to realize the horrors of his position, he goes down some one's throat. If you want to taste him in all his freshness, go to Emerson Corville's, at the Saddle Rock; there you may have him *au naturel* or cooked in any style you like.

**Governor Booth**, when riding in the procession at Sacramento on the Fourth, made every provision for both himself and his staff's appearance. He ordered a dozen sets of trappings for the horses from Main & Winchester, and a finer turnout than they made has seldom been seen. Governor Booth himself remarked that the saddle he rode on "was the most comfortable one he ever used," and intends, like every other sensible person, always to buy all his saddlery, rugs, etc., from Main & Winchester.

**The Following** is a copy of a letter just received from Vienna by a well-known citizen: "Dear —: Thanks for the photographs by Bradley & Rulofson. They are the finest I have ever seen, and have created quite a sensation. I lent them to a friend of mine, who showed them to the different men who represent photography in the exhibition here. They all, he says, said that they could not take as good pictures themselves, nor had they seen any to equal them. Yours, Col. E. E."

**The Emeralds of Antiquity** have most of them turned out to be merely glass, but glass of such an extraordinary hard nature as to defy all imitation in the present day. Even the potters of Umbria, whose ruby lustre was so prized by the dilettanti of the Cinque Cento period have their secret buried with them. Even the art of photography is said to have been known in London more than a hundred years ago. Be this as it may they never yet could take photographs like those taken by Houseworth, 12 Montgomery street.

**Muller's Glasses** are as well, nay even better, known than any other make of spectacles. They are wonders in their way, and many have had just cause to bless the power that gave them sight. And thus saith the polite attendant, James Alger, who represents the worthy Muller.

**A Neglected Cough, Cold, or Sore Throat**, which might be checked by a simple remedy, like "*Brown's Bronchial Troches*," if allowed to progress may terminate seriously.

#### LATEST ATOMS OF NEWS WITH NOTES.

**W. C. Ralston** has been elected President of the Bank of California, to succeed D. O. Mills, whose intended absence renders his retirement from the chair necessary. This is as it should be. Nine years ago these two gentlemen entered upon their responsible offices—the one as Chairman, the other as Cashier—both virtually the responsible managers of the great corporation. They were elected for four years, but their re-election has always been insisted upon by the shareholders, who have now unanimously chosen Mr. Ralston to fill the void caused by Mr. D. O. Mills' departure, so long delayed in deference to the wishes of the shareholders, but now rendered imperative.

**Fruits** abound everywhere. Our markets are surfeited with ripe fruits. Peaches, berries, apples, pears, etc., selling "dirt cheap" from first hands, but very "slivery" from middlemen. Why do not growers, or some men of enterprise establish a fruit depot on Market street, and another at the north end of the city, and sell peaches at fifty cents per basket to the masses?

**The World** is pretty well sick of 4th of July speeches, but Governor Booth uttered a most graceful one on the 4th to the Pioneers at Sacramento. It was so good we had placed it aside for printing in extenso, but such has been the immense pressure of MS. this week we have reluctantly delayed its publication until our next issue.

**The Produce Exchange**, at its annual meeting, re-elected Horace Davis President, and E. G. Matthew Vice-President. This institution is progressive, and now enrolls among its members most of the influential merchants of the city engaged in wheat, flour, and produce generally. Its value and usefulness none can gainsay.

**English Capitalists** have projected a railroad from San Diego across the continent to Matagorda Bay, on the Gulf of Mexico, for which the surveyors have completed the preliminary survey from San Diego to the mouth of the Colorado river, and their report upon it is very favorable.

**The Post Says**: "With Senator Casserly, on Saturday night, arrived some ten tons of franked matter, and more came through last night. The Post Office is deluged with *Congressional Globes*, speeches and reports for the Senator's constituents—the last expiring agony of the franking privilege."

**Fruit** is now down to such low prices that receivers will be compelled to dump it overboard unless the masses will come to the rescue. Pears and peaches and apples are selling at 25@50 cents per basket. Who will buy them?



### THEN AND NOW.

She stood at the threshold that evening; And again does she stand on the threshold  
 She was clad in her bridal dress; Where she stood on that happy night;  
 She knew he was ready to greet her, But her eyes are no longer laughing—  
 And she longed for his fond caress. Her dress is no longer white.

'Twas the robe she would wear on the And the sorrow that plays o'er her features  
 And she wanted her love to see [tomorrow, Is as dark as the robe she wears,  
 How fair was his chosen flower— And a wreath of undying flowers  
 How beauteous his darling would be! To lay on the dead she bears.

And Hope, with her glittering finger, For he never again shall greet her;  
 Bade her look to the life before, He shall rise to receive her no more;  
 And she smiled in the mirth of her spirit The voice which she loved is now silent  
 As she stood at the study door. As she waits at the study door.

Years passed—three short years of glad- Then her step was so firm and eager;  
 ness— It is now so subdued and slow;  
 And the stream of her young life flowed Then it was he who had stopped to kiss  
 Like the stream of a laughing rivulet her;  
 When the sunshine knows no cloud. She must kneel to kiss him now.

But e'en so, with consoling finger,  
 Hope points to the life above,  
 Where beyond the dark night of sorrow  
 Is the dawn of eternal love.

### IS IT A MONOPOLY?—THE WHOLE TRUTH AND NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH.

Some of the Papers of this State have lately been much exercised in regard to the question of irrigation of a portion of the San Joaquin Valley by a company incorporated in 1871, under the laws of this State, called the "San Joaquin and Kings River Canal and Irrigation Company." It is said that this company has claimed all the waters of the rivers, lakes and streams of the valley, and is thereby a monopoly of the worst possible kind. Now, we have taken the trouble to inquire into the facts of the case, and we find that this company has never claimed *all* the waters as has been alleged. The certificate of its incorporation is as follows: "The construction of canals in the State of California, leading from the San Joaquin river and Kings river and their tributaries; also, from Tulare Lake and streams flowing thereinto, and other waters." This company has only *two* canals, and both are intended for the west side of the valley. *One*, which is now under construction, is on a grade of twelve inches to the mile, and connects with King's river and the San Joaquin river, above Firebaugh's, and will be connected with tide water and Stockton by a lock below the junction of the Stanislaus river with the San Joaquin river. The *other* is from Tulare Lake direct, on a grade of three inches to the mile, and will water lands which the other canal cannot command, and it will connect Tulare Lake with tide water at Antioch. The cost of the first mentioned canal will be one million dollars, or ten dollars per share, one-half of which has been already expended. Its discharge or capacity is not one-tenth part of the waters available in the above named rivers during the season when irrigation is most required. The cost of the other or upper canal is estimated at four millions of dollars, or forty dollars per share, and it will draw off annually only some eighteen inches off the whole area of the lake. In order to assure the public generally that there was no intention to monopolize the entire waters of the valley, and to scatter the stock among the people generally, the Trustees of this company met on the 21st of January last, and resolved as follows: "The shareholders of this company, desiring the co-operation of the public press and their fellow citizens in the rapid completion of this great enterprise, without the aid of foreign capital, hereby invite the people of this State to subscribe to the capital stock of the company on the same basis and price as the original subscribers. That in order to secure a co-operation of the citizens of California in one of the most important works for the benefit of the agricultural and commercial interests of the State, the President is hereby instructed to open books for the subscription of 75,000 shares of the 100,000 shares, capital stock of the company, at the *present cash cost* of the whole now done." The above resolution was advertised in all the local and county papers, and notice given that the books were open for subscription. This clearly showed that the present shareholders did not wish to make the concern one of a close corporation character, but rather to scatter it as much as possible among 120 or more parties, as no subscription was to be received for more than 500 shares. Every farmer, landowner, store-keeper, and others interested in the success of the west side of the valley, was hereby invited to participate in the undertaking, and to continue on precisely the same footing as the original subscribers. We find, too, on inquiry, that only 17,000 shares of the whole 100,000 shares of the capital stock of the company are held by parties owning lands on the west side of the valley, where this company's operations, both present and future, belong, and further, that only 22,000 shares out of the whole 100,000 shares are in the hands of parties who own lands in the valley, and that it is *literally* true, as can be proved by the books; that four-fifths of the capital stock of this company is held by parties who do not own

an acre of land in the entire valley. We assert that this is the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth; and the editors of the *Sacramento Union* and of the *Call* may satisfy themselves that this is so by inquiry at the company's office, and seeing the books. We have satisfied ourselves further that the farmers on the west side of the valley are neither rich enough nor numerous enough to afford to raise and spend five millions of dollars to secure forever their lands from the droughts which have rendered them unprofitable three years out of the past five. They want the water immediately to save themselves from the risk of another season like the past, and neither the State nor Congress can give them this security; but the present company can by immediately extending their canal as proposed; and they should be encouraged in their public enterprise, not only by the farmers and landowners, but by the good-will and fellowship of the citizens of the State. The company binds itself to sell the water to the farmers at what is really a cheap rate, being but one-thirtieth the value of the annual yield of the land irrigated. We assert that the *Sacramento Union*, and other papers in this State, have wilfully ignored the actual facts of this great enterprise, and have never even taken the trouble to make proper inquiry into the organization, objects, and results of this company. They have been purposely blind and deaf, and instead of taking pains to acquaint themselves with actual facts, and to give the same to the public, they have indulged in surmises, gross misrepresentations, and hindered thereby the early completion of a work that but for them might have been completed in February last, and secured over 100,000 acres of grain from being lost to the farmers on the west side of this great valley. The agricultural community have to thank the knowing misrepresentations of the designing press of this State for the delay which has arisen in the completion of the canal system on the west side of the San Joaquin Valley.

#### PUNISHING OFFENDERS IN OLDEN TIMES.

Gentlemen of an Inventive Turn of Mind found the city of London an unpleasant dwelling place. In 1364, John de Hackford was convicted of telling a friend there were ten thousand men ready to rise and slay the chief people of the city: he was sentenced to be imprisoned for a year and a day, and to stand in the pillory for three hours once a quarter, coming out of Newgate for the purpose, "without food or girdle, barefoot and unshod, with a whetstone hung by a chain from his neck and lying on his heart, it being marked with the words 'A false liar,' and there shall be a pair of trumpets trumpeting before him on his way." In 1371, a man was pilloried for reporting that it was about to be proclaimed that alien merchants might sell merchandise as freely as the freemen themselves; that no pleas were to be pleaded in the city, but only before the king's justices at Westminster; and that Newgate was to be abolished, and its inmates removed to the Tower. One Bertram had to stand in the pillory five successive days, with two whetstones hanging from his neck: a large one in token of a lie he told about the mayor, and a smaller one in token of a lie about some less important individual. In 1382, an indiscreet maltman amused himself by spreading a report that the mayor had been sent to the Tower; and in order that others might beware of telling such lies, he was ordered to be taken to Newgate, and from thence to the pillory in Cornhill, to remain there one hour, bearing, of course, the liar's burden, and then to be carried back to prison to be confined until further orders. Those guilty of contempt of court, or who spoke evil of magistrates, were handsomely punished. In 1292, Strage, the sweeper of litter in Chepe, was sent to the Tun for saying the aldermen took the money of the commonalty for the support of city orphans, and spent it upon themselves. In Richard II.'s reign a reckless boaster swearing that for half a houseful of gold he would call the chief magistrate a scoundrel, and fight him at Horsley-down, expiated his bragging by twelve months' imprisonment. Such offenders were sometimes permitted to compromise matters; thus, the insulter of an alderman was released upon giving surety for a tun of wine, to be forthcoming whenever the offended dignitary demanded it; another rash man who dared to curse a sergeant in the presence of the mayor, was let off "this once" upon promising, in case of again offending, to pay forty shillings towards the repairing of London Bridge; while Roger Torold, who had publicly defied Mayor Leggy, and vowed if he caught him outside the city walls he would take care the mayor would never get inside them alive, escaped worse punishment by presenting Leggy with a hundred tuns of wine, and binding him in the sum of forty pounds to keep a civil tongue in his head for the future. A bolder offender—but then he was in the King's service—made still better terms. He had drawn his sword upon an alderman, and wounded a constable, because they prevented him killing a tailor. For this he was condemned to lose his hand, to stand in the pillory, and to be imprisoned for a year and a day; but "other lords" interceding for him, the sentence was remitted upon condition that he carried a lighted wax candle, weighing three pounds, from the Guildhall to St. Dunstan's Church in Fleet street, and there offer it at the altar; which he was only too glad to do.—*Chambers' Journal*.

We Have to Thank some unknown friend in Yorkshire, England, who has so regularly transmitted per month to the *News Letter* files of the *Huddersfield Examiner*, the *Leed's Mercury* and the *Huddersfield Daily Chronicle*.

## OUR HOLIDAY.

**The End of Last Week** and the beginning of this were gala days for labor. By a happy combination of holidays, Sundays and no-days, three, and almost four, consecutive revolutions of our earth on its axis might be devoted to pleasure. The consequence was that everybody felt it his bounden duty to go somewhere in the country. This was more particularly the case among those whose life is a daily routine of office work or clerkship, and on Thursday afternoon of the 3d, or Friday morning of the following day, there was a constant stream of pleasure-seekers from the city. Then it was that people remembered some dear friend or distant relation in the country, or the careless parting word, "Come and see us some time." They who had neither country cousins nor rustic friends, or who had conscientious scruples, or preferred liberty of action, consulted time-tables and scales of charges ere deciding whether to go North, East, South or West; but go somewhere they must. This has nothing to do with the banker, or rich merchant, or professional man, who has his country house, and whose daily life is a monotonous excursion. These either retired to their groves or gathered a crowd of guests under their roofs. Unquestionably, the great attraction lay towards the various "Springs," wherewith Napa and Sonoma counties are so plentifully endowed. The access was easy, the country was beautiful, and the fares were comparatively moderate. The consequence was that the *Antelope*, at half-past two o'clock, and the *New World*, at four—the one for Donahue and the other for Vallejo—carried away an immense load of passengers, armed with guns, fishing rods, field glasses, valises and baskets. On every side was heard Calistoga, Geysers, Skaggs Springs, White Sulphur, Healdsburg, Cloverdale, Mount St. Helena, and other minor celebrities. To judge by the numbers of people who declared their intentions of making themselves happy at one or the other of these places, it would presuppose the necessity of each of them having a hotel about the size of the Occidental. However, there they were, as motley a crowd of nationalities as only San Francisco can pour forth. The politicians and the extreme patriots, together with those whose official position required their presence, stayed at home perforce, to join in the Fourth of July procession; but young men of all nations—the Frenchman and the Englishman, the German and Italian, Jew and Gentile—preferred the country, and determined to have a good time of it. Now, this "good time of it" is a Kaleidoscope in its nature, as are the colors of Nature herself. To one it is a dreamy lying under shade trees, doing nothing, hardly thinking; to another, it is climbing to the tops of the highest mountains, until the body becomes physically exhausted. To the clerks of Dombey & Son, or Saccharin, Sand & Co., it is making up a party for a picnic, and talking among themselves afterwards, not too discreetly, what fun they had with the girls. B— is supremely happy because he has captured a female moth in the woods, which had been long wanting to supply a link in entomology. Podge Junior and his party, after romping all day, bathing about half a dozen times, drinking ditto, pass away the time till the small hours, telling stories, playing poker, and confusing themselves with whisky. That loud talking and boisterous laughter proceeds from a party of fat, perspiring, well-to-do German Jews. They all wear dusters, all smoke cigars incessantly, and all carry a large flask of cocktails, the frequent applications to which have no effect, except to make them more exuberantly noisy. The above are chiefly to be found at Calistoga and Skaggs. At the Geysers, although they won't all own it, the majority are disappointed; the Frenchman complains of the heat, but his great source of misery is expressed in the following words: *Mais, Monsieur, la cuisine est détestable*. The swells at the White Sulphur peep out a little in the morning, to get the early fresh air and show their pretty light dresses and cravats, and then when the distant dust heralds the van of the daily army from Calistoga, they shrink into their cottages or rooms till dinner time, and after that have their ball in peace, for the last of the transients has departed. So they all have a good time of it, and perhaps at the end of the week it will be found that Badlam, or Foss, or Alstrom, or the venerable Kentuckian at the Geysers, or mine host at Healdsburg, or the ten or twelve stages that start thence, have in reality had the best of it. We have not included the shoal of amateur Admirals who left the harbor, in plungers and sloops and schooners, the majority of such vessels having center-boards, and are called by courtesy "yachts." Nor have we mentioned the circum-cried space of their suffering volunteer crew by day, and the utter violation of the cubic air measurement by night; nor the amount of Liebig's Extract washed down with whisky, for praised be the Lord, we were not there.

## HEAVY STOCK SUIT.

"Peleg" Goeth for "Joseph."—Peleg Bumpus brought suit yesterday, in the Fifteenth District Court, against Joseph M. Shotwell, a stock broker and Director in the Clay street savings bank, for \$47,000, for alleged wrongful detention and misappropriation of twenty shares of original Belcher mining stock, with its numerous rich dividends. Peleg shows good judgment in having secured as his counsel the ever successful and luxurious Bulkeley. He knows a thing or two about stocks as well as law, having (they say) scattered some of his superfluous cash in California street, just to find out how things are fixed. We know nothing of the case except from the complaint on file, and can only say, may the right succeed.



## THE BROKEN RING.

[TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF EICHENDORFF.]

Within a great valley	O, would I were a minstrel
A mill-wheel turneth o'er;	The world to wander o'er;
My darling one who dwelt there	And of my poor heart's sorrow,
Hath vanished evermore.	To sing from door to door.
A little ring she gave me,	Or, would I were a horseman
She vowed a faithful vow;	Far in the bloody fight;
The vow, alas! is broken!	Or near the camp-fire lying
The ring is shattered now!	All in the dismal night.
Ah! when I hear the mill-wheel	
I know not what I will	
I fain would die; my anguish	
Would then at once be still.	

## THE GODLESS SCHOOLS.

A Good Name is Declared, on excellent authority, to be better than various other good things; and the Catholics are fully entitled to plume themselves upon the name they have invented for our public schools. Were Catholics, eaten up by zeal of the Lord's house, in any way like other people, we might suppose they were talking mere ribaldry when they spoke of the godless public schools; but they are very seriously horrified at the absence of images in the school-rooms, and at the pretty bonnets of the teachers, necessarily hateful in the sight of God, since he admires the white coal-scuttles which the world looks upon with loathing. The *Catholic Guardian*, organ of the true believers, cannot contain its holy horror at the condition of the public schools, as revealed by the seizures of obscene literature, recently made in New York. More than fifteen thousand letters, written by students of both sexes throughout the country, were among the articles found in the possession of the dealers in these vile wares. Documents there were which showed that the dealers have organized circulating libraries of this poison, under the charge of the most vicious boys in the schools, who are paid to spread contamination on every side. Truly a sad showing, but not directly perilous to us in San Francisco. We have schools, to be sure, and they are quite godless; but there is not the least call for God so long as we have School Director Plunkett. The *Guardian* must allow us, also, to thank it in the name of America, for the concern which it expresses at the contemplation of the frightful future before a people who persist in bringing up their children in schools so polluted. None but a conscientious Catholic writer could fully sympathize with us in this our affliction, for if any man can know what depth of depravity may be reached in schools, it must be a pious Catholic, familiar with the monstrous practices of priests in charge of seminaries and boarding schools; practices which have called for the interposition of the civil power, and have been judged by criminal process in Catholic countries, not once or twice, or twenty times, but so often that in many districts of France and Italy the local dialect has been enriched with a shameful verb. A pious Catholic, who has studied and occasionally refers to "Dens' Theology," certainly knows what obscene literature is; and because the *Guardian* hates all impurity, we venture to ask whether it ever heard of Dr. Friedrich, who visited Rome for the first time during the sitting of the Vatican Council, and recorded his impressions in a Tagebuch, published at Nordlingen in 1871? In this volume he has noted down many things, which startled and confounded him, a believing son of the church, and one in particular which we really commend to the attention of the *Guardian*. The Prof. of Moral Philosophy in the University, Dr. Friedrich tells us, kept a brothel for the use of priests, chiefly. The *Guardian* very properly considers that, for a Catholic, there can be no morality outside of religion. We beg it, therefore, to decide for us whether a priest, enjoying the hospitalities of the Professor's zenana was, for the time being, a student in morals or a student in theology? It is very true that two wrongs do not make a right. We accept as proven, the charge against the public schools, and stop only to point out that, since there are degrees in infamy, the condition of these schools is purity itself compared with those under the charge of Catholic priests, and for this reason: the obscene literature conveyed into the public schools is conveyed surreptitiously. It is furnished by vile creatures, who have no connection with the school system; and it is certain to be seized and destroyed when discovered, and the whole public is deeply interested to discover and destroy it. In these godless schools no foul-minded teacher can wield an influence of religious terror to cow his pupils while he poisons their innocence with suggestions of foul thought. The public schools are open to the gaze and the criticism of every one. They are far from perfect, but the broad day shines in upon them. The case is totally reversed with the schools that are godly in the eyes of the *Guardian*, and every assault upon the free-school system is but another reminder that the history of the Catholic Church and the literature of all Catholic countries tell but one and the same story, as to the utter unscrupulousness of the priest in power, whether Pope or archbishop, professors of morals under Pius IX., or editor of the latest Catholic organ.



## STEAM AS AN EXTINGUISHER.

The Fearful Ravages of the best of servants and the worst of masters, fire, during the last few years makes the subject of fire-extinguishers grow every day more important, and as experience is the best teacher we submit the following taken from an English scientific paper, called the *Iron*, for the especial perusal of our very effective Fire Department: "We can no better illustrate the practical value of steam under the conditions stated, than to repeat at length the particulars of a case concerning a factory building, one story in height, and 195 feet long by 32½ feet wide. The upper or roof portion of the place was separated from the parterre space by a close flooring. This roof-space was used as a storehouse for refuse of various kinds, rags, shavings, leather-waste, etc. In this portion of the factory a fire broke out during the night, which unfortunately was only discovered towards two o'clock in the morning, when half the length of the roof was already in flames. As the location of the burning building was somewhat isolated, more than an hour passed by after the discovery of the fire before the services of the neighboring fire department could be obtained; while, meantime, the efforts of those about the building to check the spread of the flames had proved so unavailing that the whole of the upper portion of the building had caught fire or fallen, and the flames had already seized upon the lower story, the walls of which had been broken in by the fire corps in their endeavors to quench the flames. In the lower portion of the building there was an arrangement for steam boiling, the boiler for which was located in a separate building, and which had been stopped since seven o'clock the evening previous. After the fire had been raging for some two and a half hours, this boiler was started in operation with a strong wood fire, and as soon as steam was up, a bold carpenter ventured into the burning building—against the command of the engineer in charge of the fire department, who had ordered the demolition of the whole structure—and with an axe broke one of the cast-iron steam-pipes, at the first best place. The effect is stated to have been almost instantly perceptible. The whole space was rapidly filled with steam which issued from the shattered pipe under strong pressure, and the raging fire was almost instantly checked in violence, one burning mass after the other was extinguished, and even the heaps of rags, which were then burning under the free air, were put out as the steam enveloped them; so that within an hour after the admission of the steam, all danger was considered past, and the fire was brought under entire control."

## [EXTRACT FROM A PRIVATE LETTER.]

London, June 21, 1873.—Perhaps the most curious document in the world would be the honest opinion of the Shah in regard to various curious notions and ideas entertained in the countries he has visited during this his European journey. He may see sense in the exhibitions at present going on in London. We do not. Walking in the Park yesterday, we noticed a Japanese gentleman walking by himself, and every now and then bursting out into a loud fit of laughter. We have never seen an Oriental laugh like that before; but perhaps he is not an Oriental, and his musings had no connection with the howling mass that greeted the Shah. One of his ancestors, on seeing a waltz at Pera, asked—says Lord Byron—"If nothing follows all this palming work?" The Mirza of the Bued has become the "Meerza" of the reporters! \* \* \* \* \* The Shah is to visit St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey, and to hear Professor Tyndal. The Dean of St. Paul's is to explain to him the chemistry of the change produced in a bit of baker's bread, by one of our Christian priests, whereby the bread becomes a bit of the Almighty's muscle, and, through the same means, port wine (24 shillings a dozen)—"strongly recommended for sacramental purposes"—(see advertisement) is converted into his blood. All this is to be explained to the Shah, and Professor Tyndal is to exhibit the blood corpuscles by means of a microscope of "forty-person power." The "affection" of the English upper-class—not to say people—is of course quite "natural" and "spontaneous," and will doubtless make a "profound impression" on the "interesting stranger." The popular enthusiasm is immense. He is to visit the Zoological Gardens, and our friend Punch anticipates that "the beasts will behave better than the company;" and this is the more likely, as the visit is to be made on Sunday, when "common people" are not admitted—that being the only day in the week when they could by any possibility visit such a place, but are wisely driven to the gin shop. The Shah has much to see and very much to learn. The ladies take a lively interest in all that concerns his welfare, spiritual and temporal, and the more so since they have learned that he has left his harem in Persia, and has even become so good a Christian as to send back the few wives he brought with him to Europe. It will be a great thing if this Persian can be converted to the true religion. Exeter Hall has converted cannibals, and turned them from eating human flesh; but would it not be a more glorious thing to teach this ruler of a great people to eat the flesh and drink the blood of God?

It is a Noticeable Fact that in New York and other American cities a larger number of people than usual are this year cultivating simplicity and richness, rather than show, in their dress. This is already apparent in Saratoga.

**Funny Anecdotes About Parrots.**---A correspondent writes: "A parrot belonging to some friends of mine was generally taken out of the room when the family assembled for prayers, for fear he might join irreverently in the responses. One evening, however, his presence happened to be unnoticed, and for some time he maintained a decorous silence; but at length, instead of 'Amen,' out he came with 'Cheer, Boys, Cheer.' On this the butler was directed to remove him, and had got as far as the door, when the bird, perhaps thinking that he had committed himself, and had better apologize, called out, 'Sorry I spoke!' The parrot of a relation of mine also used, whenever he dropped anything he was eating, to say, 'Pick up Bobby's crust,' being doubtless prompted by the same train of associations as those which led another parrot, which I well knew, invariably to say, 'Thank you' whenever anything was given to him. Some parrot fanciers had agreed to meet in a year's time, when each was to show a bird for a prize--proficiency in talking to be the great criterion of merit. On the day appointed all the rest came, each duly bringing his parrot. Only one appeared without his saying that he was such a stupid bird he was quite ashamed to bring him. This excuse was held to be inadmissible, and his master accordingly went off for and returned with him. No sooner was he introduced than, looking round at the large assembly of birds, he exclaimed, 'My God, what a lot of parrots!' The prize was immediately voted to him by acclamation."

**Miscegenation at Paris.**---Considerable interest has been excited in Paris by the announcement of two oriental marriages which are about to take place there. One is between the Viscount Chales de Thonals and a young Chinese lady, a convert to Christianity, and the adopted daughter of a French merchant at Canton. This gentleman brought his fair daughter back with him to France, and had her educated at a first-class school in Bordeaux. The young lady's name was In-Tse, but on her baptism she added that of Marie. The other projected marriage is still more remarkable. A Japanese dignitary attached to the embassy now in Paris, Lakana by name, young, rich and handsome, has asked and obtained the hand of Midle Hebert, the daughter of a wealthy coal merchant, now retired from business and living in good style. The fiancée appeared only to have stipulated that her suitor should embrace Catholicism, to which request he made no demur. The Chinese lady will be given away at the Madeleine. The Japanese gentleman will plight his troth at St. Philippe du Roule. Both these unions are said to be unprecedented.

**A Great Many Curious Things** come up in the course of the Tichborne trial, and from day to day things come out tending more and more to complicate the affair. The latest is a report concerning the alleged death of Arthur Orton in Australia. Information has been asked about a man shot near Yea in the year 1862. This man was in company with two others, and suspected of horse-stealing. They were pursued, and the constable and his party came up with them just as the men were riding off. As they did not halt when ordered to do so, one of the constable's party fired upon the three, bringing one of them down. He died, and the only thing ascertained about him was that he was passing under the name of Cosgrove. The bushranger Power, who is now undergoing sentence, asserts that this Cosgrove was Arthur Orton of Tichborne notoriety. The police of Yea have been instructed to make an inquiry into the matter, and probably both sides will now run off upon this new scent.

**Moving a Girder by the Sun.**---A girder of the bridge now constructing at Kulenborg (Holland), which rested about two inches too far on one of its piers, has (according to the *Chron. de l'Ind.*) been moved into its proper position by a means not unknown in this country. By a variation of temperature of the girder, which is about 465 feet long, 1 degree C., it was found to expand about 1-14th of an inch; the difference of the temperature of the air by night and by day amounting to 18 degrees C. In the morning the girder was securely fastened at the end, where it rested too far forward, and in the evening, when in consequence of the rise of temperature during the day, it had moved forward about 1 inch at the opposite end, it was fastened to this, but set free at the other, so that it might contract during the night. By repeating the proceeding, the girder was got into its proper position.

**An Interesting Collection** of ancient needlework is now on view at the South Kensington Museum. The first class comprises ecclesiastical work, gorgeous vestments, chalice covers, etc., with pearls and precious stones interwoven, the earliest dating from the ninth century. The next and most curious contains historical work, such as James VI. of Scotland's baby basket, Queen Elizabeth's satin shoes, Charles I.'s Star of the Order of the Garter, several valuable pieces of old tapestry, and a variety of other curiosities. Next come small objects of embroidery of all kinds, caps, gloves, stomachers, and wedding head-dresses; after these embroidery on workboxes and pictures, some scarcely distinguishable from water-color paintings.---*Graphic.*

**The Old Man, His Ass, and His Wife.**---An itinerant vender of salt and whiting, who plies his vocation in and around Stranraer, was airing his jackass one Sunday evening, when it suddenly turned upon him and attacking him lacerated his legs, arms, and other parts of his body in a fearful manner. A man who was working in an adjoining field came to his assistance with a pitchfork and rescued him. A medical man having been sent for, he ordered the application of half a dozen leeches to the wounded parts. The man's wife, not knowing how to apply them, had three boiled and three fried, and the old man at once swallowed the lot! The donkey, we believe, has been destroyed by order of the police.

## LOCAL DOTTINGS.

**Deer Shooting** does not commence till August 1st. *Verbum Sap.*—Adolph Hartdegan, the violoncellist, left for Peru on Saturday.—A sounding line of 4,000 fathoms has been shipped on board the *Hussler*, for use in sounding on the telegraph cable route to China.—A social club was organized on Wednesday evening, called the Social Violets, of which J. Farrel is Chief Scented Violet. Modesty of demeanor is to be the characteristic of the members. Hem!—Nearly seven thousand passengers on the C. P. R. R. during June, of which number 4,573 came westward.—James Williams, the brute who drove "Shoo Fly" to death on the Cliff House road, has been sent to prison for one hundred days.—Several very severe accidents have taken place during the past week or two, from the explosion of Chinese bombs. What a farce the Supervisors' order was, to be sure.—More men are wanted on the Clay-street railway.—The case of the brutality of the Mate of the *Caravan*, to three of the crew, has been set for trial on Monday next.—The importunities for your vote on Thursday were little better than being dunned.—The Higginses are not happy. He wants a divorce because she is unfaithful, and she wants a divorce because he is cruel. Male Higgins says he is afraid of daily poisoning, and female Higgins says he always has poison ready in his pocket. What a lovely thing is marital felicity!—Clay street is rapidly becoming Chinatown.—Michael Reese has bought \$20,000 worth of Hospital bonds. Doubtless the condition of the patients will be much ameliorated.—It seems rather dangerous to try to pass a spici mark, Peter Finley, Esq., being sentenced to fifteen months' imprisonment for this mild joke.—Miss Minnie Walton is going East to fill other, and we hope better, engagements.—A competitive examination of applicants for positions as teachers in the High Schools was held on Wednesday evening.—John McCullough was seen lying in the water at the foot of Washington-street Wharf, on Tuesday evening. But such is the name of Captain J. Lee's new schooner, and it should have been printed in the *daily*.—There were 368 deaths in this city in June, which number includes nearly twice as many men as women.—John Hennessey will be careful about stepping on orange peel in the future. He put his little foot on a piece last Sunday evening, fell and broke his leg. Poor man.—That fearful nemesis, Rogers, captured eleven Chinamen for huddling like pigs, on Monday night.—The Howard-street cars will, in a few days, extend their trips to Twenty-fifth street.—Dr. Oswald Weiss has been elected Rabbi and Reader of the Sherith Israel Church.—William Gray has exceeded the stealing of a dime from a blind man's hat. He has taken to robbing the tombstones of their ornaments—that is, he had taken to, for now he is taken up.—Shooting is not allowed in the Golden Gate Park.—A Ladies' Fair, by ladies fair, was held during the latter part of this week, in Platt's Hall, for the benefit of the San Rafael Orphans. Only the object can warrant the imposition.—The losses by fire in the city during the year ending June amounted to \$381,860. The actual fires numbered 187; the alarms 269.—A shark weighing sixty pounds was caught in the bay last week.—The *Galley of Lorna* sailed for Hongkong on Thursday.—The City Prison has been elevated to a state of cleanliness.—Surgeon Semig, who returned from the Lava Becca on Monday, bears sad marks of the Modoc war. One foot has been amputated, and his left arm paralyzed by a ball, which remains in the shoulder muscle.—Johnny Mack's tomb is to be decorated by those who remember the deceased comedian, to-wit: Robert Frazer, James Farquharson and Little Mac.

## EVIL EFFECTS OF TEA DRINKING.

**Dr. Trotter**, a celebrated physician of Bath, who was in great repute early in the present century, a man of large practice, acute observation, and high moral and religious feeling, writes as follows:—"Fine tea, where the narcotic quality seems to be concentrated, when taken in a strong infusion, by persons not accustomed to it, excites nausea and vomiting, tremors, cold sweats, vertigo, dimness of sight, and confusion of thought. But I have known men and women subject to nervous complaints, who could not use tea in any form without feeling a sudden increase of all these unpleasant symptoms, particularly acidity of stomach, vertigo, and weakness of sight. Though fond of tea myself, I have sometimes been obliged to leave it off, by suspecting that it added to my natural shortness of vision. As the use of this article in diet extends among the lower orders of the community and the laboring poor, it must do the more harm. A man or woman who has to go through much toil or hardship, has need of substantial nourishment; but that is not to be obtained from an infusion of tea. And if the humble returns of their industry are expended on this leaf, what remains for the purchase of food better adapted to labor? In this case tea comes to be hurtful, not only from its own narcotic quality, but that quality will act with double force in a body weakened from other causes. This certainly is one great reason for the increased and increasing proportions of nervous, bilious, spasmodic, and stomach complaints, appearing among the lower ranks of life. This fact has long been confirmed to me in different countries, and among persons varying much in their employments. I have lately met with many severe and obstinate cases among poor tradesmen and laborers, where it was plain they originated from this cause. I also think that the use of tea often paves the way to habitual dram-drinking among this class of society, more than among the better orders. It is worthy of remark, that the finer the tea the more of the pernicious quality it contains."—*St. Pauls.*



## FOREIGN DOTTINGS.

Messieurs De Cassaignac, and Ranc, having ventilated each other with small-swords, consider their honor saved. O, Tempora! O, Mores! O, ventilated idiots!—A new comet has been discovered at Vienna and an attempt made to burn down the Exposition.—The Shah is now in France, eating peas with his fingers probably.—The trial of Marshal Bazaine (of Metz notoriety) will take place in September.—The Spanish Government has given the Carlists five days to surrender. An ultimatum is of value in ratio to the power of the issuer.—The Fourth was celebrated by the American residents at Madrid, but not in Lisbon.—The Pope is taking constitutional walks; we expect to hear of his training for a race next week.—It is officially reported from St. Petersburg that the Khan of Khiva has surrendered to the Russian forces. No news from the Khan.—A new Turkish loan is about to be introduced in the London market.—Panama still continues in its chronic unsettled condition.—A certain Ralph Morris has been discovered by an English newspaper, who fought under Sir John Moore at Corunna.—There is another side to the quarrel between Holland and Acheen, from which Menggherr seems to have played the aggressor.—The Hindoo peasants of Poonah have revolted, but no serious trouble is apprehended.—There are forty-two Protestant churches in Rome.—China is spoken of now as the most profitable field for railroad enterprise.—The vine disease is spreading in Portugal.—Yucatan is in a state of siege.—The second installment of the last milliard of the French war debt was paid on the 5th.—An International Postal Congress is to meet in Berlin on September 1st.—The telegraph cable from Havana to Porto Rico is in working order.—Ten thousand Persian slaves were found in the Capital of Khiva by the Russians.—Sir Samuel Baker has reached Khartoun in safety; he reports Tanganyika and Albert Nyanza as one enormous inland sea, seven hundred miles in length.—The entanglements of the Tichborne case are getting worse than ever. First, a young woman swears that she was engaged to the claimant for a year as Arthur Orton, and now an Australian convict declares that he was present at the death of Orton years ago.—There seems to be good reason to suppose that *Herold* O'Kelly will shortly be released. He is at present in Madrid.—The Swiss Federal Assembly was opened on the 7th.—Don Carlos has ordered the arrest of the fighting priest Santa Cruz.—The Mexican press is urging the Government to confer the rights of citizenship upon foreigners without compelling them to renounce their nationality.—The Shah has a long mustache and a short temper.—The presence of the cholera at Venice has been officially announced.—The English House of Commons, on the movement of Mr. Richards, has declared in favor of permanent national arbitration.—The Parisians receive their French news from English papers.—*On dit*, that Eugenie has hired a house in Paris, and intends commencing house-keeping there again.—There are only four of the "gallant six hundred" of Balaklava left.—The Lieutenant-Colonel of a Spanish regiment has been cashiered for challenging a brother officer.—The Havana *Tribuno* has been suspended by the Cuban Government until the fine of \$2,000 imposed by the authorities is paid.—The theaters are now used in London for special religious services for the masses. A step in the right direction.

## CHINESE RAILROADS.

Some Enterprising Englishmen have determined to try the experiment of introducing railroads into China, and propose to put down and equip ten miles of road, which they will make the Chinese Government a present of. As the greater part of the money has already been subscribed, so far as the English are concerned the enterprise bids fair to be carried out; but by far the most serious obstacle in the way is the Chinese Government. It is the most conservative government in the world, and dreads the slightest innovation by foreigners as much as it would a pestilence. Should the Chinese, however, be tempted to allow the road to be laid down, and the wonderful powers of the steam locomotive to be thoroughly and practically demonstrated, wonderful results may be confidently expected. Very little is known of the interior of China, but enough is known to prove that she has coal, iron, gold, silver and other minerals in abundance, and that the two vast rivers which traverse the country have on either side of them valleys as fertile as any in the world. The very fact of a population of some four hundred millions, being on an area not larger than the United States lying east of the Mississippi, speaks volumes for its fertility. England has more inhabitants to the square mile than China, but then there is no comparison between the importations of the two countries, as China imports but very little. At present transportation is carried on by means of a perfect network of canals, loaded coolies acting as beasts of burden in the mountain districts. That the introduction of railroads into China will have a beneficial effect upon the Pacific Coast few can doubt. It will at any rate keep a few of them from robbing the white man of his hard earned crust, and open out numerous markets for our home productions and a vast field for speculations of every description.

The Directors of the Peninsular and Oriental Steam Navigation Company in London have received a telegram from their Melbourne agent intimating that the mail contract has been awarded to the company for seven years, at the rate of £90,000 per annum.



### AGASSIZ AND DARWIN.

Modern Science with Darwin, as a most powerful auxiliary, is waging a war that bids fair to upset the incongruities of the Book of Genesis. Agassiz, however, has arrayed himself on the side of the theologians, and has constituted himself their champion. He looks upon the theories of the evolutionists, or, as he chooses to call them, the "transmutationists," with a kind of holy horror, and speaks of them in a petulant and somewhat hasty way. What seems to annoy him most is the fact of the evolutionists having argued from premises that he established in favor of theories which he never for a moment would uphold. This testiness must of course be taken for what it is worth, for when a man gives facts which he has established, and the world corroborated, they become public property, and their establisher has no right to find fault with any one using them as a basis for their arguments. He upholds that the reasoning of the evolutionists is nullified by the fact of the correspondence between the series of transformations observed in the egg and the succession of animals in the earliest geological periods, extending to a series of gradation of structural rank among living animals. Agassiz asks, "Shall we infer because a chicken or a dog in our own day, in a certain phase of its development, resembles, in certain aspects, a full-grown skate, that therefore chickens and dogs nowadays grow out of fishes? We know it is not so; and yet the evidence is exactly the same as that which the transmutationists use so plausibly to support their theory. The truth is, that while a partial presentation of the facts seems to sustain this theory, when taken in their true connection and fairly stated, they destroy it by proving too much. They show that the relations between fossil animals supposed to prove descent, exist also between living animals, where they have nothing to do with descent." The general correspondences are undeniable, but the details "fall apart the moment we try to test them by any material connection." We leave Darwin to answer for himself, and feel sure that the result of this antagonistic feeling between the two great scientific men of the day will be eagerly looked forward to by all who can afford to look at things through other eyes than those of jaundiced religion.

### LAUGHABLE FAILURE OF A FLYING MAN.

The "Scientific" Experiment made by M. de Groof, at Brussels, recently, ended in ignominious failure. It will be remembered that the Belgian aeronaut proposed to ascend to the height of 300 feet in an apparatus which, with the aid of a balloon and a pair of wings, he was to regulate his progress through the air and alight safely at any spot he might select. An immense crowd of persons had assembled in the Champs de Manœuvres to witness the feat, which was announced to take place at three o'clock. It was, however, half-past four before M. de Groof made the attempt to ascend, and he had scarcely stepped into the machine when a gust of wind blew the whole apparatus over, and threw the aeronaut to the ground. The damage done to the machine was, however, at once repaired, and M. de Groof proceeded to make the second attempt. On this occasion the machine ascended to the height of a few yards, when the cord attaching the apparatus to the car broke, and the aeronaut was once more precipitated to the ground—without, however, suffering any serious injury; and the wings and rudder were completely smashed. The second failure to satisfy the curiosity of the assembled multitude was the signal for immense uproar: the unsuccessful aeronaut was received with groans and yells, and the excited crowd broke through the barriers in the Champs de Manœuvres, smashed the apparatus in pieces, and breaking everything that came in their way. Whilst this scene of uproar was taking place, M. de Groof fortunately succeeded in escaping from the threatened violence of the mob. Several persons were more or less seriously injured, and the police arrested a number of the ringleaders. The *Independance Belge* estimates the number of spectators present at upwards of 100,000.

A Parisian Manager has been selling some of the properties of his theater. Among the bargains offered to buyers were: A sea consisting of twelve large waves, the tenth, which is larger than the others, being slightly damaged; a dozen and half black-bordered clouds, in good condition; a brand-new rainbow; a superior snow-storm, composed of flakes of fine paper, and two other snow-storms of an inferior quality; three bottles of lightning flashes; a setting sun of no great value, and a new moon; an elephant, a crocodile, and three dragons; several phials of alcohol, good for apparitions and for producing blue flames; finally, some entirely new thunder.

D. N. and E. Walter have shown us over their lately arrived stocks of carpets, wall paper, curtains, etc., and we were surprised to see so large and elegant a stock of goods in the hands of one firm. They, however, explained to us that their business being wholly a "chopping" and wholesale one, they have always to keep a large stock of the best goods on hand. We do not know who has the choosing of their patterns, but whoever does choose them, not only knows his business, but also has a very fine eye for color and effect.

**DANIEL J. MURPHY.**

**We Like a Man** that not only knows his duty, but has pluck and integrity enough to do it. In Daniel J. Murphy, the District Attorney, we find exactly such a man. He has no more fear of the friends of the men he prosecutes in the name of the law, than his namesake had of the lions of King Darius, and is no more likely to be influenced by their money than their threats. He it was that from first to last denounced Mrs. Fair as the murderess she is, and it was owing to his eloquence, sound argument, and perfect knowledge of our criminal law that the first jury (to whom he all honor) found her guilty of murder in the first degree. Had it not been for him, many a noted criminal would now be at large. It was mainly through him that the most accomplished of modern forgers, the Brother-ton, although backed up by any amount of money, were convicted, and are now undergoing the sentence of the law. He it was, when defrauded Justice cried aloud for the death penalty to be carried out in the cases of those who shed innocent blood, boldly held out (though opposed with more force than the public imagine) that Devine must expiate his many crimes on the gallows. Devine was hung, and for once angry heaven was appeased. In a day when money seems to cover a greater multitude of offences than it ever did before, we are more than ever in need of the services of such a man as Murphy. We do not look at it from a political point of view, but from the broad platform of the public weal. The various judges have drawn up a petition to the citizens praying for Murphy's re-election as District Attorney, and we entirely endorse them in considering Daniel J. Murphy too valuable a public servant for the community to loose.

**THE DEATH OF GENERAL THOMAS N. CAZNEAU.**

**One of the Most Amiable and Excellent** of our citizens was General Thomas N. Cazneau. General Cazneau was a man of marked prominence in both business and social circles, and his loss will, in the peculiar line of his business as a Marine Adjuster, be irreparable. He was one of our earliest citizens, coming to California from San Domingo in the year 1849. He was of Irish parentage, and in the politics of the Democratic party was a prominent leader. Fond of military affairs, he became largely identified with our citizen soldiery. From the command of the McMahon Grenadiers he was advanced to the rank of General. During the administration of Governor Haight he was Adjutant-General of the State. At the time of his death, General Cazneau was Marine Director of the State Investment and Insurance Company, having the control of the Marine Department of that Company, to whose prosperity he largely contributed. The General leaves a wife and a family of grown sons. He died at the age of sixty-one years, after a brief illness.

**There are in Europe** at the present time 1,507 theaters. Italy, with a population of 26,000,000, supports 348; France, with 36,000,000 inhabitants, has 337; and Spain, with 16,000,000, has 160. On the other hand, the empire of Germany, which now reckons 41,000,000 subjects, has but 191 theaters; and the empire of Austria, 152, for a population of 36,000,000; finally, Great Britain supports only 150 theaters, and Russia 44, although its population amounts to 70,000,000. These figures show a remarkable preponderance of the dramatic instinct in the Latin races.

**There are Halfpennies in the World** worth £14 5s. That was a price which a specimen of King Alfred the Great's coinage fetched at the sale of the late Mr. Bergh's collection, and collectors may be of opinion that such a halfpenny was cheap at the figure. A double sovereign of Edward VI. changed hands for £165, and a silver sixpence of Queen Elizabeth for £41. A Queen Anne's guinea went for the respectable sum of £42 10s., and two of her farthings for £5 and £7.

**Mr. Mapleson**, of Her Majesty's Opera, London, who, like all managers, is pestered to death by aspirants for theatrical honors, has hit upon the "happy thought" of allowing unknown Marios, Grisis, Tamburnis, Lablaches, and Albonis to try their powers on the stage of Drury Lane Theater every Tuesday afternoon, in presence of himself and his *maestro al piano*. This capital movement may some day lead to the discovery of a vocal Koh-i-noor.

**The Shad.**—Some of the gentlemen connected with the Fish Commission returned recently from Tehama and reported that the 35,000 shad were successfully planted in the Sacramento at that place. Livingston Stone did not come down, having gone on to St. Cloud river to take a look at the salmon spawn-gathering establishment located there and from whence he expects soon to be able to send several thousand eggs to Washington.

## A FUNNY PLACE.

Danbury, Connecticut, is getting to be considered the most funny place in the country. Here is a part of a poetical letter received some time since from that interesting locality, ordering the *Floral Guide* for the year:

My wife of the dear, darling flowers is fond,  
As a bee of the clover or duck of the pond—  
A frog of the water—a snake of the grass—  
The maid of her mirror—the toper his glass—  
An oyster of ocean—a lawyer of fees—  
The youth his cigar or the rat of his cheese.  
If you talk about *buds*, why the mere whispered name  
Blows up conversation at once in a flame;  
The sight of a *paper of seeds*, you must know,  
Sets both of her eyes in a rapturous glow;  
And a glance at a *bulb*, if the truth may be told,  
Delights her far more than a nugget of gold;  
A green-house or flower-stand—mercy on me!—  
Sets everything flying in chatter and glee;  
Nor would she then care, in so glowing a scale,  
If the whale swallowed Jonah, or Jonah the whale.  
Such perfect beatitude never, dear sir,  
You saw, as the flowers impart unto her.

## SUNBEAMS.

— A HEN CASE.—A mamma in the rural districts lately gave her five-year-old hopeful an outfit of fishing tackle. Soon she heard a shout from Willie, and running out found one of her best hens winding up the line in her crop, whither the hook had already preceded it. Willie, observing the troubled look of his mother, quietly remarked, "Don't worry, mother; she will stop when she gets to the pole."

— As little Alice was walking round the garden with her great-aunt, a maiden lady, she caught sight of an insect upon the footpath, which she immediately crushed with her boot. "Oh, Alice," cried the lady, "you should not have done that! Perhaps the poor thing was a mother, and had some little ones to provide for." After a few minutes' consideration the child exclaimed, "But, auntie, perhaps it was only a great-aunt."

— "Talking about getting a good deal out of a little piece of land," exclaimed Simson—"why, I bought an acre of old Mr. Ross, and planted one acre of it with potatoes and the other with corn." "I thought you said you only bought one acre, Simson," remarked the listener; "how could you plant two?" "Very easily, sir; I stood it up on the end, and planted both sides."

— POETRY RUNNING TO SEED.—At a recent agricultural show in Norfolk, one of the inhabitants uttered his sentiments on a canvas banner:

"Of all the crops the farmer raises,  
Or capital employes,  
None brings such comfort and such praises,  
As a crop of girls and boyses."

— "SO DEAR TO ME THE HOUR."—Mary (who has been sent to market, and told to bring the new daily in with her): "If you please, sir, the hour is nine o'clock, and you won't catch your train if you aren't quick."

— A LITTLE KNOWLEDGE.—Obliging Walter—"Sausages—oh, yes, sir, I can recommend the sausages. I know the man as makes 'em!" Patron—"H'm, it would have been better if you had known the pig!"

— SMART.—An American paper says: "Massachusetts is noted for two things—intelligence and patent medicines." We presume the intelligence is displayed in selling, not taking, the physic.

— A PATRONIZING DAMSEL.—Miss Margaret, aged nine, to mamma, who is a widow and has no sons—"I'm very glad uncle has come to stop with us, mamma. It's nice to have a man about the house."

— Josh Billings says that a red herring will keep a man dry better than an umbrella.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

**The Following is the Result of the Pioneers' election on Monday last:** President, James Lick; Vice-Presidents, David J. Staples, Peter Deane, John H. Jewett, Benjamin P. Kooser, J. Ross Browne; Secretary, Louis R. Lull; Treasurer, Howard Havens; Marshal, William Huefner. Directors—Thomas Nelson, Emil Buffandeau, William C. Randolph, C. A. C. Duisenberg, Jacob Deeth, James Neal, Arch. Wason, Henry H. Ellis, Washington Bartlett. The result was announced at 8 P. M., after which the members repaired to the banquet hall, where a sumptuous collation was served.

**Every One** has read the history of Samson and Delilah, but few people really know how much both men and women are dependent upon their hair for both beauty and strength. A good crop of hair is not only pretty, but also denotes a good, healthy constitution. Perhaps the most useful of all preparations for the hair is the X Twiaba X, known as the Nevada Natural Hair Restorative. It has wonderful qualities, which its use can best demonstrate. Go to Heathfield, Bogel & Co., 206 and 208 Battery, and try it.

**Frank M. Pixley** has purchased a large tract of land upon the line of the new coast railroad, about midway between Saucelito and San Rafael, upon which it is his intention to lay out a suburban city. It is located in a most delightful and picturesque position at the foot of Mount Tamalpais, and reaches down to the waters of the bay, is well guarded from the winds, and is altogether a promising enterprise. Our suggestion is that the city be named "Frank's Fort," or Corte Madeira.

**Lord Russell** has astonished his friends, who thought they knew well enough to be not easily surprised on any enterprise of his however daring, by proposing withing the limits of a sheet of note paper a scheme for the restoration of the Heptarchy by a division of the United Kingdom into seven provinces. The principle has reference to and equints at home rule in Ireland only. The idea is coupled with hope in some quarters and alarm in others.

**Delicate Consideration.**---Mamma: "What a din you're making, chicks! What are you playing at?" Trixy: "O, mamma, we're playing at railway trains. I'm the engine, and Guy's a first-class carriage, and Sylvia's a second-class carriage, and May's a third-class carriage, and Gerald, he's a third-class carriage, too—that is, he's really only a truck, you know, only you mustn't tell him so, as it would offend him!"

**"O, Come Into My Parlor, said the Spider to the Fly."**---Benedick: "Yes, but four guineas, hang it! Why, the bonnets in the window are ticketed at eighteen shillings!" Madame Amaranthe (nee Robinson): "Yes, my dear gentleman; but, candidly, would a cheap article be suitable to such a singularly beautiful person as your dear lady!" [Moral.—Husbands, don't accompany your wives on such expeditions as this.

**It is so Difficult** in our day to get a really good Havana cigar, that we consider we are conferring a boon upon the public when we tell them where they can get a cigar that will not only smoke pleasantly but will also afford pleasure both to the smoker and the passer-by. Such a cigar can be bought at the house of H. H. McClellan & Co., 518 Battery street, opposite the Custom House.

**The Western Savings and Trust Company,** 136 Montgomery street, cannot fail to be a success, as the names of the men connected with it are alone sufficient guarantee of its legitimacy and business integrity. It will no doubt facilitate the business operations of our merchants, brokers, etc., and will no doubt soon rank among our leading banks.

**Neglected Genius.**---Mistress: "No opportunity of improving yourself here, Parker? Why not?" Maid: "Well, ma'am, I've arranged this hair differently every day for a week; but as you have never put it on, and have taken to wearing your own, I feel as my feelings is hurt, and my education is wasted."

**Cape Town, May 6th.**---The Ministry proposed to introduce 2,000 artisans and laborers from Europe for the railway works. The bill to establish federation has been withdrawn. Some people have left the diamond fields for the gold fields of Reydonberg.

**The Modocs** are indirectly responsible for the death of C. G. C. Canby, brother of the General. He died in the Missouri State Lunatic Asylum, on the 9th of June, having become insane on learning of the General's murder.

**Death of a Daughter of Burns.**---Mrs. Thomson, daughter of the poet Burns, died at Cross Myloof, near Glasgow, recently, in the 48th year of her age.

**The Board of Directors of the Canada Pacific Railroad** have accepted Sir Hugh Allen's terms for its construction.

**Cynical Thought.**---A man is never so old in the outside world as he is made to feel when in the bosom of his family.

**Mr. Wilkie Collins** will leave England in August for his projected lecturing tour in America.

**Horace Davis** has been re-elected President of the Produce Exchange.



## TIME OF FAST HORSES.

Sportsmen will be interested in the following carefully prepared table of horses that have beaten 27. It was prepared by the Secretary of the Hampden, Mass., Park Association. Those horses marked with an asterisk are now off the turf:

Goldsmith Maid.....	2.16½	Toronto Chief*.....	2.24½
American Girl.....	2.17½	Susie.....	2.25
Dexter*.....	2.17½	Com. Vanderbilt.....	2.25
Lucy.....	2.18½	Pilot Temple.....	2.25
Lady Thorn*.....	2.18½	Joe.....	2.25½
George Farmer.....	2.19½	Crown Prince.....	2.25½
Flora Temple*.....	2.19½	Fannie Allen.....	2.25½
Henry.....	2.20½	C. E. Lowe.....	2.25½
Mountain Boy*.....	2.20½	Ethan Allen*.....	2.25½
Gazelle.....	2.21	Noneauch.....	2.25½
Jay Gould.....	2.21½	Thos Jefferson.....	2.25½
Comors.....	2.21½	Byron.....	2.25½
Judge Fullerton.....	2.21½	J. J. Bradley.....	2.25½
George Wilkes*.....	2.22	Colonel Russell.....	2.24½
Lady Maud.....	2.22½	Mohawk, Sr.....	2.25½
Rosalind.....	2.22½	Derby.....	2.25½
Huntress.....	2.22½	Harry Harley.....	2.25½
Jennie.....	2.22½	Charley Green.....	2.26½
Flora Belle.....	2.22½	Ben Flager.....	2.26½
Kilburn Jim.....	2.23	Ben Cummings.....	2.26
Wm H Allen.....	2.23½	Grace Bertram.....	2.26½
Hotspur.....	2.23½	Surprise.....	2.26
Sensation.....	2.23½	Morrissey.....	2.26½
Jim Irving.....	2.23½	Matt Smith.....	2.26
Billy Barr.....	2.23½	Bay Whalebone.....	2.26½
Major Allen.....	2.24½	Grand Duchess.....	2.26½
Red Cloud.....	2.24½	Lydia Thompson.....	2.26½
Beppo.....	2.24½	Sea Foam.....	2.26
Chicago.....	2.24½	Queen of the West.....	2.26½
Draco Prince.....	2.24½	Lucille.....	2.26½
Lady Blanchard.....	2.24½	Honest Dutchman.....	2.26½
Lulu.....	2.24½	H. W. Genet.....	2.26½
Sleepy John.....	2.24½	Royal John.....	2.26½
Myron Perry.....	2.24½	Pocahontas.....	2.26½

## LATEST PRICES OF IMPORT AND EXPORT STAPLES.

METALS.		PRICES.		TEAS.		PRICES.	
Plg Iron, Scotch, No. 1.....	\$50 00	@	52 50	Japans.....	\$— 20	@	— 75
Bar Iron, assorted, # D.....	— 4	@	— 6	Oolong.....	— 50	@	— 85
Metal Sheathing, # D.....	— 24	@	— 25	SUGARS.			
Tin Plates, I C, # box.....	13 00	@	14 00	China, No. 1, # D.....	— 9	@	— 9½
Tin Plates, I X, # box.....	11 00	@	15 00	Sandwich Island.....	— 7	@	— 9½
Lead, Plg, # D.....	— 6	@	— 6½	Manila.....	— 6	@	— 7½
Lead, Sheet, # D.....	— 9	@	— 10	Crushed, American.....	— 11	@	— 11½
Banca Tin, # D.....	— 36	@	— 38	Mexico.....	— 6	@	— 8
Quicksilver.....	—	@	1 00	Peruvian.....	— 6	@	— 8
COAL.		PRICES.		CANDLES.		PRICES.	
West Hartley, # ton.....	11 00	@	12 00	Sperm Wax, # D.....	— 30	@	— 44
Australian.....	11 75	@	12 —	Adamantine.....	— 14	@	— 13
Cumberland.....	20 00	@	22 50	SPIRITUOUS LIQUORS.		PRICES.	
Anthracite.....	10 00	@	12 00	Whisky, American.....	1 25	@	4 00
Bellingham Bay.....	8 50	@	—	Whisky, Scotch.....	5 00	@	5 50
Mount Diablo.....	6 50	@	8 50	Whisky, Irish.....	5 00	@	5 50
COFFEE.		PRICES.		Alcohol, American.....	2 00	@	2 10
Guatemala, # D.....	— 19	@	— 20	Rum, Jamaica.....	4 50	@	5 25
Java, Old Government.....	— 22	@	— 23	Brandy, French.....	4 00	@	10 00
Manila.....	— 19	@	— 20	BAGS AND BAGGING.		PRICES.	
Costa Rica.....	— 19	@	— 20	Chicken Gunnies, 200 D.....	— 18	@	— 19
RICE.		PRICES.		Gunny Bags in bales.....	— 17	@	— 18
China, No. 1, # D.....	— 6½	@	— 7	Burlap Bags.....	— 14½	@	— 15
China, No. 2.....	— 6	@	— 6½	Hessian, 40-inch, # yard.....	— 11	@	— 12
Hawallan.....	— 7½	@	— 8½	DOMESTIC STAPLES.		PRICES.	
WINES.		PRICES.		Wool, # D.....	— 15	@	— 24
Champagne, # doz.....	20 00	@	23 00	Tallow.....	— 6	@	— 6½
Port, according to brand, # gallon.....	2 00	@	6 75	Hides.....	— 16	@	— 17
Sherry, do, do.....	1 75	@	7 00	Wheat, # 100 Ds.....	1 65	@	1 75
OIL.		PRICES.		Barley.....	1 15	@	1 35
Coal and Kerosene.....	— 31	@	— 42	Oats.....	1 75	@	1 90
				Flour, # 196 Ds.....	4 25	@	5 25

## THE CHINA TRANS-PACIFIC STEAMSHIP CO. (LIMITED.)

The Galley of Lorne, in this line, steamed proudly out of the harbor just after noon on Thursday. The *Vasco De Gama*, the first of the ships built for the line, is nearly ready, and will soon take her place regularly. Her inside fittings are being superintended by our old friend, Sam. Hubbard, formerly of the Pacific Mail Co., which is a guarantee that things will be right in that respect. She will be commanded by Capt. Rice, formerly of the ships *Golden Horn* and *Portland*, and is well known by our mercantile community. Our old friends, Macondray & Co., as agents, will afford all facilities, as is their custom.

### THE SAN JACINTO TIN MINES.

**The Following Extracts** (from a late report made by Mr. E. N. Robinson, General Superintendent of the San Jacinto Tin Mines, located in this State,) induce us to believe that the tin deposits of Temescal are sufficiently extensive and rich enough to warrant a large expenditure of capital, and the employment of hundreds of men upon the said estate to develop the same. Certainly no kind of mining could be more profitable than tin under the circumstances named:

The San Jacinto Tin Company was organized on the 2d day of January, 1868, with a capital stock of \$4,000,000 in 40,000 shares of \$100 each, the object of said company being to acquire the "Rancho Sobrante de San Jacinto," a Spanish grant of eleven leagues (or about 49,000 acres of land,) situated in the lower part of this State, made and confirmed under the Mexican laws direct to Maria del Rosario de Aguirre, in the year 1846. The company named, by payment of a large sum of money secured all the right, title and interest of said Maria del Rosario de Aguirre to said property, said sale being endorsed and agreed to by her husband, Don Manuel A. Ferrer. The deed and all necessary documents are recorded in due form. The grantors of the San Jacinto Tin Company, after purchase, took the necessary steps to secure a confirmation of the title from the United States Government, and on the 26th day of October, 1867, a patent to said property was issued; and the company named, through me, as their agent, on the 24th day of June, 1868, took quiet and undisputed possession of the property. This grant has passed through the ordeal of "judicial investigation," and the title is perfect.

U. S. Commissioner Joseph S. Wilson writes, under date of May 13, 1869: "Lands in the hands of persons claiming under Mexican grants, confirmed by the United States, are perfect as to title."

The boundary lines, as surveyed and established by the United States Surveyor, and patented, enclose 48,847 88-100 acres, most of which is mineral land, although there are within the limits of said property seven to eight thousand acres of first-class agricultural land, which by irrigation, easily procured at an expense not to exceed \$25,000, can be made worth at least \$50 per acre, or, in the aggregate, from \$350,000 to \$400,000.

The climate there is not surpassed in any portion of the world. In the adjacent valleys the soil and climate are equally well adapted to the growth of the orange, lemon, lime, citron, fig, walnut, olive, banana, almond, filbert and currant, and wheat, barley, corn, potatoes, cotton, tobacco and sugar-cane thrive well.

Over 500 claims, ranging in length from 500 to 3,000 feet each, have been located on the mineral belt within the boundaries of the estate, many of which will, to my knowledge, furnish a satisfactory assay in tin. Copper, nickel, gold and silver have been found on this property; but, on account of the remarkable tin deposits, little work has been done or attention paid to anything but tin, of which metal, although fifty-three lodes are known, one only, the "Cajalco," has been worked to any great extent, a plan of which I submit. From this illustration it will readily be understood how the mine has been worked, and to what extent.

The analysis of the ore by F. A. Genth, Washington, gave the following:

Silicic acid.....	9.82
Tungstic acid ...	.22
Stannic acid (equal to 59.92 tin).....	76.15
Oxide of copper.....	.27
Oxide of iron, manganese, aluminum, magnesia, lime, etc.....	13.54—100.

The tin smelted from this ore gave: Tin, 99 78-100; iron, 0.11; copper, 0.11.

I have received in San Francisco from the Cajalco mine, at various times, about twelve tons of ore, as it was taken from the drifts and shafts while driving and sinking. This ore, or a part of it, was concentrated (imperfectly) in this city, a considerable quantity of it being lost from defective machinery. Notwithstanding this, the ore yielded about 20 per cent. tin, out of which I had tin plate made, and worked into various utensils, which were on exhibition at the Mechanics' Fair of 1869, in San Francisco, for which our company received a gold medal. The tin was pronounced, by those who worked it, of superior quality.

In fact, all our tests and workings go to prove that this mine alone may safely be depended upon to yield an almost inexhaustible amount of 8 per cent. ore; and with the facilities surrounding same it cannot, in my estimation, be surpassed as a tin-producing property. That there are many other tin mines on the estate of equal value when developed, cannot, I think, be doubted.

The work done in this mine during the year 1868-69 aggregated 1,186 feet of shafts, tunnels, drifts and cross cuts.

Dr. A. Roessler, in charge of Mineral Cabinet, Interior Department at Washington, pronounces the "San Jacinto Tin ore very rich." Dr. Genth does the same.

Practical tin workers in Cornwall worked the ore in my presence and pronounced it extra fine; and several tons worked on a large scale in this city returned over 20 per cent. metal. That (without the usual and ordinary carbonized wood and skimming process to free it from impurities) made sheet tin that was pronounced by tin workers as equal to the best imported. The deposit of tin on this estate seems extensive enough to furnish employment for thousands of men, and, if properly worked, would end the importation of \$16,000,000 worth of tin yearly, upon which we pay 15 per cent. duties, and revolutionize the tin trade of the world.

The mines I visited while in Cornwall, England, and the great number of people I observed as supported by them, assured me of the great value that must sooner or later accrue to this estate, when the mines thereon are properly worked. This property will then be in a great manner to this State what Cornwall has been and

is to England. My examinations of the English tin mines assured me that, with one or two exceptions, the equal of the Cajaleo is not to be met with there, and the facilities for working the mines and for mill purposes are not equalled there.

There is scarcely any metal which serves as raw material to so many skilled manufacturers as tin; and the variety of uses to which it is put seems endless.

A visit through Cornwall at the present time will exhibit hundreds of chimneys, many feet high, looming up in all directions like a great forest of monuments of mines worked out, and busy life long passed, nevermore to lend their aid in adding to the material wealth of the world. That Cornwall is becoming exhausted, so far as the tin deposits are concerned, seems obvious, when one looks back, say thirty years, and notes what that country then produced, and compares the years previous to 1840 with those since, up to the present time. The Botsalock mine, situated near the Land's End, has been worked continuously since the last century. Its lower level is over 1,500 feet below the surface, vertical depth, while the incline to reach that level is 3,000 feet long, and extends for most of that distance under the sea. Very little metal of any kind is found at this extreme level: most of the ore raised in late years came from the upper workings. The average yield of tin ore from one ton of tin stone, of this mine, is about forty pounds, or less than two per cent. metal. They run all their machinery by steam power, and are compelled, for concentrating purposes as are most of the mines in Cornwall, to use the water pumped from the mines; and when the water is limited it is used over several times, in fact continuously, until it is exhausted by evaporation and other causes beyond control. Near to and north of Botsalock is the Levant mine: it is worked to a depth of 1,800 feet, and furnishes ore that yields on an average about 2½ per cent. The Levant reduction works illustrate how cheap is the separation of tin ores after they are once mined, for they are working over an old dump-pile of waste rock that has been accumulating for many years, which by assay yields less than one per cent. of tin stuff. This, of course, can only be done under the existing high price of tin and the low rate of Cornish labor. The Dolcoath mine of Camborne is worked to a depth of 1,800 feet, and yields two per cent. ores. They work tailings here that only yield five pounds of tin stuff to 2,000 pounds of ore. They reduce about 1,000 tons of tin stone per week with 184 stamps, 1,000 tons yielding about twenty tons of tin stuff ready for smelting, and some copper. The Phoenix mine, near Liskeard, is one of the most successfully worked tin mines in England, and is under the able management of Mr. West, who is a large shareholder in the enterprise; the property is valued at about \$1,250,000; it is worked about 1,500 feet deep, and was once a copper mine, but at depth changed to tin, although considerable copper is extracted from the mine monthly. One thousand tons of the ore from this mine yields about twenty tons of *black tin*, or about one per cent., and some copper. There are about 1,000 people employed here, and the enterprise pays satisfactory dividends.

The statistics giving the true amounts of tin productions of the world are difficult to find, as Great Britain has ever attempted to keep her tin deposits, manufacture and extent of mining a secret. The island of Banca produced in 1852 5,252 tons of tin ore. The province of Tenasserim, on the Malay peninsula, in 1853, produced 1,000 tons. In 1856, Australia sent to England 350 tons of ore; the same year, Mexico and South America furnished some 542 tons of tin. Bolivia furnishes annually about 3,000 tons of very rich tin ore. The production of tin in China and Malacca it is impossible to give. The production of the Cornwall mines, from 1890 to 1895, was near 2,500 tons per annum, and since that time up to 1865 the production will reach 6,250 tons annually.

We imported in 1857, of blocks, bars, and pigs \$1,023,210 in value, in tin plates and sheets, to the amount of \$1,786,338; of tin foil \$21,436 in value, and of other grades and qualities \$31,922.

In 1859, of bars, blocks and pigs, the value imported was \$1,039,781; of plates and sheet tin, the value of \$5,331,147; and of tin foil \$26,401 in value; and of other qualities of tin, a value of \$28,638, showing an importation of \$5,896,096 in value for the year 1857, and \$6,425,967 for the year 1859.

No incentive is wanting to seek for tin deposits in the United States, to judge from the small quantity produced, and the increasing demand therefor. It is estimated that the annual consumption of tin in America and Europe was in 1858, about 22,000 tons; in 1870, 24,000 tons; in 1871, 27,000 tons. This supply was derived from four sources which, last year, produced in all only 31,700 tons, made up as follows: English tin, 10,500 tons; Banca tin, 9,000 tons; Straits tin, 9,500 tons; Billeton tin, 2,700 tons.

The imports of tin into the United States last year were of the cost price of about sixteen million dollars, and will be from one eighth to one-sixth larger the present year; hence it is highly desirable that some part of the increasing consumption of each year be met by the opening up of domestic sources of supply.

The price of tin is about \$800 per ton, and is increasing yearly. The known deposits of this mineral in our country should be developed at an early day, that this drain of about \$16,000,000 per annum may be stopped. In California, tin stone, with sufficient metal to pay largely for reduction, has been found.

Besides our own consumption, China would require a large amount, as tin is there used in vast quantities in the manufacture of ornaments and gilt figures, with which they celebrate their holidays, and which are in a great measure destroyed by fire, thus recreating a demand.

The present company have, by a liberal expenditure, developed and proved this estate to be of great value.

E. N. ROBINSON.



## THE IRISH WIDOW TO HER SON.

Remember, Denis, all I bade you say.  
 Tell him we're well and happy, thank the Lord!  
 But of our troubles since he went away  
 You'll mind, avick, never say a word.  
 Of cares and troubles, sure, we've all our share—  
 The finest Summer isn't always fair.  
 Tell him the spotted heifer calved in May;  
 She died, poor thing; but that you need not mind;  
 Nor how the constant rain destroyed the hay;  
 But tell him God to us was ever kind;  
 And when the fever spread the country o'er,  
 His mercy kept "the sickness" from our door.  
 Be sure you tell him how the neighbors came  
 And cut the corn and stored it in the barn;  
 'Twould be as well to mention them by name—  
 Pat Murphy, Ned McCabe and Shamus Carn,  
 And big Tim Daly from behind the hill,  
 And say, agra! oh, say I miss him still.  
 They came with ready hands our toil to share;  
 'Twas then I missed him most—my own right hand;  
 I felt, although kind hearts were round me there,  
 The kindest heart beat in foreign land,  
 Strong hand! brave heart!—one severed far from me  
 By many a weary league of shore and sea.

And tell him she was with us—he'll know who;  
 Mavourneen hasn't she the winsome eyes?  
 The darkest, deepest, brightest, bonniest blue  
 I ever saw, except in Summer skies;  
 And such black hair! it is the blackest  
 That ever rippled over neck so fair. [hair  
 Tell him old Pincher fretted many a day,  
 And moped, poor dog, 'twas well he didn't die;  
 Crouched by the roadside, how he watched the way,  
 And sniffed the travelers as they passed him by—  
 Hail, rain or shine, sure 'twas all the same,  
 He listened for the foot that never came.  
 Tell him the house is lonesome-like and cold,  
 The fire itself seems robbed of half its light;  
 But maybe 'tis my eyes are growing old,  
 And things look dim before my fading sight.  
 For all that, tell him 'twas myself that spun  
 The shirts you bring, and stitched them every one.  
 Give him my blessing; morning, noon and night,  
 Tell him my prayers are offered for his good,  
 That he may keep his maker still in sight,  
 And firmly stand as his brave father stood—  
 True to his name, his country and his God,  
 Faithful to his home, and steadfast still abroad.

[ From the San Francisco News Letter of July 19th.]

## THE NEWS LETTER TICKET.

**A Certain Immaculateness** has always attached itself to the reputation of the *News Letter*. Although its columns have accommodated matter upon every subject under the light of the sun—local, political, governmental, miscellaneous—it has stood in isolation upon the height of party independence, and has never allowed itself to be trailed and bedraggled through the by-ways and sloughs of political filth. Our opinions, whether upon the subject of elections, monopolies, rings or investigations, have always been unbiased by prejudice, unrestricted, indeed, in any way, and our expression of them has ever been fearlessly, trenchant and distinct. Such a course has given us a prestige in the community which no other journal possesses. Such a course will lead citizens to rely upon our judgment, when we announce that it is our intention to present a **TICKET FOR THE COMING ELECTION**. We do not intend to deviate from our trodden path, and fight under the auspices of any multitudinous parties that now deck the field. The candidates whom we will present to the public will not be chosen because of the platform upon which they stand, nor because of their nation, station or creed; but for their integrity and absolute fitness for the positions they seek. Where there are so many parties and so many candidates, it is probable that by a happy accident they may stumble upon a few good men. Upon such we shall cast our eye. We intend to rest upon our oars until the last nominating convention has given to the public its last nominee, and then our weeding process begins. From one ticket we shall select a Mayor, or Sheriff it may be; from another a Chief of Police or Tax Collector, from a third a District Attorney, a Supervisor or two, and so on until the list is filled with men whom it would be for the interest and welfare of San Francisco to elect. And after we shall have selected our ticket, and given it to the public, we shall fight for our men as only the *News Letter* dare fight, and go for their opponents as only the *News Letter* can go, until the last man who rejoices in the privilege shall demonstrate at the polls that he is an American citizen.



### Court Chat.

**The Reply of the Archbishops** to the memorial presented to them early last month against Romish teaching in the Church of England has been published. The Archbishops admit the danger insisted on by the memorialists of a considerable minority of clergy and laity in the Church attempting to subvert the principles of the Reformation, and in particular they express themselves opposed to the system of the confessional. They undertake to exercise their influence to check these practices, and, as far as possible, insist on obedience to the law of the Church; at the same time, they point out that the laity possess powers in the election of churchwardens and otherwise for the repression of Ritualism, which they frequently neglect to use; and further, the more good is to be hoped for from moral and kindly personal influence than from judicial proceedings. On the whole, the Archbishops think the condition of the Church, notwithstanding the tendencies on the one hand to unbelief, and on the other to superstition, is hopeful.

**A Distinguished British Soldier** has just been buried. General Buckley, before he entered the army, was a page of honor to George III. and one evening the monarch was walking in the Home Park when he suddenly received a swinging blow between the shoulders, and at the same time a boyish voice exclaimed, "One for you, Buckley!" Before the astonished sovereign could turn his assailant had disappeared. On returning to the castle the King summoned all the pages, and addressed them with "S-s-show me the man - yes, the man - that struck Buckley - struck Buckley!" It is needless to say not one of the boys answered, but when the King added, "B'cause I was Buckley," the confusion of the culprit betrayed him. All the notice, however, the kindly farmer King took of the event was to send soon after to both boys the commissions they were longing for, and while one of them served his country nobly in India and the Crimea, where he died of dysentery, the other faithfully served his old master's granddaughter until he died.

**A Story**, in which the Bishop of Lichfield is the prominent figure, is just now circulating in Wolverhampton. It is to the effect that while walking in the Black Country, a short time ago, his lordship saw a number of miners seated on the ground and went towards them with the object of saying a "word in season." He asked them what they were doing, and was told by one of the men that they had been "loyn'." The Bishop evinced some astonishment, and asked for an explanation. "Why, yer see," said one of the men, "one on us has fan' a kettle, and we been a tryin' who can tell the biggest lie to ha' it." His lordship was shocked, and proceeded to read the men a lecture, telling them, among other things, that he had always been taught that lying was an awful offence, and that, in fact, so strongly had this been impressed upon him that he had never told a lie in the whole course of his life. His lordship had barely finished when one of the men, who had previously remained silent, exclaimed, "Gie the governor the kettle; gie the governor the kettle."

**Queen Isabella** has gone to Rome with her three daughters, the Infantas Pila, Paz, and Eulalia, to consult with the Pope. His Holiness has given neither his blessing nor his authorization to Don Carlos, or to his Catholic and apostolic colonels, who are murdering in his name. The Pope is all for Don Alfonso, and has an old sympathy for Queen Isabella, on whom he bestowed the golden rose as a mark of his special favor. Queen Isabella is desirous of being armed with the Pope's special authority that he approved of the abolition of the Saja law. The ex-Queen will not have to wait long for starting her son, as the crisis is fast approaching.

**In Answer to the Queen's Congratulations** conveyed through Sir H. Rawlinson, the Shah said it was with pleasure he heard from Her Britannic Majesty's representative the expression of her sentiments towards him. These sentiments were reciprocated. His tour in Europe was not one undertaken for the sake of pleasure. Far from it. He had desired to witness European civilization, but his main object in setting out on his present journey was to visit England. He was much touched by the kindness of Her Majesty, and her mission of welcome was particularly pleasing to him by reason of the selection of Sir Henry Rawlinson.

**While enjoying Waterfowl Shooting** with Lord Walsingham, the Maharajah Duple Singh lost, some time ago, a very large diamond which escaped from its setting. Several men have been engaged for weeks past in searching for the lost treasure. The Prince had offered a reward of £50, and a few days ago one of the Prince's own men found it among the grass. The Prince distributed £50 among the men.

**Extravagant Rumors** (says a Constantinople telegram) are current respecting a great *feet* which the Khedive is expected to give in celebration of the Sultan's accession. The *Tarique* asserts that the Khedive has ordered for this *feet* a table service in gold and precious stones, in which 5,000 carats weight of diamonds will be used.

**The Czarewitch and Czarevna of Russia**, accompanied by their children, the Grand Dukes Nicholas and George, arrived at Woolwich on a visit to England on June 16. They were met on board the yacht by the Prince and Princess of Wales.

**The Duke of Edinburgh** presided at the dinner of the Royal Albert Orphan Asylum, which was held at the London Tavern on June 16. Subscriptions to the amount of more than £3,000 were announced.

# THE LONG VOYAGE.

The mackerel boats sailed slowly out	And women wept, and watched, and wept,
Into the darkening sea,	And prayed for the night to wane;
But the gray gull's flight was landward,	And watched and prayed, though the set-
The kestrel skimmed the lea.	Lit up the window pane. [ting sun
Strange whispings were in the air;	"A sail!" That sail is not for you;
And though no leaflet stirred,	It slowly fades away.
The echo of the distant storm,	The sun may set, the moon may rise,
The moaning sigh, was heard.	The night may turn to day,
It came—the swift-winged hurricane,	Slow years roll by, and the solemn stars
Bursting upon the shore, [cot,	Glide on—but all in vain! [voyage;
Till the wild bird's nest, and the fisher's	They have sailed away on a long, long
All trembled at its roar,	They'll never come back again.

—Blackwood's Magazine.

# "THE DOCTOR OF ALCANTARA."

The Custom has been long in vogue in Europe, for those whom Nature has endowed with musical and histrionic ability, to amuse their friends with its private exhibition, and often the general public has been permitted to witness the representation, by amateurs, of dramas and operas in aid of noble charities. Many mansions of the titled and wealthy have apartments especially constructed for such entertainments, and recently, in the United States, the homes of the same class have had similar appendages. Private theatricals and operatic performances have, to a considerable degree, usurped the place of the fashionable ball, and the culture and talent of gifted men and women have found, in them, an expression which has been of true benefit to art.

We are happy to chronicle the inauguration of similar efforts in San Francisco. On Thursday evening, July 17th, at the Mercantile Library Hall, the two-act opera of *The Doctor of Alcantara* was produced by amateurs of high social position, and in a style worthy of all commendation. The cast was as follows:

"Donna Lucrezia".....	Miss Nelly Stone
"Isabella".....	Miss G. Garnett
"Inez".....	Mrs. Hall McAllister
"Dr. Paracelsus".....	Mr. C. W. Dungan
"Don Carlos".....	Mr. V. Lincoln
"Don Pomposo" (an Alguazil).....	Mr. W. Campbell
"Señor Balthazar".....	Mr. J. E. Tippet
"Sancho".....	Mr. W. L. Sprague
"Perez".....	Mr. J. H. Sayre
Musical Director.....	Fred. Lyster.

Cards of invitation were issued by Mrs. Hall McAllister and Mrs. L. A. Garnett to their friends and acquaintances, and it is needless to say that the fortunate hidden ones were representatives, not only of the fashionable world, but of all that is honored in society. We have never seen in San Francisco a more brilliant assembly. The hour fixed for the overture was half-past eight, but long before that time the hall was crowded with guests, impatient and anxious for the rising of the curtain. The rustle and murmur of expectation found almost audible expression; and it was plain to see that many feared the amateurs had undertaken too ambitious a task. All hoped for the best, and their hopes were more than realized. From the opening serenade of "Don Carlos" to the final chorus, the opera was admirably rendered. Friendly applause speedily gave way to an honest and genuine enthusiasm which never declined for a moment. The ladies were exquisitely costumed, as was to have been expected; but their grace and perfect understanding of the "business" of the piece, the spirit and vivacity of the dialogue, were simply surprising. "Donna Lucrezia" acted her somewhat unamiable role with great discretion and discrimination; and her voice, though not very powerful, was well managed and quite equal to the requirements of the auditorium. "Inez" was the incarnation of the coquettish, mischievous, quick-witted *femme de chambre*, and her charming Spanish costume, brilliant in color and ornamentation, was simply perfect.

It seemed almost a pity that one possessing such talent for the operatic stage should have so long kept it hidden from general recognition and appreciation. Her reputation as a vocalist was already well established, and was more than sustained by this effort. She fairly seemed to inspire the other performers with something of her limitless and exuberant spirits. And then, for the charming "Isabella," what shall we say? Where in this mortal world of sixteen summers, she learned to sing and act so exquisitely, we do not know. Graceful, delicate and girlish in face and form, her voice was pure, fresh and powerful, admirably controlled and evidently equal to a more difficult role. There was no constraint in her manner, and yet there was, at times, a half anxious look in the bright face and a nervous movement of the little hand which held the big Spanish fan so gracefully, showing the ordeal was a trying one. If others were no less admired, certainly none so much had the sympathies of the audience.

The gentlemen all sang well. Vernon Lincoln did "Don Carlos" full justice, though it was somewhat repugnant to our sense of the fitness of things to behold such an awfully soft specimen of the Spanish Don winning and wearing such a

bewitching creature as "Isabella." Had the author of the "Doctor" seen the San Francisco cast of his production, he would have remodeled the lover and made him

\* \* "grand and noble,  
With an eye that takes the breath;  
And the lute he plays upon  
Shall strike ladies into trouble  
As his sword strikes men to death!"

Oh, Lord!—Well, never mind! Mr. Dugan, as the "Doctor," won much praise for his vocal powers, but he seemed rather over-awed—sort of afraid to touch any body; and when he took hold of "Inez," he appeared to be laying on of hands in a sort of apostolic-succession way. Still, this was better than the other extreme, and his rare modesty is worthy of all commendation. The smaller parts were well-filled, and the two porters, "Sancho" and "Perez," represented by Messrs. Sprague and Sayre, won a deserved encore in the basket duo. Mr. Campbell's voice is royal, and we hope, as did all his listeners, some day to see him in a part where he can do himself greater justice than was possible in "Don Pomposo." We wish there was something to criticise unfavorably, but there was not. The whole performance was an absolute, unmitigated, musical and histrionic success. Mr. Fred. Lyster has great reason to be proud of his band of amateur pupils, and he deserves the highest commendation for his skillful management of the orchestral music, which was excellent. We hope to hear that the *Doctor of Alcantara* will be repeated for the benefit of some worthy charity. The music-loving public would rejoice to assist.

**The Shah is said to be Compiling a Journal** of his journey, which he keeps closely written up; but, in addition, he has with him his own special correspondent, in the person of Mahommed Hassan Khan Saanee-od-Dowlah, editor of the *Official Gazette* of Persia. This gentleman is also one of the deputy masters of the ceremonies, of whom the Shah has two. His master of the ceremonies in chief carries as one of the insignia of his office a baton worth many times its weight in gold. It is of ivory, studded thickly with diamonds, some of which are of large size and exquisite purity. The Shah has with him two doctors. One, M. Tholozan, a Frenchman, is his own private physician; and the other, Dr. Dickson, belongs to the British Legation at Teheran. During the temporary absence of M. Tholozan from Teheran some time ago, the Shah was attacked with a dangerous illness, in which Dr. Dickson attended him. When he determined on his journey to Europe he applied to Her Majesty's Government to permit the English doctor to attach himself to his suite, and the permission was accorded by Lord Granville. The Shah is only forty-three, but he is not in robust health. It has been remarked that he seldom wears the wonderful aigrette of diamonds on his kulah, or cap. The reason is that anything heavy on his head gives him headache. The custom of his nation forbids him to have his head uncovered, but it is not often that his headdress is heavier than a cloth kulah. In his own country he seldom wore gloves, but since he came to Europe he has taken to white gloves.

**Hospital Sunday.**—At about 850 chapels and churches in the metropolis on Sunday last (June 15) collections were made on behalf of the hospitals and infirmaries of London. The Prince and Princess of Wales, accompanied by the Duke of Edinburgh, set an example to the community by attending at St. Paul's in the morning, where their Royal Highnesses were met by the Lord Mayor, Sheriffs, and city officials. The sermon was preached by the Bishop of London, the collection at the two services amounting to £509. The total amount at present received by the Lord Mayor is upwards of £15,000, but many returns have yet to come in. Next to the sum collected at St. Paul's, the largest amounts realized were those at Westminster Abbey, £292, 9s. 2d.; the Temple Church, £367, 17s. 8d.; and St. Stephen's, Paddington, £385, 6s. The Lord Mayor has received the following communication from the Queen in relation to the Hospital Sunday. BUCKINGHAM PALACE, June 16, 1873.—My Lord: I am commanded by the Queen, whose absence from London prevented Her Majesty from contributing personally to the collection made yesterday in all the churches and chapels in the metropolis in aid of the hospitals and dispensaries, to forward to your lordship a check for one hundred guineas, as a donation from Her Majesty to the fund. I have the honor to be, my Lord, your obedient, humble servant,  
T. M. BIDDULPH.

**The Death** is announced of Dr. J. C. Nott, the most celebrated American anthropologist of the present generation. He was born in 1840, and entered the medical profession early. He practiced at Columbia, South Carolina, and at Mobile for many years until the American war in 1861, which compelled him to quit the South. In conjunction with the late Mr. G. R. Gliddon, he was the author of two important works, "Types of Mankind," and "Indigenous Races of the Earth," published in 1854 and 1857 respectively.

A LITTLE HISTORY.

**The Following Bit of Golden Rhyme** appeared in the London *Sunday Times* of January 6, 1849. It attracted the attention of a young man, the son of an English clergyman, and so impressed him that he immediately left for the land where "gold is got in pan and pot." Arriving here in 1849, he set his stakes in the foothills of Placer County, and there they remain yet, and so does the English adventurer, now grown to be an old man. He is still a habitué of one of the primitive log cabins of the country, and eking out a subsistence by putting his hands to such labor as they can find. His bright visions of gold and happiness have long since proven to be the "baseless fabric of a dream." During twenty-four years the unfortunate searcher for gold has kept in his possession a copy of the siren song that enticed him to these shores, and from a time-worn newspaper scrap furnished by him we copy the delusive rhymes of '49. May their appearance in newer and clearer print be to him the precursor of brighter fortune:

A NEW GOLD SONG.—Air: "Yankee Doodle."

"What is here?"

Gold?—yellow, glittering, precious gold?"—TIMON OF ATHENS.

Now's the time to change your clime,  
Give up work and tasking;  
All who choose be rich as Jews,  
Even without asking.  
California's precious earth  
Turns the new world frantic;  
Sell your traps and take a berth,  
Across the broad Atlantic.  
Every one who digs and delves,  
All whose arms are brawny,  
Take a pick and help yourselves—  
Off to Califormy.

Yankee Doodle all agog,  
With the golden mania,  
Debts no longer prove a clog—  
Happy Pennsylvania!  
Those who about stocks and loans  
Kicked up such an old dust,  
Live to see the very stones  
Come down with the gold dust,  
Every one who digs and delves,  
Join the Indians tawny;  
Take a pick and help yourselves,  
In happy Califormy.

Shakspeare, of undying fame,  
Whom they're going to play so,  
Gave to gold a naughty name,  
Or made Timon say so,  
And the mob their true lands leave,  
Corn and canes and "taters,"  
To appear, lest it deceive,  
As Californicators.  
Every one who digs and delves,  
Wear your hands quite horny,  
Take a pick and help yourselves—  
Off to Califormy.

Gold is got in pan and pot,  
Soup-tureen or ladle,  
Basket, bird-cage, and what not,  
Even to a cradle!  
El Dorado's found at last,  
*Turba sed virorum*  
Lose their dazzled heads as fast,  
As Raleigh did before 'em.  
Choose your able-bodied men,  
Navvies bold and brawny;  
Give them picks and spades, and then  
Off for Califormy.

How this flush of gold will end  
We have statements ample;  
Perhaps a few sacks they will send,  
Only for a sample.  
But we hope this golden move  
Really is all true, sirs,  
Else will Yankee Doodle prove  
A yankee doodle doo, sirs.  
Every one who digs or delves,  
Stout and tough and brawny,  
Buy a pick and help yourselves—  
Off to Califormy.

NAHL'S PICTURE

**Of the Apache Indian Family** is in the window of a Kearny street picture store. It is capably lighted at night, to bring out its strong effects. There is an audacity in Nahl's management, of glaring orange in juxtaposition with cold indigo blue, of moonlight and firelight. No painter in our knowledge better understands the full value of color, its natural effect, or dares to paint so close to nature. The camp-fire glows upon the naked forms, lighting them from below, throwing up all the shadows of facial features, and the superbly painted anatomy of the figures—a splendid study, and impossible, save by the thorough artist and student of superficial anatomy. The cold, silvery moonlight behind the figures, catches upon their bronzed forms, gleaming just where they round against the warm, fire-glow, like the polish on slumbering artillery, silenced by night-fall on the battle-field. The expressed repose in the warrior's attitude contrasts finely with the unceasing watchfulness of his face, as if the body rested while the mind stood sentinel. The natural way in which the savage mother holds her offspring; the easy grouping of the figures; the floating cinders like butterflies of fire; the still cold, silvery stars, spotting the chill, blue heavens, are evidences of sentiment, poetry, study and knowledge which would honor any painter. Yet, this *chef d'œuvre*, with all its beauties, is "*caviar to the general*."

B.

Temperance Motto.—Fight for the right, and never get tight.



### THE SHAH AND BARON REUTER

All the English Papers are full of glowing accounts of grand receptions, balls, etc., given in honor of the Shah of Persia, who has for the first time visited England. His visit is not for idle curiosity, nor is it merely for pleasure, but is undertaken with a view to opening out and improving his country, whose vast resources have hitherto been a sealed book to the civilized world. The first and most important step was his concession to Baron Reuter, the great telegraph agent, of large tracts of government land, the right to use government quarries, gravel pits, etc. In return, the Baron undertakes to build a railway from the shores of the Caspian Sea to Teheran, a distance of over four hundred miles. The Shah also agrees to pay interest at the rate of seven per cent. on thirty millions of dollars raised by loan for the building of the road, and will concede five per cent. in order to form a sinking fund to pay back the debt. He asks in return twenty per cent. of the net earnings of the Teheran line, and such other branches as may afterwards be constructed. The annual revenue of the Shah is about a million dollars, and if Baron Reuter will agree to give him one hundred thousand dollars more, yearly, the Shah will allow him to levy taxes, hold the monopoly of railroad building, gas making, and the establishing of all kinds of industries. The Baron has already advanced the sum of a million and a half of dollars, on the strength of which the Shah, Nasir-odeen, is now astonishing Europe with his blaze of diamonds. With a modesty which is singular, and enhances the worth of his actions, we hear little if anything of the instrumentality of Baron Reuter from himself directly or indirectly, and it is left to those who are sufficiently analytic and generous enough of nature to trace the process of cause and effect in this transaction. The Shah wants to see Persia imitate England, and it must be flattering to the "old country" to feel that she is picked out from all the other countries of Europe as the model after which future Persia is to be formed. Since the Baron made his bargain with the Shah other capitalists jealous of his good fortune have tried to make the Shah believe that he has been swindled, and that had he but come to them in the first instance they would have made terms much more advantageous to him. This has somewhat disturbed the Shah's mind, and has made Baron Paul Julius Reuter feel a little nervous. It is hoped, however, that the grand way in which the Shah is now being feted will have the effect of convincing him of the Baron's and England's good faith, and so make him adhere to his agreement in spite of all the insinuations of intriguing outsiders.

### ALFALFA.

The Statements, so frequently published about the yield of Alfalfa, have stimulated a number of our farmers in the neighborhood of Kern River to give, in an authentic manner, the results of their experience in treating this wonderfully yielding grass. One who owns a small field of this grass, sown about six years since, and is now well rooted, declines to furnish one on the ground that it would seem incredible and a gross exaggeration. We hope he is the only person this consideration will deter. We append one of the many letters received. The writer, Mr. H. A. Cross, of Bakersfield, writes as follows:

BAKERSFIELD, June 30th, 1873.—ED. COURIER: This year I rented the farm of Mr. L. R. Reeder, near Bakersfield. He has a field of thirty acres of alfalfa; this I commenced mowing for hay, the latter part of April, and finished about the middle of May. The yield, without weighing, was estimated by experts at one and three-quarter tons per acre, but to be well within bounds I can call it one and a half tons per acre. About ten days after the first cutting I commenced to cut it the second time, and finished about the middle of last week; the yield this cutting was considerably more than at first, and I estimate it at two tons per acre. To-day I commenced cutting it the third time; the yield promises to be fully equal to the last. I use a mowing machine and keep three men constantly employed—one in cutting and two in hauling and stacking. The warmer the weather the faster it grows. I can easily cut six crops if I wish, but after taking off the fourth crop will probably use the field for pasture. If I should mow it six times, the yield of hay would be at the very least eight tons per acre. If these facts are of any service to you, you are at liberty to publish them.

H. A. CROSS.

We are glad to find S. W. Moore & Co., Seedsmen, of 420 Sansome street, have just landed twenty tons of this amazingly productive grass.

Speaking of the disposition of New York women to wear a fashion "to death" reminds one of a pretty bonnet which has been brought out by Harry Taylor, Stewart's "man milliner." This hat he christened the "Tagioni," in honor of that celebrated retired *danseuse*, who by the way, is now living in reduced circumstances in London, and giving dancing lessons to some few sons of noble families as a means of support. The Tagioni bonnet sold so readily, its originator changed the name to "Ready and Go It." It is a half-bonnet, half-hat, with a close brim, a high crown, separating the brim and coronet with a butterfly on one side, a pom-pom feather in front of the crown, a little to one side, and flowers looping the ribbons and lace scarf in the back.

## ABOVE THE TREE.

Why should I tarry here, to be but one	Dropped down—a sudden rustling in the
To eke out doubt, and suffer with rest?	leaves,
Why should I labor to become a name,	A knowledge of the gap, and that was
And vaunt, as did Ulyssee to his mates,	all!
"I am a part of all I have met."	The robin flitting on his frozen mound,
A wily seeker to suffice himself!	Is more than he. Whoever dies, gives up
As when the oak's young leaves push off	Unfinished work, which others, tempted,
the old,	claim
So from the tree of life man drops away—	And carry on. I would go free, and
And all the boughs are peopled quick by	Into a star above the multitude— [change
Spring—	To shine afar, and penetrate where those
Above the furrows of forgotten graves,	Who in darkling boughs and prisoned
The one we thought had made the nation's	close,
creed,	But when they catch my rays, will bor-
Whose death would rive us like a thunder-	row light,
bolt,	Believing it their own, and it will serve.

—Elizabeth Stoddard in *Appleton's Journal* of June 14th.

## A CHANCE FOR ALL.

In 1864, Congress granted to the "Oregon Central Military Road Company" eight hundred and fifty thousand acres of land, in order to assist them in the construction of a military road from Eugene City to the eastern line of Oregon, on the borders of Idaho, a distance of some four hundred and seventy miles. This grant was ratified by an Act of the Legislative Assembly of Oregon the same year, and also by another Act passed in 1866. This land grant is now offered to the public by the "Pacific Land Company," at prices that cannot fail to make the speculation a good one both for settlers and investors. The road traverses the southern section of the State, and runs alongside of its lakes and rivers, and the "Pacific Land Company, by virtue of their purchase from the Oregon Road Company," now hold at the disposal of the public, for the most moderate prices, three sections for each mile along the entire line of road. The Company having purchased the military road and entire land grant, have incorporated, with a stock of five thousand shares, at the par value of two hundred and forty dollars. But a purchaser of one share of the first one thousand shares offered may obtain it at one-half that amount in United States currency, or at a rate of about seventy-five cents per acre. A share will represent over one hundred and sixty acres of land. A share will be received by the Company at par value—namely, at two hundred and forty dollars—in payment for land. Such shares will then be canceled, not re-issued, and a deed given the purchaser. The land will be appraised at moderate rates, in sections of six hundred and forty acres. This land is classified as first, second and third quality: soil of great fertility; or of a quality suitable for grain; or as grazing and timber land. Only a small portion of mountainous land is unfit for one of the purposes named. The country is well watered, and the climate reported and generally understood to be very pleasant, and the whole section a remarkably healthy one. That this Company is a reliable one, and the whole affair a *bona fide* transaction, a reference to the names on the prospectus at once proves. The opinion, too, of Clarence King, the United States Zoologist of this Coast, which opinion, as the world knows, is ever given without either fear or favor, is, that the greater part of the grant (which grant he has carefully inspected) is land of the finest quality. As this is probably about the last great land grant that will be given by Congress, settlers, capitalists, and business men, who some day mean to settle down on a comfortable homestead, should not miss so grand an opportunity of becoming either purchasers or shareholders of this Company's land. Here is a belt of land stretching as far as from Portland, Maine, to New York, three miles wide, from which, for a comparative trifle, any one may obtain land, hold it for an advance, make it a home, or keep his stock, as a certain and profitable investment. A farm can be bought for the small sum of \$120, a sum which many a poor man has lost in a day on stocks, or spent in a week on a drunk. We would especially call the attention of English capitalists and farmers to the wonderful opportunities here offered both for legitimate speculation and farming operations. Many an English farmer pays a rent for a few acres of land overrun with game, which sum, if invested here, would make him an independent man, and give him a happy home in a country where rich lords don't eat up poor tenants with hares and rabbits, and where the virgin soil simply wants turning over to produce crops far superior to those of his native land.

A Curious and interesting experiment may be conducted by letting the current or sparks of an induction coil pass through the luminous flame of gas or of a candle, when no alteration will be seen in the flame, excepting that in the path of the sparks the flame will be intensely luminous. If, however, the flame be examined by means of the rotating mirror, it will be found that the flame is always extinguished above during the passage of an individual spark, while the part below the spark will be constant and steady.

## OUR MINES.

**The Mining World Thus Speaks of Our Mines:** Foreign mines continue drill. Emma, 4½, 5; it is stated that unfavorable advices have been received, but we have not been able to glean any information at this office. Flagstaff, 13, 13½; we are officially informed that all is going on well. Last Chance, 7½, 7½. Tecoma, 10½, 10½. Eberhardt and Aurora, 6, 6½; the Directors have received, since 15th May, 63 bars of silver, worth \$15,000, the profit on which has been about half. The assay value averages \$69, a very satisfactory figure. It has been ascertained that the cost of reconstructing 30 stamps will not exceed \$10,000, which will place the company in a better financial position by \$5,000 than anticipated by the Directors. South Aurora, ½, ½. Pacific, ½, ½. Thornhill Reef, 2½, 2½. Utah: we learn, but not officially, that a rich body of ore has been cut, containing a better percentage of silver and an appreciable quantity of gold. Sweetland Creek, 4½, 4½; a dividend of 4s. per share has been declared. Birdseye Creek, 2½, 2½. Cedar Creek, 1½, 2. Gold Run, 6s, 7s. Malpasco, 1, 1½. Rica, 12s, 14s. New Quebrada, 4, 4½; we are informed that the agent dispatched lately to Venezuela in the interest of this company has returned, and reports that, in his opinion, no obstacles of importance exist to the construction of the railway to the mines owned, and that he received from the highest officials in Caracas the assurance of their approval of the joint enterprise. Shares are very flat and steadily declining. Sierra Buttes, 3¼, 3¼; the result of the working at the Sierra Buttes and Plumas Eureka mines for May, received by telegraph, is as follows:—"Sierra Buttes Mine—Receipts, \$37,932; cost of mining and milling, \$20,570. Plumas Eureka Mine—Receipts, \$15,000. Eureka run only seven days in good quartz, balance Mammoth rock." Richmond, 5½, 6; we are informed that the company is now in possession of the large mass of ore, valued recently by Mr. Clarence King in his published report at \$700,000, which is a continuation of the Richmond lode running under the "Look-out" location. The Eureka Company commenced a suit to obtain possession of this ore, but the jury not agreeing, the two companies settled the matter out of court, the Richmond buying of the Eureka the whole of the "Look-out" ground for \$17,000, the Eureka at the same time withdrawing all suits against the Richmond, each party sustaining their own costs. The Directors have received the following cablegram from the mine at Eureka, Nevada: "Hall, London.—Last week's run, forty-five thousand dollars. Three furnaces."

**The Heroic Platelayer.**—So rare is heroism in these days of strikes and corners, of money-making and cotton-spinning, that we are more than ever disposed to welcome a noble deed: and a nobler deed than that of Platelayer Elliott we may go far to seek. Elliott was one of the gang who were repairing the metals of the London and Southwestern line near Surbiton, when the Exeter express came thundering along. The platelayers of course dispersed, and were standing to let the train pass, when Elliott's quick eye caught a heavy iron chain lying across the metal, and he saw in another moment the train would leap from the line and roll down a steep embankment. With a courage as cool as that of the little midshipman who picked up and threw overboard the loaded shell, Elliott dashed forward, and was but just in time to snatch the obstacle from out of the path, and to avert a most terrible accident. He was in time to save the lives of others, but he was just too late by a second to save himself. The buffer-board of the great express engine caught him as he stooped with his heavy burden, and dashed him high into the air a corpse. For those who love a brave deed the memory of Elliott the platelayer will live along with that of Elson the pilot and Ford the fireman. It is men such as these—who can dare forlorn hopes—who won our Empire for us, and to whom we may yet have to look to save it. But meantime Elliott, who thus at a moment's notice laid down his life to save the lives of others, has left behind him a wife and children totally unprovided for. When we think how hideous would have been the catastrophe that Elliott averted—how terrible the loss of life which it would have involved—how many the homes which it would have left desolate—we shall surely not allow an act of self-devotion, so simple and yet so noble, to pass by unnoticed. Elliott, without hesitation, laid down his life for others. His widow and his fatherless children must not be allowed to want.—*Telegraph*.

**A Curious Gem from Lake Superior.**—Dr. Van R. Rich, of Oswego County, N. Y., has in his possession one of the most curious gems that has ever come before the attention of connoisseurs, and is pronounced by jewelers and others to be among the most exquisite of nature's specimens. Experts in gems have been puzzled to give it a distinct name. It was found by a Huron Indian on the shores of Lake Superior, and is a compound of four classes of stones agglomerated together so as to constitute a perfect gem of rare beauty. The stones comprised in it are agate, cornelian, perite, and crystal. Among the other remarkable features of this curious gem are the appearance upon each side, as if from the hand of an engraver, of a resemblance to a miniature crown, the clearly defined forms of a black-and-tan dog, the head of an owl, the tracings of the shores of little lakes and other remarkable phenomena, rarely if ever found in stones of any kind.



[From the Town Crier Column of the San Francisco News Letter.]

**If Eternal Vigilance is the Price of Liberty**, the people of this city ought to be very free, for they are always investigating something or somebody. If the Industrial School offers no opening, there must be something wrong in the City and County Hospital, or the Asylum for the Deaf and Dumb, or the Pound, or the Broadway school, or the street sweeping machine. Without an investigation we can no more exist than a Board of Education without bad grammar, or Rincon School without Knowlton. It makes no kind of difference to San Francisco whether the investigation ends in establishing charges or not. We are all at a kind of Donnybrook Fair: all that we can care for is a head to hit. The business begins and ends there. Just out of the dreary Wilkinson investigation, which, from pure tediousness, broke up many households and reduced the population of the city, we are now on the eve of another most promising inquisition. The Boys's High School must be looked into. A number of sagacious citizens are discontented with the Principal of this school, because the boys do not graduate fast enough, although they—the citizens—are perfectly satisfied that their boys are fully prepared to graduate with dignity and honor. It is a matter of congratulation that the city possesses so many capable volunteer Principals, ready to do their duty, even at the risk of displacing the nominal head of the High School; but as these cultivated men acknowledge that they look upon the High School as a kind of House of Refuge for boys, who would without it be thrown upon their parents' hands, we can hardly accept them as competent critics of Mr. Bradley's capacity. Is it not a little strange that men, holding decent positions in society, should publicly confess that their children, "who leave the High Schools, too often become recruits to the hoodlum element?" With whom is the responsibility in such cases, and by what right do parents, who proclaim their own imbecility, undertake to sit in judgment on Mr. Bradley? As for the number of graduates from the High School, it no doubt represents pretty nearly the scholarship of the boys who enter there. These sorrowing parents, whose children are required to work for their degree, take it for granted that the previous schooling of their offspring has been a series of uninterrupted intellectual triumphs, and that the "joy and glory" of their lives have been basely torn from them by a designing Principal. Their argument is pitiful throughout. Mr. Bradley is accused of retaining the boys in the school, on one pretext or another, so as to make a show of full benches, term after term; while the fact is that, supposing him to think of nothing but his own popularity, it is clear that he would best secure this by showing a large percentage of graduates. We do not know Mr. Bradley, and have not paid particular attention to the High School; but, taking the figures reported by these indignant parents, we are inclined to believe that quite as many boys graduate from that school as deserve to graduate. Mr. Bradley, most probably, does his duty too well; and the only adequate punishment for such an error is dismissal. Let him, in any case, take the lesson to heart, and never forget, in his future dealings with the many-headed beast, to tickle its vanity. The boys enter his school, not to learn, but to graduate. In God's name, let them go through!

**Those Old Sermons.**—The *Alta* owes a duty to society; and of course, it will keep on owing. None the less does society call for the complete text of those two old Portland sermons, which the Rev. Dr. Stebbins rehearsed for his oration before the University, on Friday of last week. Specially composed for the occasion, it would have been forced upon us at full length, in every paper. Jumbled up as it was, of second-hand materials, why should we be cheated of our refreshment? The *Alta* values the MSS. (there may be several of them), but it is not necessary to sacrifice these. They might be set up under the eye of the daring reporter, who captured them by force of arms; but printed they ought to be. It would be so pleasant for his admirers to have a fair opportunity to compare, or (shall we say?) contrast, the inchoate Stebbins, as yet but a grub, with the full developed, abounding Doctor and Regent! Comparisons are odious, to be sure, in most cases. If, for instance, we call Stebbins the twin brother of Tupper, one or the other would have ground for action against us; but even a man's friends may compare him with himself as he used to be. It is in the interest of society that we speak; for our own conviction in the case of Stebbins was long since arrived at. No chance discovery of cheap juggling can have any effect on our opinion of that vast intelligence. We saw him as he was, and is, and is to be; and his followers will go with him to the end, no matter what revelations are made. Shelley says:

Greece and her foundations are  
Built below the tide of war.

Dr. Stebbins is like Greece. His foundations are built on the immovable belief in the value of gab. Prove him to be a mere dealer in old trumpery rhetoric, and you make his people cling to him with passionate fervor; for if there is one thing outside of dinner and dollars, which they do love, it is trumpery rhetoric. All that they want is their regular allowance, their quantum suff, of this delectable mental food. This they get from Dr. Stebbins; and whether it was taken from Portland or Portugal, it is all one to them. Nevertheless, let us have the MSS. of the two sermons. Let them, at least, be presented to the Library of the State University.

**An Original Pennsylvania Editor** comes out fairly and squarely. He calls his paper "An airy old sheet, devoted to wind, whisky, wickedness and other religious matters. Vox Populus, Vox Belzebub."



Next to the American's Love of the American People, as represented in his own particular self, stands as a most excellent characteristic his self-denying and noble patriotism. This was as beautifully evident on the glorious Fourth, but is still more unmistakably apparent in the accounts presented the Auditing Committee by the participants in that dazzling pageant. The list of amounts charged for upholding the dignity of the country is an odd one. To be sure, the difference between the "claim" and "amount allowed" is in some instances astonishing, and the evidences of attempted extortion, under the guise of national services, would be rather sad were they not so very comical. Master McKenzie, having provided five gentlemen to tootle discordantly on horns, values their services at \$75, but is sent away with \$30. William Ger n asks \$9 for a flag-pole, but doesn't get it, while Mrs. Hoston, who puts a girl inside some stuffy muslin and odd ribbon ends, asks \$106 for passing her off for the Goddess of Liberty! And, alas, alas! for our trust in the saints of the Y. M. C. A., they, carried away with enthusiasm, thought \$20 a fair value for the use of a bench or two. They only got \$10, which were just ten too many. There were some bills not allowed at all, and an inspection of these would be an interesting study of the extent to which the farce was carried by our patriotic citizens.

**The Following Singular Bill for hanging and boiling a friar is extracted from an old document.** Of course a friar ought not to have been boiled; this we may premise with, but it is extracted from an old document: "Account of the hanging and parboiling of Friar Stone, at Canterbury, in 1339. Paid for half a ton of timber to make a pair of gallows for to hang Friar Stone, 2s. 6d.; to a carpenter, for making the same gallows, and the dray, 1s. 4d.; to a laborer that dugged the hole, 3d.; other expenses of setting up the same, and carriage of the timber from Stablegate to the Dungeon, 1s.; for a hurdle, 6d.; for a load of wood, and for a horse to draw him to the Dungeon, 2s. 3d.; paid two men that set at the kettle and parboiled him, 1s.; to three men, that carried his quarters to the gates, and sat them up, 1s.; for halters to hang him, and Sandwich cord, and for screws, 1s.; for a woman that scoured the kettle, 2d.; to him that did execution, 3s. 8d.; total, 14s. 8d." It will be seen in these days of high-priced labor how much cheaper they worked in those days. But cheaply though they did the work, the *T. C.* would undertake to swing off some of his particular friends at even a lower rate, and would hold them simply for their lard. One little fat, fussy individual in particular, whose god is his stomach, should be hanged, boiled, and his lard used for greasing theater doors free of charge.

Jesse Grant was a very great man. Since his death, his remarkable poem on a "Pair of Shoes" has taken the literary world by storm, and Mr. S. Austin Allibone, author of Dictionaries and Indexes without number, is about to commit suicide, because his latest volume of literary hash (see the *New York World*) has just appeared, without the name of Jesse. A Cincinnati surgeon is now engaged on a work which will explain the "Moral Causes of the Death of Jesse Grant." According to this distinguished authority (we quote from a private letter) "The relaxed condition of the maxillary muscles unmistakably points to irregular Cardiac action, superinduced by profound emotion at the sight of his son's giddy elevation." Either that, or something else; our own opinion being that the old gentleman, borne by his fiery intellect, had looked too far into the awful glories of the hereafter, but even then we fail to understand how one so great could die. He is gone; the grandfather of our country is no more; but the cigar comforts the sorrowing son of Jesse, and the *New York Times* breathes again.

The *T. C.* took a stroll through Pacific Hall yesterday, and gazed with mute admiration upon the lovely specimens of embryo manhood, matronly beauty, and latent development. His dazzled eyes feasted upon the rich dollar store prizes to be awarded to the little darlings who should happen to have either the most sugary smile, the most corpulent or scraggy person, smallest feet, etc. The papas were conspicuous by their absence, which, by-the-by, did not astonish the *T. C.*, as however bold'y and confidently on the strength of the nurses' assertion that the baby is "his living image" the happy husband may at home assert his paternity, few papas (s), especially in San Francisco, have the audacity to locate their claims in public. It is just possible that they might have them disputed. The *T. C.* does not mind a cat or dog show, has even been to a cattle show, but to exhibit such insignificant manhood seems too absurd for anything.

**Viscount Venosta.**—Our daily papers are all well up in European political movements, and it was, therefore, quite natural for them to explain the leanings and describe the character of the new Italian Ministry. Each journal knew more than the others, and the *Chronicle*, as usual, left even itself far in the rear. We are obliged to talk Irish, for plain English cannot deal with the live paper. The telegraph turned Visconti-Venosta into Viscount Venosta, and the *Chronicle* told us all how the new Minister for Foreign Affairs had been made a Viscount in reward for treachery to his party. Down with the traitor, by all means; but is it not just a little odd for a journal so thoroughly wide awake, not to know the name of a statesman, who has been at the head of the Italian Foreign Office since 1869?

**The Chronicle's Musical Critic** is a man wonderfully fitted for such an office on such a paper. In his report of Madame Bishop's first concert, he got hold of the names all right that were on the programme, but rather slipped up when he called Mr. Frank Gilder's encore in the second part the "Old Hundred," and the pianist "Frank Gilder." It must be either an Irish Christian young man, or a driveling idiot, who mistakes "God Save the Queen" for the "Old Hundred."

"The Chinese Magdalen, or the Modern J. C.," is the name of a play now in course of construction by the *Town Crier*. Many amusing little incidents will be introduced, and the dialogue throughout will be sparkling and racy. Several first class miracles will be introduced, in one of which six gallons of Spring Valley Water will be turned into a drinkable fluid and given away, while in another, still more startling, a police officer will, by one touch of a master hand, be turned into a comparatively honest man. The piece will be complete in about a month and will be put on the boards of some first class church. Several good-looking parsons have already agreed to take parts.

**A Vicious Yet Plaintive Roar** comes from the *Tuscarora*. Poor Jack, who from time immemorial has been the prey of land and sea sharks, whose soft and susceptible heart sees beauty in the plainest old syren, and who drinks the worst tanglefoot with as much relish as his Captain would champagne, has again been taken in and done for. He gets greenbacks while the officers get gold. Making every allowance for Jack's exaggeration, and the columns through which he makes himself heard, the *T. C.* still fancies there is some truth in what Jack says, and warns the Navy Paymaster in a friendly way not to do it again. If he does, look out for squalls.

**O, How Sick the T. C.** is of reading about the Shah. The dreaded name greets him in every paper. The European papers in particular are full of little anecdotes of what the Shah did or ought to have done. Mrs. *T. C.* has read all about his diamonds, rubies and emeralds, and now looks with scorn upon the humble ring, the placing of which upon her finger once made Towney a happy man. The *T. C.* does not believe the Shah will ever pay Renter a cent back of the million and a half he borrowed, will never have any railroad built, but will, as Persian monarchs have a habit of doing, put the poor Baron in a "den of lions," and look on to see the sport.

**A Gentleman** lately arrived from the classic wilds of Boston was dreamily strolling round our magnificent Central Park (generally known as the Plaza), and comparing it favorably with the "Hub Common," when he was startled by the apparition of a tall individual with a cigar—just fancy, a real lit cigar!—in his mouth. For a moment the gentle Bostonian paused in amazement at the tall man's audacity in thus smoking in a public park, but soon he collected his thoughts and mildly remonstrated with the tall man. That young Bostonian now sees more freedom with the one eye he has left than he ever saw the twenty-five years he rusticated at the "Hub."

**Why will the Central Pacific** persist in having the steps of their cars such a height from their platforms? Many a sprained ankle and many a serious fall have been caused by them. Many people, especially ladies, are not able to step some two feet and a half without much exertion and danger. On the cars running to Oakland the steps are such a height from the ground that a lady can hardly get up or down without an exposé, or even worse, a sprained ankle. Look to this, ye railway men, or beware of the *Town Crier's* wrath.

The *Town Crier* rejoices to see that the poor city has for once defeated monopoly, and that the tax-payers have been saved the payment of the nice little sums of \$92,000 down, and \$2,400 per month for municipal water. This is at any rate a step in the right direction, and holds out some faint hope to citizens that monopolies will not always rule the water, regulate the price of gas, and generally control the necessities of life.

**Dr. Hemphill** recently delivered a discourse on the "Syrens' Progress." It was the "Harlot's Progress" in Hogarth's time. The same Rev. gentleman also delivered a very flat and insipid sermon on the "Rake's Progress," in which he handled the idea as if it was a can of nitro-glycerine. Let this moral instructor confine himself to the petty sins of his congregation until he learns the ways of the world and Pike street.

**Henry Ward Beecher** remarked the other day at Plymouth Church: "How I felt when the ship hove in sight of land. There was an odor in the air, and I shed tears when I smelt the ground swell of Old Ireland." It must have been the inspiring scent of the sod whisky that so inflamed the lacrymose glands of the great pulpit pounder of Brooklyn.

**"We Kissed** each other by the sea."—*Waverly*. [Well, what of it? The seaside is no better for such practices than any other locality. In fact, we have put in some very sweet work of that kind on the tow-path of a canal in our time, and never said anything about it in print.

**A Forty-niner** took a trip to Oakland for the first time, this week, and is said to have been so struck with its humming thoroughfares and magnificent public buildings, that he at once fell on his knees and thanked his manufacturer that his lot was cast the other side of the bay.

**A Young Man** who worked hard all the afternoon to win \$3 50 at a Lick House pool table, went to the Catholic fair last night and lost it in five minutes shaking dice with a priest. Poor deluded boy.

**Kendall** has been writing some more poetical hog-wash for the *Chronicle*. He seems to have taken advantage of Pixley's fishing excursion to shove in his copy. O, Lord, how long?

**The Young Man** who runs the shears department of the *Examiner* wants to run for legislative honors. He ought to make a good one, as he is the fastest clipper in town.

### ANYTHING FOR A CHANGE.

How monotonously dreary  
Life becomes at middle age!  
Pah! the story makes me weary!  
Let me quickly turn the page.  
No adventure, no romances,  
Nothing new to do or say;  
Dull employment, duller fancies—  
All the same from day to day.  
Smoothly ever flows the river;  
No excitement as of old  
Sends my pulse an extra quiver,  
Keeps my heart from growing cold.  
Straighter than the straightest arrow,  
Miles before me lies my way;  
It is gloomy it is narrow—  
Just the same from day to day.

Getting up at eight and feeding,  
(Always ham and eggs at nine)—  
Dawdling, writing, lurching, reading,  
Till the hour has come to dine.  
After that I seek protection  
From blue-devils at the play;  
Then to bed in deep dejection—  
Just the same from day to day.

I would rather take my sorrows  
Far from Habit's iron bands;  
I would rather take to-morrow's  
Early train for foreign lands.  
Other latitudes invite me;  
Here I cannot, will not stay;  
Such a life begins to blight me—  
Just the same from day to day.

### NEW BOOKS.

**WORK: A STORY OF EXPERIENCE.** By Louisa M. Alcott, Author of "Little Women," "The Old-Fashioned Girl," etc. Published by Roberts Bros., Boston. San Francisco: A. Roman & Co.

Miss Alcott has taken as text for her new work a sentence from Carlyle: "An endless significance lies in work; in idleness alone is there perpetual despair," and on this idea she weaves a story full of incident and interest. Her heroine, Christie Devon, is a bright, energetic New England girl, who tires of her home, "where the one idea is to eat, drink and get rich," and determines to go out into the world and earn her own living. The character is well drawn, and full of noble traits, yet it does not awaken either the interest, sympathy, or love, that homely, hoydenish, independent Jo, in "Little Women," does. Whether the different stations in life that Christie occupied as servant, governess, actress, companion, seamstress, are too wide apart (each chapter affecting one as an entirely different story), does not take away somewhat from the interest of the whole, we cannot say; or may be she is too capable—too good, in fact, too perfect—and these perfect characters are too unreal to excite much feeling in the human breast; or it may be again that there is too much of the irrepressible Yankee about her—a type which Miss Alcott evidently regards as the highest. Anyway Christie is not our ideal heroine, and "C. Wikins' Clear Starcher," whose jolly face heads a chapter, is a much more lovable character. Miss Alcott has worked out her lode of independent girls, model servants, hard-working, virtuous boys, and appreciative wealthy relatives. Let her seek "fresh fields and pastures new," or the reading world will tire of her books all too soon.

**BREXANT.** A Novel. By Julian Hawthorne. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York. A. Roman & Co., San Francisco.

**THE LAZY TOUR OF TWO IDLE APPRENTICES.** By Charles Dickens, "Boz." Published by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philadelphia.

**THE RED ROVER.** A Novel. By J. Fennimore Cooper. Published by D. Appleton, New York. A. Roman & Co., San Francisco.

**THE MINERAL SPRINGS OF THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA.** With Analysis and Notes on the Prominent Spas of Europe, and a List of Sea-Side Resorts. By George E. Walton, M.D. D. Appleton & Co., Publishers. A. Roman & Co., San Francisco.

The *Paris Figaro* has a story of Sir Bartle Frere, which must be accepted of course for the joke rather than the truth. It states that five months ago he and his son got apart from their escort and were lost in the depths of an African forest. Night came; the two wanderers, dying of hunger, approached a hut which they entered, and where they found an old negress, whom they made to understand they wanted food. The old woman gave them some eggs, with which Sir Bartle prepared an omelette; while it was cooking he caught sight of some black things strung on a thread, and seized them and mixed them in the mess, which was eaten and found excellent. As they were about finishing the last morsel, the old lady's husband came in, and in great anger exclaimed, "Wretched strangers, you have eaten my war trophies!" "What trophies?" was the question. "Those which were hanging from the ceiling, the ears of the warriors I have slain." Sir Bartle Frere found it hard to save his life, and suffered indignation for four days.

Mark Twain and Charles Dudley Warner are about to produce a joint work of humor, to be printed at the same time in England and the United States, entitled "The Gilded Age."

## AT THE EASEL.

If I had aught of art to trace  
 Soft-penciled lines which poets love,  
 I'd draw myself a fairy face,  
 To hang above.

Twin-roses blushing upon snow—  
 The tints commingling here and there,  
 Soft melting into smooth white brow  
 And sunny hair.

Bright tresses like an aureole,  
 With downward-drooping rays, to glance,  
 A chastened light upon the whole  
 Sweet countenance.

Eyes, for the dim-reflected ray  
 To tinge with pensive tenderness,  
 Which the more dazzling light of day  
 Would dispossess.

But, ah, what painting can command,  
 What artist-skill could e'er arrange,  
 Each melody of movement, and  
 Each charm of change!

The fitful play of life and light  
 Translucent through that face of hers,  
 Like stars hung out to guide aright  
 Us wayfarers.

Is it a sin to sit and watch  
 This shadow of a fairer face  
 With tearless eyes, eager to catch  
 Each gift and grace?

Is it a sin this once to seat  
 Her in my heart as on a throne;  
 And fancy her, from face to feet,  
 All, all mine own:

All, all mine own, from dusk to dawn,  
 All orb'd within eyes' fierce strain;  
 Nor once to fear the lips' cold scorn,  
 The lids' disdain?

Is this a sin? Perchance; and yet  
 No fairer sin e'er earned a fall.  
 So turn the portrait and forget—  
 Face to the wall.

### A PROPOSITION OF THE NEWS LETTER AS TO THE APPLICATION OF PHOTOGRAPHY TO THE HALL OF RECORDS.

From Time Immemorial the registry of titles to real estate has been in force, and in the majority of instances insisted upon as necessary to insure peaceful and quiet possession. The laws of our State are peculiarly peremptory and binding with reference to the due recording of deeds, and with the preservation as well as the publicity of such records. How far the due preservation has been carried out, the recent scandal of mutilated books will show; at the same time the popular indignation which was excited at the discovery shows what deep interest the public takes in the matter. The City Hall Commissioners, in view of the present inadequate building either for public inspection or for safe keeping, are hastening the erection of the New Hall of Records in preference to other portions of the building, and with reference to that we propose a revolution in the system of recording deeds. *They must be photographed, not copied by hand.* Mr. Laver, the eminent architect of the building, fully indorses our views on the subject, and is prepared to arrange its internal economy with a view to adapt it to the proposed change. Such change in the recording of legal instruments, however, can only be enforced by legislative enactment, but it will be seen at a glance how great its advantages will be over the present system. Economy, correctness, the impossibility of fraud by subsequent erasure or mutilation, universal publicity and diffusion, celerity and security, are among its salient benefits. A thousand fac similes of an important deed can be distributed among as many interested parties. Recent experiments have produced paper that can be photographed on both sides. The present staff of copyists will be replaced by a corps of photographers. A public institution—such, for example, as the *California Placard Exchange*—will publish a monthly volume containing a photographed transcript of all real estate transactions during that period. Of course the various indexes will be necessary; these, however, are but facilities for the searchers of titles, whilst the adoption of the photographic system of recording cannot but be acceptable to that branch of the profession, whose very character and existence depends upon accuracy, legibility and plain exposition of titles to land. A certified photograph of any legal document could be furnished by the Recorder under his seal and sign manual. Such certified photograph could be made admissible as evidence in any other State, or city of this State, and would much facilitate, as well as lessen the expenses of, litigation, at the same time be incontrovertible, and bearing its truth upon its very face.

**Mr. Mill's Property and Will.**—It is note-worthy that, despite Mr. Mill's eminence in the world of literature and the success he has had as an author, he accumulated but a small sum by the labors of his pen. His entire personal property will not exceed, if it amount to, ten thousand pounds. Considering that he was a man of simple tastes and inexpensive habits, he died much poorer than might have been expected. His step-daughter, Miss Helen Taylor, inherits all his property. With an attention to business and a consideration for contingencies of the most practical kind, he executed no less than three wills, providing for the three possibilities—first, of Miss Taylor dying before him; second, of their both dying at the same time in a railway accident or through any other casualty; and third, in the event of his dying first.

**When a Man has no Mind of His Own,** his wife generally gives him a piece of hers.



## JOCK BRUTE.

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN HIM AND MR. MIDDLE-CLASS.

MR. MIDDLE-CLASS.

You're getting up the tree, Jock Brute—  
 You're climin' unco high—  
 But sune you'll land doon at its root,  
 An' stunn'd and powerless lie.  
 Ye needna think to hand the grun,  
 Ye'll sune be made to flit;  
 As sune's the maister gits the whup,  
 He'll bring ye to your bit.

JOCK.

I dinna doot but what he wud,  
 If he could man't ava;  
 But sin I've risen oot the mud  
 I've broke that whup in twa.  
 An' if ye gie your spees a diche,  
 An' higher look, ye'll see  
 His Guidness, nearly oot o' sicht—  
 As far up's he can be.  
 I ken fu' weel I'm past my bit,  
 As little wats I hae;  
 But dinna mean to steer a fit  
 Until he does it tae.

MR. MIDDLE-CLASS.

But when ye ken your'e up ower far,  
 What way'll ye no come doon?  
 'Twas you begun't it, and yet ye'd daur  
 Seek him doon first, ye loon!

JOCK.

Blin' ignorancel you're wrang again;  
 He led it up—no me.  
 He'll lead it doon, or I'm mista'en,  
 An' that ere lang ye'll see,  
 Altho' he's no exposed to scorn,  
 He is to nature's laws;  
 He'll get a fa', as sure's he's born,  
 The first strong win' that blaws.  
 I'll come doon tae wi' that same win',  
 But just a branch or twa;  
 An' tho' it should be tae the grun',  
 I haena far to fa'.

MR. MIDDLE-CLASS.

My certie, Jock, you're gaun you're length;  
 But tho' your words be true,  
 Whene'er his Guidness fa's in strength  
 He's sure to land on you.  
 An' mind I tell ye, sic a lump  
 I'll g'ye an unco fell;  
 But fa'in' saft upon your rump,  
 He'll no be hurt himsel'.

JOCK.

The deil a fear! I'll watch him there;  
 I'm no sae daft's I've been;  
 He's dune me times unken, I'm sure,  
 But noo I'm no sae green.  
 I've pay't for a' the wit I hae,  
 An' winna throw't awa';  
 Sae when it comes to tumblin'-day,  
 The grun's his place tae fa'.

--Kent Wilder.

If she kissed him every moment she would kiss him half a million times a year, and she would have to kiss him every minute for two years before "to millions they amount." This would not allow time for meals, and it is probable the poet and the woman would starve. As for the poet concerned, we do not know that it makes much difference.

— An elderly Portuguese lady, having pledged herself to make a pilgrimage to a distant shrine barefoot, her friends persuaded her that the fatigue would prove fatal. She persisted, however, in going to the shrine, and in going barefoot; but she went in a sedan chair!

— A coal-black negro, in Georgia, has one white hand and arm, which he is very much ashamed of.

LOCAL DOTTINGS.

**What a Charming Thing** is Fourth of July patriotism. The express wagoners have charged only \$300 each for bearing the Goddess of Liberty through our beautiful streets.—Donahue and Saucelito will soon be united by lasting (railroad) ties.—The slumber of the Chinese is still disturbed by that nightmare Rodgers.—A fire occurred on board the *Montana* on her up trip, but was extinguished with but little trouble. "Stand to the hose," Nolan said.—Another new social club. This time "The Quartette." We don't see yet where the appropriateness of the name lies.—Peter McAvey is President of the South End Boat Club.—The cackling of the Spring Valley Water Works over the city is hushed. Their triumph is gone up the flume.—Over \$200,000 worth of treasure went overland to New York this week.—The Economy of Labor problem has received a very easy solution at the City Hall, where the officials instead of whitewashing each other, set the prisoners to whitewash the walls.—The *China* sailed on Wednesday.—The coinage of the Mint during July will probably exceed \$3,000,000.—One has to study heathen mythology before reading the *Chronicle*. Fancy calling a market report a thingummy on "Pomona's bounteous gifts."—Fifteen hundred more pigtails on Sunday. Will this never, never cease?—Buislay has got out a bigger balloon than ever.—After all the Chinese are not destitute of natural affection. A moon-eyed matron hearing that her pa and ma were dead in the auld country, poisoned herself with opium. At least, Mr. Choon Fah says so.—The very fine *Te Deum* sung at Trinity Church on Sunday last, was the composition of Prof. L. Seward, the organist.—The Magdalen Asylum solicits cast off clothes. Of some particular make, we suppose.—Nearly one half of the property along the route of the Montgomery avenue has now come into the hands of the city in exchange for bonds.—Sothern will delight us for at least a week longer.—What has become of Philip the Whiner? His holy caterwalling seems to be hid under a barrel.—Eighty-four deaths in the city last week.—Ladies' fairs are a mistake; they are traps for the unwary and theaters for extortion under a pretty name. Were it not for the object, we should be glad the one at Platt's Hall was a failure.—Mancusi has our best wishes for the success of his endeavor to establish a season of Italian opera here.—The blowing up of the *S. M. Whipple* with all on board, proved to be but a slight breakage of the machinery.—Professor Yung Chang Cheung Mung Yah Bung, with twenty-eight Chinese students, arrived by the *China*, en route for the seats of learning East.—They speak of Bob Johnson as the Democratic candidate for Mayor.—The States-Orlandini Opera troupe report their success in Mexico as most flattering.—Several fires this week, but all of the bucket-of-water order.—The Custom House lot has been nearly cleared of all vestiges of the old rookeries formerly disgracing it.—The hoodlum boys seem to imagine that by stoning the newly arrived Chinese they exhibit themselves as practical exponents of public opinion. So they do, but it won't do to tell them so.—All the mothers are agog at the issue of the baby-show; life-long jealousies are being established, and even the babies are up in arms.—Mission and Twenty-second streets are afflicted with the cattle plague; that is, the animals of those streets are afflicted, etc.—The First Regiment is preparing, through Col. Barnes, to gain an experience of real camp life.—Mayor Alvord gave \$100 for a proscenium box at Marlowe's benefit. Rather generous.—Thursday was a day when men either sought the cool sides of the streets, or frizzled.—The *Witch Queen* has not yet gone for the pearls, there being something amiss with the diving apparatus.—The poor fellow who died in the City Prison, remains at the Morgue unidentified.—Our cullud buvven have been holding their High Jinks during the past week.—Clay Greene is to be married at Trinity on the 24th.—The Bohemian Club is to hold its picnic at Sancelito on the 30th.—The Amphion Warblers kept Madame Bishop from sleeping on Thursday night, and then expected to be thanked for it.—Phillip Smith Allis, the private detective of the "Escaped Nun" notoriety, has been discovered at Virginia City in the white apron of a bartender. Change of bars, only.

**Accidentally Poisoned in an Hospital.**—An inquest was recently held at Reading, England, respecting the death of Mary Corps, aged thirty-two, a patient in the Royal Berks Hospital, who died half an hour after a draught had been administered to her by one of the nurses. The medical evidence showed that the draught contained four drachms of prussic acid, and that the deceased had taken half that quantity. The dispenser, who had been for four years at the hospital, stated that he had been very busy on Saturday, having made up nearly 200 prescriptions; he had used prussic acid frequently during the day, and it was near the bottle he should have used for Miss Corps' prescription. He was unable to account for the mistake, and it was the first that had occurred. The dispenser was stated to be a very respectable, steady, and careful man, and about fifty years of age. The jury returned a verdict of "Death by misadventure."

**The Masonic Fraternity of the United States** have under way at least \$4,000,000 worth of new halls, most of which will be completed and dedicated this year. The one in Philadelphia is the most magnificent structure of the kind in the country, will be worth at least one million of dollars.

### MATRIMONIAL.

**One More Happy Man and One More Happy Lady**, a marriage of inclination on the side of those most immediately concerned, and of approbation on the part of the parents and the world in general. Last Wednesday evening Miss Cornelia R. Selby was married to Captain Louis Kempf, U. S. A. We need hardly say that the fair bride is the daughter of the Hon. T. H. Selby, our much-esteemed ex-Mayor. The wedding took place at Fair Oaks, the beautiful residence of the bride's father; the grounds were brilliantly illuminated, and the numerous fountains added their sparkling gaiety to the scene. A special train left San Francisco at 8 P. M. with about a hundred of the most immediate friends of the family, who, in reality, were our most prominent and influential citizens. The ceremony was performed by the Right Rev. Bishop Kip, and after it was over, a splendid banquet was served in the spacious dining-hall. Every thing was in excellent taste, and the wines of the choicest description. The cynosure of all eyes, after the bride and bridegroom, of course, was the display of handsome presents in the library. The large table was laden with varied articles in gold and silver, with beautiful jewels, bracelets and ornaments, all betokening the good will of the guests and friends to the young couple, as well as the respect and esteem they bore to the lady's father. It were almost invidious to single out among the host of bankers, capitalists and eminent men present, representing the interest of the State, any special names, but we may say, *en passant*, that there were Hon. Leonard Stanford and wife, Mayor Alvord, M. S. Latham, Esq., and his wife, D. O. Mills, Esq., and his lady, Mr. and Mrs. Friedlander, Mr. and Mrs. Holston, Mr. A. Yost and lady, Mr. Sather and his two daughters; these are but a few among the two hundred who celebrated this happy day. At a late hour the pair left for their splendid house on Van Ness Avenue, the gift of Mr. Selby to his daughter, who endowed her with this her new home, sumptuously furnished at a cost of over \$50,000, and where we will now leave the newly mated ones, with every wish for their happiness and prosperity.

### TIN.

**In Connection with the Tin Report** on page two, we publish the following from the London *Times*, which adds great importance to the tin deposits of this State: "This year, for the first time, an inquiry has been instituted into the tin plate manufacture of the United Kingdom. Twenty-six firms, with 99 mills, have rendered very complete returns for the year 1869 to Mr. Hunt, the keeper of mining records; but the total number of mills fully or partially at work is stated at 164. The returns received from the 99 mills show the number of boxes of tin plate 866,385, and ofterne plates 238,892, making the total number of boxes 1,105,277; the actual weight of the whole return is 54,314 tons. Estimating that the 65 mills not returned produced at the same rate as the 99 returned, they must have made 746,400 boxes, showing the total number of boxes of tin plate made in the year to be 1,912,337. According to this, the mills will have worked only three-quarters of full time. But this estimate is thought to be too low, and the following is offered by an experienced manufacturer as being nearer the truth: Mills going or ready to work in 1869, 164; deduct 14 for mills known to be stopping, and mills calculated to be making black plate, leaving the number of mills 150. These, making on an average 300 boxes for 48 weeks, would produce 2,160,000 boxes. But it is thought that 350 boxes per week must be nearer the average per mill. This would increase the estimate by 360,000 boxes, showing the total estimated value of tin plate in the United Kingdom in 1869 to be 2,520,000 boxes."

### A SLIGHT MISTAKE.

**A Danbury Man** partook of an elegant supper of fried clams, Saturday night, and went home pretty well satisfied with himself and the scenery. At two o'clock the next morning he was awakened by an unusual activity of half a dozen spasms which appeared to have moved in during his sleep. Getting out of bed as hastily as possible, he groped his way to the dresser where he kept a bottle of "Wine of the Woods" standing, and removing the cork hastily swallowed a substantial dose. The moment he got the taste of it he experienced a failing sensation, which, together with the shape of the bottle, created a sudden and ungovernable anxiety within him. "Gracious, Ann!" he said to his wife, "what bottle is that on the dresser?" "Why, mercy!" she exclaimed, "don't touch that; that is my cocaine!" It was too late, however. He had touched it, and merely explaining that he wished to be laid by the side of his mother, he dropped to the floor, and rolled and groaned until every member of the family was awakened, and came dashing into the room, variously clothed with revolvers, knives, and stove legs, and not much of anything else. But it was too late to save those fried oysters. They had moved.—*Danbury News*.

Recently, Mrs. Coyle, an old lady, living in the east part of El Paso, Mo., put her head out of the window during the storm, and was struck by lightning. She was stunned for a moment, and had the top of her head singed, but she recovered. She says if she "had only seen the lightning a minute sooner she would have dodged, but somehow she ain't so spry as she was sixty years ago."

### Special Brevities.

**Barry and Patten's Book** sells well in the Atlantic States; no small compliment to the authors, for, in old cities, where culture and literary tastes are more things, of course, than in our scrambling, money-chasing community, there are so many who discriminate between good amateur writing and professional bosh, that the book must stand strictly upon its literary merits, and is shorn of the local interest which is attached to it in California. We knew it would sell largely in our community, but it has far surpassed our most sanguine expectations. When are we to have the next volume?

**A Curious Work**, called a "Grammatical Analysis of the Hebrew Psalter"—which is, in fact, an explanatory interpretation of every word contained in the Book of Psalms—has just been completed, and will shortly be published, by Miss Joanna Julia Greswell, daughter of the Rev. Greswell, B. D., of Worcester College, Oxford. The book is intended chiefly for the use of beginners in the study of Hebrew.

**An Example** of the enormous profits that are being made by the iron-masters is furnished by the statement that the Sheepbridge Iron and Coal Company, near Sheffield, are about to present each proprietor of an original share with a fully paid-up new £10 share, besides paying a dividend of about 20 per cent. on the ordinary shares. The Staveley Coal and Iron Company have done the same to their shareholders.

**Mr. Frank Buckland** thus describes in *Land and Water* his last curiosity: "It consists of an oyster, the shells of which are tightly clasped around the neck of a mouse. The head is inside the shell, therefore I cannot examine it. The oyster, which is a pure native, was probably lying in a larder with the shells open, when the mouse put his head in to eat the meat of the oyster, and was immediately nipped by it."

It is asserted that the art of photography was discovered and practiced with success in London a hundred years ago, but was suppressed at the instance of the Government, who feared that if it became known it would be employed by forgers and counterfeiters of bank-notes. A paper in support of this extraordinary theory will be published in the June number of the *Fornightly Review*.

**A Nova Scotia Paper** chronicles the birth of four children by Mrs. Countaway, at Terrence Bay, near where the wreck of the *Atlantic* occurred. The mother and children are doing well. Since her marriage in 1863 Mrs. Countaway has given birth to seventeen children, in the following order:—1st, one; 2nd, twins; 3rd, twins; 4th, twins; 5th, twins; 6th, four; seventh, four.

**Scientific Results of Smoking.**—A German physiologist has discovered that tobacco smoking by boys "interferes with the molecular changes coincident with developments of tissues, and makes the blood-corpuscles oval, and irregular at the edges." Any person can thus ascertain if his boy smokes by merely taking out a handful of his blood-corpuscles and observing the edges.

**The Berlin Correspondent** of the *Times* telegraphs that according to the new treaty Germany engages, at the request of Persia, to tender her good offices towards the settlement of any difficulties which may arise between Persia and other States.

**Barbarous Cruelty.**—A rich French banker, who always passes the Winter in Paris, adopted the following plan when he wished his gardener to send him from his country house in Touraine a dish of green peas during the month of January. He dispatched a carrier pigeon, with the following note under his wing: "Gather a basket of green peas in the forcing-house, and send it me by express with the pigeon which carries this note, for the bird is very fat, and I intend to eat it with the vegetables ordered."

**A Large Meeting at Exeter Hall, London**, protested against the toleration of Roman practices in the Church of England. The matter engaged the attention of the Lords, spiritual and temporal, in the House of Lords recently, but was not definitely disposed of. The Archbishop of York explained that but 2½ per cent of the English clergy were disposed towards Romanism in the Church of England.

It is stated that should the Dutch attempt to resume the offensive against Atchin they will meet with a stronger resistance than ever. The Atchinese are prepared to defend the country for two or three years, during which the Sumatra pepper plantations would be ruined. Chinese coolies are enlisting as soldiers.

**India Rubber Tyres** for wheels, especially adapted for the use of velocipedes, invalids' carriages, basket and other chaises, children's carriages, etc., are novelties brought out in London, and excite attention in England. By a patent device they can be easily placed in position, and will not come off. This invention combines comfort with utility and economy.

**The Reigning Beauty** in Rome at present is the Austrian Princess Furstenburg—a great dark woman with man-like black hair, a huge coiffure, large black eyes, rich skin, heroic features, and a Venus of Milo form.

**Punch** maintains that there is one glaring deficiency in the lord-chancellor's Judicature Bill: no clause provides for the creation of a lord chief justice!

**A Thirty Pound Salmon** is worth but fifty cents in Portland, Oregon. In San Francisco it would sell for about \$3, in New York for \$7 50.



## WHEAT EXPORTS.

Wheat Exports for July of the current year keep well up to those for a corresponding period of last year, when we made the best exhibit in our history—the totals being an increase of more than 100 per cent. over any previous single year. The following exhibits our exports of Flour and Grain for the harvest year commencing July 1st, 1872, exclusive of shipments overland.

To	FLOUR. bbls.	WHEAT. centals.	BARLEY. centals.	OATS. centals.
New York, etc.	13,566	8,358		
Great Britain	15,399	9,780,075	201	
China	126,416	1,116	60	1,684
Japan	7,653	16	216	725
Hawaiian Islands	7,775	808	221	1,696
Mexico	1,159	2	392	139
British Columbia	2,825	525	11,326	454
Australia	16,318	28,971	52,416	
Central America	35,348	56	426	520
Panama	12,670	2	27	207
Tahiti	6,072	718	4,049	12
Manila	5,000			
New Zealand	1,250		15,400	
South America	3,746		142,193	
South Sea Islands	281			
Africa	2,500	2,042		
Russian Poss., Asia	5,167			
Totals, 1873	263,645	9,822,689	226,927	5,437
Totals, 1872	270,079	1,404,382	16,708	11,707
Totals, 1871	196,220	3,571,846	138,008	13,227

It is yet impossible to say as to the greatness of this year's harvest, but from appearances we will have between 300,000 and 400,000 tons surplus.

**Remarkable Instance of Canine Sagacity.**—A remarkable instance of canine sagacity is reported by the *Ellenville (New York) Press*. About three weeks ago Mr. Enderby, of Napanoch, was engaged in transacting business in that village, and left his horse attached to a chaise tied under a shed. Remaining with the horse was a faithful coach-dog, which took advantage of his master's absence to enjoy a hurried nap in the vehicle. In the meantime the horse became somehow untied, and started off at a furious gallop; this awakened the dog, who, at once seeing the state of affairs, attempted to seize the reins with his mouth, but was unable to do so owing to their being covered by a rug and overcoat. Fortunately, however, on reaching Center Street Bridge, the reins fell from the vehicle on to the ground, when the dog, with singular presence of mind, leapt nimbly after them, caught them in his mouth, reined the horse to a stand-still, and held the reins firmly until he delivered them with a graceful wag of his tail to a stranger, whom, under ordinary circumstances, he would not have permitted on any account to approach his master's property.

**The Body's Defence.**—The poor body has had very hard lines. Poets, philosophers, and preachers have covered it with ridicule, abuse, lamentation. Shakspere calls it a muddy vesture of decay; Plato described it as a jibbing horse; Jeremy Taylor treats it almost as if it were the devil himself. But if the poor thing had wit enough to speak for itself, it would say, "Whence comes envy? Is it not a vice of the mind? Whence pride?—the mind again. Whence ambition?—the mind again. Whence covetousness—robbery—murder?" If the mind has not all to do with these, at any rate she has the largest part of the guilt. Why, give the poor body a beefsteak and a glass of beer, and it is content. 'Tis the mind that leads it such a dance after the vain glories of the world, and makes it work all kinds of wickedness in the struggle to gain them. Did Robespierre slay his thousands to please his body? What would his body get by it? No. He wanted to please the fancies of his villainous mind.—"*Notes of Thought,*" by the late Charles Buxton, M. P.

# REAL ESTATE TRANSACTIONS.

Monday, June 9th.

GRANTOR TO GRANTEE.	DESCRIPTION.	PRICE
H F Williams to Morris Keller....	Ivy e Van Ness Av, 40x32.....	\$ 150
A S Coburn to Perry Yaple.....	Lot 16 blk 23, Market St Homestead ...	250
P Berwin to Mrs B Shonvasser ...	Post e Hyde, 30x137.6 .....	7,250
J L Blaikie to Susannah Blaikie...	Und $\frac{1}{4}$ lots 1 to 7 inc, 12 to 22 inc, blk 1, lots 7 8 9 blk 2, lots 1, 4 to 18 inc, blk 3, Junction H'd Ass'n .....	Gift
Henry Mahan to L Aigeltinger ....	Lot 19 blk 644, Pt Lobos Av H Ass'n ..	300
D Knight to Ruth A Knight.....	Taylor n Post, 40x105; also, und 5 acres Treat Tract; also, lots 80 to 83 inc, San Miguel Homestead; also, lot 3 blk 254, Pleasant View H'd; also, und 1-7 com at a point 10 chains due w from the center of sec 24, T'p 2 S R 6 W, s 24.58-100 chains, etc .....	---
Geary St Ex H As to L Aigeltinger	Lots 13 14 17 blk 263, Geary St Ex H'd..	16,410
H F Williams to Thos Curran.....	Lot 36 blk 333, O'Neill and Haley Tract	500
J B Arfort to Wm Melody .....	Lot 408, Gift Map 1 .....	10
P Donahue to City Grading Co....	10th e Guerrero, e 100, n 21 deg 30 min, etc; also, n 16th 380 w Valencia, w 75 n 276:1 $\frac{1}{2}$ , se to com; also, 18th e Guerrero, e 2 $\frac{1}{4}$ , 97:9 $\frac{3}{4}$ , s 71 deg 30 min, w 95 $\frac{1}{2}$ inches, n 122:2 to com.....	10

Tuesday, June 10th.

Henry Pierce to H C Patridge .....	Harrison sw 5th, sw 56, se 125, ne 112, nw 25, sw 55, nw 100 to com .....	\$7,500
Same to same .....	5th nw Harrison, 100x75.....	18,000
S G Beatty to Martin Kelly.....	Jessie sw 2d, 22:6x75.....	---
J Winterburn to Pat'k Cleary .....	Lots 21 and 22 blk 13, Junction H'd ....	250
Junction H'd As'n to J Winterburn	Same .....	700
I Kohn to State Investment & I Co	Sansom s Cal'a, 30x137.6 .....	70,000
J Traves to Adeline Haskins.....	Re-record on account of error in acknowledgement .....	---
M Buzzini to Doretta Tessmer ....	Lot 3 blk 51, Paul Tract H'd.....	600
C J Janson to C C Overman.....	Com at a pt 101:6 n fr nw cor 20th and Valencia, 25x100 .....	2,000
F L A Pioche to W D Gruenhagen	Lots 41 and 42 blk 47, City Land Ass'n ..	180
Mary E Hamilton to Wm Dunphy ..	Vallejo e Octavia, w 75:1 $\frac{1}{2}$ , etc .....	12,000
O F Cemetery As'n to C Mathews ..	Plot 2 in Hope Section, on Welding av, Odd Fellows Cemetery .....	92
E Villeneuve to Frank McGlynn...	Margaret Pl n Vallejo, n 91, e 44, n 4:9, e 34:4 $\frac{1}{2}$ , s 55, e 23:7 $\frac{1}{2}$ .....	9,250
C Curtis to Savings & Loan Soc'y.	Pine w Jones, 50x137.6 .....	2,750
C Buchner, Jr, to same.....	Garden nw Bryant, 25x75.....	1,165

Wednesday, June 11th.

Elisha T Peck to Chas A Merrill ..	Nw cor 24th and Shotwell, 35x90 .....	\$7,000
Mary Ward to Guiseppo Capurro..	Union e Dupont, e 20 s 60 e 40 s 20 w 60, n 80 to com .....	3,000
G Pendergrass to Anson G Stiles ..	Buchanan n O'Farrell, 12:6x62:6 .....	215
John Grant to Andrew Bisset .....	Fremont se Folsom, 22:11x70 .....	5,000
G Capurro to Carlo Bacigalupo....	Lafayette s Union, 20x60 .....	1,000
George Hein to Sam'l C Gray .....	Lot 1 blk 7, College H'd.....	100
C S Hobbs to Stephen D Gilmore...	Sub 25, blk 196, Potrero Nuevo; lot 3 blk 2, West End Map 2; also, se Old San Jose Road ne Naglee av, se 277, etc ..	500
John Grant to Hans Berglund .....	Perry nc 3d, 25x75 .....	1,575
James O'Dwyer to J Robertson.....	S Clipper w Dolores, 52x114.....	565
Andrew McManns to Wm J Gunn ..	S Valley e Dolores, 114x27:2.....	340
G K Fitch to City and County S F	137:6 w Taylor and 46:5 s Francisco, etc	1,444

## Thursday, June 12th.

Geary St Ex H As'n to S A Johnson	Lots 20 and 23, blk 166, Geary St Ex Hd	\$ 700
Mary Henry to Eliza Thomas	Pine e Taylor, 28x41	1
F L A Pioche to Jean Querillacq	Lot 7 blk 15, City Land As'n	90
J O'Connor to Henry C Downing	Nw cor McAllister and Fillmore, 137:6x137:6, subject to \$5,000 due on mortg'e to Hibernia Savings and Loan Soc'y	10,000
Chas P Duane to Caroline Wirt	Fulton w Pearce, 137:6x137:6	5,000
W H Tillinghast to Cont'ct & F Co	Com at a point in S B blk 15, 2002 from sw cor 4th and Townsend, se 91:8, se 60, ne 91:8, nw 60	3,500
Isabella L Munfey to J P Dillions	Pine w Dupont, 34:4x137:6	8,250
Mr. F Cashman to Michael Kelly	Page e Laguna, 119x120	8,000
N H Seligman to W J Gunn	Lot 110, Visitation Valley H'd; also, lots 5 and 6, blk 18, Excelsior H'd	300
A J Moon to Arthur K Hawkins	S corner Market and 10th, 272:6x193	1,750
D Pomeroy to Emily L Gilmore	Und $\frac{1}{4}$ Beale se Market, 45:10x137:6	1
Leonard Story to Geo Prescott	Com at a point 91:8 e from e line of Dupont and 101:6 n Francisco, 46x51, sub 50-vara 183 and 184	100

## Friday, June 13th.

S S Gordon to Anne M Bauer	Avery n Geary, 25x94:6	\$ 500
Geo L Bradley to Andrew S Bryant	Sutter e Leavenworth, 22:1x137:6	12,000
Leonard Story to Thos K Wilson	Broadway e Octavia, 68:9x137:6	5,000
N G Chadwick to W B Martin	Broadway e Laguna, 27:6x112:6, subject to a mortgage	—
J C Duncan to H Bish	Lot 14 blk R, Railroad H'd	65
J F O'Brien to John O'Brien	Mission sw 1st, 58x24, sub 100-vara 100; also, Clementina s 4th, 23:9x80, sub 100-vara 143	6,000
James Adams to John B Felton	Bound on the north by what was formerly known as Yerba Buena, nw by lands of the Presidio, w by lands of Don Francisco Haro, s by Sanchez Ranch and on the e by the Bay of San Francisco	800
James Kane to Bridget Kane	Shipley w 5th, 26x75	Gift
Alfred Robinson to Michael Phelan	Lots 286 and 284, Gift Map 3	325
R C Rogers to Jane Mari Barity	Com at a point 22:8 w Dupont, 69:6 n Broadway, w 46:6, n 21:4, e 28:4, se 28:1 to beg	100
Thos Harwood to same	Same	4,775
C L du Monlin to Paul Rousset	Commercial w Davis, 59:6x20	3,800
Wm Ede to same	2 $\frac{1}{2}$ acres—com Pacific Ocean at extreme high water at stake marked at the sw corner of Seal Rock Ranch, n 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ deg w 80:37-100 chains, etc	1

## Saturday, June 14th.

Thos Pedler to Susan A Pedler	Lot 1 in blk 24, West End Map 2	\$ 150
Romain C De Boom to S P R R Co	Com at a point in fence forming to ne boundary of lands of the party of the first, part 45 ft from the center line of S F and S J R R which pt is opposite station 81 plus 39 on said road, thence sw 486 ft, thence n 44 deg, 32 min, e 91 ft, etc, containing 124-1000 of an acre	250
Rhinaldo Mowrey to O Mowrey	Broadway e Powell, 60x25	3,750
W K Doherty to E P Viot	Oak e Franklin, 68:9x120	8,700
Jane Montell to Henry Gatte	Lot 1 blk 32, Excelsior H'd	1,700
Wm Green to Wm K Doherty	Same as first description above	1
R P Thomas to James F Place	Francisco and Fillmore, 137:6x120	5,070
George Treat to Andrew Gensoul	Se cor Napa and Vermont, 100x100	\$ 500
Same to Gustave Mahe	Vermont s Napa, s 333, e 100, n 308, e 100, n 25, w 200, to com; also, Kansas s Napa, 45x100	500
Spring Valley H As'n to S Wafford	Lot 215	350
W M Bevins to Amelia Fitel	Tyler w Webster, 137:6x37:6	1,500
W H Gawley to R T Thomas	Sac'to w Davis, 20x60, sub mortg \$3,500	2,000
G Zimmerman to Michael Reese	Nw cor Spring and Summer, 43x50	10
Aaron Doud to Lucinda J Swain	Corbett e Dolores, 77x100	6,500
J Finn to Andrew Leishaker	Re-record to correct error	—
F H Woods to Pat'k Plover	Ellis and Pierce, 137:6x137:6	3,800
H S Baldwin to W H Raymond	Sutter w Maron, 23:6x87:6, subject to mortgage for \$6,000	13,000
Henry Matthews to John O'Kane	McAllister w Webster, 107:5x137:6	8,000
J Rosenfeld to Henry Matthews	McAllister w Webster, 107:6x137:6	5

## Monday, June 16th.

Chas D Elliot to Thomas Emery...	W Central Place s Pine, 58:9x25.....	\$ 5
Henry F Williams to W J Gorman	Lot 47 in blk 226 O'Neil & Haley Tract	650
Geo E Davis to R H Hall et al....	E Wisconsin 200 s Shasta, 100x25.....	100
R H Hall to M B French.....	Undivided half of same.....	....
J F Glover to Margaret McCarthy..	N Glover 114:6 w Jones, 23x60.....	355
Joseph B Malone to John Hill.....	Lot 5 in blk 4, Noe Garden H'd.....	450
John C Haake to S B Peterson.....	Sw 17th and Church, 100x100.....	4,500
Jackson Coalson to S & L Society..	W Hampshire s 25th, 60x100.....	700
L Alexander to same.....	W Steiner s Turk, 25x106:3.....	750
J T King to J J Daily.....	Pacific and Powell, 22:6x67:6.....	1,000
Owen Tighe to John Tormey.....	Mission n 19th, 30x122:6.....	1,500
Daniel Ryan to Rosita Rider.....	Maple n Broadway, 200x66; also, w Maple n Broadway, w 290, n 66, e 180, s to com, sub blk 840.....	10
Great P'k H'd Ass'n to Mary Welsh	Lot 13 blk 365.....	250
Sp'g Vall'y H As'n to A Wunderlich	Lot 52.....	360
Same to Lawrence Hussey.....	Lots 142 and 143.....	720
Same to Bridget Cullinan.....	Lots 90 and 91.....	720
Same to Annie O'Brien.....	Lots 92.....	360
Same to Honora O'Brien.....	Lots 145 and 146.....	720
M Chinmark to Isaac Manchester..	Frederick sw 1st, 80x25.....	1,100
Mendel Yaretsky to B J Shay.....	Geary w Dupont, 22:6x60.....	1
Mary Chapman to Samuel Read.....	Re-record to cor't error in acknowledge't	....
M N Rodgers to Catherine Curtis..	Lot 8 blk 112, Univ'ty H'd Ass'n.....	1,000
Univ'ty H'd Ass'n to M N Rodgers..	Same.....	315

## Tuesday, June 17th.

Henry Zelle to John Campe.....	Und $\frac{1}{2}$ s cor Howard and 12th, 100x87:6	\$8,000
Geary St Ex Hd Ass'n to T Kelly..	Lots 2 and 3 blk 263, Geary St Ex H'd..	700
Alexander Steiger to W H Steiger..	Und por sundry lots in Gift Maps 3 and 4	5
Same to same.....	Lot 8 in block 55, lot 6 blk 152, lot 3 blk 155 University Mound Survey.....	5
J W Harding to Chloe R Holden..	Lots 1 2 7 8 in block 175 University H'd Ass'n; also sw Dwight and Gambier, s 281:2 nw 269:6 n 158:5 e 240 to com't.	1,000
Dominick Gonzalez to S Collins..	E Alabama s 25th, 25x100—subdiv blk 32 Pioneer Race Course Tract.....	650
Hillside Hd Ass'n to Alfred Burr..	Lots 70 & 71, Hillside Hd.....	5
J Townsend to A de la G de Zemeno	Lots 2 3 4 5 blk 87, S S Francisco.....	400
Samuel F Buford to C A Sharon.....	S Sutter 100 w Powell, 37:6x137:6.....	10,000
E G Collins to E B Clark.....	Nw cor Jackson and Dent's Place, 28 x 62:6—sub 50-v 105 sub to \$2,800 mortg	1,000

## Wednesday, June 18th.

G K Porter to Catherine McIntire..	Ne Quinn and Valencia, n 75x80.....	\$ 500
E S Welton to Chas H Stanyan.....	Nw Bush and Buchanan, 137:6x137:6—subdiv blk 273, W A.....	1
Thos Ansbros to Harry W Taylor..	Lots 31 & 33, Gift Map 3.....	200
J M Larrogne to Cons Reforma MC	Reforma and Bolibiana lodes in Santa Maria Mountain, Lower California...	....
A Moutardier to Malvina H Parker	E Chatham Place n Bush, 23:9x60.....	4,500
B Montariot to same.....	Same.....	4,500
John Ormsaton to S P Taylor.....	S Hill w Church, 25:1x114 sub block 83, Terminus H'd.....	800
Abram Anspacher to Edward Cohn	N Geary w Hyde, 25x137:6.....	8,000
Joseph Chiousse to Leopold Greget	Com at ne line of 100-v 4 of the Laguna Survey 65:6 nw from e cor of said lot thence nw 100x275.....	4,300
E S Welton to Jas K Philips.....	Nw Pine and Buchanan, 55x81:3.....	1
L H Wakefield to Joseph Congdon	N Fell w Buchanan, 55x120.....	3,600
Ang Dunlap to Sav & Loan Soc....	W Shotwell s 17th, 48x122:6—lots 57 and 58 Howard and Folsom St Property Union.....	1,100
Richard Brown by Trus to same...	S Turk e Pierce, 25x137:6.....	2,400
Isaac Rowell to Maurice Ullman...	Undivided $\frac{1}{2}$ blk 408 Outside Lds.....	410
E S Welton to M J McDonald.....	N Post e Laguna, 25x95.....	150
Isaac Rowell to Clotilde Ullman...	Subdivision of blk 851, W A.....	335
Elizth S Welton to Edw H Parker..	N Pine 137:6 w Laguna, 68:9x137:6.....	500
Elliz'th H Lord to F A W Davis.....	Bryant and Gilbert, 37:6x125.....	\$1,104
C Delahanty to Thos Giblin.....	25th e Columbia, 25x104.....	325
B J Shay to John Heritage.....	Columbia w Valencia, n 114, w 50 s to n line of Columbia st, e 16 to com.....	1,500
W H McGrew to James B Kelly...	Same.....	1
James R Kelly to B J Shay.....	Same.....	350
Geo Torrens to Jos L Wilson.....	Und $\frac{1}{2}$ se San Jose R'd 945 sw Precita Av, sw 145, se 800, ne 180, etc.....	3,000
Mark Pixley to Francis Dewing ..	20th av nw H, 50x100.....	601



## Thursday, June 19th.

Stefano Berigham to City & Co S F	Com 91:8 n from Filbert and 33:10 from Gavin, 13:7 n 16:4 se 21:3 to beg	\$ 654
Wm P Merriam to A J Mason	N Oak e Webster, 27:6x120	5
A J Mason to Henry A Crane	N Oak e Webster, 55x120	6,000
Washington P Weeks to same	Same	5
Bay View H'd to A Blochman	Lot 7 blk 536 Bay View H'd	500
John J Kelly to Louis McLane	Se cor Union and Laguna, 200x275—sub blk 190 W A; also, se Green and Laguna, e 200x275—sub blk 191, W A	2,500
Louis McLane to A H Barney	Same	1
John Q Piper to Edmund Randolph	50-vara lot 3 in blk 158, W A, cor Sutter and Octavia	100
L Gottig to E F Spence	Nw Howard ne 9th, 50x90	5,000
Wm Monahan to L Gottig	Same	6,527
J A Blackburn to Marcus Delfs	S Chestnut w Taylor, w 65:6x145	4,750
Maria Murray to Wm Waddell	Nc Downey se Bryant, 18x60	1,500
M S Latham to R C Rogers	N Kate, 81:3 w Webster, 250x120	6,000

## Friday, June 20th.

Annais Fuzenot to Ang Fuzenot	Lots 44 and 45, O'Neil & Haley Tract	\$1,000
T S Spring to Thos Knight	Subdiv blk 41 S B and W and 169 P N	2
John Barkeloo to Wm Wittland	N Jackson w Jones, 19x137:6	5
Wm Cohlman to Jacob Schwetzer	E Rondel Place s 15th and 160:10 e Valencia s 22:2x61:2—Subdiv M B 40	2,600
Chas Stulz to Andrew Bosquet	S John e Mason, 23x60—subdiv 50-v 171	2,400
Felton Tet H'd Ass'n to W E Davis	Lots 2 to 9 inclusive, Felton Tract H'd	3,400
Gavin Ralston to Wm J McConnell	Lot 5 block 130, lot 7 blk 155, lot 5 blk 165, University Mound Survey	5
Same to same	Lot 5 blk 130, lot 7 blk 155, lot 5 blk 165 of same	5
Alta White L'd Works to C Palmer	Lots 1 2 3 in block 2 Sunny Vale H'd in trust for creditors	....
Jas Daly to Margaret A Corby	S Pine w Jones, 26x68:9—subdivision of 50-v 1063, subject to a mortg for \$1,700	6 500
J E Bryant to Wangenheim et al	N Fulton 110 e Octavia, n 120x27:6	1
Henry Toomy to W J Richardson	Sw Eddy and Broderick, 137:6x100	2,500
Domenico Cuneo to A Cunco	W Jasper lane s Filbert, 50x60	5,500
Patk W Lahaney to Cath Lahaney	Lot 16 blk 226, O'Neil and Haley Tract	600
Emile Kower et al to Henry Winkle	Railroad Ave w Scott, 2.42 acres	7
Henry Winkle to Emile Kower	Same	10
Mathew Crooks to Eliz'h Finnigan	Pine and Jones, se corner, e 60x60	Gift
George Bates to Edw A Morse	Sundry tracts and parcels land	1,000
Willott Culver to Herman Wendt	Tyler and Lyons, 137:6x137:6	2,000

## Saturday, June 21st.

College Hd Ass'n to Marg Rogers	Lot 23 and 24 blk 4 College Hd	\$ 600
C Zimmerman to Michael Reese	Nw cor Spring and Summer, n 43x50	15,000
Spring V Hd Assn to J Schlesinger	Lots 253 and 254, Spring Valley Hd	720
L B Benchly to First Cong Soc S F	W corner California and Dupont, w 100 x 68:9—subdiv 50-v 145	25,000
First Cong Soc to H M Newhall	Same	20,500
Jos W Clark to same	Same	5
Oliver B Jennings to same	Same	5
Henry L Dodge to same	Same	5
L S B Sawyer to Wm B Lake	Subdiv lots 3 and 4 blk 13, Noe Gard H'd	000
J M Thompson to Phineas Haskell	N Ellis e Laguna, 50x120	2,300
Chas F Webster to Wm Drury	Lot 5 blk 3 Fairmount Ex Homestead	250
John McKenzie to Jane Sullivan	Se Clay sw 3d and 160 ne Harrison, 25 x 80, subdiv 100-v 71	2,300
Edgar O Brown to Francis S Spring	Lot 22 blk 18 Railroad Ave Hd; also lot 7 blk 13 University Mound; also, lots 6 and 7 blk 20, G lots in blk 11, and sundry lots in blks 10 & 5 Univ M Hd	1,000
B Neubbens to Chas H Reynolds	Lots 441 442 444, Gift Map 2	250
Pat Slater to J H Smyth	Nc cor 13th ave and J st, 401x120, O L	250
N Atkinson to P C Waltenbaugh	S Sacramento e Broderick, 138x132:9—subdiv W A 500, subj to \$2,500 mortg	500
Geo L Storey to W Frank Whittler	Ne McAllister and Larkin, n 137:6x137:6, 50-v 1433, subject to mortg for \$13,000	17,500
Alex Capella to J B Felton	Sundry lots Ontside Lands	....
Thomas Agnew to E P Buckley	Lots 1 and 16, blk 434, Bay View H'd	520
L H Edelen to J W Gashwiler	Lots 48 49 50 blk 4; lot 4 blk 22 Mission and 13th Street Homestead	2,500
Nils Borgren to S Abel Eckland	E Hampshire s 22d, 25x100, subdiv P N 57 to correct error in deed 676 Doc 350	400
Hib Sav & Loan Soc to J Alexander	S Antonio w Jones, 80x60—sub 50-v 1094	5,800

## Monday, June 23d.

City and County of S F to J Decker	S Bush e New Cem ave, s 85:10 to e line of New Cem ave, n to s line Bush, etc	\$1,376
Erastus Bartlett to B Richardson..	Se Harrison and 8th, 175x275.....	5
O F Cem Ass'n to J D Robertson..	Plot 8, Wa'halla Dell Sect.....	57
Cal Ld Com'rs to D J F B Chamon	Original 100-v 260.....	25
Same to J B J Chamon.....	Original 100-v 193.....	30
Same to E P Chamon.....	100-v 181.....	27
Same to Samuel J Parish.....	100-v 271.....	25
Same to D J F B Chamon.....	Se cor Townsend and Pierce, e 275x240	35
Same to E G Chamon.....	100-v 233.....	25
E L Sullivan to Claude Long.....	W 11th ave n A st, 25x120.....	400
Mary F Wood to Jane M Doyen.....	W Clay ave n Clay st, 20x56:9.....	1,500
Arthur T W French to M F Wood	Same.....	5
S J Parish to J F B Chamon.....	100-v 271.....	200
P J Sweeney to Myles D Sweeney.	All interest in estate of Geo F Sweeny.	4,000
John Solomon to John M Martin..	Nw Hyde and Broadway, 137:6x117:6..	2,300
Gus Touchard to Edwin Danforth.	Sw cor Broadway and Battery, 70x137:6	50,000
David Porter to Julia Morrissey....	Se Clementina ne 2d, 20x75.....	2,750
Fred Rading to B J Shay.....	N Union e Leavenworth, sub 50-v 396..	1,000
Bay View H'd to H H Schafer.....	Lots 5, 6 and 7, blk 433, Bay View H'd..	1,500
H H Schafer to John F Schafer....	Same.....	1,000
Same to same.....	Sundry lots in Mission & 30th st Hd U'n	2,700

## Tuesday, June 24th.

Chas Kornfeld to Chris H Schmidt	S Pine w Fillmore, 50x127:6, sub to mort	\$2,500
Benj Richardson to E Bartlett....	Sw 8th se Harrison, 65x275, sub 100-v..	5
E A Fargo to James Kelly.....	W Jones s Valjejo, 20x68:9.....	475
P H Canavan to L L Robinson.....	Sundry lots, subdiv blk 849 W A.....	14,200
Bay Park Hd to Charles H Aitkins	Lots 29 and 30 in blk 560 Bay Park Hd	720
CH Aitkins to Mary Ann Aitkins.	Sundry lots University and Bay P'k Hds	....
Same to same.....	S Broadway w Polk, w 45:10x137:6.....	....
S B Wattson to Jos Brandenstein..	Ne cor Paris and Italy, 150x100.....	5
Same to same.....	N Jackson e Hyde, 20x68:6.....	5
Wm Hayes to Fabius Stanley.....	Lot se cor 3d and Brannan, 50-v square	10
F Stanley to Wm Hayes.....	Same.....	10
Fred MacCrellish to M Cheesman.	Und 1-5th blks 6 to 16 N B water lots..	25,000
Same to same.....	Se cor Webster and Oak, etc.....	8,000
Isaac Lipman to Meyer Davidson..	Undivided ¼ ne cor Franklin and Page,	5
	54x100, subject to mortg for \$1,500....	....
I Rowell, dec'd, to Wm J Gunn....	N Washington w Cherry, 257:10x135:1..	800
E A Fargo to Chas W Pope.....	Nw Jones n Broadway, 50x68:6.....	800
Edward J Welsh to Sav & Loan Soc	Subdiv 50-v 241; also, sub 50-v 220....	25
Daniel Meyer to Amson Goldsmith	Ne Sutter and Laguna, 137:6x137:6.....	8,000

## Wednesday, June 25th.

John D'Arcy to Hib Sav & L'n Soc	Sw 8th nw Bryant, 75x85.....	\$6,954
Chas H Baldwin to Maurice Dore..	Nw Leav'th and Pine, 137:6x137:6.....	1
TD Lamer to Ann Sprung.....	W Mission Ave s 17th, 32x96:9.....	2,200
A J J Victor to Louis Dutetre....	N Broadway e Dupont, 51:6x92:6.....	22,000
Jeremiah W Gale to Robt Howe..	Und ½ lots 1 2 3 4 5 6 of blk 1, San Mig	....
	Ranch Survey.....	2,673
Henry Austin to Barnard Boylan..	Lots 4 blk 21, Noc Garden Hd; also lot	....
	6 blk 22, Market St H'd.....	500
James Donovan to R H Lloyd.....	N Turk 105 w Mason, 32:6x137:6, subject	....
	to mortgage for \$4,200.....	10,000
P H Canavan to S F Butterworth.	Sundry properties in Western Addition	14,200
Russell & Erwin M Co to S Hayden	Portion sundry Outside Lands.....	1,200

## Thursday, June 26th.

Geo Murphy to Abraham Cohl....	Vulture w Sanchez, 25x114, Buena V Hd	\$ 300
Louis Derr to John Spruance.....	Lot 568, Gift Map 2.....	138
John Pfarr to Thos Pollard.....	19th w Guerrero, 50x114.....	2,000
John McCombe to Cecilia Mahon..	O'Farrell w Mason, 40x60—subject to	....
	mortgage for \$2,000.....	2,000
J C Reise to Thos B Howard.....	S cor 8th and Townsend, ne 275, se 275,	....
	sw 36:7 ½, w 217:7 ½.....	5
Thos B Howard to Mary T Howard	Und ½ same.....	Gift
Leopold Hyams to Jane M Doyen..	E line of 50 v 101 97:6 n Clay, n 40, w 12,	....
	s 20, w 56:9, etc.....	5
W Borgren to Gustavus S Johnson	Hampshire s 22d, 25x100.....	300
Pat'k Keating to Pat'k Lynch.....	Jessie e 5th, 25x60.....	4,300
Samson S Welton to A L Frank....	Geary w Laguna, 34:4 ½ x137:6.....	300
Same to John Harrington.....	Post e Buchanan, 50x137:6.....	500
H Von Deesten to B M Albern....	Sutter w Lyons, n 87:6, w 49:9, s 88:9,	....
	e 59 to com.....	2,700
Francis Foye to Peter Lee.....	Grand Av se Mission, 25x56:8.....	1,000

## Friday, June 27th.

Thos Haywood to City & Co S F ..	Dupont n Broadway, n 21, w 40:5, etc ..	\$6,965
Peter Nolan to Susan M Low .....	Camp e Guerrero, 30x117 .....	2,100
W H L Barnes to Tabitha Myers .....	Re-recorded to correct error .....	
Henry Connor to Serafino Arata .....	N Vallejo at the center of 50-vara 227, thence e 20 x n 50 varas .....	4,000
Serafino Arata to G Gainasso .....	Same .....	Gift
E S Welton to Anson Goldsmith ..	Sw cor California and Laguna, 137:6x 137:6; also, Pine w Laguna, 68x137:6 also, Sutter and Laguna, 137:6x137:6 ..	1 600
M Buzzini to Gandenzio Buzzini ..	Lot 4 blk 57, Paul Tract H'd .....	800
John Spaulding to C W M Smith ..	Sac'to w Polk, w 46:9, n 80, subject to a mortgage for \$2,000 .....	500
David Callaghan to John Donohue ..	S Poleom w Fourth, 80x20; also, lease- hold int 281, 328 .....	500
Angela Feliz to Isabel de Franchini ..	Buri Buri Rancho, containing 14,639 aca ..	500

## Saturday, June 28th.

Albert C Varney to J S Alemany ..	Vallejo w Dupont, 30x137:6 .....	827
J S Alemany to City & Co of S F ..	Vallejo e Stockton, e 21:6, etc .....	500
G V Castro to J J O'Shea .....	50-vara lot 3, blk 401, W A .....	500
New S S F H'd As'n to C Smidt .....	Lot 2, blk 157, New S S F H'd .....	1
N Smith to Henry Thomas .....	Mission s 18th, 60x122:7 .....	800
T P Riordan to A P Alexander .....	Dellaro n Sonoma, 33:4x100 .....	1
R C Page to Thos Brown .....	Lots 5 and 6 blk 123, S S F H'd & R An Ocean House R'd sw Berkeley, s 110:4, e 25, n 25, e 25, n 25, etc, Noe Garden H'd, subj to a mort for \$300 .....	900
Henry Pless to Cath Schumacher ..	6th nw Bryant, 25x85 .....	5
Same to Same .....	Same .....	5,000

## Monday, June 30th.

B B Miner to C Augusta Hooper ..	Nw cor 50-vara lot 655, thence s along e line of Taylor at 4 ft x e 137:6 .....	\$ 727
S A Hastings to F R Eldridge .....	All of 50-v lots 4 5 and 6 in blk 186, W A, on Chestnut street .....	1
Mission View H'd Ass'n to D Regan City & Co San Fran to Alex Allen ..	Lot 3 and 4 blk 122 Mission View H'd.. W 21st Ave 390 N Clement, n 40x240— subdiv blk 161 .....	1 ....
Frank Koenig to T R Morgan .....	Commencing at center Granite block at se cor land known as Guerrero 400-va lot, th running s 81 1/4 deg, w 139 feet 1/2 inch n 8 1/4 deg, w 82:5, e 150 to Do- lores th along Dolores etc, por M B 83 ..	100
J F C Beythien et al to F Campion ..	Se cor Grant Place and Dupont, 20x60— sub 50-v 904; also ne cor Grant Place and Dupont st, n 20x103 .....	2,400
Wm M Pierson to Jacob Meyer .....	S McAllister w Larkin, 16:4x120—sub- division W A 4 .....	10
M C Randolph to Otto Arnold .....	N Sutter e Octavia, 68:9x120—subdivi- sion W A 158 .....	3,300
David Sheahan to Jacob Meyer .....	Sw McAllister w Larkin, w 28:4x120 ..	2,600

## Tuesday, July 1st.

Dennis Tobin to M J McDonald .....	S of O'Farrell W of Larkin, 27:6x197:6 subdiv W A 9 .....	\$1,200
Chas B Mahan to Wm B Dolan .....	S Harrison e 3d, 25x90, subject to mort- gage for \$300 .....	3,550
Alwin Weske to Frederick Clay .....	S Jackson w Buchanan, 25:3x127:6 .....	300
John A Snook to E Mitchell .....	W Bartlett e 25th, 26x117:6 .....	1,040
Max Siebel to City and County S F ..	Com 80:5 e Scotland st and 120:7 n Fil- bert n 16:11 etc—sub 50-v 153 .....	878
Thos Brown to Frank Corde .....	S Clay, 112:6 e Hyde, e 25x137:6 .....	1,800
A W MacPherson to H Wetherbee ..	Undiv 1-20 N B blks 6, 10 and 16; also 50-v lots 1510 and 1528 .....	10 500
Lizzie Harnett to Edwd H Doyle .....	W Hampshire n 2d, 25x100 .....	
David E Buel to Nina L Buel .....	Undiv 1/2 se Harrison 50 sw Lincoln Pl, sw 75 se 150 ne 52, nw 7 ne 73 nw 10, sw 50, nw 113 to com—subdiv 100-v 74 ..	Gift.
Jas T Condrin to Wm C Mead .....	S Tyler e Fillmore, e 27:6x137:6 .....	1,500
S Riordan to Matthew J O Brian ..	S M, 75 e Guerrero, e 25x114 .....	700
T P Riordan to Cath M Hartman ..	E De Haro, 66:8 n Sonoma, n 33:4x100— subdiv P N 181 .....	850
Geo T Shaw to Michael Martin .....	S Greenwich, 37:6 w Kearny, w 25x87:6 subdiv 50-v 463 .....	2,100
Lamson S Welton to N H Andrews ..	S Bush e Buchanan, 30x137:6 .....	1
Chas H McDearmid to L E White .....	E 2d Ave 200 s 16th, e 60x120 .....	3,000
S F Cen Pk H'd to H H Lawrence ..	Lots 50, 51 and 52, block 574, W A .....	750

## Wednesday, July 2d.

John J Marks to Florence Crowley	N Post W Franklin, 30x120.....	\$3,000
Austin D Moore to F J P Moore..	Nw Folsom ne 12th, ne 100:4, nw etc..	Gift.
A A Harvey, to John O'Kane.....	Commencing at intersec se line Sanchez sw 83:4 se 97:6, n 128:3 to com'nt.	1,700
Robt S Martin to Lydia Colvin....	To correct error in deed 685 D 83.....	1
Henry Gutzeit to M Silberstein....	Se Folsom sw 5th, 25x90.....	3,400
Elon De Witt to Chas Harlan .....	Lots 11 and 13 blk 19, Noe Garden H'd.	1,000
Jas Atkinson to W L Hobart.....	Subdiv 50-v 573, subj to mortg of \$30,000	50,000
J L Hussey to Robt Stevenson.....	S Columbia e Sanchez, 25x114.....	700
J L Hussey et al to R L Stevenson..	S Columbia, 255 e Sanchez 50x114.....	800
Robt Stevenson to Joseph Denny..	N 17th e Douglass, 49:4x260.....	1,800
Eliza Thomas to Margaret Byrne..	N Pine e Taylor, 28x84.....	4,500
Jabish Clement to Chas H Stanyan	N Fulton w Parker Ave, e 146:5, etc.....	2,000
Alexander Forbes to L Quint.....	W Mason n Jackson, 68:9x137:6.....	8,000
Samuel Sweeney to same.....	Same.....	10
Cath Sweeney to Chris Westphal..	Same.....	5,100
Garrett C Sweeney to same.....	Same.....	1
Bay Park H'd to M A Howe.....	Lot 41 block 556.....	320

## Thursday and Saturday, July 3d and 5th.

Sarah Hall to Henry Hall et al....	Lot 7 blk 116, University Homestead...	Gift
New S S F Hd Ass'n to A M Murphy	Lots 15 and 16 blk 157, New S S F H'd..	\$1,000
W A Bray to Geo W Fryer.....	N Turk e Devisadero, 27:6x137:6.....	3,300
New S S F Hd Ass'n to Emil Prahl	Lot 37 33 39 blk 157, New S S F H'd..	1,500
Peter Doyle to Henry W Seal.....	Sw 1st nw Clementina, nw 20x77—sub- division 100-v 55.....	3,500
Edgar Buhop to Chas H Mead, Jr.	S Tyler w Webster, 137:6x27:6.....	1,500
Gardenville H Ass'n to R C Vencel	Re-record.....	355
J G Hayden to B Kenefic.....	Sw Harriet se Howard, se 20x75.....	1,800
Richard M Sherman to Eliza Noble	N Tyler e Fillmore, 137:6x68:9.....	1
Bay View H'd to E M Rector.....	Lot 7 blk 539 Bay View H'd.....	500
Same to Alonzo Rector.....	Lots 3 and 4 blk 514, Bay View H'd....	1,000
Francis Foye to Peter Lee.....	Re-record.....	1,000
Timothy Griffin to Michael J Hogan	E Hyde n Vallejo, n 25x82:6.....	750
L E White to Geo W Lemont.....	E 2d Ave s 16th, 30x120—sub M B 39...	2,000
Olivia C Peck to Jos C Collins....	S Bush w Dupont, 41:6x63—sub 50v 291	100
Lewis Peck to same.....	Same.....	9,500
John F McCauley to W A Bray.....	N Brannan e 6th, 72x110; also und & sw 5th w Bryant, 45:10x160; also, Potrero blk 114; also same—P B 148.....	10,000
Henry Toomy to A Auspacher....	E Polk s Pine, 60x62.....	1
John Hunter to Chas Brockhoff....	Lots 5 and 6 blk 324.....	1,200
J B Moore to Garrett C Sweeney..	Sw 6th se Brannan, 50x80.....	1

## Monday, July 7th.

Geo Halm to M J Healy.....	Lot 2 block 42 Excelsior Homestead....	\$ 100
Jas Ross to Frank Buckley.....	E Devisadero s O'Farrell, 25x90.....	700
S A Hastings to Jas Larkey.....	Nw Webster and Filbert, n 30x87.....	100
C V Hastings to Coll Deane.....	S California .03:8½ w Battery, w 40 x s 39—sub B and W 244, 245, 254 and 255	.....
P L Weaver et al to same.....	Same.....	70,000
Michael Lynch to Oliver Coulson..	N Dorland e Dolores, 45x18, sub M B 79	500
Claus Spreckels to Michael Lynch	Subdivisions M B 79.....	2
S F Gas Co to S F Gas Light Co..	All the Real Estate belonging to S F Gas Co of San Francisco.....	1
R P Clement to Edward Sumner..	Ne Fulton and Parker Ave, n 13th, etc.	1,200
B Pulverman to Jos Clement.....	E Howard n 20th, 45x122:6; also, e Noe, 101:6 s 18th, s 50x105; also, se Capital and Farralones, e 200x125.....	9,000
E L Sullivan to F L A Pioche, dec	W 11th Ave and A, etc.—sub O L blk 294	4,000
W G Doolittle to Morris Shloss....	Lot 23 blk 157 N S S F H'd Ass'n.....	500
Felton T'ct H Ass'n to Wm Henry	Lots 37 and 38 blk 1, 201.....	340
James Cameron to Henry Brook....	W Harrison n 18th, 75 s to Mariposa, etc	2

## Tuesday, July 8th.

Jacob Cohen to H Lowenberg.....	Turk e Leavenworth, 25x137:6, subject to a mortgage for \$3,500.....	\$2,000
Henry Fowler to Ellen E Weaver..	Broadway w Webster, 137:6x137:6.....	4,000
DeWitt Thompson to Coll Deane..	California w Battery, 40x89.....	.....
J E Slinkey to C E Haseltine.....	2 acres, McDonald Tract.....	300
N W Lapham to A McHenry.....	Broadway e Laguna, 34:4½x137:6.....	7,000
J O Doane to Ignaz Schmidt.....	Steiner n Fell, 41:3x110.....	3,500
H Mahan to Louis Schallich.....	Pt Lobos Av w Boyce, 25x100.....	1
Louis Schallich to Hugh Mahan..	Cook n Pt Lobos Av, 25:3x120.....	1
Silver Terrace H As to C H Voight	Lot 333, Silver Terrace H'd.....	360
Same to Same.....	Lot 370, same.....	360
Same to Same.....	Lot 369, same.....	365
Same to Same.....	Lot 371, same.....	365



## Wednesday, July 9th.

A Casamayou to John Weller.....	Lot 212, blk 187, Central Park H'd.....	\$ 5
Jas Finch to John P Manclet.....	Kearny s Jackson, 20 2x137.6.....	500
O F Cem'ty As'n to D Doscher.....	Lot 10, Harmony Sect plat 4.....	54
Rufus Parker to Mary McKenna.....	Shotwell n 24th, 30x122.6.....	1,860
D F McDonald to J E Slinkey.....	1 acre, McDonald Tract.....	1,000
Pt Lobos Av & P'k H to J Mattoon.....	Lot 66, blk 241, Pt Lobos Av & P'k H'd.....	280
L F Williams to Edward Martin.....	Hayes and Laguna, 412-6x275.....	1
Geary St Ex H'd to C A Sankey.....	Lot 33 blk 166.....	300
Marian Hart to James H Lemon.....	S 19th e Stevenson, 25x85—enb M B 67.....	2,000
Paul Neuman to Honora Runk.....	S Jackson w Leavenworth, 137-6x34-4 1/2.....	.....
H A Cobb to Henry L Davis.....	Ne Jackson and Montgomery, 60x60.....	.....

## Thursday, July 10th.

P A Eakins to Wm A Beal.....	Pine e Buchanan, 27-6x137-6.....	\$1,200
J E Slinkey to Wm J Woodley.....	1 acre McDonald Tract.....	300
S H Wetherbee to H Wetherbee.....	2 und 1-20, blk 6, b'd by Jefferson, Powell, Beach and Mason: Blk 10, b'd by Beach, Powell, North Pt and Mason; Blk 16, b'd by Bay, Powell, North Pt and Mason; 50-vara lots 1510 and 1526, com on n line of Francisco, 137-6 e Mason, n to Bay st, etc.....	5
P B Hewett to Chas Hopps.....	Geary w Mason, 20x60.....	100
E W Burr to Wm Ware.....	Interest derived under Tax Collectors certificates, 1383, 1386, 1387 and 1388.....	1
Robert Mills to Same.....	Mis n blk 22, b'd by Herman, Valencia, Ridley, Guerrero and Market.....	5
Lucy S Atwood to H W Taylor.....	Tehama Pl e 1st, 61-6x19.....	1,050
C H Morgan to Jas Newman.....	York n 25th, 27x100.....	950
J W Gale to Eliz'th Howe.....	Eureka s 20th, 75x180.....	1,000
D F McDonald to M F Morrill.....	1 acre por McDonald Tract.....	1
Noe Garden Hd U'f to O S Richard.....	Lot 9 blk 18, Noe Garden H'd.....	500
C H Voight to City and County S F.....	Com 174-3 e Dupont, and 40 s Adler, e 44-3 1/2, s 53-2, nw 69-2 to com.....	2,616
Nancy H Andrews to N Atkinson.....	Bush e Buchanan, 30x137-6.....	1,500
C W M Smith to Abner Doble.....	Com 80 ft n of n line of Sac'to and 100 w of w line Polk, th w 50, etc.....	1,350

## Friday, July 11th.

Wm McKibbin to A Pendola.....	Mason n Green, 23x137-6.....	\$4,200
A D McDonald to J W Brittan.....	Lots 1656, 1657 and 1658, Gift Map 3.....	1
J Baldwin to Thos Molens.....	York n Butte, 25x100.....	500
W K Van Allen to A Giorgiani.....	Pine w Mason, 27-6x150.....	10,000
R E Raimond to Roger D Magee.....	Hayes and Fillmore, 67-9x70.....	1
E J Baldwin to Same.....	Same.....	100
City and County S F to P Hughes.....	W 21st Av n Clement, n 100, w 240, s 11, s 9 degrees, e 89, e 230 to com.....	.....
A Guerrero to Sav and Loan Soc'y.....	Dolores n 16th, e 207-10, etc.....	2,200
V Guerrero to Same.....	Same.....	2,000
Mark Pixley to B Sanborn.....	Ne 20th Av nw H, 25x100.....	300
Geary St Ex H'd to J L Hostet.....	Lot 9 blk 167, Geary St Ex H'd Ass'n.....	350
Wm E Worth to Wm B Swain.....	Folsom sw Hawthorne, 35-6x75.....	8,000
Wm Erzgraber to S P Taylor.....	McAllister and Webster, 137-6x68-9.....	6,400
Catherine Erzgraber to same.....	Same.....	5
Isaac N Thorne to T C Van Ness.....	Valencia s 17th, 26x100.....	11
T C Van Ness to Wm A Piper.....	Same.....	5,250
Felton T'ct H'd As'n to G Constant.....	Lots 25 to 30 inc blk 1202, Felton Tract.....	1,020
Thos Knight to Henry Pierce.....	Turk and Leav'th, 137-6x137-6.....	20,000
W G Doolittle to N Hamilton.....	Lot 2 blk 157, New S S F H'd Ass'n.....	500
D McMenomy to John McMenomy.....	Grove e Franklin, 27-6x68-9.....	1,100
B Triest to City & County S F.....	Powell n Union, n 30-11 1/2, etc.....	1,262
C B Wyatt to John F Morse.....	Pine and Scott, 137-6x137-6.....	4,500
R P Clement to Henry Sutter.....	Baker and Hayes, 137-6x124-10 1/2, subject to a mortgage for \$3,000.....	.....
City & County S F to R P Clement.....	Various lots in Outside Lands.....	.....

## Saturday, July 12th.

Tide Land Com'rs to E McTernan.....	Clinton nw Brannan, 25x90.....	\$ 8
E McTernan to Bridget McGovern.....	Same.....	2,000
L L Robinson to S L Theller.....	Se Henry and Yale, 120x100.....	10
J M Welsh to A Pederson.....	Buch e Mason, 22x80.....	5,000
Thos Bell to J D Farwell.....	2d ne Clementina, 30x80; also, und 1/2 Clementina e 2d, 40x80.....	1,500
M Meagher to Pat'k Tiernan.....	Lot 535, Gift Map 1.....	100
W A Menton to E F Preston.....	Fillmore s Washington, 25x137-6.....	1,125
Rhinaldo Mowry to Origin Mowry.....	Re-record.....	.....
Silver Terrace H As to C Gersback.....	Lots 50 and 51, Silver Terrace H'd.....	801

## Monday, July 14th.

C Berghofer to John F Taylor ....	Se Mississippi and Colusa, 100x50; also, com on Pennsylvania Av n fr nw cor of sd av and Colusa st, 100x100; also, com on Iowa 50 s fr se cor Iowa and Yuba, 150x100; lots 2 and 3 blk 331, Golden City H'd As'n; also, lot 4 blk 331, Golden City H'd As'n .....	\$2,250
Jacob Ott to Same .....	Se Yolo and Iowa, 50x100; also, com on Iowa n Colusa, 75x100 .....	750
City and County S F to Jacob Ott ..	Yolo and Iowa, 50x100 .....	350
John Hill to Peter Hayden .....	Lot 5 blk 4, Noc Garden H'd As'n .....	590
Pt Lobos Av & P H to G Robinson ..	Lots 5 and 6, blk 424 .....	350
Geary St E Hd Asn to Rosa Metters ..	Lot 17 blk 166, O Lands .....	350
Same to Petro Metters .....	Lot 18 blk 166, O Lands .....	175
Thos McInerney to Robert Green ..	Lots 379 and 381, Gift Map 2 .....	150
F C DuBrutz to Pat'k Swift .....	Lot 349, Gift Map 4 .....	150
Cornelius Collins to Same .....	Lot 361, same .....	500
Lucien Simon to Cidril Houle .....	Lots 631 and 760 to 763 inc, same .....	2,300
T P Riordan to Chas Flick .....	Vermont n Nevada, 65:8x100 .....	3,000
Eliz'th Jamison to T J Morse .....	Carlos s O'Farrell, 40x57:6 .....	
Charles McClay to Thos G McLean ..	Com at sw corner of Jacob Herman's inclosure designated by pt A on Hoadley's Survey, n 4 deg, e 37 ch, etc, containing 48 acres .....	3,000
J H Applegate to Wm Ware .....	Mission Block 22 .....	5
T H Allen to L J Hutchings .....	Leav'th n Jackson, 22:6x70 .....	3,500
G S Porter to T H Allen .....	Same .....	3,200
F L A Pioche to J S Luty .....	McAllister e Octavia, 50x137:6 .....	5
Jos French to P E Hardny .....	Selena n Cal'a, 30x58 .....	1
L E White to J H Athearn .....	2d Av s 16th, 30x120 .....	1,500
E Villeneuve to Frank McGlynn ..	Margaret Place n Vallejo, n 91, e 44, etc, re-record .....	.....

**Real Estate Transactions--Alameda County.**

Reported by G. W. McKEAND, Searcher of Records for Alameda Co. and San Leandro.

GRANTOR AND GRANTEE.	DESCRIPTION.	PRICE
S C Brown to G Obenauer .....	Oakland: N line 6th 50 e from Jackson, thence e 50x100.	\$1,500
A Borel to C Hinz .....	Same: N line 8th 69:7 w from Kirkham, thence w 50x117 1/2.	—
J de Fremery to M Ryan .....	Same: 180 Adeline x 286:6; also, 326:6 21st st x 180.	1,300
S V Mandeville to A C Brown .....	Same: N line Brown 266 e from Grove, thence e 50x120.	5,000
J B Scotchler to E Remillard .....	Same: 32:3x104:9 se cor Cypress & 17th.	—
Same to V L Norton .....	Same: 32:3x104:9 ne cor Cypress & 16th.	450
P Pinkham to C J Frank .....	Same: N line 18th 75 e fr Brush, thence e 75x100.	450
L P de Arce to C Deane .....	Same: 100x300 by Madison, Jackson, and s by 9th.	5,500
P T S A's'n to J Belden .....	Same: Lot 71, Pacific Theo Sem'y Tract.	14,000
City of Oakland to J Wood .....	Same: S line 6th 187 w from West street, thence w 107:6.	—
G M Condee to A Hinds .....	Same: 104x75 ne cor Myrtle and 8th.	500
A Hinds to L H Cary .....	Same.	5
Harrison & Kellogg to T Crane .....	East Oakland: 5 acs, plot 15, Watson Tr.	7,000
E C Sessions to F N Remillard .....	Same: Ne Hepburn 302:6 nw from Antonio, thence nw 150x140.	3,000
P N Remillard to H & E Remillard .....	Same.	1,200
A Babcock to W C Wallace .....	Same: Ne Madison 100 se from Polk, thence se 50x150.	5
E C Sessions to M R Kellogg .....	Same: 59x140 n cor Alameda & Charter.	2,000
J V Webster to P Shurtz .....	Same: Sw Monroe 150 se from Pierce, thence se 50x150.	1,250
W C Wallace to same .....	Same: Sw Monroe 100 se from Pierce, thence se 250x150.	900
J C Bates to E McD B J Hughes .....	Same: 150x150 e cor Madison & Pierce.	2,000
Wolf & Graffelman to W Dorman .....	West Oakland: 75:7x75 sw cor William and Cedar.	1
W S Lyon to A Verhave .....	Same: E line Cedar 50:5 n from William, thence n 50x100:7.	1,600
J de Fremery to T Perkins .....	Same: S line William 80:7 w from Pine, thence w 37:6x100:7.	1,100
Same to S F Savings Union .....	Same: S line William 118:1 w from Pine, thence w 62:6x100:7.	1,525
W Wenland to J McIntyre .....	Same: E line Campbell 67:2 s from 8th, thence s 25x180.	2,500
E Bigelow to G H Chick .....	Oakland: 50x103:9 ne cor 15th and Jefferson.	800
G H Smith to J Hutchinson .....	Same: S line Bay Pl 420 e from Telegraph Ave thence e 100x118:4.	\$1,400
Armes & Sather to E Redden .....	Same: 50x110 nw cor 5th and Filbert.	1,500
Same to B Dugan .....	Same: N line 5th 60 w from Filbert th w 50x100.	1,195
City of Oakland to J S Fogg .....	Same: Lot corner West, 5th and Market.	985
J C Hayes to C P R R Co .....	Same: Strip 80 feet wide Alice st from 1st street to the creek.	500
E Adams to same .....	Same: Same.	1
J de Fremery to S F Savings Union .....	Same: 100x200 n by 13th s by 12th and west by Grove.	1,100
M Lynch to C J Frank .....	Same: 1 acre San Pablo Avenue.	10,350
E P Flint to C A Low .....	Same: 100x100 nw cor 11th & Harrison.	5,600
D Wilcox to R A Heaton .....	Same: W line Webster 206 n from 14th street thence n 50x150.	6,000
W A Stuart to I C Steele .....	Same: S line Merrimac 200 e from Telegraph thence e 75x145; also in Oakl'd Tp. Parkers Plot 63.	7,250
O Hld Ass'n to W D English .....	Oakland Tp: Lots 71 72 Maxwell Tract.	2,500
W S Lyon to A Verbose .....	West Oakland: E line Cedar 50:7 n from William thence n 50x100:7.	5
D Knight to R A Knight .....	Same: Various lots in Caserly Tract.	1,100
F H Blanchard to same .....	Same to same.	1,300
T Moore to C P R R Co .....	Alameda: Two acres near Mastick Sta'n	1
L Michel to E C Michel .....	Sonsal Creek near San Leandro old R'd half interest in 7 acres.	4,000
J T Stratton to E Nicholas .....	Near Mission San Jose: 7 1/2 acres.	1,500
J Benzle to C Zimmerman .....	Laddeville: One Lot.	500
S S Frakes to J Rose .....	Three miles ne from Vallejo Mill: 40 acs.	75
A W Sessor to T J Edmondson .....	Pleasanton: Lots 6 7 8 in blk C.	375
		6,000

F D Atherton to T Hanschildt.....	Near Haywood: 140 acres.....	\$4,000
Same to F Nehrboss.....	Same: 315 acres.....	6,000
Whitcher to B Myron.....	Near Telegraph Ave and Temescal Cr'k	475
J A Williams to J Black.....	Near Mission San Jose: 50 acres.....	1,500
L R Snow to L N Snow.....	San Leandro: Part blk 59.....	10
M J Denman to G Touchard.....	Oakland n city limits: 1½ acres of Webster street.....	1,000
E Cose to H C Parks.....	Brooklyn Tp: Tract Redwoods Road.....	5
G W Dam to J B Sanderson.....	Oakland Tp: S line Milton 100 w from San Pablo thence w 50x100.....	650
J Kelly to T Nolan.....	9 miles ne from Livermore.....	1,200
Lewis & Miller to J Hall.....	Near Alvarado: 50 acres.....	6,000
J Wilkinson to H E Bunker.....	Livermore: ½ interest in 50x214.....	1,000
G Forbes to P C Waltenburg.....	Same: ½ interest in same.....	1,000
S Merritt to J Bachman.....	Berkeley: 78x110.....	1,000
N B Byrne to J Wheeler.....	Near same: 16 acres and 17 acres part of plot 84.....	5
Same to G Miller.....	Near same: 2 acres part of plot 84.....	5
G Miller to J Sharron.....	Near same: Same.....	500
Adams & Boyd to N P R R Co.....	Strip 100 ft wide on located line N P R R	1
G W Armes to C A Klose.....	Oakland: E Harrison 446 n from 14th st thence n 156x150.....	\$3,000
Ex'rs of E Tompkins to F J Tyler	Same: 76x150 ne cor 14th and Harrison	2,900
S A Knox to E G Stetson.....	Same: 111x200 ne cor Broadway Ext'n and Prospect Avenue.....	1,600
E G Stetson to Ex'rs E Tompkins.....	Same: Same.....	2,000
S A Knox to E G Stetson.....	Same: Lot on Broadway Extension.....	500
Same to C Sarl.....	Same: Lot on same.....	750
T Spelman to A Spelman.....	Same: N line 12th st 468 w from Kirkham thence w 52x110.....	Gift.
Durant & Bigelow to E Donahue.....	Same: N line 5th st 75 e from Henry thence 75x96:3.....	1,350
Same to T Sheehan.....	Same: N line 5th st 75 w from Chester thence w 25x95:3.....	450
A J Gladding to G Dugan.....	Same: 192:4 and 24th st and 38 Ettie st.....	300
P S Wilcox to H Hillebrand.....	Same: W line Broadway 100 n fm Delzer thence n 50x100.....	3,100
W Stokes to A Wood.....	Same: N line Durant 125 e from Franklin thence e 30x100.....	1,010
Armes and Sather to J H Earle.....	Same: 50x108 sw cor R R Av & Filbert.....	1,300
S H Willey to F T Tyler.....	Same: 38x150 ne cor 14th and Harrison.....	2,665
Armes and Sather to J Corbett.....	Same: W Filbert 203:10 S R R Association 25x125.....	500
Same to P Broderick.....	Same: W Filbert 233:10 S R R Association s 25x125.....	500
E Bigelow to G W Armes.....	Same: 156 Harrison n from 4th st by 150; also 78 Alice n from 14th st by 150.....	5
Ex'rs E Tompkins to Same.....	Same: Same.....	1
R B Bartlett to J Hardy.....	Same: W line Henry 175 n from 3d st thence n 50x125.....	900
P T S Ass'n to E Jones.....	Same: Lot 59 Pacific Theo Sem'y Tract.....	....
Armes & Sather to L W Smitten.....	Same: W line Filbert 183:10 s from R R Ave thence s 25x125.....	475
Wilcox & Bigelow to A J Snyder.....	East Oakland: 1-3d int in 22½ acres.....	1,800
C W Tyler to L James.....	West Oakland: 50:7x105:7 ne cor Wood and Atlantic.....	4,000
W E Brown to C W Tyler.....	Alameda: Half interest 435:4x450 Santa Clara R R Ave & Walnut; also 300 x 435: Santa Clara Walnut and Central.....	8,000
W H Miller to W E Brown.....	Same: The Alameda Park Tract.....	1
C Minturn to C F Hall.....	Same: S line Cen'l Ave 100 w from Oak thence w 50x150.....	550
E Minturn to J Powell.....	Same: Same.....	500
W Severence to W Marsh.....	Same: 240x150 nw corner Everett & Eagle; also w line Everett 150 n from Eagle thence n 50x140.....	5,300
Hays & Caperton to J R & W Nicol	Same: 95:9x140:2 sw corner Lincoln and Broadway.....	750
C W Tyler to W E Brown.....	Same: ½ interest 435x450 R R Avenue Santa Clara, Central and Willow	10,000
J W Hines to F E Bailey.....	Oakland Township: 5 acres part plot 84	4,000
E Jones to M P Randall.....	Same: 18 acres part plot 79.....	10
W C Kimball to H Hickey.....	Same: Lots 98 and 99 Kimball Tract.....	230
E Martin to J R Browne.....	Same: 10 acres Vernon Park Tract.....	10,000
O P Sutton to Same.....	Same: 9 acres: Same.....	5,000
J Smith to J L Beard.....	Near Alvarado—300 acres.....	4,500
F D Atherton to J F de Super.....	Haywood: 290:5x300.....	150
L Parker to M C Volz.....	Lynn: Lots 39 and 40 in blk G.....	6,500
T O Regan to J A Brown.....	San Leandro: 12½ acres.....	300
Braley & Reed to W A Jordan.....	Pleasanton: Lots 11 and 12 in blk A.....	300
W A Jordan to L W Winn.....	Same: Same.....	300

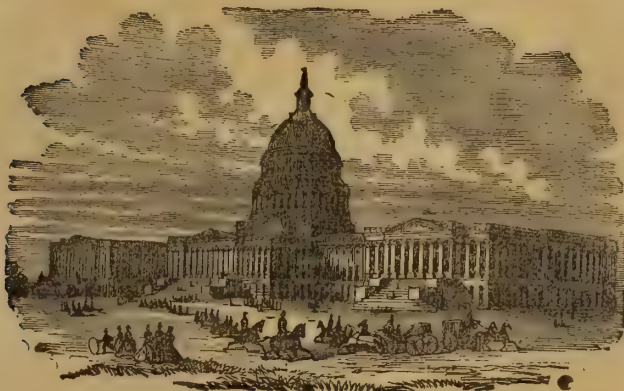


G S Brown to F Maillot.....	Oakland: N line Sycamore 800 w Telegraph Ave thence w 100x186.4.....	5,500
J P Cogswell to H H Flagg.....	Same: S line 13th st 100 e from West et thence e 30x100.....	1,500
J de Fremery to J Hainfin.....	Same: 50:100 ne cor 12th and West.....	2,125
O C Ely to J Hainfin.....	Same: N line 12th st 50 e from West et thence e 50x100.....	1,975
J de Fremery to H H Flagg.....	Same: S line 13th st 100 w from Brush thence w 50x100.....	1,475
Same to O C Ely.....	Same: N line 12th st 50 e from West et thence e 160x100; also 100x100 sw cor 13th and Brush.....	6,965
O C Ely to A R Cogswell.....	Same: 100x100 sw cor 13th and Brush; also n line 12th street 100 e from West street thence e 50x100.....	....
A de Matos to T B Crandell.....	East Oakland: 25x100 w cor Clay and Harrison.....	1,200
W Erzgraber to H T Suden.....	Same: Ne Adams 25 nw from Arroyo th nw cor 40x140.....	1,000
W F Dorman to M Graffelmann....	West Oakland: 75x75:7 sw corner Cedar and William.....	1,800
Sav & L'n Soc'y to W E Brown....	Alameda: Lots in Alameda Park Tract.....	30,000
Henry & Morton to Union S Bank	Oakland Tp: Tract in V Peralta Reservation.....	21,600
C L Des Rochers to S E Alden....	Same: 1 acre part of plot 13.....	900
G Emerson to S Howard.....	Near Mission San Jose: 1½ acres.....	241
J Howard to F M Meyer.....	Same: Same.....	200
M Ragan to P Nolan.....	3 miles e from Mission San Jose: 49 acres.....	2,750
W H Ivey to F Peralta.....	Near San Leandro: 58 acres.....	1
F Peralta to W H Ivey.....	Same: 291 acres.....	1
D McDongal to O E Roberts.....	Oakland: N line 27th 240 e from West, thence e 25x100.....	\$ 250
E Hackett to C Baggs.....	Same: 18 acres e line Peralta near 20th.....	9,182
A M Irwin to M Rosenberg.....	Same: 90x50 ne cor 10th and Webster.....	11,500
H H Flagg to F Oliver.....	Same: S line 13th 100 w from Brush st, thence w 100x100.....	3,000
J Bacon to W H Patton.....	Same: W line Alice 964 n from 12th st, thence n 61:6x150.....	3,075
T M Anusell to S H Mather.....	Same: S line 21st 104:2 w fm Broadway Ext., thence w 208x110.....	12,000
J C Hays to J Shaw.....	Same: 25x93 sw cor 5th and Myrtle.....	600
J M Valdez to Coll Deane.....	Same: 5 acres, Webster near Elm; also, Tract Marsh.....	38,000
J Lorne to County of Alameda....	East Oakland: Blk 22, San Antonio.....	5
O H'd Ass'n to J Atherton.....	Same: Lot 64, Capital H'd Tract.....	400
H Tubbs to H P Haynes.....	Same: Ne Humbert 200 ac from Strode, thence sc 100x150.....	800
E C Sessions to F L Taylor.....	Same: N Hepburn 126:6 e fr Broadway, thence e 100x140.....	800
Hays & Caperton to W Hammond.	Alameda: 272 Central x 200 Versailles.....	3,100
Same to W Paterson.....	Same: 195:9x140:2 nw cor Santa Clara and Broadway.....	1,500
Swift & Coleman to Sac'to S Bank	Same: Various blks in Minturn Tract.....	32,000
E McLean to C L des Rochers.....	Oakland T'p: 496x40, part plot 13.....	5
C L des Rochers to J Swett.....	Same: 200x100, part plot 13.....	500
E McLean to S E Alden.....	Same: Part plot 13.....	250
F Warner to H Hanschildt.....	Same: 86:4 each Market and San Pablo junction.....	900
Oakland H'd Ass'n to G W Frasher	Same: Lot 37 in blk 3, Maxwell Tract.....	5
G W Frasher to J Shuey.....	Same: Same.....	800
L Recherch to E L Beard.....	Brooklyn T'p: 23 acres.....	8,000
J Linforth to C J Deering.....	Same: 2 acres e line Fruit Vale Av.....	1,400
G W Dam to E Tripp.....	Same: 12 acres San Leandro Road and Redwood Road.....	4,200
E Tripp to W P Valentine.....	Same: Same.....	14,000
C Jackson to J B Watson.....	Same: 8½ acres near Lake Merritt.....	1
J Davis to W Thompson.....	3 miles sw from Dublin: 160 acres.....	1,600
V Lowe to Same.....	Same: 160 acres.....	800
H Hughes to H Hughes, Jr.....	2 miles w Dublin: 160 acres.....	800
A Jenks to G W Chapman.....	Road Centerville to Vallejo's Mills: 5 ac.....	1,000
N R Reed to G S Rathburn.....	8 miles ne from Livermore: 640 acres.....	400
J Williams to Collie & Allen.....	Near San Leandro: 1 acre.....	400

Vol. 4.]

[No. 1.

# THE CALIFORNIA



## MAIL BAG.

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OCTOBER, 1873.

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SAN FRANCISCO:

PUBLISHED BY F. MARRIOTT, 607 TO 615 MERCHANT ST.

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AGENTS:

ROMAN & CO., W. E. LOOMIS, WHITE & BAUER, SAN FRANCISCO;  
A. S. HOPKINS, SACRAMENTO; C. WIEDERHOLD, PIOCHE CITY,  
NEV.; WESTERN NEWS CO., CHICAGO; AMERICAN NEWS  
CO., AUGUST BRENTANO, NEW YORK; JOHN LAW  
& SON, OMAHA, NEB.; F. ALGAR, 8 CLEMENT'S  
LANE, LONDON, ENG.

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ADVERTISING RATES:—\$30 a page; \$15 a half page; \$8 a qr. page per mo.



## CALIFORNIA MAIL BAG.

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### "NOT AS I WILL."

Blindfolded and alone I stand  
With unknown thresholds on each hand ;  
The darkness deepens as I grope,  
Afraid to fear, afraid to hope ;  
Yet this one thing I learn to know  
Each day more surely as I go,  
That doors are open, ways are made,  
Burdens are lifted or are laid,  
By some great law unseen and still,  
Unfathomed purpose to fulfill,

"Not as I will."

Blindfolded and alone I wait ;  
Loss seems too bitter, gain too late ;  
Too heavy burdens in the load  
And too few helpers on the road ;  
And joy is weak and grief is strong,  
And years and days so long, so long.  
Yet this one thing I learn to know  
Each day more surely as I go,  
That I am glad the good and ill  
By changeless law are ordered still,

"Not as I will."

"Not as I will," the sound grows sweet  
Each time my lips the words repeat,  
"Not as I will," the darkness feels  
More safe than light when this thought steals  
Like whispered voice to calm and bless  
All unrest and loneliness.  
"Not as I will," because the One  
Who loved us first and best is gone  
Before us on the road, and still  
For us must all his love fulfill,  
"Not as we will."

—H. H. in *Independent*.

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### MIDNIGHT ATTACK WITH TORPEDOES ON H. M. S. MONARCH.

About midnight on Thursday, July 31st, an attack was made by torpedo boats, from Portsmouth harbor, upon her Majesty's turret frigate *Monarch*, anchored at Spithead. Captain Bays, commanding the Gunnery Establishment at Portsmouth, with the officers forming the Torpedo Committee, now sitting at the Royal Naval College, Portsmouth, and other officers belonging to the torpedo class on board the *Vernon*, under the instruction of Commander Fisher, left Portsmouth dockyard, soon after 10 p. m., for Spithead, where after a cautious approach from the eastern entrance to the roadstead, the *Monarch* was observed lying at anchor but evidently on the lookout for the approach of the torpedo flotilla, her own boats being lowered and manned and rowing guard round her. The four torpedo boats—steam launches painted white, fitted with outriggers and dummy torpedoes, one of the latter being supposed to represent the "fish" torpedo—made a dash at the frigate through her circle of guard boats. The launch carrying the fish dummy got near enough to drop her weapon overboard within sufficiently close distance for it to do its work. Another, after having her rudder unshipped by one of the guard boats, continued her course for the frigate, and struck her with a torpedo. The other two boats appeared to have failed in their attack. The principle object of the experiment may have been, as the torpedo boats were painted white, and as another attack will be made upon the ship with boats painted gray, to ascertain by observation from the *Monarch* the best color for the disguise of a torpedo boat in its approach by night upon a ship at anchor. We may suppose, if we like, that as the dummy fish torpedo was dropped overboard within proper distance, and as the frigate was struck by the dummy of another kind of torpedo, the *Monarch* was sunk in a simple way as she lay at anchor. But, putting aside for a moment the fish torpedo, and considering only the ordinary torpedo, which has no propelling power within itself, it will at once be seen that for torpedo boats to approach and successfully explode their mines near the water line or under the bottom of a ship at anchor would now be a far more difficult task than some people may suppose. The *Monarch* had her rowing boats keeping guard round her, and watching for the approach of the torpedo flotilla ; but had the experimental attack upon her been an episode of actual warfare, the *Monarch* would have been lying within her own nests of protecting torpedoes, laid out on her bows and quarters, while at the same time her boats could have taken a wider range and fought with their runs and torpedoes.—*Times*.



## WHAT BROWN SAID.

[BY OUR PAT CONTRIBUTOR.]

London, August 9, 1873.—Just as I was congratulating myself upon the swift approach of the 12th, and the consequent arrival of the welcome grouse, Brown walked in, with a frown on his forehead and a bundle of papers in his hand. Now Brown is on the Stock Exchange, and is great at acries and discounts, can talk for a week about securities and loans; usually has a mine in his pocket, and always hores me to death about "money being cheap." Money cheap, indeed, as if I did not see quite plainly that when "Lucullus dines with Lucullus" in future it will be equivalent to dining with Duke Humphrey unless the times alter. I did not want to be bothered with Brown, and I said mildly, "My dear fellow, I am delighted to see you; it's awfully kind of you to look in. Take a cigar from Partagas, and don't mind my going on with what I am about, because I am writing to the *News Letter*, to tell the worthy editor thereof how to make a sabini of grouse with white wine instead of Madeira. It's true that they have not the real thing in grouse, but they may as well have the best information on the subject." "D—!" Oh! what a wicked word Brown said. "Brown," said I, solemnly, "you'll spoil my appetite for luncheon; I am sorry you fee cross, have some Madeira yourself; there's a lot here." I handed out my precious double voyage, yellow-seed, and the vagabond took a tumbler, and essayed to fill it with the delectable liquor. I stopped him firmly: "Drink fair, my friend, respect the Madeira, and let your woes." He began to moan under the benign influence of Partagas and Olivaroz, and I picked up his neglected bundle of papers. To my surprise it consisted of a number of San Francisco journals, *Bulletins*, *Calls*, and *Chronicles* for June and July. "Why," I asked, "is it possible that your ill temper proceeds from reading the out-pourings of Messrs. Pot, Kettle & Company, who are never satisfied unless they are calling each other bad names?" "That's it, precisely," replied Brown. "I don't mind their habit of calling each other bad names. It is their habit of crying down the credit of their country that I object to. Here's Jones and Robinson who know how little they mean comfortably getting ten per cent. by sending money to California, while all the great army of buyers who know nothing of the matter are grieved into thinking every shilling unsafe that goes near the United States." "Now I don't quite believe you," I said, "for you know I have a few five twenties, and they not only pay very well, but are improving daily. I bought at only three months ago, and at that figure they pay nearly seven per cent., while I see they stand to-day at 93-1/2." "You are quite wrong," interrupted Brown, "and you generally are; but if you were quite right it would make it no better. Have not you sense enough to see that in spite of the unimpeachable nature of American credit, your Government bonds to pay six per cent. are infinitely less valuable than those of France, Canada, Austria, or even those of Chili, or the Argentine Republic? Don't you see, for instance, that to-day a promise from Chili to pay six pounds a year is worth nearly ten pounds more than the United States' promise to pay the same sum, and that if these scribbles did not defame their rulers so constantly your bonds would fetch higher prices in the market." I was hopelessly at sea by this time, as I hate arguments and wanted my luncheon, so I said, "Oh drop the shop, Brown: it's too hot, and never mind the San Francisco oddities. Let's go and have something to eat." I might just as well have talked to the wind. "I tell you," he responded, quite fiercely, "it's positively disgraceful. Here is an article in the *Call*, trying to prove the worthlessness of mining securities, and another in the *Bulletin* actually in raptures at the cecency of certain visions of bankruptcy on the part of the railway company. Now I wanted this very day to invest a little fund for poor Johnson's widow in Western stock, and could not get any of the Trustees to think of it. Little Morrison always spreads these things, and, of course, all the good mining shares, railway debentures, and every thing else that is worth having gets into the hands of a few men, who know how to manage at infamously low prices. Your companies get a very little cash at a very high rate of interest, and our buyers get cheated by Turks and Greeks and Spaniards, who can each of them get a million or two here quicker than you can get six pence."

I stopped him, for I felt my digestion in danger. "I cannot help it," I said, "and it worries me terribly, and I wish you would change the subject. Which sauce do you think goes best with ortolans—champagne or Espagnole?" I knew he would start off then, because he hardly knows Bechamel from Poivrade, and hates what he calls stew-pan studies; and so he did, with hardly a good-bye. But the mischief was done, and I couldn't help pondering over what he had said, to the great derangement of my usually healthy appetite. There is no doubt that half the bad reputation of American securities here comes from the reports which are spread by such papers as the *Call*, *Bulletin* and their confreres, and a look at the stock exchange list proves it at once. Not that markets are lively just now for anything. The non-payment of Spanish interest due this July is a heavy blow, although it had long been expected; still, as it amounts to three millions sterling, or about a tenth of the entire income that we draw from foreign sources, it has crippled us considerably. Small as the inquiry has lately been for investments, a larger proportion should have come your way, whereas, outside of the Government stocks and the San Francisco Bank, you rarely see a quotation of real business with the public. On settling day, July 31, there was good fun with the U. S. 6 per cents. A lot of men were oversold, and the buyers wanted the stock and not the difference merely, and so they went up nearly one per cent. and for awhile were in great demand to fill previous sales. The London and San

Francisco Bank are quoted at regularly rising prices, and have gone up from 13 to 14½ lately. Mining stock is positively nowhere at present, and the dull days of the last month are likely to be repeated this. I thank my stars that, with the slight exception of the aforesaid five-twenty six per cents, I am not interested. The *Call* may call California bankrupt if it like, and the *Bulletin* may prove to its own satisfaction that the Union Pacific Railroad and Central Pacific Railroad have to borrow the cash for coals before they can start a train, without interfering with me. Still, I cannot help thinking that such utterances, carefully manipulated as they are, do more harm than you imagine, and that there is consequently a great deal of truth in what Brown said.

EPICURUS ROTUNDUS.

### DYING BY INCHES.

The seventeen Norwegian sailors who were frozen to death on Spitzberg Island left the following diary of their sufferings. Brief as it is, it is eloquent of woe. No mention is made of sickness or disease before the 9th of December, when it is said:—"One of the crew sick since eight days," but from this day the same complaint repeats itself with sad monotony—"No improvement in the state of the sick." On the 19th it is said—"Two men constantly in bed; nearly all suffer of the disease." Though no indication is given what illness is meant there is no doubt that it was scorbout. The first death is recorded on the 19th of January in the following words:—"Tonnes Fenderson, who was taken ill the 5th of this month, was called to the Lord this morning at 3½ after a painful illness; this afternoon died also Hendrik Hendriksen, who was taken ill on the 19th of December." The 3d of February only three men were in good health, and the journal repeats every day—"No improvement." The 20th of February we read:—"To-day we have seen the sun for the first time in the year 1873." A new death is recorded the following day:—"To-day the Lord again called to Heaven one of our comrades, Nils Larsen, after an illness of 82 days." Two days later the entries are made by another hand, who writes on the 25th—"I have now only one man in good health to look after the whole house. O Lord help us in our great distress." And on the 28th he continues—"This evening another of our men died: the Lord called him home from this place, so rich in suffering." From this day the journal contains nothing but annotations of deaths until the 19th of April, when the last regular entry is made thus—"Martin Hansen died the 19th of April at six A. M." Then begins another hand, who writes—"Peder Andreas Nilsen of Batsfjord, a red bonnet. Har. T. Mitterhuk." What these words, which have apparently been written under the influence of delirium, are meant to express will never be known, and the horrible fate of the poor sufferer who traced them can only be guessed. Did he struggle hours, days, or weeks among the sixteen corpses of his comrades, or did the deliverer come as he dropped his pen? Nobody knows, nor will ever know.

### THE COMPLAINT OF A COCKNEY IN CALIFORNIA.

Can't you prevail upon your quarrelsome friends, the San Francisco Editors, to have a quiet meeting at Badger's Park on an off day, and blaze away at each other all alone by themselves. What sort of an opinion do you imagine foreigners will form of a country wherein three-fourths of the public writers are apparently engaged in exposing each others little weaknesses, and how are you likely to attract quiet, steady-going men of industrious habits and small capital, if your newspapers are always filled with sensational stories of visionary dangers. I declare, I am afraid to send a Californian newspaper home lest I should receive, by return of post, a letter of condolence upon my misfortune in living in a State where every official is denounced as a thief, every newspaper is accused of selling its advocacy, and every political leader suspected of a deliberate intention to ruin his country. Really, you might respect yourselves a little if you wish for the respect of the outer world, and remember that while once honored names like Schenck and Fremont become objects of suspicion abroad, and you all accuse each other of every corruption at home, folk are likely to begin to take you at your own value. Don't you recollect the cordial agreement of the audience with Dogberry, when he desires to be written down as an ass? [We quite agree with the above, especially the last sentence. No one will ever dispute its writer's title to the honor of being "written down an ass."—Ed.]

### Interesting Development at the Brighton Aquarium, England.—

During the present week multitudes of eggs of the sea-crawfish have been hatched in one of the tanks at the Brighton Aquarium, and the little creatures may be seen swimming in shoals in the clear water. A peculiar interest is attached to this incident, as that which is now proved to be the young of "*Palinurus*," the sea-crawfish, or "*Langouste*" of the French, has long been generally regarded as a distinct species, and known as "*Phyllosoma*," or the "*glass-crab*," and it is thus described and figured in many works on Marine Zoology. It is so unlike the parent that it is not surprising its relationship, though recently suspected, remained so long unrecognized. Several broods of young lobsters have also been hatched at the Aquarium, and a swarm of them may now be seen in a tank near the young crawfishes.—*English Paper*.

## THE ROSEBUD AND THE SUN.

A rosebud on a mossy rose tree,  
 Veiled in her green, sat modestly,  
 And peeping forth, with cheeks so red,  
 Half nestled in its mossy bed.  
 It quivered and danced so merry and gay,  
 As the sun arose on a summer day;  
 As the sun came up he looked around,  
 And spied the bud upon the ground;  
 It looked so modest and so sweet,  
 As it lifted its head, the sun to greet;  
 As it sat bedecked with diamonds white,  
 Which the dew had strewn while it slept at night;  
 When the sun saw the homage of the dew,  
 It filled him with a feeling new,  
 And he vowed he never would be outdone—  
 That the bud by the dew should never be won.  
 So he darted his rays on the dew-decked ground,  
 And dashed the diamonds far around;  
 Just then the clouds came up from the West,  
 And he saw not the bud ere he sank to his rest.  
 The moss rose wilted as it lay,  
 And the sun went wandering on its way;  
 But the rosebud haunted his restless dreams,  
 And tinged with its colors his roseate beams,  
 In Eastern climes and in foreign lands,  
 On mountain plain and seaside sands.

Obedient to the Eternal Law,  
 His ray returned—'twas a bud no more.  
 Fled was the beauty that lately shone,  
 The fragrant breath of its youth was gone;  
 It lay on its bed so sad and forlorn,  
 Its dress of green was soiled and torn;  
 The sun was touched with a secret pain,  
 And he sighed for its youthful form again.  
 And he wished he had never blighted the bower,  
 But had left it to bloom in its mossy lower.  
 Let us take our warning from the sun,  
 And never once do what can't be undone;  
 And never give cause for idle regret,  
 But crush down the feeling with envy beset.

OAKLAND, August 18, 1873.

FRANK S. JOHNSON.

## THE FIRST MEERSCHAUM PIPE.

The following account of the first meerschaum pipe has been published by Messrs. Pollak & Son, pipe manufacturers in New York:—"In 1723 there lived in Pesth, the Capital of Hungary, Karol Kowates, a shoemaker, whose ingenuity in cutting and carving on wood, etc., brought him into contact with Count Andrassey, ancestor of the present Prime Minister of Austria, with whom he became a favorite. The Count, on his return from a mission to Turkey, brought with him a large piece of whitish clay, which had been presented to him as a curiosity, on account of its extraordinary light specific gravity. It struck the shoemaker that, being porous, it must naturally be well adapted for pipes, as it would absorb the nicotine. The experiment was tried, and Karol cut a pipe for the Count, and one for himself. But in the pursuit of his trade he could not keep his hands clean, and many a piece of shoemaker's wax became attached to the pipe. The clay, however, instead of assuming a dirty appearance, as was naturally to be expected, when Karol wiped it off, received, wherever the wax had touched, a clear brown polish, instead of the dull white it previously had. Attributing this change in the tint to the proper source, he waxed the whole surface, and, polishing the pipe, again smoked it, and noticed how admirably and beautifully it colored; also, how much more sweetly the pipe smoked after being waxed. Karol had struck the smoking philosopher's stone; and other noblemen, hearing of the wonderful properties of this singular species of clay, imported it in considerable quantities for the manufacture of pipes. The natural scarcity of this much-esteemed article, and the great cost of importation, in those days of limited facilities for transportation, rendered its use exclusively confined to the richest European noblemen, until 1830, when it became a more general article of trade. The first meerschaum pipe made by Karol Kowates has been preserved in the museum of Pesth, which, by the way, was the native city of Mr. Pollak, Sen."

Colonel Dudley had a rare old time in court the other day over the "baby doctor's bill case. He lost the case, his temper, and some gallons of "honest sweat," three waistcoat buttons, and some hair oil. Still he feels happy, and sniffs the air proudly, as ever did war horse snuff clover.

## COURT CHAT.

**The Post-Mortem Examination of the First Napoleon's Body.**---In the exhibition at present open in the Mechanics' Hall, Dumfries, there is shown by Major Young of Lincluden, a lock of hair cut from the head of the Great Napoleon after death, a letter in connection with which is of some historical value. Hitherto French writers have represented that the *post mortem* examination of Napoleon's body was an unwarrantable liberty, taken in opposition to deceased's wish. The letter was only discovered, along with the lock of hair, three years ago, by Major Young, in a secret draw of an old writing desk belonging to his father, to whom the epistle was written by Dr. Short, a native of Dumfries, who held the office of principal medical officer of the British staff at St. Helena, and who superintended the dissection. It is as follows:—"St. Helena, 7th May, 1821.—My dear Sir,—You will no doubt be much surprised to hear of Bonapart's death, who expired on the 5th of May, after an illness of some standing. His disease was cancer in the stomach, that must have lasted some years, and been in the state of ulceration some months. I was in consultation and attendance several days, but he would not see strangers. I was officially introduced the moment he died. His face in death was the most beautiful I ever beheld, exhibiting softness and every good expression in the highest degree, and really seemed firmed to conquer. The following day I superintended the dissection of his body—(at this time the countenance was much altered), which was done at his own request to ascertain the exact seat of the disease (which he imagined to be where it was afterwards discovered to be), with the view of benefiting his son, who might inherit it. During the whole of his illness he never complained, and kept his character to the last. The disease being hereditary, his father having died with it, and his sister, the Princess Borghese, being supposed to have it, proves to the world that climate and mode of life had no hand in it, and contrary to the assertions of Messrs. O'Meara and Stobo, his liver was perfectly sound; and had he been on the throne of France instead of an inhabitant of St. Helena, he would equally have suffered, as no earthly power could cure the disease when formed."

A curious incident has recently been recorded, which will most likely remain without a future parallel. At Dransfeld, in the province of Hanover a Jewish couple celebrated their golden wedding on the new moon, at Tamuz. The bridegroom served at the battle of Waterloo, and like his wife has attained the vigor of a robust constitution and the signs of a contented life. The grandchildren of the "bridal couple" presented the celebrants with a golden bouquet and a golden wreath. Then the assembly proceeded to the synagogue, which was appropriately decorated for the occasion, and where an edifying and affecting address was delivered by the son of the jubilants. The Queen-Dowager has sent the couple a "golden Bible," which, accompanied by a suitable speech, was presented to them by the local teachers. The Christian community of the place by no means remain indifferent, but took an active part in his extraordinary solemnity.

It is stated in the *Life of Moscheles*, that on the occasion of a visit from Mendelssohn to the Queen, when he played several pieces before Her Majesty and the Prince Consort, Her Majesty said, "You have given me so much pleasure now, what can I do to give you pleasure?" Upon this the composer, with admirable tact and taste, being himself the father of a family, asked that he might see the Royal children in the Royal nurseries, and we are told that the Queen at once entered into the spirit of his appeal, and in her most winning way conducted him herself through the nurseries, all the while comparing notes with him on the homely subjects that had a special attraction for both. I am glad to read such a story, which reflects credit upon the composer and upon the Queen. Any man, however distinguished, might have been proud of making such a visit in such company.

There is a good story by the Bishop of Winchester which a friend of mine heard him tell at dinner. The Bishop said he was once conversing with a young German lady, a governess, and she was expressing her warm admiration of the English Church Litany. The Bishop of course agreed with her, and admired the good taste of the fair devotee. "Yes," she said, "I am so fond of your Litany, for in it you pray for us poor governesses." "Indeed!" said the Bishop, very much puzzled, and after thinking a little he was obliged to ask where the passage was. "Oh," replied Fraulein, naively, "that part, you know, where you pray for all women laboring with child!" The dear creature was quite innocent, and how could the Bishop explain?

The *fete-de-nuit* was a grand spectacle, beside which the Jockey Club organized an extra race day in honor of the Shah, who attended personally, but in simple undress. Isabelle, the Jockey Club flower girl, who, as usual, was dressed in the colors of the favorite, presented the Shah with a bouquet made to represent the Persian arms, and the wife of President McMahon was present with a bouquet forming the tricolor of France. This little *fete* brought in over 100,000 francs profit to the funds of the Jockey Club, not at all an unprofitable fashion of offering an unpractical compliment.

**The Prosecution of M. Ranc.**---The further the advance made in the "instruction" of the Ranc prosecution, says the *Patrie*, the more evident does it become that a powerful intervention in his favor has given to the first inquiries a fortunate turn for the accused. Many official documents are wanting, and we are assured that General Appert has very frankly declared they have been suppressed, in at least a large number of instances, by the direct orders of M. Thiers—orders which he had no power to dispute.



[From the Town Crier Column of the San Francisco News Letter.]

**A hot-tempered Danbury woman**, who finds much trouble in persuading her husband to furnish kindlings, and then is obliged to do it herself, read in a religious paper, recently, of how a wife induced a wicked husband to become one of the most affectionate and hopeful of men by being invariably calm and loving with him. The story made a deep impression upon her, and when she started the fire that noon, she put a pair of rubbers among the wood. Then she tied a handkerchief across her nose, and went on with her work. When the husband reached the gate he paused, fetched a sniff that made a hole in the atmosphere, and then went around to the back of the house and fetched another sniff that had an equally damaging effect on the atmosphere. He stared into the next yard and up at his own house, and felt in his pockets, and was about to go around to the front again, when his wife thrust her head out of the house and said, "Why don't you come in the house, you old fool! Come in and get your dinner, and let me read an article to you from the *Christian Secretary*, you old rip. Come in and see how nice it is to get dinner with nothing to burn but your rubbers, you whited sepulchre. Come in here, I tell you, before I lose my temper, and say what I oughtn't to." At this invitation he went in, going upon the stoop and to the door very slowly, but, on opening the door, disappeared inside with marvelous suddenness. The neighbors say he was cutting wood all that afternoon, and thinking of the religious press.

Last week it was remarked in these columns that the unfortunate man who bashes up the Foreign correspondence of the *Post* had made a sweet blunder in stating that "Lectures on cookery were given daily at the Crystal Palace, the lecturer illustrating his precepts by cooking various dishes and landing them round for approval," the performance in question really taking place at the London International Exhibition at South Kensington, which is ten miles or so from the Crystal Palace. The *Post* flew into a rage and flatly contradicted the statement, saying that it had consulted a file of the *Daily Telegraph* and found the advertisement of the aforesaid lectures. Now the *Post* is hereby informed that no such advertisement can be found in the *Telegraph*; that the advertisement it refers to is headed, "London International Exhibition;" and that no such lectures have taken place at the Crystal Palace, but only at the Exhibition, where a kitchen has been duly fitted up at a cost of one thousand pounds for the display. The *Post's* first mistake was the excusable blunder of an incompetent subordinate; the second is a gross attempt to cover a venial error with a downright falsehood.

The quidnuncs and bogus news manufacturers have for a long time been more or less busy with the name of Joaquin Miller. The mad, long-haired howler of the Sierras has been served up before the public as a horse-thief, a squaw-man, a bad husband and worse friend. Then he has been trotted out as an interesting individual, suffering from incipient consumption. He next appears as an aspirant to the hand of some fair daughter of England's aristocracy. The last intelligence received of this stranger together of grandiloquent tautology is that he is about to spend a few weeks with the English Premier, Gladstone, at Hamdon Castle, Wales. Hitherto we have looked upon Gladstone as a man of sense, and should therefore prefer receiving as truth another report, which says that the wild poet is putting up at a third-rate gaff in Cheapside, a place discovered by Prentice Mulford in his search for the cheap and nasty, and by him recommended to the *Post* of the Sierras as likely to remind him of his by-gone squaw-man days.

When a mangy, shrill-voiced whiffet clamorously assails a noble mastiff, who deigns no notice of so insignificant a foe, the little nuisance probably has some vague notion in his brute mind that by venturing on such an attack he elevates himself to the position of an equal with the object of his impotent fury. Probably, too, that very small specimen of a little-great man, M. M. Estee, imagined that by undertaking to criticise Mr. Felton, as he did at Platt's Hall the other night, he placed himself on terms of equality with that gentleman. The presumption that could prompt a man of Estee's calibre to attempt to measure swords with John B. Felton furnishes strong *prima facie* evidence that even the small allowance of brain with which nature has endowed him has not escaped the attack of organic disease. Indeed, the fact that this political Jumping Jack seriously aspired to the position of United States Senator ought to suffice to send him to Stockton.

**An American Citizen**, whose noble Caucasian nose belongs to one Continent, while his crisp, woolly locks are characteristic of another, has just started a new weekly paper in San Francisco, which rejoices in the title of the "*Independent Defender*." The ostensible object of this sheet is to defend American Protestant institutions against Roman Catholic encroachments—an excellent object, but one not to be aided by such a sheet as the *Defender*, which evinces neither taste, tact, nor talent, the editorial articles being written in a dialect which bears the same relation to good English that poor chicory does to choice Mocha. Protestants may well exclaim:

"Non tali auxilio, nec Defensoribus istis."

But the real object of this ungrammatical *Defender* is revealed in a significant editorial in the first number, which announces a series of articles "giving a history from the beginning, of every Fire, and Life Insurance Company in San Francisco. This is, of course, a notice to the companies to prepare to "come down."

**Stebbins discourseth gravely of public men** and sentiments. Evidently the lantern-jawed parson hankereth after the flesh-pots of Egypt. Stone is a jockey, Hemphill a beau, Kip a Chesterfieldian ninny, Carpenter an osculating philanthropist, Alemany a whining skeleton, why should not Stebbins be a politician? He perhaps knows as much about that as anything else, except making inopportune speeches at public dinners. He is a huge gasometer, and if newspapers are paid so much per line, orators so much per hour, etc., the Rev. Stebby has certainly a right to so much per foot. He is open to offers from the puissant Carr or Booth's favorite henchman. Bid lively, gentleman, or the Reverend Blower will have turned his stream of blatant nonsense upon some other subject.

**On Sunday last**, a vaquero named Jose, near Anaheim, was kicked in the face by a vicious horse. Soon after, while he was drawing water to wash the wound, he lost his balance and fell into the well, which is 62 feet deep. He was taken out dead. His soul had not proceeded more than half way to purgatory when the lift broke, and down he went to hell. Hardly had he got to hell when the devil, mistaking him for Pickering, stuck his fork in the fleshiest part of his person, and cornered him in the hottest part of the establishment. However, on examination, the devil found out that it was not old Pick, thought it must be the Deacon Fitch, so stirred him up once more with his long pole. Truly "whom the Lord loveth he persecuteth."

**Governor Booth's** trenchant "open letter" to Hon. John B. Felton would have lost nothing in force had it been less splenetic in temper. There were some sentences in the letter which were suggestive of the style of "discussion" adopted by a shrew whom anger has made unmindful of her manners. There was also a certain unpleasant narrowness and liberalism in the Governor's interpretation of Felton's language, which seems to imply that the former studied rhetoric in a school which does not recognize oratorical figures of speech. However, Felton is abundantly able to fight his own battles, even against so redoubtable a foe as our precisian, straight-backed Governor. We expect to hear from him before long.

**Mrs. Annie McCarty**, who, as her name denotes, is from Italy, keeps a lodging house on Stockton street. She is of a saving disposition, and objects to the reckless use of gas. Each night, at half-past ten, her fairy feet may be heard descending the stairs, and lily-white hand seen turning down the gas. We admire Annie for this, but a lodger, Dr. Hartman (no doubt searching for a diploma), objects to Annie's extinguishing propensities, and on Monday actually turned the gas on again, or tried to. This Annie could not stand, so she wafted her lily paw in the Doctor's direction. On Wednesday she paid fifteen dollars for the waft. Why did she not "kiss the place and make it well?" We are sure the Doctor would have forgiven her.

**The long suffering citizens of San Francisco** are now suffering from a strong attack of burglary. There is, however, some consolation in knowing that they won't find much hard cash, as the political ducks have drained the monetary ponds pretty nearly dry. There is, however, a little mud left. The names of the parties lately robbed offered a rare chance for our daily local atomizers to make a "joke" on. The names of the sufferers were Mrs. Dunn, Franklin street, Mrs. Tappin, Pacific Avenue, and Mrs. Coffin, Van Ness Avenue. We wonder that the funny man on the *Alta* has not come out with some painfully comic spasm like the following:

If you rob a Coffin, rest you will have none;  
Won't your heart go Tappin when the deed is Dunn?

**A young man** who puts up at the Lick House, and whose name is supposed to be McDonald, was discovered in a rather disreputable part of the city, enjoying the early morning breezes in a pair of pants and a shirt. He says that he was robbed "in some house up town," as the *Chronicle* mildly puts it, "of one hundred dollars, his clothes and papers." We fancy that this innocent forgot to bring his hundred along, which may in some measure account for the absence of his papers and wardrobe. We anxiously look through the *Chronicle's* "Personals" for further developments, and advise young men to avoid "houses up town" unless properly heeled.

**"A subscriber"** writes to the *T. C.* asking him if he will be kind enough to "cry to erring youths," who have lately deserted the maternal petticoat. He describes one as a young Hibernian, whose teeth are still hairy, and the other as a child of Scotia, who yet picks little chunks of "porridge" out of his back teeth. These youths "Subscriber" complains will persist in perambulating our streets on Saturday nights (when the store is closed, we presume), in stove-pipe hats. The *T. C.* sees nothing so very sinful in wearing plug hats on Saturday nights, and can only suppose that "Subscriber" keeps a hat store and has not yet got pay for his "plugs."

**The Chronicle** publishes its Sunday edition with a flourish of trumpets. We must admit that we like to read the *Chronicle*, which is, as it says, spicy and bold. It is as pert as a freed negro, as accomplished in the statement of facts as the famous twain, Ananias and Sapphira. But we would like to see one page filled with other matter, which is now consumed in setting forth the stereotyped subscribers' names, and in giving detailed accounts of the discharge of naval effluvia in marvelous quantities, to say nothing of decaying lungs, rotten nose bridges, and other interesting items.

## A FASHIONABLE WOMAN'S PRAYER IN CHURCH.

Give me an eye to other's failings blind,  
 (Miss Smith's new bonnet's quite a fright behind.)  
 Wake in me charity for the suffering poor—  
 (There comes that contribution-plate once more.)  
 Take from my soul all feelings covetous,  
 (I'll have a shawl like that, or make a fuss.)  
 Let love for all my kind my spirit stir,  
 (Save Mrs. Jones. I'll never speak to her.)  
 Let me in Truth's fair pages take delight;  
 (I'll read that other novel through to-night.)  
 Make me contented with my earthly state,  
 (I wish I'd married rich, but it's too late.)  
 Give me a heart of faith in all my kind,  
 (Miss Brown's as big a hypocrite as you'll find.)  
 Help me to see myself as others see,  
 (This dress is quite becoming unto me.)  
 Let me act out no falsehood, I appeal,  
 (I wonder if they think these curls are real.)  
 Make my heart of humility the fount,  
 (How glad I am our pew's so far in front.)  
 Fill me with patience and the strength to wait,  
 (I know he'll preach until our dinner's late.)  
 Take from my heart each grain of self-conceit,  
 (I am sure the gentlemen must think me sweet.)  
 Let saintly wisdom be my daily food,  
 (I wonder what they'll have for dinner good.)  
 Let not my feet ache in the road to light,  
 (Nobody knows how these shoes pinch and bite.)  
 In this world teach me to deserve the next,  
 (Church out. "Charles, do you recollect the text?")

JOS JOT, JUN.

## NOTICE TO MARINERS.

United States of America-Pacific Coast California.--Light House at Mare Island, entrance to Straits of Karquines.--Notice is hereby given that *fixed white* light will be exhibited on and after the evening of September 1, 1873, from a structure recently erected on the southeast end of Mare Island, at the entrance of the Straits of Karquines, California. The apparatus is a lens of the 4th order, illuminating 303 deg. of the horizon. The tower is a low, square wooden one, rising from the keeper's dwelling, also of wood. The focal plane is 76 feet above the mean level of low water, and in clear weather, the eye being elevated 15 feet above the water, should be seen at a distance of 14 1/4-10 nautical miles. The light is visible from NE. by eastward to W. by S. The hills north of the light house rise to a height of 300 feet above the water, forming a dark background. The dome of the lantern is painted red, the remainder of the structure is painted a light buff. The geographical position of the light is approximately: Latitude 38 deg 01 min. 21 sec. north. Longitude 122 deg. 14 min. 16 sec. west. The magnetic variation is 16 deg. 45 sec. east. From the light house, the red buoy, No. 1, juncture of Mare Island and Karquines Straits, bears E. 1/2 S., distant 1/2 nautical mile. Bonica (Rocky Point) bears E. 1/2 S., distant 4 1/2 nautical miles. Point Penole bears SW. 1/2 S., distant 6 1/4 nautical miles. By order of the Light House Board.

JOSEPH HENRY, Chairman.

TREASURY DEPT., Office Light House Board, Washington, D. C., Aug. 4, 1873.

Tired of bragging about their big pumpkins, pretty girls, and immaculate politicians, the New Yorkers have now produced a mammoth toadstool, weighing seven and a quarter pounds. We almost wish they had our two pound and a half baby, then their cup of happiness would be filled to the brim. The *T. C.* called in once to see this wonderful babe, and does not want to see it again. Something very like it may be seen preserved in spirits in a museum on Montgomery street. The only difference being that the pickled one has two heads.

The little girls are keeping house now and inviting other little girls to take tea with them. The tea consists mostly of warm water served in miniature wooden dishes, and a slice of green apple with a worm in it. The little girls drink the tea and chew the apple with proper solemnity. Then they say, "I shan't!" "You're just as mean as you can be!" "I shall go right home, now!" and kick each other on the legs, and disperse.

FEMININE CHIT-CHAT.

A lady correspondent in London writes as follows:—London is fast thinning, and the fashions of bathing dresses and seaside garments are more thought of than ball dresses or opera costumes. The opera season is over—Patti and Nilsson have warbled their last notes for this year, and the carriages and riders (I mean those of the upper ten) have almost disappeared from the park. Ladies no longer get themselves up to visit the gallery of the house, or to sit in the black hole atmosphere of the law courts. It is too hot to take a vigorous interest in anything, even the big Claimant, and Dr. Keneally is not half such an interesting person to look at now; he has obtained leave to talk without his wig. Spotted costumes are all the rage now, muslins, grenadines, and silks are all worn spotted, and it is quite correct to have bonnets to match. Spots are not becoming—the more spotted dresses there are worn the more plain looking women there appear to be. I saw the Duchess of Teck in a spotted costume the other day—brown and white—and I certainly never saw her Royal Highness in anything so unbecoming, her taste in dress is generally so perfect. Some dresses prepared for the children of her Grace the Duchess are a marvel of embroidery. I don't know what the material is, it looked in the box like very fine grenadine, but the work is exquisite hand embroidery, wreaths of field flowers most beautifully blended to twine round the skirts, capes, and sleeves. The pretty Czarevna has the credit of introducing one of the most elegant hats of this season. It is already called the "Czarevna" in all the shop windows, and is very much worn. Both the Princess of Wales and her sister have worn hats of the same shape more than once, and very becoming they are. The Czarevna is simply a Tuscan hat, with a flat crown and a brim about three inches broad. In front the brim turns down and rests upon the forehead, both sides are turned up towards the back, and the very back is fastened into a sort of curtain. The brim is lined all round with black velvet, and on the left side a small spray of flowers is placed under it. The right side is fitted up with a black velvet bow, and the outside of the hat is trimmed with a band of velvet and a handsome flower which springs from a bow of black at the back and goes right round the crown. Two handsome ends of velvet on a long lace falling at the back complete the hat, which is one of the most graceful I have ever seen. The most fashionable flowers for it are pale pink of a rather curious tint, most absurdly named the "Russia blush." A new fantastic notion has been introduced at specially grand weddings during the past few weeks. I believe, like most *outré* customs, it comes from France. The bride's train is borne by children, either little girls or boys according to her fancy. If boys, they are usually dressed in some fancy costume, such as sailors and Highlanders. I saw two tiny train-bearers at a wedding last week dressed in white Greek dresses, and very pretty the urchins looked. The general style of weddings this season has been very theatrical. I should not be surprised to see them made fancy dress affairs altogether before long. Ladies who like quiet dressing, and who look well in black, will be glad to learn that black straw bonnets are becoming very fashionable, and that a curious simplicity prevails in the manner of trimming them. A wreath of leaves, either brown or green, is the sole ornament, and the effect is very good. Three-cornered hats are also shown by the milliners, but they are so very peculiar that I don't think they will ever be fashionable. I have seen some very curious-looking seaside dresses this season. The *modistes* don't seem quite to know what to do for novelties. The oddest of all was a white pique dress trimmed with spots of embroidery, which look exactly like a baby's worsted balls, in all colors. These spots or balls went only round the edge of the jacket and sleeves, and the flounces on the skirt; but the effect was very strange. Four or five colors were used in each spot, which was so worked that the surface looked round, and as if the costume was trimmed with many-colored marbles. I think shoe and boot bows get larger than ever. Those worn on the fashionable shoes now quite cover the front of the foot, and leave scarcely anything of the toe to be seen; while, at the instep, they expand into a fan-like arrangement of bows, which make the ankle look very thick.—*Glasgow Mail*.

THE DEACON'S DOG.

It is a great many years ago, at a camp meeting, that Brother Higgins, a good man, but passionately fond of dogs, came in one day accompanied by a black-and-tan hound. Somebody asked him to address the congregation, and he mounted the stand for the purpose, while his dog sat down upon his haunches immediately in front looking at his master. In the midst of the discourse, which entertained us much, another dog came up, and, after a few social sniffs at Brother Higgins's dog, began to examine the hind leg of the latter with his teeth, apparently for the purpose of ascertaining if it was tender. An animated contest ensued, and one of the congregation came forward for the purpose of separating the animals. His efforts were not wholly successful. He would snatch at the leg of Higgins's dog, but before his hand got there the yellow dog would be on that side, and would probably take an incidental and cursory bite at the deacon's hand. Brother Higgins paused in his discourse, and watched the deacon. Then he exclaimed, "Spit in his eye, Brother Thompson; spit in the hound's eye." Brother Thompson did, and the fight ended. "But I just want to say," continued Mr. Higgins, "that outside of the sanctuary that dog of mine can eat up any salmon-colored animal in the State, and then chew up the bones of its ancestors for four generations without turning a hair! You understand me." Then the services proceeded.



## CARO NOME.

[BY KATE HILLARD.]

Hold the sea-shell to thine ear,  
 And the murmur of the wave  
 From its rosy depths mayst hear,  
 Like a voice from out the grave  
 Calling thro' the night to thee!  
 Low and soft and far-away,  
 From a silent, distant shore,  
 Where is neither night or day,  
 Nor the sound of plying oar;  
 For all sleep beside the sea!

Low and soft, but constant still,  
 For it murmurs evermore  
 With a steady, pulsing thrill,  
 Of the waves upon the shore,  
 And it tells naught else to thee.  
 Hold my heart up to thine ear,  
 And the one beloved name  
 Singing thro' its depths mayst hear,  
 And the song is still the same,—  
 'Tis a murmur from the sea:

From the great sea of my love,  
 Far-reaching, calm and wide,  
 Where nor storms nor tempests move,  
 Nor ebbs the constant tide,  
 And the waves still sing of thee! —Scribner's for Sept.

## FOREIGN DOTTINGS.

**The Bank of England Forgers.** George McDonnell, George and Austin Bidwell and Edwin Noyes, have all been found guilty and sentenced to penal servitude for life—the highest punishment possible.—The Emperor Francis Joseph visited the American Department on Tuesday and inspected the exhibition of the educational system of the United States, to which he awarded high praise.—Carl Wilhelm, composer of the famous German war song, "The Watch on the Rhine," died yesterday at Schweikeden.—The fire among the warehouses of Antwerp has been extinguished. The loss is estimated at \$400,000.—Lizzarara, with 3,000 men, is reported marching to reinforce the Carlist forces besieging Estella, who now number 8,000. The latter were again defeated on Monday, with considerable loss, by the Republican forces in Estella. The Republican loss was fifty.—The *Journal of Botany* records the death of two British botanists of reputation—Mr. James Ward, of Richmond, Yorkshire, one of the most active and experienced botanists of the North of England; and Mr. James Irvine, of Chelsea, who wrote a "London Flora" in 1888, and was one of the editors of the old *Phytologist*.—The artillerymen of the Barcelona garrison who mutinied and endeavored to bring about a general revolt, have been tried by court-martial, and twenty of the most guilty have been sentenced to death and thirty to transportation to penal colonies.—It has been ascertained that the cargo landed on the coast of Biscay by the *Deerhound* consisted of condemned American small-arms.—The Government has information which leads to the belief that the Carlist and Intransigentes are acting in concert.—Don Carlos has issued a stringent order against interference by his forces with railroad communication. The penalty of death is decreed for violation of this order. The insurgents are repairing the telegraphic lines in the northern provinces.—The steamships *City of Bristol*, *Greece* and *Anglia*, from New York, and the *Phœnician*, from Montreal, arrived at Liverpool 28th inst.—Roman Catholic Bishop Keelt, of Berlin, has been sentenced to pay a fine of four hundred thalers, and Bishop Ledwosewski one of two hundred thalers, for infraction of ecclesiastical law, in appointing clergymen without first obtaining the sanction of the State authorities.—Considerable excitement has been created in Vienna, among those interested in the affairs of the Exposition, by the refusal of an English firm to accept a medal of merit awarded by the judges.—During the past three months French railroads have sold 300,000 tickets to religious pilgrims.—The project for an International Postal Congress, to be held in Berne, has been abandoned.—Count Menderstroem, of Stockholm, is dead.—The British Government will send an expedition from Cape Coast Castle against the Ashantes. Sir Garnet Walsley will command the expedition, and he will be accompanied by a distinguished staff of his old colleagues of Red River, in addition to twenty selected officers who are to organize native levies 15,000 strong.—Parliament was prorogued by royal commission on August 5th till October 2nd.—The Royal Message return thanks for the provision for the Duke of Edinburgh, briefly notices the Zanzibar mission, the restoration of the 1860 commercial treaty with France, the conclusion of several extradition treaties, the passing of the Supreme Court of Judicature Act, the Education Amendment Act, and the Acts for regulating railways, canals and merchant shipping; declares that the revenue has answered expectations, and trusts that for "these and all mercies" the country will be truly thankful.—Remarkable changes have been made in the Cabinet. Mr. Gladstone becomes Chancellor of the Exchequer as well as Premier; Mr. Lowe goes to the Home Office; Mr. Bruce receives a peerage and succeeds Lord Ripon, who with Mr. Childers retires; Mr. Bright rejoins the Cabinet. Previous to these Cabinet changes, Mr. Baxter resigned his office of Financial Secretary to the Treasury, through differences with Mr. Lowe about the Zanzibar contract. In regard to the new contract fixing £20,000 instead of £26,000 as the subsidy, he was completely ignored.—The Greenwich election has resulted in the return of a Conservative by a large majority.—East Staffordshire has returned Mr. Allsopp, Conservative, by 3,630 votes to 2,693 recorded for Mr. Jaffray, Liberal.—By a frightful railway accident at Wigan to the Scotch tourist train, twelve persons have been killed and thirty injured. Part of the train left the rails when passing "facing" points. Sir John Anson was among the killed.

## DEPOSITORS IN SAVINGS BANKS.

We see by a letter in the *Alta* of the 26th inst., by "A Savings Bank Depositor" (which we copy in this issue), that he fears the effect of the revolutionary doctrine of the Governor and the Communist ideas of Swift. It is by no means strange that this depositor takes the Governor to task, and it is high time for all such depositors to investigate the signs of the times and see whether it is wise or even safe to aid Governor Booth in his wild scramble for office. These depositors and all other well informed persons know that the great bulk of accumulated capital in this State is on deposit in the savings banks, and that the grand total of this capital amounts to over fifty-three millions of dollars. Now, Governor Booth took it upon himself, in his recent speech at San Francisco, to particularly denounce aggregated capital as the one great present evil. It will not do for the Governor or his friends now to pretend that he did not have the savings banks in his mind's eye at that time. Besides, it is well understood that the Governor has, during his official term, sought by every means in his power to impose burdens upon these institutions, such as the odious mortgage tax, the enforcement of which would necessarily reduce the dividends of depositors. But this is a small evil compared with others which naturally follow the teachings of the Governor and his organs, the *Union*, *Bulletin* and *Call*. By far the greater portion of these deposits has been loaned upon real estate in San Francisco, and anything which has a tendency to reduce the value of landed property lessens the security; consequently, in case of a forced sale, the number of buyers is greatly reduced, so the bank is compelled to become the purchaser. We presume no sane person will deny that in consequence of the reckless editorials of the *Bulletin* and *Call*, real estate alone in San Francisco has depreciated more than fifty millions of dollars within two years last past. This, however, is by no means the most alarming circumstance. For months past it has required no prophet's vision to see that the Associated Press of California, composed of the *Union*, *Bulletin* and *Call*, were striving to raise up a spirit of lawlessness among the people, so as to induce them to burn bridges and snow sheds, tear up rails, and mob railroad officials. We know this is a hard and serious charge to make, but the threatening and intemperate language of these journals fully justify it. The result of these teachings has been the destruction of more than one bridge and snow shed. The secret burning of a shed or bridge ought to have been sufficient to satisfy the malevolence of these papers, but, far from it—it was but an appetizer. They called the more loudly for vengeance—for blood. They manufactured and published, and still continue to manufacture and publish falsehoods and libels against Stanford & Co. and the railroad by reams; they insist, although they know the question never will be revived, that the Railroad Company will make another effort to secure Goat Island. They proclaim from day to day, when they know to the contrary, that Stanford & Co. are seeking to obtain a money or bond subsidy from San Francisco. They charge, knowing its falsity, that the Railroad Company has purchased all the political county committees, and conventions, and independent committees, save the People's Union, and have nominated their own confederates for office, and that all newspapers and men who disagree with them are railroad hirelings, and then fiercely demand their extermination; and, to cap the climax, in the midst of this uproar and throwing of filth upon spotless characters, they induced the Governor of the State to violate his word and become a candidate for the United States Senate, and make a speech that sent a thrill of alarm through the money circles of the State. The oration was carefully studied and well written—was ornate, polished and well delivered—fair without, like the "whited sepulcher, but within full of dead men's bones, and of all uncleanness." The speech was communistic in idea, agrarian in character, and revolutionary in effect. It first aroused the attention of large railroad proprietors. Bankers next scanned it, then persons interested in other corporations investigated it. As its true character became understood, merchants and manufacturers seeing their names published as Vice-Presidents of the meeting, and fully understanding the disgrace of occupying such a position, made haste to notify the public that their names were used without their consent; seeing all these classes condemning it, the depositors in savings banks commenced to hunt up old papers in which it was published, and upon re-reading it, they found instead of a simple attack upon railroads, that it was aimed in an especial manner at their capital—they began to inquire into his antecedents, and they were astonished to learn that he had all along been inimical to their interests. Some few were, under the excitement of the moment, on the borders of a panic. Some counseled that they draw out their deposits, but others suggested a wiser and better remedy, which was that there were depositors enough in the savings banks to defeat the Halladie ticket, the ratification of which was the occasion of this mischievous and foolish speech, and we have no doubt that on Wednesday next they will teach Governor Booth and his Communist friends that it does not add to one's popularity to play the demagogue by denouncing aggregated or individual capital, or threatening revolution, to all which we say—amen.

"Alderman Nicholas, of Philadelphia, has been sentenced to nine months' imprisonment for extorting exorbitant fees." On reading this, one of our most prominent lawyers was seen to perspire freely, retire into a corner of the Bank Exchange, put his hand to his stomach and exclaim, "Good Lord, deliver us." He looked a good deal better after unburdening his bosom and opening his pores.

## LOVE OF COUNTRY.

Breathes there a man with soul so dead,  
Who never to himself hath said,  
This is my own, my native land?  
If such there be, go mark him well,  
For him no rapturous anthem swell.  
High thro' his title, proud his name,  
Boundless his wealth, as wish could  
claim,  
Despite those titles, power and pelf,  
The wretch concentrated all in self,  
Doubly dying shall go down  
To the vile dust from whence he sprung,  
Unwept, unhonored and unsung.

SAN FRANCISCO, Aug. 26. 1873.

## PIDGIN ENGLISHIZED.

Spose hab got any man so fashion cullo,  
Who no teem have talkee long he own  
self,  
This count'lee b'long mi, b'long mi own.  
Spote he hab got, more better look see he.  
No 'casion makee larges bobbely that  
gong.  
Spote he Mandalin—spote he Empelor.  
Spote he hab got pientee sycee—allo he  
wantchee,  
Maskee all he neem, he dolla, allo;  
He-lalaloon man, he no sabe noting.  
He makee die two teem—makee fluishee.  
Puttee he inside that ground.  
No man makee care one cash—I can  
accure. S.

## SUNBEAMS.

A man who had missed his way fortunately overtook a boy going with a pot of tar to mark his master's sheep. He asked him the way to Barff, but was directed by so many turnings, right and left, that he agreed to take the boy behind him on his horse. Finding the boy pert and docile, he gave him some wholesome advice, adding occasionally, "Mark well, my boy." "Yes, sir, I do." He repeated the injunction so often that the boy at last cried out, "I canna mark ye any mair, as the tar has geen out."

Two Vanities.—Amateur vocalist and his wife, alone together after an evening party: "Did I look nice to-night, love?" "O, no, no. Him! was I in good voice?" "First-rate, love. Tell me, do you prefer me with a ribbon in my hair, or flowers?" "O, either! Look here. Which style suits me best, do you think—the fervid passion of Santley, or the thrilling tenderness of De Soria?" "O, both. Don't you think a yellow ribbon with black lace," etc.

An urchin not quite three years old said to his sister, while munching a piece of ginger-bread: "Sis, take half of dis cake to keep till the afternoon, when I get cross." This is nearly as good as the story of the child who belched from the top of the stairs, "Ma, Hannah won't pacify me."

Pigeon Pie.—Tom: "I say, granma, do you think this poor pigeon was dead when cook put him in the oven?" Granma: "Yes, dear. Why?" Tom, incredulously: "Because he's knocked off all his toes in kicking through the crust, that's all!"

A Paris paper gives a conversation between a father and his little daughter: "What have you done with your doll?" "I have put it away to keep for my children when I grow up." "But if you shouldn't have any?" "Ah, well, then it would do for my grand-children."

Spoiling the Ship for a Ha'porth of Tar.—Will it be credited that no turret-ship in the British Navy boasts—a turret-cock? The Board of Admiralty may be incompetent, but they are no time-servers!"

Grandmamma: "Well, Charley, and what have you learned to-day?" Charley: "Pneumatics, granma!—and I can tell you such a dodge. If I was to put you under a glass receiver, and exhausted the air, all your wrinkles would come as smooth as granpa's head!"

A correspondent of ours, given to romancing, always emphasizes his worst "crammers" with underlinings of red ink. He says he does it to assure us of the truth of his most "incredible" statements. Will some one explain what he means?

"The Passionate Pilgrim"—Enthusiastic Pedestrian: "Am I on the right road for Stratford, Shakespeare's town, you know, my man. You've often heard of Shakespeare?" "Ees. Be you he?"

There's Music in his Step.—Donkey advancing.—Laura: "They're coming, dear! Don't look round!" Blanche: "Hush! Yes, I should recognize the major's step anywhere!"

There is a good deal of sound wisdom in the suggestion of the farmer: "If you want your boy to stay at home, don't bear too hard on the grindstone when he turns the crank."

The mayor of a Portuguese city once enumerated, among the marks by which the body of a drowned man might be identified, "a marked impediment in his speech."

A little boy entreated his mother to tell him some stories about bad boys, and upon her expressing astonishment, said, "he wanted to find out how they got out of scrapes."

Rather Perplexing Command.—Captain O'Shea: "Gentlemen, parade to-morrow at four. The first man who arrives last shall be fined."

An indiscreet man confided a secret to another, and begged of him not to repeat it. "It's all right," was the reply; "I will be as close as you were."

### HOW STRANGE IT WILL BE.

How strange it will be, love—how strange when we two  
 Shall be what all lovers become?  
 You rigid and faithless, I cold and untrue;  
 You thoughtless of me, and I careless of you.  
 Our pet names grown rusty with nothing to do,  
 Love's bright web unraveled, and rent and worn through,  
 And life's loom left empty—ah, hum!  
 Ah, me!

How strange it will be.

How strange it will be when the witchery goes,  
 Which makes me seem lovely to-day;  
 When your thought of me loses its *couleur de rose*;  
 When every day serves some new fault to disclose,  
 And wonder you could for a moment suppose—  
 When you find I've cold eyes and an every-day nose—  
 I was out of the common place way;  
 Ah, me!

How strange it will be.

How strange it will be, love—how strange when we meet  
 With just a chill touch of the hand;  
 When my pulses no longer delightfully beat  
 At the thought of your coming, at the sound of your feet;  
 When I watch not your coming far down the long street,  
 When your dear loving voice, so thrillingly sweet,  
 Grows harsh in reproach or command;  
 Ah, me!

How strange it will be!

How strange it will be when we willingly stay  
 Divided the weary day through;  
 Or getting remotely apart, as we may,  
 Sit chilly and silent, with nothing to say;  
 Or coolly converse on the news of the day,  
 In a wearisome, old-married-folk sort of a way!  
 I shrink from the picture—don't you?  
 Ah, me!

How strange it will be!

Dear love, if our hearts do grow torpid and cold,  
 As so many others have done;  
 If we do let our love perish with hunger and cold;  
 If we dim all life's diamonds and tarnish its gold;  
 If we choose to live wretched and die unconsolated,  
 'Twill be strangest of all things that ever were told  
 As happening under the sun!  
 Ah, me!

How strange it will be!

### OUR SCIENTIFIC MEN.

Our powers of imitation—ever presumptuous, often purile—always degenerates into a despicable and sickening funkyness, ever ready to tarnish illustrious supremacy by the apings of a degenerate mediocrity. Ever on the alert to pilfer, grab or steal the praiseworthy discoveries and creditable contrivances of others, we seem, as a community, to lack the mental discernment and activity necessary to create anew, while we comfort ourselves with the pleasing delusion that a ready gift of practical adaptability is hardly less meritorious than inventive genius. Many of us can remember the marvelous exhibitions of animal life in a drop of stagnant water, by the aid of ingenious scientific apparatus, delineated on expansive screens, in the Polytechnic Institution of London many years ago. As we have in our midst a body pretending (by title, at any rate) to be scientific, why is it we are not yet astounded by a lenze analysis and gigantified panoramic development of the animated beastliness of our political atmosphere? To be sure, the idea is not new as regards water, but it certainly is as applied to air, and for human development the one is every bit as essential as the other. Little care and precaution need be taken in procuring and bottling up a sample, as it prevails throughout, tainted to saturation in favored localities. In Church, School Hall or Whisky Hell, the pest floats around a contaminating corruption that defies everything like honorable purity. For a display of the hideous monstrosities with which a thoroughly blind, uncharitable, unthinking and selfish tyranny inflicts us, it might be advisable to bottle up some of the Platt's Hall atmosphere when the "PURITIES" meet there to defame their kindred of like hue.

**The Washington British Embassy.**—Operations have been commenced in Washington for the erection of this building, which is to cost \$103,000.



## BLIGHTED.

[BY GEORGE KLINGLE.]

She was stinging as he passed;  
Twining willows drift and fast;  
Twining willows, singing low,  
Eyes of sunlight, cheeks aglow:  
Did he then at last behold  
Eyes of light and locks of gold  
Matched to some Madonnas old  
He had seen—an idea came,  
Mystic light on up and hair?  
And his farthest moods  
He had scanned in woods and glades—

Finest maids from sea to sea—  
But none he found so fair as she,  
He wooed and won the little maid,  
And robed her in the rich brocade,  
And paid her court in regal hall—  
But sad her smile amid it all,  
For, nurtured where the willows grew,  
And where the mountain violets blew,  
She faded as a flower that dies  
In sighing for its own blue skies.

## TIMES ARE ALTERED.

You know her. She lives on your street. Her features are either pinched or full and fleshy. Her dress is wet, ill-fitting, and of no particular pattern. Her slippers are broken down, her hair is uncombed; her voice is either shrill or coarse. You have seen her stand out in the back yard, and put a bare arm up to her eyes, and under it peer out to the fence or barn, where a man in an ill-fitting coat is searching for something, and have heard her shout, "John, can't George bring me some water?" And you have heard him cry back, "If he don't get that water I will take every inch of flesh from his bones." And when you have looked at her again, does it seem possible that those angry eyes have dropped in maidenly reserve, or melted in eloquent light to the face of the man in the ill-fitting coat. Can you, by any possible wrench of the imagination, conceive of his tenderly passing his hands to her; of his taking that hand in his and bashfully squeezing it. But I was so. Mary a "God bless you" has been uttered above that bare head. Many a kiss pressed on that uncombed hair. The tightly compressed lips have loosened framed tender invitations to him to take another bite of cake and pickle. The hands that are now par-boned and bluish red and marked with scars from the bread-knife, and scratches from the last setting hen, were once twined lovingly about his neck, and the nose which is now peaked and red, and looks as if it would stand on its hind legs and scream with rage, once followed the figures of his new coat pattern, or bore heavily against his angular vein. As little probable as this seems to you, it seems less to her. She has forgotten it. She won't hear it talked of by others. She cannot bear to see it acted by others. Two lovers are to her "a posse of fools." And—but George is robbing his head, and we turn aside while our heroine readjusts her slipper.—*Danbury News.*

Bryan, the hoodlum murderer, has just saved his bacon, as a kind-hearted jury have pronounced his crime to be only manslaughter. They spent forty hours in arriving at a conclusion—a longer time than many people would take over such a trifle. It is not a good example to set to this, alas, too large element of our California society. Bryan may thank his stars that the *F. C.* was not on the jury. With a pound of crackers in his pocket and the twelve commandments in his hat, he would have starved out the crowd, and Bryant would have been convicted of murder in the first degree.

**A New Steamship Line.**—Several New York merchants are about to establish a line of steamers between this port and the South American Republic of Venezuela. The first steamer will sail from this city on the 22d inst. The following are the Directors of the Company: John W. Stitt, John Vanness, J. Van Wageningen, B. H. Devey, J. T. Henry, G. W. Davids, Cyrus P. Smith, George Lombard. This will be the first steamship line between New York and Venezuela under the United States flag, and it promises to prove a success.

So these officious gentlemen who parade our streets in ordinary citizens' attire, but wear on their breasts the fiery star of justice, have at last met with a slight check. James F. Orem, one of these underhand minions, displayed too much courage and zeal the other day in clubbing Michael Kelly over the head, while that worthy youth was firmly held by another citizen. It was a bold and gallant deed, and one worthy the gang Orem belongs to—men who would sell their souls for whiskey and club their grandmothers to death for two bits.

Nineteen of every twenty persons who write a family letter, after closing with the injunction to "write again as soon as you can," tilt back and devoutly exclaim, "Thank Heaven, that job is done."

## THE DYING CHILD.

[BY JOHN CLARE.]

He could not die when trees were green,      He held his hand for daisies white,  
 For he loved the time too well.      And then for violets blue,  
 His little hands, when flowers were seen,      And took them all to bed at night  
 Were held for the blue bell,      That in the green fields grew,  
 As he was carried o'er the green.      As childhood's sweet delight.

His eye glanced at the white-nosed bee;      And then he shut his little eyes,  
 He knew those children of the Spring;      And flowers would notice not;  
 When he was well and on the lee      Birds' nests and eggs caused no surprise,  
 He held one in his hand to sing,      He now no blossoms got:  
 Which filled his heart with glee.      They met with plaintive sighs.

Infants, the children of the Spring!  
 How can an infant die  
 When butterflies are on the wing,  
 Green grass, and such a sky?  
 How can they die at Spring?

When Winter came and blasts did sigh,  
 And bare were plain and tree,  
 As he for ease in bed did lie,  
 His soul seemed with the free,  
 He died so quietly.

—“*Asylum Poems.*”

## PREACHERS AND POLITICS.

Mr. Editor:—I have received during the last few weeks numerous calls from prominent and leading politicians, from many of the various rings, cliques, and coteries that control the destinies of the two great parties into which our State is divided; the object of those eager, earnest, anxious, energetic and patriotic political wire-workers, was to induce your humble servant, the Parson, to emerge from his sacred retirement, come out before the political world, and take the field as a partisan stump speaker in the present campaign. Each political aspirant wished me to lend him the powerful aid of my persuasive eloquence for his own personal aggrandizement, to be used in assisting to elevate his patriotic soul above the vulgar minds of common men, and place his sleek and well kept corporeal being in one of the easy office chairs of the State or Federal Government, stipulating said chair should be upholstered in the gorgeous modern style so much in vogue at Washington, the covering to be of the American flag, and well stuffed with greenbacks. My unvarying answer to the soul-stirring solicitations of those self-sacrificing patriots was a decided, unequivocal, and dignified NO. Higgins called on me, making a most magnificent offer for my services. I respectfully declined, and asked him to unite with me in prayer for the cause. The beautiful Grecian outline of his nasal organ was somewhat impaired by a slight elevation of its extreme end in the ambient air, and with a sneer on his massive lip, the most cutting I ever beheld, he bade me adieu, muttering, as he retreated from the door of my sanctuary, “Too thin, old fossil! too thin! that stuff won’t wash.” In the still, solemn hour of midnight, when my unburdened mind, in a blissful state of quiet serenity, enfolded in the soft and soothing embrace of a rose-tinted cloud, was floating away over the plains of heaven, I was rudely called back to the cares of this sinful world by a violent ring at the door-bell. I arose and descended to the parlor, and was presented by my servant to the intruder, who proved to be Mr. Carr; he seemed to be in a high state of nervous anxiety. “By gosh!” said he, “Parson, the Gov’ has jumped the track and gone for the people and principle; he’s right, but our fellows don’t understand that sort of thing, and won’t follow him, and without the Gov’ I’m afraid we’ll lose the fight; by gosh! it’s a close thing, Parson, and if you’ll come out and stump it on our side, we’ll beat ‘um yet, and send John B. or George C. to the U. S. Senate; we’ve got Stebbins roaring around among the long-hairs, and Stone waltzing about with the roe-waters, Hemphill pumping Presbyterian thunder into the Catholics, the Rev. Mr. Noble hunting up the Sabbath-breaking, lager beer guzzlers, Hallelujah Cox raiding among those short-haired creatures that infest the wharves, and now, by gosh! Parson, all we want is for you to come out and make a speech or two for us and have it published in the *News Letter*, and we’ve got them.” In reply to Mr. Carr, I asked him if he thought it consistent with my sacred calling, to drag my sacerdotal robes and sanctified person through the mire of politics. “By gosh, Parson!” said he, “you know this religion is all stuff; it is only the means to an end, and that end is to get onward and upward. Come out now and be famous, like the rest of the old hunkers, like Calvin, Wesley, the Popes, Theo. Parker, Starr King, Chapin, Beecher, Spurgeon, Bellows, Buchard, Gallagher, Jimmy McGinn, and a host of others, who were all politicians and became famous, and have all got onward and upward, by peddling out heaven, which cost them nothing, in exchange for the things of this world which cost the people their all.” “Mr. Carr,” said I, “think of your immortal soul.” “Soul be derned,” said he; “by gosh! Parson, I’d rather get little George a seat in the U. S. Senate than to save the souls of the whole Republican party. Soul! by gosh, Parson! what does a politician know about a soul? You know it’s all stuff, this soul-saving business; but if you can make it count for us, go in and give it to them—tell them God’s on our side; that Christ was a revolutionary hero, and died for the straight Republican party; that the Virgin Mary wore the cap of liberty, that the American eagle was the bird that came down from heaven and lit on the head of John the Baptist, as he stood in the river Jordan. Tell them that in old times it was customary to have a polling place in Solomon’s Temple, and deposit their ballot in the ark of the covenant; tell them



## COURT CHAT.

Their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales attended a ball on Monday night, Aug. 4th, given at the conservatory of the Royal Horticultural Society in honor of the Grand Duke Czarewitch and the Grand Duchess Cesarevna of Russia, whose visit to this country is drawing rapidly to a close. Considerably more than 1,000 invitations were issued. When the dancing began the scene in the conservatory was both animated and picturesque. The natural beauty of the place was heightened by the addition of flowers and the conversion of the conservatory into a spacious *salle de danse*, with its raised platform, 150 ft. long by 45 ft. in breadth. The graceful tall palm trees rose almost to the glass roof, and the vision was dazzled by the wealth of color on all sides. The dancers walked amongst sweet-smelling flowers of all hues and amid statues which looked all the more beautiful from their being set in a frame of color. A remarkable piece of ornamental work was seen at the western end of the conservatory in the shape of a large ice-rockery, dressed with various kinds of ferns and numerous specimens of the echeveria, or ice-plant. This singularly beautiful ornament stood thirty feet high by twelve feet in breadth, and was generally admired. The large glossy leaves of the ice-plant had a silvery appearance; the huge pyramid of ice glistened in the light, which fell from many-colored lamps in the center: altogether it was the most welcome bit of decoration in the building. Creeping plants formed its border, which was entirely of green; the plants used were all in keeping with the main design—water-plants and ice-plants forming the principal part of the adornments. From this fairy-like scene the visitors passed into the arcades—two parterres of parti-colored flowers and plants, diversified by many palms. Flowering and foliage plants bedecked the Albert-road entrance, and the guests, after being received, walked through a grove of surpassing beauty. Beginning at the Royal pavilion, built near the western entrance to the Exhibition, the flowers were arranged in serpentine form all the way along to the ball-room. By this ingenious device, in which Mr. Wills displayed his usual judgment and good taste, all hard lines and angles disappeared. At intervals of twenty feet the floral view was broken by pyramids of ice, placed at every turn in the long walk. Behind these tiny icebergs were colored lamps, shaded by the leaves of towering palms, by magnificent specimens of the *areca vershaffeltii*, the *cycus revoluta*, and others. The flowers lining the arcades comprised all those in season, prominent amongst them being specimens of the pelargonium and the *kalucanthus*, with a pretty edging of small blue flowers, akin in tint to the forget-me-not, and a feathery grass known to gardeners as *isolopes*. Thick clusters of white lilies and golden-ray lilies mingled with the white feathery sprays of the spirea, and filled the place with perfume. A broad strip of crimson cloth ran through the arcades, by which the guests approached the ball-room, where there was no glare, but only sufficient light from the lamps to bring up the flowers and decorations. Supper was served in the central quadrant to the Royal party, who assembled at five tables; the background being formed by broad squares of fuchsias and geraniums, while in the foreground hung light chintz curtains, festooned over the bays of the arches facing the conservatory. The remainder of the guests snipped in one of the arcades, a red and white curtain dividing two rooms where supper was served simultaneously to between 200 and 300 persons. Between the central quadrant and the supper rooms the arches were draped with crimson curtains, fringed with double bullion. The tables were lit with golden candelabra, and were handsomely adorned with flowers. Excellent taste again displayed itself not only in the grouping of the flowers on the supper tables, but also in the selected hues. Only those flowers whose blossom was either pink, white, or green were chosen, and thus the eyes were never fatigued with gazing upon them. Not the least noticeable parts of the entertainment were the illumination of the gardens, which were available for promenade, and the playing of five of the fountains on the upper terrace. The whole arrangements were under the careful supervision of Lord Suffield, and good management was a characteristic of the ball from the beginning to end. In regard to the conservatory and the grounds, it may be said that all that was needful was admirably carried out by Mr. Barron, the Horticultural Society's superintendent. Mr. Wills, from whose extensive nurseries all the flowers which filled the arcades and supper rooms came, fairly deserves the highest praise, for none more beautiful have ever been seen in London than those which evoked the warmest admiration of all the guests present. His Royal Highness Prince Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, attended by Hon. Charles Eliot, was the first member of Royalty to arrive. Her Royal Highness the Princess Mary Adelaide and the Duke of Teck came shortly afterwards. Their Royal Highnesses the Duke of Cambridge and the Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, attended by Major-General Hon. James Montagu and Lady Caroline Cust, arrived at half-past 11 o'clock. Their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales, accompanied by their Imperial Highnesses the Czarewitch and Cesarevna, arrived at a quarter to 12 o'clock, the Prince and Princess of Wales being attended by Lieutenant-Colonel A. Ellis and Hon. Mrs. F. Stonor, and in the suite of the Grand Duke and Grand Duchess of Russia were the Princess Konrachine, the Countess Apraxine, Count Oleouvieff, General Zinovieff, General Sturler, Dr. Hirsch, etc. The Earl of Kenmare, Hon. Oliver Montagu, Lord Suffield, and other members of the ball committee received their Royal and Imperial Highnesses on alighting from the Royal carriages, and conducted them to the conservatory. On the illustrious visitors entering the conservatory Cooté's band played the National Russian Hymn in compliment to the Grand Duke and Grand Duchess. The ball was opened with a quadrille. The company present were both numerous and aristocratic, conspicuous amongst whom were Lady Augusta Hervey and the principal scions of the nobility.



**The 18th Royal Irish** has the honor of possessing the oldest soldier in the British army, or perhaps in the world, in the person of the colonel of the regiment, General Sir John Forster Fitzgerald, G. C. B., the senior general in the army and a veteran of eighty years' service, his first commission as ensign bearing date Oct. 29, 1793. At the early age of eighteen this distinguished officer was a major, having obtained his first commission when he was eight years old; in six months and ten days after he was a captain, and joined his regiment, the 46th, as a captain of seven and a half years' standing at the age of sixteen. Sir John has been a full general for the last nineteen years, and Colonel of the 18th Royal Irish for thirteen years. He commanded a light infantry regiment at the Battle of Salamanca, and a brigade at the Pyrenees in 1813 as lieutenant-colonel.

**His Royal Highness, Prince Arthur**, who is staying at Trouville, went out unattended at an early hour one morning, lately, to bathe, and after swimming out some distance he disappeared under a heavy breaker. A waterman who had been looking on immediately raised a cry for help, and rushed into the water, followed by one of the Prince's aides-de-camp, who chanced to be on hand. They reached the Prince just as he was becoming insensible, and brought him ashore. Attendants from the neighboring Hotel des Roaches Noires hurried to the spot with warm water and spirits, and after severe rubbing the breath and circulation of blood were restored. His Royal Highness was soon able to return to the hotel.

**The Duke of Edinburgh** entered upon his thirtieth year on August 6th. According to custom, the Court being at Osborne, the ships at Portsmouth and at Spithead hoisted mast-head colors. The Royal standard was also hoisted at the Garrison Battery, from which, as well as the ships, Royal salutes were fired at noon.

**The Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne** are on a visit to the Duke and Duchess of Argyll at Inverary. The *Isle of Wight Times* states that the Marquis is in treaty for the purchase of the residence near Sea View, known as Sea Grove, at present the property of Mr. W. H. Glyn, a county magistrate.

It is stated that extensive preparations are in progress at the British Embassy in the Russian capital in anticipation of the Duke of Edinburgh's arrival, which is believed to be fixed for January. His Royal Highness's marriage is to take place in that month, or early in February.

**The telegram from Copenhagen** announcing the betrothal of Prince Arthur to the Princess Thyra of Denmark is authoritatively contradicted. The telegram stated that, in compliance with his Royal Highness's desire, the official announcement was for the present postponed.

### AN AMUSING BLUNDER.

**An amusing blunder** was lately committed in the West of England. Some of your readers will probably have seen the report of a supposed breach of promise case, brought by Miss Anglicana Church against Mr. William Merrypebble, M. P., wherein the following letter, among others, was put into Court and read: "St. Stephen's, April 1st, 1871.—Dear Anglicana: I am constantly thinking of you, and always talking about you. I will never desert you, my own pet; never, never! I saw Miss Miall, from Bradford, this morning, and spoke to her. Don't be jealous; you are alone 'my all' [laughter]. I will always protect, love, honor, cherish and obey you. Sweetest Juliet, good-bye for the present. I have no time to write more, as I am off to ———, to address my noble constituents [loud laughter]. Ever yours, Willie." A certain anonymous contributor to a respectable west country contemporary did not perceive that Miss Anglicana Church was no other than the English Church, that Mr. William Merrypebble was Mr. Gladstone, and that Miss Miall was the Hon. member for Bradford, and the well-known hater of Church Establishments. He denounced the absurd love letters, and considered that the heartless conduct of the faithless member should be exposed! He must thank the *Manchester Courier* for this hoax.

**What are Folk Saying?**—What are folk saying about the city and its affairs? They are saying—that Mr. George Ewing and the Honorary Secretary to the Burns Committee are entire strangers. That Mr. George Ewing does not belong to the Burns Club. That there was "a friend round the corner" waiting the result of the Burns' Monument meeting. That "round the corner" was the Royal Restaurant in Dunlop street. That the police are under-paid and over-wrought. That the public are anxious to pay them more. That but for the rains the stench of the Clyde would be unbearable. That Leeds and Bradford have had their rivers purified by the action of a patriotic individual getting an injunction against the local authority there.

**An urchin of seven years** went into a barber's shop and ordered the barber to cut his hair as short as shears could do it. He was asked if his mother ordered it in that way. "No," replied he; "school begins next week, and we have got a schoolmistress that pulls hair."

THE LAW OF DEATH.

The song of Kilvany. Fairest she  
In all the land of Savatthi.  
She had one child, as sweet and gay  
And dear to her as the light of day.  
She was so young, and he so fair,  
The same bright eyes and the same  
dark hair,  
To see them by the blossomy way  
They seemed two children at their  
play.

There came a death-dart from the sky.  
Kilvany saw her darling die.  
The glimmering shade his eyes invades,  
Out of his cheek the red bloom fades;  
His warm heart feels the icy chill,  
The round limbs shudder and are still.  
And yet Kilvany held him fast  
Long after life's last pulse was past;  
As if her kisses could restore  
The smile gone out for evermore.

But when she saw her child was dead  
She scattered ashes on her head,  
And seized the small corpse, pale and  
sweet,  
And rushing wildly through the street,  
She sobbing fell at Buddha's feet.  
"Master! all-helpful! help me now!  
Here at thy feet I humbly bow;  
Have mercy, Buddha! help me now!"  
She groveled on the marble floor,  
And kissed the dead child o'er and o'er.  
And suddenly upon the air  
There fell the answer to her prayer:  
"Bring me to-night a lotus tied  
With thread from a house where none  
has died."

She rose, and laughed with thankful joy,  
Sure that the god would save the boy.  
She found a lotus by the stream;  
She plucked it from its noonday dream,  
And then from door to door she fared,  
To ask what house by death was spared.  
Her heart grew cold to see the eyes  
Of all dilate with slow surprise:  
"Kilvany, thou hast lost thy head;  
Nothing can help a child that's dead.  
There stands not by the Ganges' side  
A house where none hath ever died."  
Thus through the long and weary day,  
From every door she bore away  
Within her heart, and on her arm,  
A heavier load, a deeper harm.  
By gates of gold and ivory,  
By wattle huts of poverty,  
The same refrain heard poor Kilvany,  
The living are few—the dead are many.

The evening came, so still and fleet,  
And overtook her hurrying feet,  
And, heart-sick, by the sacred fane  
She fell, and prayed the god again.  
She sobbed and beat her bursting breast:  
"Ah! thou hast mocked me! Mightiest!  
Lo! I have wandered far and wide—  
There stands no house where none hath  
died."

And Buddha answered, in a tone  
Soft as a flute at twilight blown,  
But grand as heaven and strong as death  
To him who hears with ears of faith:  
"Child, thou art answered! Murmur not!  
Bow, and accept the common lot."  
Kilvany heard with reverence meet,  
And laid her child at Buddha's feet.

*Extracts from New Books and Magazines.*

TELEGRAPH FOR THE CHINESE.

**S. A. Viguier, Esq.**, of Shanghai, has devised a scheme for the transmission of Chinese messages, which is now used in Shanghai and Hongkong by the Great Northern Telegraph Company. The Chinese style of writing cannot be transmitted by the ordinary telegraph apparatus, but to give the Chinese an opportunity of sending messages in their own language, Mr. Viguier has constructed a system for this purpose. Of the 44,000 words, or thereby, which are found in the Chinese language, only 7,000 occur with any degree of frequency, so that for all ordinary purposes these 7,000 words are amply sufficient. Supposing every educated Chinaman to know at a glance to which of the 214 radicals any character is to be referred, the 7,000 characters are in Mr. Viguier's system arranged in columns under their respective radicals, and every character is, besides, furnished with a number rising from 0001 to 7,000.

These are printed on 7 large sheets bound together, which the Chinese can purchase, and by reference to which they can in a very short time find the characters they want to be transmitted, and writing down the numbers corresponding to these, and using certain conventional signs to distinguish the address, the message, the signature, etc., from each other, the Chinese message can be transmitted as well as any other message.

The receiving station is furnished with a board containing 7,000 types, numbered from 0001 to 7,000, and having the corresponding Chinese numbers engraved on the other side. When, therefore, a Chinese message has been sent along the wire, the types bearing the numbers transmitted are taken out, the characters printed on a square ruled form, and the message is ready for delivery.

This ingenious invention of Mr. Viguier is fitted to give a mighty impetus to the use of the telegraph by the Chinese, and will do more to hasten its extended use over the Empire than whole reams of despatches. And, however experience and criticism may modify and simplify the notation, it is not to be forgotten that Mr. Viguier was the first to adapt it to Chinese uses.

**Mr. Anthony Trollope**, we hear, is to receive £1,260 for his new tale, "Phineas Redux," in the *Graphic*.

## AMONG THE STOCK BROKERS.

[BY OUR FAT CONTRIBUTOR.]

London, August 16, 1873.—The time was, sir, and not long ago, when I would have seen Baker's Chop House, in Change Alley, in the middle of the Pacific Ocean, before I would have visited it in August. But the advance of time and increasing appreciation of the real comforts of this life, whereof I hold Brown Sherry, for which Baker's is famous, to be at least one of the chiefest, have convinced me that grouse are better sought in Leadenhall Market than on the disappointing Yorkshire Moors, or the heather (and mist) covered hills of Scotland. In truth, there are this year no grouse in Yorkshire, and not many in Scotland, although here they are plentiful enough, and I am thankful to say that while a benevolent British Parliament decrees that not a bird shall be shot before the twelfth of August, our excellent purveyors in London contrive to have them in wonderfully good condition for cooking by five o'clock in the morning of that auspicious anniversary, whereby I conclude that the generous birds, grateful for the estimation in which they are held, shoot themselves out of sheer charity at some time during the last week in July. My visit to Baker's had, however, another motive than grouse and Brown Sherry for I had been favored by my friend, Mr. Sooke, the Secretary of the "Emma Mining Company" with a hint to the effect that a circular with welcome news would be issued on the 13th, in time to have its due effect upon "name day." Now I have heard nothing but disastrous accounts of the Emma Mine for twelve months or so, and I naturally wanted to know what was going to happen, and I am bound to acknowledge besides that I do not like to get into the city when the fortnightly account approaches completion. I like the bustle and importance that the young fellows assume, who, bless your soul, have nothing to do with the matter, except to sell what they are told, and pocket their commissions; and I take a little kindly pleasure in seeing how remarkably well men of the old school bear reverse. Now our old school men persistently run their heads dead against your securities, and are very apt, in their readiness to frown them down, to sell rather rashly. Hence the movement of last week has gone on, and all American securities are very firm, while ours are going back.

The news from the Emma mine was very good, indeed. Mr Atwood telegraphs to say that they have struck some good ore in the end and bottom of lower level No. 4; that they have entirely got rid of the water in that level, which prevented further exploration, and that they expect to announce greater discoveries. He also states that they have succeeded in making the second-class ore pay well by an improved method of concentration, and that it will yield a good deal of money, while he caps his good news with a statement that he has discovered some parcels of very rich ore in the old caved chamber, which he has sold at one hundred and twenty-five pounds per ton. This was a very nice change from the dismal tone of recent announcements, and it was improved by a little bit of news that the Directors themselves had to communicate. They have discovered that a Mr. J. G. Osborne, who holds one share only, has issued a circular under date of 16th July, to certain impressive shareholders, in which he tells a few untruths about the company's position and prospects. However, the Emma mining stock went up with a jump, and was in active request at an advance of a pound, closing at 6½ to 6¾, having previously stood at 5½, with no buyers at all. Mr. Maxwell also telegraphs the news of constant progress from the Tecoma mine, and his people were rewarded with an advance of 62½. The Flagstaffs went down a half, in spite of favorable reports, and closed heavily at 9½. Last Chance, from which there was also good news, closed at 5½, and a further advance of an eighth to three-eighths in U. S. Government securities, closed a fortnight's account, in which your stocks were everywhere in demand, and ours not by any means firm. Even Erie shares had improved, but our leading railways had gone back a half per cent. clear. You would never have guessed that any of our men were hit, and yet some of them were most thoroughly self-deceived, for not only had they sold more U. S. stock of various kinds at low figures than was available, but there was a good brisk foreign demand for it likewise, and the prices felt the influence immediately.

Altogether I enjoyed my morning in the city, for, thank heaven, I had no greater anxiety than the waiters could appease; and I am certain that I look much better at a snug dinner table than I do in a phillabeg, trotting about in a Scotch mist, which is singularly similar to those wonderful fogs that come sweeping over your northern and western hills in what should be the summer afternoons. I should dearly like to be with you for the elections. Here all those matters are terribly tame; but you have a little good, violent scolding going on at least, which is better than the dreary dullness of our gentility. Two days ago I was unwise enough to go all the way to Chichester, with upwards of a hundred more victims, to see a new gas which is produced by passing superheated steam through petroleum. It has the great merits of cheapness and adaptability to the present piping and metres of the company, but it is not very brilliant, and the town of Chichester, which was lighted with it for the occasion, does not boast of enough gas-lamps to enable one to test it fairly. However, we had a capital dinner, and I am happy to say that the necessity of looking at the effect of the gas prevented us from being bored with speeches. I like a good dinner and I hate speeches, and as far as gas is concerned why it's quite cheap enough here now. I have a gas stove which will cook a turkey of twenty pounds weight at a cost of three halfpence. What more can a man desire? The proper end of life is comfort, and that comes from a good cook, a good conscience, and a good digestion—all three of which excellent things are the happy qualifications of your grateful

EPICURUS ROTUNDUS.

## THE NEW CHURCH ORGAN.

They've got a bran new organ, Sue,  
 For all their fuss and search;  
 They've done just as they said they'd do,  
 And fetched it into church.  
 They're bound the critter shall be seen,  
 And on the preacher's right  
 They've hoisted up their new machine  
 In everybody's sight.  
 They've got a chorister and choir,  
 Ag'in *my* voice and vote;  
 For it was never *my* desire  
 To praise the Lord by note!  
 I've been a sister good an' true  
 For five-an'-thirty year;  
 I've done what seemed my part to do,  
 An' prayed my duty clear;  
 I've sung the hymns both slow and quick,  
 Just as the preacher read,  
 And twice, when Deacon Tubbs was sick,  
 I took the fork an' led!  
 And now, their bold, new-fangled ways  
 Is coming all about;  
 And I, right in my latter days,  
 Am fairly crowded out!  
 To-day the preacher, good old dear,  
 With tears all in his eyes,  
 Read, "I can read my title clear  
 To mansions in the skies."  
 I al'ays like that blessed hymn—  
 I s'pose I al'ays will;  
 It somehow gratifies my whim,  
 In good old Ortonville;  
 But when that choir got up to sing,  
 I couldn't catch a word;  
 They sung the most dog-gondest thing  
 A body ever heard!  
 Some worldly chaps was standin' near;  
 An' when I see them grin,  
 I bid farewell to every fear,  
 And boldly waded in.  
 I thought I'd chase their tune along,  
 And tried with all my might;  
 But though my voice is good and strong,  
 I couldn't steer it right;  
 When they was high, then I was low,  
 An' also contrawise;  
 An' I too fast, or they too slow,  
 To "mansions in the skies."

An' after every verse, you know,  
 They play a little tune;  
 I didn't understand, an' so  
 I started in too soon.  
 I pitched it pretty middlin' high,  
 I fetched a lusty tone,  
 But, oh, alas! I found that I  
 Was singin' there alone!  
 They laughed a little, I am told;  
 But I done my best:  
 And not a wave of trouble rolled  
 Across my peaceful breast.  
 And Sister Brown—I could bot look—  
 She sits right front of me;  
 She never was no singin'-book,  
 An' never went to be;  
 But then she al'ays tried to do  
 The best she could, she said;  
 She understood the time right through,  
 An' kep' it with her head;  
 But when she tried this mornin', oh,  
 I had to laugh, or cough!  
 It kep' her head a-bobbin' so,  
 It e'en a'most came off!  
 An' Deacon Tubbs—he all broke down,  
 As one might well suppose;  
 He took one look at Sister Brown,  
 And meekly scratched his nose.  
 He looked his hymn-book thro' and thro'  
 And laid it on the seat,  
 And then a pensive sigh he drew,  
 And looked completely beat.  
 An' when they took another bout  
 He didn't even rise;  
 But drew his red bandanner out,  
 An' wiped his weepin' eyes.  
 I've been a sister, good an' true,  
 For five-an'-thirty year,  
 I've done what seemed my part to do,  
 An' prayed my duty clear;  
 But Death will stop my voice, I know,  
 For he is on my track,  
 An' some day I to church will go,  
 And never more come back;  
 And when the folks get up to sing—  
 Whene'er that time shall be—  
 I do not want no *patent* thing  
 A-squealin' over me!

—New York Observer.

**The Marquis of Lorn** has just purchased the property of Mr. Glynn, in the Isle of Wight. By means of this transaction a fresh slice of that beautiful island falls into the undisputed possession of the Royal Family. Many years ago, when first "The Royal Marine Residence," as it is somewhat ostentatiously called, was established at Osborne, an offer was made by the Prince Consort for the purchase of this very property. The bid, which was by no means a liberal one, was declined, and the Prince's revengeful temper was so inflamed by the refusal of the owner to part with his estate that he gave orders that no matter how great the stress of weather no boats from Sea Grove should be permitted shelter upon any part of the Osborne foreshore. But he reckoned without his host, for it appeared that nothing that he could do could bar a long existing right of disembarkation in time of danger. Taken in connection with an act passed at the close of the session, which enabled the Crown for the first time since the Revolution of 1688 to bequeath landed estate, this purchase looks as though the Guclph family were imitating the Orleans tactics, and preparing to subside into English landholders whenever the inevitable crash shall deprive them of the position of European sovereigns.

**A correct card of the races**, or rather a neat little book containing all the entries, colors, times of starting, has been got up by Mr. Goggin (with Francis & Valentine) for the races to-day. It is the neatest little thing we have ever seen, and will be on sale both on the street and race track.

**The Washington British Embassy.**—Operations have been commenced in Washington for the erection of this building, which is to cost \$108,000.



## THE COURSE OF THE BALLOON.

**An Imagined Forecast of the Voyage by Professor Wise.**—The question of how *The Daily Graphic* balloon experiment is to be conducted is so often asked that I have a mind to talk about it a little, at the risk of finding in its outcome not all that is foreshadowed in what I intend to say. I am the more timid in this matter because there are so many circumstances connected with this experiment that obtrude themselves upon its mechanical and scientific integrity, from the very necessity of the case as it stands, that it becomes rather a critical matter to make a very reasonable forecast as to its starting, sailing and its ending. "All safe, now that we are above the house-tops." Should we move along the line of the coast during the first night out, and the sky clear, we shall be enabled to see the coast lights within several hundred miles of our position. I saw the Chicago light for four hours during the night sail from St. Louis in July the 1st and 2d, 1859. Should we deem it expedient to keep low, within several thousand feet of the sea, I am strongly persuaded that we shall drift along the line of the Gulf Stream. That would enable us to reach the British Isles. Should it become expedient, from the cause of adverse local currents, to mount up high in the beginning, we shall, in all human probability, deduced from aeronautic experience over the land, drift more directly eastward. This would really seem the better course, provided our air-float was of such closeness as to insure, beyond a doubt, the ability to float at a three-mile altitude for three days. It is next to impossible to attain that impermeability to gas in a single thickness of envelope, and more so in cotton fabric, for a balloon that is to sail in a great altitude. Besides that difficulty, comes another—the greater disposition of fluctuation from its horizontal course, arising from the rarer medium in which the vessel is suspended. All these difficulties can be met in the more expensive mode of construction of air-ships, should they in future become commercial fixtures. They can be made of double shells of silk; and, still better, of copper sheeting with folding joints. We have now essayed a feeble forecast of getting under way, and here it is well enough to say again, it is the most difficult part in the business, because it will be a first trial of the kind on so large a scale.

I can see no cause of apprehension of danger after the ship is fairly started, neither in its passengers nor in the minds of the people that wish us safe convoy, provided our crew is made up of the right material. It will allow of no *Polaris* wrangling. Once fairly at sea, it is impossible to say what the thing of air will bring forth. There will be a profound stillness, I know. A solemn grandeur will encompass the air-ship, but it may be safely imagined that occasionally in the daytime we may descry a faintly outlined sail in the far off distance, coming up behind the curvature of our terrestrial ball. In the night, the admirable phosphate of calcium petard, known as "Holmes' Storm and Danger Signal Light," of which we had an ocular demonstrative experiment the other night, will serve as a pillar of light to inform us what course we are sailing, and how fast we are moving, if not exactly, at least proximately, and that will be sufficient for this first experiment. Aeronauts sail much like the Turkish Argonauts, by a species of instinct termed dead-reckoning. The Holmes' Light will also serve the same purpose in day by the smoke it evolves. When above a dense stratum of clouds nothing that is of any practical value will serve to point out direction of our motion nor amount of speed. In that case we shall be lost in the vast wilderness that has for us no "blazed trees" nor "markers" in the swamps. It will then be in the still heavens of infinity, and the mind may then revel in the realms of space undisturbed. We may have conjectures of speed and course from the conditions of the cloud stratum beneath—such as the vapor moving in a different course from the vessel, and from the previous condition of the atmosphere; and in these conjectures we may be induced to keep up. Should none such present themselves, we shall probably be inclined to come cautiously down through the earth-shrouding ceiling, and take a look out for sails and an encouraging hint from one of our signal petards.

We have now sailed, prophetically, for two nights and a day—thirty-six hours—in the hopeful imagination of a pleasing adventure; we may now watch wistfully for the peep of day, and should the glorious sun shine upon our aerial orb an hour and a half ahead of New York chronometer time, we shall be cheered with the idea that we are 1,500 miles east latitude from our place of departure. Should now "*The Daily Graphic*" show a rotund appearance, and several thousand pounds of sand ballast be remaining in her hold, we may contemplate the balance of the voyage in a more comfortable mood of mind, since then it will be a mere matter of thirty or forty hours more to set us on the shores of Europe. Should we be so fortunate, so deserving of success, as to see the other side of the sea, we will not be forgetful of that gratitude to the God of Nature, in whom all wisdom abounds, but we will sing the praise of Him who rules the heavens and the earth and all therein, for having vouchsafed us a favorable result in a feeble attempt to learn another letter in the alphabet of His mysterious book that He has laid out before us in our progress in the search of knowledge and the bettering of mankind, than which there is no higher duty that appeals to man.

J. WISE.

It is to be hoped that there is no truth in the statement that Mr. Sothorn is going to produce next season a new comedy, by H. J. Byron, in which "Lord Dundreary" is to be introduced in private theatricals. It is all very well for Mr. Sothorn to be enamored of his one character part, but the public must by this time have grown utterly sick and disgusted with it.—*The Mirror* (London).

WORTHLESS TREASURE.

[BY MRS. S. M. B. PIATT.]

If one with a sick, whispering heart should yield  
 To its faint fever, brokenly, and scorn  
 To furrow some low, pleasant, narrow field  
 To whose sweet labor he was born ;  
 If he should have it hold him violets  
 Enough to make the fairest wreath on earth,  
 But with cold thanks and very dim regrets  
 Refuse their humble, precious worth ;  
 If, fiercely held by some strange gathering thought,  
 Within whose doubtful darkness he could see  
 A thousand stars with fiery meanings caught,  
 His weird and restless life should be ;  
 If he to that great breathless night which lies  
 Under the ground descended, dreaming there  
 To find the fearful charm that gave his eyes  
 Their glittering, ever-downward stare ;  
 If, year by year, shut from the sun, he tried  
 To gather riches from the coral mine,  
 Whose Slave his Soul was, still to be denied  
 And still to feel them shine and shine ;  
 If, gray and ghastly, he at last should break,  
 As from the dead, into the dew, and bring  
 Diamonds enough to light a grave, or make,  
 Twice-told, the glory of a king ;  
 If he should have his jewels cut and set  
 After some beautiful and worthy rule,  
 Then find himself, when in his coronet,  
 Only a crowned and laughed-at Fool :  
 I know, to-day, how bitter it would be  
 For him to learn his treasure was not true,  
 Because (as even you through love might see)  
 Because—I wear mock-jewels too.

THE MISERERE AT ST. PETER'S.

There is one grand and sublime ceremony, the Miserere of St. Peter's. The music is exquisite, the effect surprising. Rome saw, in the sixteenth century, that Protestantism surpassed her in music, as she excelled Protestantism in the arts of painting, sculpture, and architecture. To prevent this inferiority, she naturally sought a master of song, and found the sublime Palestrina, the Michael Angelo of the lyre. The Pope forbade the reproduction of his Miserere, in order that it should be heard only in that church whose gigantic arches were completely in harmony with its sublimity. One day a noble youth heard entranced the Miserere. This youth, who may be called the Raphael of music, learned it by heart, and divulged it to the world. He was Mozart. The German genius came to steal the secrets of the Latin genius in the eternal war between both races. No pen can describe the solemnity of the Miserere !

The night advances. The Basilica is in darkness. Her altars are uncovered. Through the open arches there penetrates the uncertain light of dawn, which seems to deepen the shadows. The last taper of the *tenebrario* is hidden behind the altar. The cathedral resembles an immense mausoleum, with the faint gleaming of funeral torches in the distance. The music of the Miserere is not instrumental. It is a sublime choir admirably combined. Now, it comes like a far-off roar of the tempest, as the vibration of the wind upon the ruins or among the cypresses of tombs ; again, like a lamentation from the depths of the earth, or a moaning of heaven's angels breaking into sobs and sorrowful weeping. The marble statues, gigantic and of dazzling whiteness, are not completely hidden by the darkness, but appear like the spirits of past ages coming out of the sepulchres and loosing the shroud to join the intonation of this canticle of despair. The whole church is agitated, and vibrates as if words of horror were arising from the stones. This profound and sublime lament, this mourning of bitterness dying away into airy circles, penetrates the heart by the intensity of its sadness ; it is the voice of Rome supplicating Heaven from her load of ashes, as if under her blackcloth she writhed in her death-agony.

To weep thus, to lament as the prophets of old by the banks of the Euphrates, or among the scattered stones of the Temple, to sigh in this sublime cadence, becomes a city whose eternal sorrow has not marred her eternal beauty. Thus she is enslaved. David alone can be her poet. Her canticle is majestic and unequalled. Rome, Rome ! thou art grand, thou art immortal even in thy desperation and thy abandonment ! The human heart shall be thy eternal altar, although the faith which has been thy prestige should perish, as the conquests that made thy greatness have departed ! None can rob thee of thy God-given immortality, which thy pontiffs have sustained, and which thy artists will forever preserve. —*Emilio Castelar.*

[From the Town Crier Column of the San Francisco News Letter.]

**Any disinterested observer of ordinary mental capacity**, with a mind susceptible of and liable to be influenced by the paradoxical bewilderments of current events must, during the last few weeks, have had his pet political fancies considerably outraged if spooney enough to be gulled into the belief that "vote by ballot" is the poor man's paladium of equality and the rich man's synonym for honesty, or that any political aspirant, rich or poor, is actuated by an unswerving and unselfish honesty of purpose. Republicanism, in theory, is beautiful in practice it has now, as it ever has had, innumerable features, every one an index finger pointing to tyrannical corruption. A representative head, a judiciary, all the political machinery of governmental management, even when saturated with and only actuated by corrupt motives may exist when in the community at large there is, (if but a feeble), coloring of confidence manifested; but when the all-prevailing belief and sentiment, entertained with the conscientious rancor of a religious fanaticism, is that from the very highest to the very lowest there is not a government municipal or corporate representative of any kind or denomination whatever who has a speck of honesty of purpose within him or by which he is in any way actuated; when, after patient inquiry, direct accusation followed by reluctant acquiescence and public condemnation, the highest officer in the Republic can endorse as creditable, upright and pure, one whom the masses believe to be bloated to saturation with corruption and black as pandemonium; when the highest appeal court in the land is believed to be tinctured and tainted by favored appointees, with body and soul bargained for in advance; when grand jurors are the mere things of local commercial tyrannies, and petty juries open marketable commodities worth just so much per head; when such ideas fill the minds and are accepted by the masses as gospel truths, a prolongation of the tolerance may for a time be successful, but a perpetuation is impossible; anarchy will assert its amiable machiavellism and square matters with its customary rude barbarism and revengeful retaliatory spite. If but a thousandth part of the infamies charged by its greatest admirers be legitimate and just charges, practical republicanism must be the vilest form of government under the sun.

**We may congratulate ourselves** on having got over election day with only one shooting scrape. A little pigeon-breasted striker has gone to his long home. He died, however, in a noble cause, and is in all probability at the moment we write taking a "Hot Irish" with the Cherubims. If James is correct in what he says, Master Kenney ought to have been the recipient of his little favor instead of Gallagher. He will no doubt have a pop at the tragic Super—when he gets out, and if his hand has not forgotten its cunning will probably score one more. What could be more tragically comical and grotesquely braggart than Kenney's little serio-comic farce in the back part of Steele's drug store. "Supervisor Kenney, Marion Wilson and other friends were grouped around the dying man, eagerly watching for the least sign of life. At five minutes past seven o'clock the body layed convulsively; one last gasp was made and Gallagher fell back dead! As he did so, Supervisor Kenney arose from his kneeling position at the dead man's side, and, raising his right hand, said: 'Here, over his dead body, I swear to kill the man who murdered him!'" It is so much in accordance with the "New Code" that Mr. Kenney places himself in a rather hazardous position by thus letting his feelings get the better of his judgment. The *T. C.* advice to Kenney is, "take it all back," or tell the *Chronicle* reporter that his report was "garbled."

**These are indeed precocious days.** Only the other day the *T. C.* obtained information, through a private source, of an attempted suicide by a young lady aged ten years. Putting on his overcoat and pocketing his note-book, he started off to interview the suicidal damsel. Arrived at the house, he was at once shown into the nursery, where a sorrowful group was gathered round the interesting sufferer. Sundry stomach-pumps and medicine bottles gave evidence of the severity of the struggle with King Death. A weeping mother, and the usual complement of distracted brothers and sisters, stood around the sick one's couch. This much the *T. C.* gleaned from the fond parents: Little Annie — had fallen violently in love with Tommy S —, a schoolmate of hers. Tommy, an interesting youth of twelve, had, however, not reciprocated the feeling, but had, in fact, given his heart to a fair creature called Carrie, aged nine. Mad with jealousy, Annie determined to leave this vale of tears, and so took a supper off coal oil. Hopes are entertained of her recovery, and the whole matter is kept a profound secret. It is only as a warning to mothers, little girls and little boys that the *T. C.* makes this matter known. He withholds the names from motives of pure generosity.

**The Mercantile Library** is quite a fashionable resort for the fair damsels and dames of our city. Several nice young men have a good time there flirting with them, and occasionally attending to some wretched male specimen who have to wait for their books, etc., till the amorous clerk is through with his little love affair. It is interesting to the clerks, and affords an immense amount of pleasure to the lookers on, besides materially helping the catalogue, which will appear probably in 1878. It is a pity that such an establishment as the Mercantile Library cannot afford to put up a decent looking-glass in the lavatory adjoining the chess room. A little three-cornered piece of broken glass nailed on to the wall alone enables the visitor to see if he has a show of competing with the clerks in the flirtation business.



The ladies, modest creatures, have raised a terrible row because the conductors maul their backs as they get in and out of the cars. The conductors, with proper spirit, declare that the process is as objectionable to the maulers as to the maulees. Of a truth, there is little pleasure to an imaginative female in a strange touch between the shoulder-blades. *Au contraire*, there is cold comfort for a conductor in an unobtrusive laying of hands upon a Watteau plait or a morocco belt. Indeed, it is a sheer case of self-defence with the latter, for in these days of tilted heads and uneven balance, a conductor is in constant danger of avalanches of unknown quantities of *avoidupois*, which is not pleasant unless the *avoidupois* has been selected with due deliberation and discrimination. Indeed, it is suspected that those who filed the complaint were neither young, pretty, nor plump, but belonged to the wrinkled, skinny, and unattractive brigade upon whom no man, conductor or otherwise, would choose to lay unholy hand—much to their indignation.

In the drama now playing at the California, we are treated to a soul on ice after a refrigerating process of fifteen years duration. The frozen element is universally recognized as being good for oysters, butter, game and fish, but the ethereal essence of corporate flesh so served is something new. Why are we not treated also to a sight of the consternation of Mephistophiles and all the little Mephistophiles waiting through more than a decade of years for the completion of the congealing process, or the amazement of the heavenly host as the frosty apparition entered the delectable regions? Mr. Porter, as a rule, is an excellent and consistent artist, but we feel constrained to ask what was the use of keeping the soul of the unfortunate Louise loafing around an iceberg for fifteen years—a remarkable berg, by the way, to remain intact so long—when it would have been infinitely more comfortable to have translated her at the close of the second act.

A companion to the Whining Pilgrim has appeared in the shape of a cadaverous parson, who makes war upon good clothes and good times generally. He advises our womankind to cultivate bunions upon their knee-joints rather than their toe-joints. If a woman wants a new dress, down she must go on her knees, and she arises feeling herself clad. If she wants an ice cream or an oyster down she flops again, and arising, feels herself refreshed. If she wants to go to the theater or opera, or any other of the devil's abiding places, once more she "crooks the pregnant hinges of the knee," and her soul is filled with music and her mind's eye with a panorama exceeding Porter's most magnificent efforts. If she wants—but why continue the list? Whatever of the wickedness of this world her soul desires she has only to pray, and religion, being all-sufficient, fills the bill. What an uncommonly jolly time this cove's wife must have?

**Alas! for Crell and McCobbish.** In the full tide of its growing prosperity their pet Folly has received a check. Saucelito has been converted into a menagerie, in which Warner's monkeys do not jabber, Foster's seals disport, nor Woodward's diminutive baby expand its lungs. But the Wild Beast of the Pacific has chosen to make her lair therein, and the place is shunned of men. The tawny creature does not draw well, for she knows but one trick, and that an awkward one; like the famous elephant, Juliet, she can place her paw upon the trigger and discharge a weapon without fail. The railroad whistle may shriek, the ferry boat issue excursion tickets, while the memento and its mistress flourish among the hills, Saucelito town lots will not be gobbled up.

We have heard many stories of the tenderness of a mother's love. We have seen them weep over a lock of hair or a tiny shoe, which latter sometimes looked as if it had been subjected to a previous soaking. We have known them to fondle bits of ribbon and faded flowers. But we have never known of such violent affection as that which agitated the breast of Mrs. MacNamara, mother of a soiled dove, who came all the way from Petaluma for a tress of her daughter's hair. As Miss MacNamara, who occupied apartments in the City Jail, has kept her head bandaged ever since, it is probable that she obtained it. Furthermore, a new "switch," suspiciously like the hair of the errant maiden, decorates the front window of a Kearny-street hair merchant.

**Good God,** this is too horrible! There is a Philip Phillips, Jr., who it seems threatens to assume his father's overcoat, and rival him in canting drive. Philip, the whiner, we bore as an evil that in the course of nature must most fortunately be snuffed out in a few years, but if the race of sniffers is to be propagated and spread, the outlook is a dark one, indeed. In the name of a long suffering charity shamefully outraged, and in the name of music most hypocritically prostituted, this little Phillips must be instantly smothered, or the country will be overrun by a set of singing pilgrims ten thousand times worse than the Lollards and Canorums. Let little Phillips tremble between his sheets, for the *Town Crier* will come some night and smother him himself unless he instantly leaves the country.

Pacific street is becoming the destruction of Jackson. The propinquity of the San Francisco hoodlum is ruining the Chinese, an hitherto industrious if not fragrant people. The recent action of Ah Sam, or Ah Lum, or some other scoundrelly Ah, in grabbing his almond-eyed brother's change, was worthy of Riley, King of the Hoodlums, whose puissant royalty glitters in the umbrageous corridors of a jail. It shows, too, how capable of education, and how dexterous of imitation are the children of the moon. Does it require the eye of a seer to recognize in the Celestial young grabblat an incipient Supervisor?

**An American Range.**—The Alleghany mountains.



The Benevolent Association placed contribution boxes at the various polling places on election day, while all the locals pulled long faces and said Remember the Poor. Which accounts for sundry and divers new neckties and overcoats which adorned the bodies of Benevolent Officers the day following, to say nothing of the new vesting gowns, oxidized to the last degree, in which their wives appeared simultaneously. Charity covereth a multitude of sins, and we are unwillingly forced to believe that on election day the Benevolent Association enjoys what we have heard called "a nice little snap."

So we are to have two real live Lords here. What a treat it will be? and how our shoddy aristocracy will, with true republican toadism, *tele* and bore them? No doubt Bishop Kip has already posted himself on their pedigree, through the assistance of the *Court Guide*. No doubt, he will rush to meet them, and will in all probability know more about the family than they do themselves. As some one once remarked of the worthy Bishop: "The Lord he knows the least about is the Lord God Almighty."

One of the most interesting sights at the Vienna Exhibition is a pair of boots made out of leather tanned by President Grant's own hands. Any one collecting such curiosities as Byron's skull drinking cup, the skin of Cowper's pet hare, Napoleon's undershirt, or Wellington's tooth brush, should not let this opportunity slip. The price for such rare souvenirs is comparatively low, and if the purchaser will pay extra the President will wear them out for him and return them fresh from the Presidential toes.

The men in office and the men who have failed to get in, are now hard at work. Warm baths and scrubbing brushes are much in vogue. In some cases even "blue mass" has to be used. Never mind "they stooped to conquer," and the dirt rubbed off some of the hands, they shook the coats they leaned on, and other inconveniences, must be looked over. The main difference between the office-seekers and the strikers is that the one is dirty inside, while the other is dirty inside and outside, too.

A lawyer in this city, whose name is Hood, has made a most remarkable discovery. Long has the T. C. wished to know who was the "author" of the Bible. He has always had an idea that one man wrote the whole, and now he is convinced of the fact. Peter Hood has said it, and pompous Pete never speaks without his book. Pete says that "James the Sixth is the author of the Bible." Bully for Pete, though a trifle rough on the Bible.

The T. C. begs leave to state to the public of New York and the Seventh Regiment in particular, that McDonald's Cadets are not "from the best families in the Golden City," as none of them aspire to a higher position than that of porter in a store. McDonald kept a whisky mill, and is not "one of the wealthiest men in San Francisco," being an uneducated man, who has acquired some military knowledge, probably as a sergeant in some English regiment.

The Bulletin has turned prophet and given us a picture of "The Railroad of the Future." It is to be a road owned by the Government, on which every one shall have a right to run a train, just as he might run his carriage on an old fashioned turnpike road. People who don't want to be smashed to smithereens will not travel on "The Railroad of the Future."

The interviewers have been after Grant to ascertain whether he means to play Caesar and run for a third term. Our American Caesar preserves his reticence, and says it will be time enough to decide whether he will run or not when the nomination is tendered him. It looks as if Barkis was very willing.

It is a pity that Governor Booth has to sit up for three nights in his shirt-sleeves in order to compose a half-hour speech, for, when he has to deliver it, he has generally caught such a cold and is so played out that no one can hear him. It is hard to say whose loss it is.

A Welsh enthusiast this week writes of music as follows, *apropos* of eminent Welshmen who compose: "Music is written in cypher—the secret universal alphabet which was written at the beginning by the finger of the Great Creator—upon the soul of man. The kingdom of the musician, unlike that of other sovereigns, is simply illimitable and everlasting. Xerxes has been forgotten (the editor remembered him), and Caesar has passed away. (Thank you, it is a fact.) And all care for them has perished, and all their power has gone by. But the 'Hallelujah Chorus' will never die, nor its influence, nor its charm, nor its embalming power to preserve the memory of its great composer always green. For the musician, as he weaves and unfolds the wonderful passages and filaments of his art, is but embalming himself. And Handel, when he had closed the last page of his *Messiah*, had made his own death an impossibility."

The following beautiful language could only come from the land of the setting sun: "Rubinstein is on the isthmus that divides the Orient and the Occident. Their spray dashes over into each other, but they do not mix. There is an evident conflict and struggle in his nature and his music. He roars like a lion and is soft as a sucking dove by turns. He springs like a panther, and with his grace and precision, upon the keys. But his hands are claws in velvet. They smite like a hammer, they caress like a mother."

### THE NEW WORLD RIVALING THE OLD.

Advices lately to hand from New York respecting the wonderful development of the iron and hardware industries of the United States are exciting serious apprehensions in Birmingham and its neighborhood. The accuracy of these advices is to some extent confirmed by the serious diminution of orders for certain classes of hardware, the manufacturers of which have hitherto found in the American market their principal customers. Nor does it appear that our rivals in the States are content with satisfying the requirements of their own market, for their productions are already supplanting English goods in Canada, and to some extent in Australia and New Zealand. A correspondent, writing from New York, says: "It is a common boast that in a very short time the superiority of Yankee skill and ingenuity will force a market in England itself for many articles of American hardware; that Yankee cutlery will appear on English dinner tables, and Yankee saws, augurs and chisels be preferred by the carpenters of Birmingham and Sheffield." These statements are to some extent corroborated by the advices now being received by the merchants in Birmingham and Wolverhampton. There can be no doubt that the American manufacturers have turned to profitable account the recent course of events in the English labor market. For some years the American manufacturers have had to contend with the disadvantage of dear labor; but this very circumstance has in the long run proved of benefit to them, seeing that it has enforced the application of labor-saving machinery on a much larger scale than has been attempted in this country. The superiority of American fine iron castings has long been acknowledged, and in the earlier years of hardware manufactures in the States, the dearth of labor was largely compensated for by the substitution of cast for wrought iron in almost all kinds of produce. This advantage was, however, obtained at the expense of the quality of the goods for strength and endurance, and the necessity of increased mechanical appliances for the saving of hand labor became apparent some years since to the leading manufacturers of the States. The wonderful system of labor-saving machinery now existing is the result. Railway fastenings, door locks, spring bars, currycombs, tin wares, and some descriptions of edge-tools, are among the classes of produce in which American competition is beginning to be seriously felt in Birmingham and the South Staffordshire district. Last year's produce of iron rails in the States was nearly 1,000,000 tons, of which Pennsylvania alone yielded nearly one-half. Other descriptions of finished iron are also being produced in large and rapidly-increasing quantities. As the price of iron and coal advances in this country, it must necessarily be so much in favor of the American exporter. Singularly enough, an American paper now before us is congratulating its readers upon the agreeable fact that the imports into the United States are falling off, while the exports are on the increase. It is for the manufacturers of this country to exercise all their skill and ingenuity in manufacturing processes in order to counterbalance in some measure the high rates they are paying for iron and coal, so as to bring down the manufactured article to such a price that will drive all competitors out of the market, and induce the capitalist abroad to buy from this country.—*European Mail*.

At the last meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, the retiring President, Mr. J. L. Smith, passed a high encomium on Professor Tyndall, with special reference to his magnanimous gift to the cause of science in this country. After making reference to Count Rumford and his liberality, Mr. Smith went on to say: "But the gift I now refer to was from a man who ranks not with the wealthy, and he laid his offering upon the altar of science in this country with his own hands; and it has been both consecrated and blessed by noble words from his own lips, all of which makes the gift a rich treasure to American science; and I think we can assure him that as the same Anglo-Saxon blood flows in our veins as does in his (tempered, it is true, with the Celtic, Teutonic, Latin, etc.), that he may expect much from the American student in pure science as the offspring of his gift and his example."

Mr. George Grant, of the firm of Grant & Gask, London, has purchased a county in the State of Kansas, consisting of 540 square miles, and extending from the Smoky Valley to the Sabina Valley, in the central part of the State, in which he intends to found a colony. A party of gentlemen interested in the scheme lately arrived in St. Louis, and are now en route for the location; amongst others there are from Scotland Messrs. Bethune, Ferguson, and Scott Skirving, late President of the Agricultural Chamber of Edinburgh. Mr. Ellis, F. S. A., accompanies the party to advise as to the capabilities of the land, and to lay out plans of a central city, to be called Victoria City. Many influential persons on the other side are interested in the scheme, and should the arrangements be as complete as they are reported, a flourishing colony may soon be expected to arise.

The *Bulletin*, *Alta*, *Call*, *Chronicle* and *Post* have stated for many successive days that John K. Love is lying dangerously ill, for which reason we are inclined to believe that the old boy never was better in his life.



THE LAY OF THE LOST ONE---No. 1.

A little more bloom on my cheek, some carmine upon my lips,  
A tinge of bistre to darken my eyes and shadow my eye-lash tips,  
Ere I sally forth to greet the gay world—the world upon which I prey,  
To feel what a triumph Beauty enjoys, what a universal away.  
How awfully jolly it was last night, as we spun home from the Cliff,  
How we danced and drank and shouted and sang till the Dawn came like a relief;  
And Harry and Tom and Bella were there exuberantly wild;  
But give me my Charley, so quiet and cool, so fearless and yet so mild.  
I know he's a gambler and keeps a bell, and is quick and ready to shoot,  
That his wife has gone back to her parent's home—that he treated her like a brute;  
But still for all that I like him the best, and yet I hardly know why,  
Except for the *man*, so calm in his crime, with his dark, unshrinking eye.  
Like him, I laugh at the Pharisees who trade upon others' trust,  
They sneak to his club for faro as they sneak to my rooms for lust.  
I sneer as I walk along the street at a couple so merry and bright,  
For she little thinks, as she leans on his arm, where that arm was wound last night.  
She doesn't see, as she passes on, his eyelids' transient glint,  
But he knows by the glance that I flash him back, that I understand the hint;  
And the son, who is crammed with precepts from the home morality-store,  
Doesn't dream, as he clasps me in fond embrace, that his father was there before.  
I joy as I walk in my pride of dress at the envious glances thrown;  
I know that my taste is better than theirs, that my beauty excels their own.  
And to see the clerks, when I enter a store, come smirking and smiling around,  
As they leave what they call the "modest ones," and bow to the very ground.  
I care not for any, and bend them all, to minister to my will—  
The banker, the lawyer, the merchant comes, and the clerk who robs his till.  
I live for the present, and life is one feast, without any thought of another;  
Better, far better, than slaving at home, to be spanked by a drunken mother.

EXTRAORDINARY EFFECTS OF LIGHTNING IN MANCHESTER, ENGLAND.

On Sunday morning, August 9th, about eight o'clock, a thunderstorm of very brief duration passed over Manchester, and the lightning which accompanied it caused considerable destruction of property, but happily no loss of life. The chief effects of the storm appear to have been felt in Bank street, Cheetham Hill. At No. 43, which is a public-house known as the Crown Inn, in the occupation of Mr. Peter McKenna, the lightning struck the iron gutter running along the front of the house, entered the up-stairs sitting room, which is immediately under the roof, burning the ceiling, melting a portion of the gaspipe, and igniting the gas. It then appears to have passed along the piping into the vault below, where it damaged the meter, also igniting the gas at that point. A child, one of the sons of Mr. McKenna, was sitting at the time on a box beside the meter, but, strange to say, he was not injured in the slightest degree, although some bottles of liquor which were in a cupboard near to the spot where he was sitting were found to be broken. Mr. McKenna states that his house was filled with flame for the space of some seconds. The most painful circumstance connected with the storm occurred at No. 53, where the son of the occupier, Mr. Duckworth, who died on Thursday, was lying in his coffin in the front bedroom. The coffin, which was not screwed down, was placed upon the bed, and immediately after the storm it was found that the coffin had been partially displaced and the body disfigured. At No. 63, the end house in the street, occupied by a bricklayer named Findlow, the whole of the chimney stack was taken away and a large hole made in the roof into the parlour. The fire-bricks being forced out into the middle of the floors, and pictures and furniture damaged. Although the family of the occupier were in the house they were not hurt. A factory operative, who, with a number of others, was taking a walk on the bank of the river, near the water works, was struck by a lightning-bolt on the head, and received a wound, which was subsequently attended to at the Manchester Infirmary. At No. 11, in the street, the lightning struck the roof, and the roof was blown off, and the wind was driven into the room, and the furniture was blown about. Mr. Findlow, who was asleep in bed, was thrown out of bed and fell on the floor and sustained a severe shock. During the thunderstorm at Hebdon Bridge, on Saturday morning, Thomas Sutcliffe, butcher, with his wife, was fastening up two sties, when the lightning struck the barn, and the sties were blown into the air, and the two sties were killed on the spot. Mr. Sutcliffe was not much hurt. — *Manchester Guardian*.

A Caution to Purchasers of Bogus Coin.---Spurious sovereigns of a somewhat dangerous character are in circulation. They are made of platinum, gilt, and are almost identical in weight with the genuine coin.



## SUNBEAMS.

## RHYMES FUNNY AND PHILOSOPHICAL.

How many sick people wish they were healthy;  
 How many beggars wish they were wealthy;  
 How many homely ones wish they were pretty;  
 How many stupid ones wish they were witty;  
 How many bachelors wish they were married;  
 How many benedicts wish they had tarried;  
 Single or double life's full of trouble;  
 Riches are stubble, pleasure's a bubble.

**Something Like a "Monster" Meeting.**—In the *Mail* appeared a letter, forwarded by Mr. Quarrier, and describing the passage out to America of a batch of orphan emigrants who sailed last month for Canada in the steamship *Monteban*. The following, under date of 12th of July, records a remarkable gathering:—"Children all strong and healthy; the fog has nothing to do with their sports, which go on pretty much the same as at home. They are a little disappointed at not seeing any whales. *We had them at worship down stairs!*" My conscience!

**New Definition of Scandal.**—Some girls were asked by one of our inspectors of schools, at a school examination, whether they knew the meaning of the word "scandal." One little girl stepped vigorously forward, and, throwing her hand up in that semaphore way by which children indicate the possession of knowledge, attracted the notice of the inspector. He deared her to answer the question; upon which she uttered these memorable words: "Nobody does nothing, and everybody goes on telling it everywhere."

## CLASSIC VERSUS VULGAR.

Half-new ditties sing, half-unditties dance,  
 Who can-can may nightly encore it;  
 Revive me the stage when our stars give the chance,  
 In grace and grandeur Ristor-it-t.

**An Irishman** some time ago was committed to the House of Correction for a misdemeanor, and sentenced to work on the treadmill for the space of a month. He observed at the expiration of his task: "What a grate-dale of fatigue and botheration it would have saved us poor craythers, if they had but invited it to go by shtee-me, like most all other water-wheels; for burn me if I have not been aafter going up stairs for this four weeks, but could not reach the chamber-door, at all, at all."

**Double Bow-Knot.**—A married lady, who has many admirers, was in company recently where the marriage tie was the subject of conversation, and a pleasant sparring arose between her husband, also present, and herself. "Ah," she exclaimed, at length, "you do not think so highly of the hymeneal knot as I do!" "Yes, I do," he replied, "and it is only when you wish to make it a *double beau knot* that I object to it."

**Cure for Love.**—Q. I am a lover rejected. Pray what shall I do? Shall I "shuffle this mortal." Like some lovers true? A.—Oh, no; for such actions make waste of good blood. Just keep up your courage—your chance is still good. Remember your forces, your colors unfurl, and go forth to the conquest of some other girl.

**Logic.**—Young wife (to George, who arrived home in the small hours this morning).—"We are one, dear, now that we are married, are we not?" George—"Certainly, my darling; why?" Young wife—"Oh, I only wanted to know, because if we are I must have been dreadfully inebriated last night."

**A lady**, having the misfortune to have her husband hang himself on an apple-tree, the wife of a neighbor immediately came to beg a branch of that tree, to have it grafted into one in her orchard. "For who knows," she says, "but it may bear the same kind of fruit?"

"Which side of the street do you live on, Mrs. Kipple?" asked a counsel, cross-examining a witness. "On either side, sir. If you go one way, it's on the right side; if you go the other way, it's on the left."

**An Irishman**, seeing a vessel very heavily laden, and scarcely above the water's edge, exclaimed, "Upon my soul! if the river was but a little higher, the ship would go to the bottom."

**A Great Favor.**—Butler (at luncheon).—"Steak a little hard ma'am! (Pause) We've a partic'lar tender leg o' lamb in the hall—shall I inquire if you can have a slice of that, ma'am?"

**Why would a fight in a backwoodsman's hut be like the present war on the South Coast of Africa?**—Because it is a shanty war (Ashantee).

**Some schoolmasters** compare naughty children to stair-carpet; arguing that neither can be kept in order without the rod.

**One of the Tichborne jury** says his days are numbered; that's more than can be said for the coming days of the trial.

**Undecided volunteers**, when they pitch their tents should not be in too great a hurry to say tatar to them.

## I FOLLOW STILL.

I am unwise to flutter round the light,  
 Knowing its deadly power to scorch and kill—  
 Knowing my only safety lies in flight—  
 I follow still.

Fair, without blemish, stainless, without spot—  
 Who, having seen, but longs to see again?  
 Me you have conquered, though you know it not;  
 Not you I blame.

Over your doors, in letters bold and clear,  
 As on that darksome arch we written find,  
 Should be inscribed: "All ye who enter here  
 Leave hope behind."

Time was when, had we met, I might have claimed  
 Some right to speak the passion that I feel;  
 Now, lest with scorn presumption should be shamed,  
 My lips I seal.

Yet must I linger, yet be near the light  
 That sheds its glory though it shines to kill;  
 Casting a shadow where it falls most bright.  
 I follow still.

T. A. H.

SAN FRANCISCO, September 6, 1873.

## AND THIS IS POLITICS?

The most utterly disgraceful political contest that has ever been had in California has been brought to a close, and we thank God that the shower of mud and the rain of toads has ended. There is one admirable thing in American politics, and that is, that when the election is over and the result is known, people abide by it, submit to the verdict, subdue their passions, and patiently await the next opportunity presented by the law to renew the combat. This contest has been a most indecent one. More bad blood has been raised and bad passions excited; more mean things said or written; more of backbiting, slander, vituperation and personal abuse, than we have ever witnessed. Great principles were all forgotten. Questions affecting the interest of the community all ignored, the Railroad question being allowed to absorb and swallow up all other questions. A more ignoble and cowardly raid was never inaugurated than this senseless and brutal assault upon the managers of the Central Pacific Railroad. A corporation that has done everything for California, without which we would be still running our pony expresses across one continent and sending our passengers by weary journeys through distant countries and tropical seas to their Eastern homes. A road without which we would still be paying eight dollars for a journey to Sacramento, with a tide's detention at the Hog's Back, and our neighbors at Oakland would pay three prices for the opportunity of sticking upon the bar at San Antonio Creek. A corporation without whose aid the great valley of the upper Sacramento and further limits of the San Joaquin would be fruitful deserts, whose abundant harvests could not be brought to sale, whose lands would be worthless because without the reach of market. This road has builded as tributary to our city of San Francisco over seventeen hundred miles of rail; it is pouring immigration into our State; it is developing its resources; contributing to its wealth, by inviting commerce and encouraging industry. From foreign lands its credit brought and distributed among us ten annual millions of gold. From the Treasury of the United States it received many millions in aid of its enterprise. We have thought the citizens of the other States might object to being taxed for a California railroad, but that California should grumble that the general Government has donated bonds and lands in aid of the enterprise is to us most marvelous. Against this road the political fight has been made. Every demagogue in the State who thinks wealth a crime and enterprise a wrong, has contributed by his pen, his voice, or his vote, to embarrass and assail Governor Stanford and his associates. The press, bought by another Railroad, and interested in a steal more gigantic than any conceived, or governed by the little jealousies that grow up in village politics, has piped high its notes in abuse and detraction of everybody who would not consent to war against the Railroad an indecent and dishonest warfare. Governor Stanford has been personally defamed, and Henry Edgerton, drunken and unreliable, has been honored by elevation to the Senatorial office. Governor Stanford, for twenty years an honored resident of Sacramento, who has done more than all others to enrich and beautify its town, whose private mansion adorns it, and whose Railroad and shops give all there is of life and vitality to it, and who has been the personal friend of its people; who has fought to preserve it the State's Capital, has been personally attacked and slandered by the man of lowest morals and most filthy habits. The press utters the libel, and the people indorse it by sending Henry Edgerton to the State Senate. And this is politics! The San Francisco press, the *Bulletin* and *Call*, through no broader principle than jealousy of its rival, the *Chronicle*, and because Governor Stanford would not withdraw from it the telegraph facilities, turned upon the road and its management, and allowed no lie to go unuttered, no libel unprinted. These journals re-

print the filthy Edgerton, and reiterate the ravings of the drunken Seabough. And this is politics! His Excellency the Governor of California, having made a pledge that he would not be a candidate for the United States Senate during the term for which he was elected Governor, leaves the capital, comes to San Francisco, repudiates his party, goes back on his word, supports for legislative office seven Democrats and six impecunious, ignorant demagogues, simply because they are pledged to give him their personal support for the United States Senate. And this is politics! The Republican party nominate fourteen of their most respectable gentlemen for the Legislature. They pass the ordeal of nomination, and stand the test of a month of politics, and no word is breathed against their honor and integrity, yet the *Bulletin* abuses them daily under the hypothesis that, if elected, they will turn rogues and steal; will betwixt their lives, and betray their trusts, and repudiate their pledges. At twelve o'clock noon on the day of election these gentlemen are beaten, and the reserved vote of Custom House and Federal office goes for the Democracy. And this is politics! A meaner and more contemptible canvass was never made, or a more undesirable result attained. San Francisco has been made to war against her best interest, to set herself in opposition to the only corporation that is now keeping the breath of life in her body. Instead of fighting the railroad, injuring her credit abroad, attacking her at home, preventing the extension of her tracks and enabling car and ship to come together in our harbor of San Francisco, every man, woman and child in the city's limits should do all in their power to encourage and support the railroad. While this fight lasts San Francisco languishes and grows faint; as soon as it is ended, and not till it is ended, will its prosperity begin. This railroad war is disastrous to the material interests of this city, and from the present depression it will never recover till its press and people realize that Stanford and the Central Pacific Railroad can do more for it when in friendly than in hostile relations. So far as our Municipal ticket goes it is a good one, and the city of San Francisco has the guarantee of good government for the next two years. This assures to us good credit abroad, and to that extent gives confidence at home. We believe the railroad madness has now culminated. This excitement cannot be maintained. The railroad company goes about its business undisturbed, and the people will soon settle down into the sober second thought and realize that they have made d—d fools of themselves. And this is politics!

#### FOREIGN DOTTINGS.

**Princess Louise**, wife of the Marquis of Lorne, is *enroute*.—The cable being laid between Lisbon and the coast of Brazil, is broken at a point 180 miles from Madeira.—The Government of Portugal has sent Peirrad and twenty-six other Spanish Intransigentes, who sought refuge in that country, to Southampton.—All young men sent out by the Japanese Government throughout Europe and America, with the view of applying themselves to the study of different branches of science, have been ordered to return home. The students at present number 600.—It is probable that the Marquis of Hartington will succeed the Right Honorable Wm. Moulshet as Postmaster-General, and that the Right Honorable Wm. E. Forster will become Chief Secretary for Ireland in place of the Marquis of Hartington.—French, a well-known English jockey, is dead.—The steamship *Mam*, from New York, has arrived at Southampton.—The steamships *City of New York* and *Thyestis* have arrived at Queenstown.—It is reported that 6,000 Carlists are marching against the town of Tervel, capital of the Province of Teruel, in Aragon.—Six hundred pilgrims left London for Pay-le-Monial. The day previous they were addressed by Archbishop Manning.—The Carlists claim that the Spaniards of Cuba are contributing liberally of their means for the support of the cause of Don Carlos.—King Victor Emmanuel will leave Rome about the middle of the present month. He will be in Vienna about the 20th, and afterwards will go to Berlin.—The Paris *Ayazo* publishes proposals to the Royalists of France to subscribe money to rebuild the Palace of the Tuilleries. The editor of that paper offers to head the subscription with a contribution of \$8,000.—The other evening while a party of Republicans were holding a meeting in their club-room in Mayana, the Chief of Police arrived and arrested about forty and placed them in jail. They had been notified that it was contrary to law for them to hold meetings.—September 2d being the anniversary of the German victory at Sedan, a monument commemorative of that event was unveiled in Konigsstadt, amidst the enthusiastic acclamations of thousands of citizens. The city was gaily decorated, and the day was given over to festivity.—The Republican members of the Assembly will meet M. Thiers at Nancy, on his return from Switzerland, and will entertain him at a grand banquet. Towns in Alsace and Lorraine will also be liberally represented, prominent citizens in most of them having signified their intention to join in the testimonial to Thiers.—Socialistic troubles of a serious nature have broken out in Andalusia, in the neighborhood of the town of Jimena. Farm laborers have banded together, demanding and endeavoring to force a division of property. They have burned forty farm houses of those who opposed them, and committed many other excesses. Some of the rioters have been arrested.—In a fight on the Lima and Oraya Railroad between Chilean and Peruvian laborers, many of the latter were killed.—The threatened inundation of the country around Mota, Peru, by the damming of the river Rianac, is not likely now to take place. It is estimated that millions of cubic yards of earth were displaced by the tide, which dammed the river to the height of 100 feet. The water in the river has risen to the height of the obstructions, and flows over steadily. Three lives have been lost.

THE DIMPLED CHIN.

I kissed her baby on its chin,  
Just when the nursemaid turned away,  
Kissed the dimple, soft and sweet, [May,  
Like hers who should have been *my*  
I did not kiss its bright black eyes—  
They had its father's foreign stare—  
I did not touch that ruddy cheek,  
Nor stroke the dark and curling hair.

The mother's face I scarcely see,  
For I turn away my head in pain,  
From those soft eyes and sunny looks,  
Sending my sad thoughts back again,  
To hours when I believed her true,  
Promising love forevermore;  
And starlight saw me set the seal,  
On a dimpled chin by the cottage door.

Sometimes her carriage thunders by;  
From its careless splash I shrink aside,  
And set my teeth together hard,  
Seeing the rich man at her side.  
I see it now—these toil-worn hands  
Were never fit to clasp her own;  
Heaven knows I loved her well enough  
To give her, if I could, a throne.

I thought I did the boy no wrong,  
But oh! the bitter pang it gave,  
When fierce his hand, in anger raised,  
Struck at me as if I were a slave.  
*May's* child! I would have loved it so,  
For her, and days that might have been,  
For auld lang syne, for memory's sake,  
And for the dimple on its chin.

I take to-night my bitter heart  
Away beyond the troubled sea;  
Its tossing waves may bring, perchance,  
Through its unrest, new peace to me.  
Baby, good-bye! I bear no grudge:  
Though worldly wealth I go to win,  
No gold can buy the kiss away,  
I stole from off that dimpled chin.

A STUPENDOUS "ORATION."

That harmless set of Old Fogies, the California Pioneers, had a celebration of "California's Birthday," at Badger's Park over the bay, on Tuesday. Of course, according to all American traditions applicable to occasions of this kind, there had to be an "oration" and a "poem." J. W. Winans furnished the twaddle in prose, and one J. G. Severance, of whom we never heard before, and from whom it is to be hoped we may never hear again, furnished the twaddle in rhyme. The oration was admirable of its kind—the kind being one that requires sound without sense, and the largest possible array of grandiloquent words with the smallest possible modicum of meaning. Winans fulfilled these hard conditions with a skill that seems almost miraculous, when one contemplates the difficulty which would present itself to an ordinary mind, if called upon to talk so long and say so little. To steer so successfully between the Scylla of sense and the Charybdis of brevity—to go on for two mortal hours, shrieking out sonorous sentences, devoid of thought, unimpeachably innocent of any taint of originality, and expressing nothing but the most unadulterated platitudes—to accomplish a feat like this upon so short a notice as three weeks indicates a rare genius for word-cubbling. And yet, if the orator's preparation was brief, it is to be remembered that his practice has been long and persevering. For fifteen or twenty years he has been doing this kind of thing on all sorts of occasions, and the improvement that comes of prolonged effort and aspiration has at length resulted in perfection. To-day he stands without a rival (outside of the ranks of the preachers) as an orator of the good old American school that passed out with knee breeches and "patriotic eloquence." It is the most perfect thing of its long fossilized species that we have seen for many a day; like the "Old Oaken Bucket" it revives the dear memories of childhood; it stirs in our heart the same tender and pathetic emotions aroused by the contemplation of a venerable continental cocked hat, or a relic dug up at Bunker Hill. It is so "classic," and so softened with gush; it is so inflated with rhetorical gas, and so unctious with rhetorical blubber; it is so stuffed with nice bits of rhyme gleaned from the books of "poetical quotations;" it is so garnished with scraps of well-worn Latin and Greek, gathered with laborious research from the back of the dictionary: it is so redolent of the fine aroma of the "American scholarship" of the last generation—that if it had been delivered forty or fifty years ago, the choicer passages would inevitably have been embalmed in the school books, and its author would have been immortalized in the pages of "Goodrich's American Eloquence." But, alas! the style has long "gone out." It is like a child born out of due season, and as obsolete as periwigs and shoe buckles. Our fossiliferous, but most respectable Pioneers could not have chosen more fitly than they did when they invited Mr. Winans to glorify themselves and their work. Nothing can be more appropriate than that mock heroic achievements should be celebrated in the windy periods of word-multiplying magalloquence.

We hear that in the Postal Treaty which is being negotiated between the United States and Japan the letter rate will probably be fixed at 15 cents per half-ounce. This, it is stated, is higher than the United States desire, but the Japanese Government, having recently established its postal department, is anxious to make it self-sustaining, and insists on this high rate.



## RELIGIOUS LIBERTY IN SCHOOLS.

If the world is somewhat slow in acknowledging its debt to the Roman Catholic Church for the priceless boon of religious liberty, secured to it by sacrifices and efforts without number, on the part of Popes, Bishops, Inquisitors, Jesuits, Dominicans and Zach. Montgomery, it is not because these holy men have refrained from blowing infinite trumpets to the same tune, in the ears of a wicked and adustrious generation, wholly given over to the false and foolish practice of reasoning from effect to cause. Men refuse to be convinced of the Church's love for freedom of conscience, and it has become necessary to prove this by making war upon the public school system of the United States. We have sometimes doubted whether this was the most perfect work of the human mind; but we feel ashamed of our doubts when we see with what untired and untiring zeal the Roman Catholic Church assails it. The public school system must contain at least one principle of priceless value, to deserve the hostility of this vast organism, which instinctively recognizes and marks a dangerous enemy. We cannot doubt that the non-recognition of the religious element is the capital sin of the schools, in the eyes of the priesthood. This, and only this, they dread. They think themselves able to deal with every form of heresy; and, looking at the force of their organization, directed as by one will, they can hardly be said to overrate their strength. The Protestant, whether Lutheran, Anglican, Calvinist or Unitarian, may one day be brought within the fold of the true church; for he believes in a book and is bound by forms. But even the strength of the Church of Peter must beat the air, when put forth against men, brought up in a pure atmosphere, equally strange to the smells of Exeter Hall and the perfumes of Rome. The reading of the Bible in the Public Schools is a playing into the hands of the enemy; and, fortunately, the purely secular thought which underlies the Public School theory is daily doing away with this absurdity. The whole theory of Church and State lies in the nutshell of this popular education. Recognize and carry out the principle that the citizen is to be educated for his life in the State, and for that only, and all the hierarchies that ever oppressed and deluded mankind become more trivial and more helpless than the wrath of a paralytic. Religion and religious education are matters, first, for the parents of a child, and afterwards, for the child himself; but never, under any possible combination of circumstances, for the State. What a man shall believe, or shall not believe, is a question for his own intellect and conscience; and, if there lingers in our society too much of the Middle-Age Inquisitorial spirit, it is certain that jealous watchfulness of the Public School, against every manifestation of that spirit, will secure the liberty of the coming generations. It has not often been sufficiently insisted on, but it is indisputably true that one of the mightiest elements in the building and consolidation of the power of ancient Rome was her secular conception of the State. M. Roman, on pages 52-53 of his "Antichrist," calls special attention to this Roman attribute. "Titus," he says, speaking of the overthrow of Jerusalem, "had just inflicted upon theocracy, the formidable enemy of civilization, the greatest defeat it had ever sustained. It was the triumph of the Roman law, or rather, of rational law, an entirely philosophic creation, which presupposes no revelation, over the Jewish *Theocracy*, the fruit of a revelation. \* \* \* Every victory of Rome was a progress of reason: Rome brought to the world a principle in many respects better than that of the Jews; I mean, the secular State, resting on a purely civil conception of society. Every removal from this absolute just conception of the Roman law has been hurtful to the development of the race; and America will deserve the execration of the world, if she allows herself to be turned from the right path. Religious liberty in the public schools means and must mean, if we care for our country, absolute silence on religious matters. These schools were established not to teach the genealogy of the Virgin or the number of the Beast, but to furnish freedom to every child of the nation the means of becoming acquainted with his rights and his duties towards his fellow-men. With his duty to God the State has nothing to do, and the schools of the State cannot take cognizance of any such duty. This is not according to the views of Roman Catholic organs, such as the *Guardian* and the *Examiner*; but they forget, when calling for the endorsement of Catholic schools by the State, that they pronounce the condemnation of their priesthood, as an incompetent body. If it is necessary to teach Roman Catholic children the catechism in the Public Schools, under what pretext is the vast machinery of Roman Catholic churches and Sunday-Schools maintained? If the priesthood is not competent to teach its holy religion, what is it good for? Either the priests do teach religion, and then they can go on teaching; or they do not teach it, and then they are hypocritical drones; but in either case the Public Schools have no more to do with the matter than the Public Pound.

The coalescing of the rival Olympic Clubs has been the subject of much rejoicing among the members thereof, and sundry and divers glasses have clinked, and wines have sparkled and bubbled and fuddled in its celebration. But there is consternation and regret among the maidens whose fancies do most incline to Olympians. Nothing has dwelt so unctuously upon the palate these many succeeding generations as the taste of Eve's apple. During the division, the figs, the spanxes and etceteras, flashed twice before these nymphs' appreciative eyes where now they will be seen but once. The exhibitions will probably be bigger affairs henceforth, but there will be fewer of them, and the maidens prefer their apple in thin slices—it goes so much farther.

## WE PIONEERS.

[An effort calculated to entertain after the entertaining rhetorical, oratorical effort  
by Brother J. W. W., Sept. 9, 1873.]

Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah! The scalliwag, the nymph, the wily thief,  
Hurrah for what? Some poor but honest, clean and unclean,  
'Rah for ourselves of course, all  
'Rah till we all are hoarse, The rag and tag and bobtail of the world,  
And pray why not? the great and small,  
When you were babies at your mother's breast Came out in ships and schooners, barks  
You learned the first was best; and brigs,  
Pray didn't you? and weren't we first? And vessels of all rigs.  
And aren't we best? Hurrah! then, till we burst, We eat together meats and mushes,  
This is the natal day Hard crackers, sailors' slushes;  
Of Cal-i-for-nia, We slept and growled together,  
And it was we that did it, Endured in every kind of weather,  
We came and then the rest, Were bad and good, as God had made us  
And as all can't be best, first;  
We just decide, Not the world's best, and not quite all its  
All prejudice aside, worst.  
To praise ourselves, though we We might add, also, that we built this  
Won't lay aside all modesty, city.  
For none could see we had it, if we hid it. Some of us were peculiar, it is true,  
I am the poet, chose And have ascended to a higher view;  
By virtue of my knack For, meeting accidentally a crowd,  
At rhyming, Who called themselves the Vigilance  
Most sweetly to compose Committee,  
Some hundred lines or so for you, They did not like us, though we were not  
To lip aloud when Winans is quite proud,  
through, And, after some preliminary talk,  
Has burst his windy sack Invited some of us quite suddenly upon  
And finished his subliming, the air to walk,  
Joseph is learned quite beyond his years. Which everybody knew we wouldn't,  
Who would, who could believe Or, not being angels altogether,  
Such wondrous little head, couldn't,  
O'eropping such a form, on common And so they hung some of our brother  
victuals fed, Pioneers.  
Could hold so much? But ye deceive And this explains the reason of these  
Yourself, if you guess aught tears.  
Against the solidarity of thought We, who were lucky and did not get  
Encompassed there. Conceal your fears, caught  
He knoweth more than all the other At scaly tricks, as many of us ought,  
Pioneers Lived on in virtue, bought and stole, and  
Together put, and it may be traded,  
There's nowhere any one who knows And some died. That's about all.  
Bagging them all together, friends and Do you not see how sweet  
foes, To club together and here meet  
So much as he, The infrequent honest and the old dead  
There is a sort of men, beet?  
We do not care Or else, perchance,  
If here or there, As old Death throws his lance,  
Who cannot understand why we should be Why'd all be done for and our memories  
Bound up together in a great, faded!  
Sedate And if we should, what then?  
Sodality. Why nothing, only, though there is no  
They say they do not know just what it is, seeing  
What common principle, or sacred tie, Sufficient reason even for our being,  
Makes men of sober phiz, And we must meet  
And men of morals of most various kinds, The cold, cold sneer of those who ne'er  
Conglomerate together in one society. Did see the tides flow to Montgomery  
God bless them, Pioneers! street,  
What asses all the world are but just we! Bid those, who say we have no claim to  
They cannot see glory,  
The sweetness of the sympathetic tears Go read the beauteous flow of oratory,  
That flow from every eye, All found in black and white,  
Sweetly perceiving, As Joseph did indite,  
And, where it don't perceive, of course In the *Evening Bulletin* of Tuesday night.  
believing, But I am done.  
That in the Fall of '49 or Spring of '50, Grub, you remember, was to be at one,  
Men who had failed elsewhere of being And now 'tis nearly two.  
thrifty, Let's once more give three cheers "  
Parsons and merchants, For ourselves, the Pioneers,  
Tailors, clerks and jobbers, And get through.  
Bankrupts it may be, and it may be rob- For we're a band of brothers, with a few  
bers, Weak sisters sprinkled here and there,  
The lawyer without brief, 'tis true;  
But any one, with half an eye can see,  
If he will think, or get a wink  
From our good brother here, J. W. W.,  
We're better fellows than we seem to be.

### "WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH OUR BOYS?"

**Mr. Editor:**—The question that heads this article has been passed upon by all the leading journals of our State; it has been asked and been commented upon by all the popular preachers of the day; learned lawyers have taken up and echoed the refrain of "What shall we do with our boys?" Wise essayists have written volumes upon the subject, and incorporated it into the literature of the times; all the advisers, leaders and teachers of the rising generation, of all casts, grades, color and complexion, both political and social, have taken hold of the subject. Some have picked it up tenderly, caressed it with care; some have approached it with extreme caution, and have taken hold of it with a pair of clerical tongs, lest they might be defiled; others have gone for it rough-shod, and handled it without gloves; and the momentous question of "What shall we do with our boys?" still remains an unsolved problem. I propose to offer to the public through the columns of the great progressive exponent of practical ideas, the *News Letter*, a solution to this puzzling enigma, and furnish a practical answer to the great stereotyped conundrum of modern times—"What shall we do with our boys?" I will give you my answer verbatim as I gave it to the learned, eminent, distinguished and dignified delegation who did themselves the honor to call at The Oaks last Sabbath evening, and solicit an audience of the Parson, hoping to obtain the opinion of so eminent a political economist as your humble servant. The high-joint commission was composed of representatives of all the different creeds, sects, factions, theories, isms and cisms of those self-constituted autocrats who maintain a toll-gate and collect tribute from every weary pilgrim journeying along the various popular high-roads to heaven. The Ambassadors were seven in number—Kip, Stebbins, Stone, Hemphill, Cox, O Tool, and McNe. They said they were the seven shining lights in Toback; the seven golden candle-sticks—not wicked ("Goak!") the seven seas, not those at the Cliff House, but those spoken of by John on the Isle of Patmos; (big goak) Father McCue facetiously remarked that they were seven up (one of Hoyle's goaks). I received the august delegation in my usual easy, elegant and happy manner, and after passing around sundry glasses of consecrated grain reduced to a soothing fluid by a sacred manipulation known as fermentation and distillation, my visitors became seated, and stated their case. The Rev. Mr. Hemphill served as foreman, and spoke for the others. He stated in substance that the clergy had preached, prayed, and wrestled with Satan, as Jacob did of old; they had consulted the bible, and all the learned commentaries on sacred things, and had failed to find a remedy for the growing evil of hoodlumism, or furnish a rational answer to that all-important question of "What shall we do with our boys?" and as a final resort in their extremity, they had decided to consult the Parson, the test of the soundness of whose doctrine would be the acceptance or rejection of his opinion by that shining light of the age, the *News Letter*. The reply of your humble servant was couched in the practical and forcible language of one who had walked from out the murky shadow of a smoldering past, leaving behind him the dead and decaying dogmas of a legendary, mythological, allegorical field of superstition; one whose steps were now meekly following the footprints left on the sands of time by those departed heroes who walked through life along the never-ending paths of science, bathed in the undying light of the never-setting sun of common sense:

**TO THE REV. MR. HEMPHILL, AND OTHERS:**—*Gentlemen:* In answer to your inquiry of "What shall we do with our boys?" my reply is, utilize them, and what answers for the boys will apply with equal force to the girls. Utilize them: they are the raw material of which civilized society is composed. This raw material exhibits a luxuriant growth of native wildness; cultivate it. Every root and fibre of these rank and poisonous weeds over which you mourn sprung from seed sown in the garden of the Lord. This hoodlum element was born of Christian parents, was reared within the shadow of the Christian Church, and has heard for years on every Sunday morn the solemn tolling of the Sabbath bells calling the faithful to prayer, and it is yet a rank and poisonous parasite upon the body politic. You and your co-workers, gentlemen, mayhap, are not so much to be censured as your system. You are the representative type of a class who have for centuries taken this raw material, and produced from the theological looms of your religious manufacturing, not a stable, useful article, whereof a garment might be made, befitting the every-day life of a work-day world, but a thin, gauzy, transparent, intangible fabric, from which is to be cut and fitted the fleecy folds of a flowing robe to adorn the ransomed soul of some departed hoodlum, when he shall have crossed the Jordan and reached the unknown land of some new Jerusalem. Art and Science have fought your pernicious system step by step and inch by inch, through every decade of the world's history, and Art and Science, and a practical education, and the utilization of this raw material in the great workshops of the world's industries, have never produced a hoodlum. Then what has brought this anomalous hybrid into being? I answer, an expensive and pernicious system of soul-saving, totally impracticable and inadequate to the wants and requirements of a hungry and unemployed hoodlum. Gentlemen, you are the directors of this turbulent element, and we work-day worldlings hold you responsible for its ultimate fate, but at your request I will propose a remedy, which will somewhat relieve your shoulders of their heavy burden: Abandon your system of the saving of souls, of which you know nothing, and turn your attention to the mind and body, of which you know much; appropriate the vast sums uselessly expended every year in supporting and propagating a poisonous and mind-paralyzing theology, to the practical purpose of cultivating and educating the mind, and feeding and supporting the body of the raw material; convert your millions of church property into coin, and let it flow in the

channels of permanent usefulness; invest your ill-gotten wealth in the various branches of trade and manufacture; engage in commerce and mercantile pursuits; buy land, lay out farms, and employ the great unwashed hoodlum element in the various pursuits I have mentioned, and you will give the people something tangible for their money, and reap a greater reward and profit for yourselves than in peddling out a useless, false and improbable religion, founded on the legendary lore of dim and almost forgotten ages. And what have you given the people in return for all the wealth of which, through their credulity, you have despoiled them? I answer, the doubtful choice of an everlasting abode in one of two mythical dwelling places, whose only existence is in the distempered brain and distorted fancy of their inventor. The corner stone upon which your whole moldering superstructure is reared is a threat and a bribe.

THE BRIBE.

If pious, you walk in a narrow lane,  
In search of a heaven you never will gain;  
You may look beyond time till your eyes are sore,  
For the river of life and its golden shore;  
You may roam through the regions of infinite space,  
In search of a God and his dwelling place;  
You may seek for the home of your King of Kings,  
And his myriad saints, with their golden wings,  
But the beautiful city you'll never behold,  
Nor its jasper throne, nor its streets of gold,  
For never from over that silent sea,  
From the shoreless waves of eternity,  
Hath a messenger come from the shadowy vale,  
As a witness, to prove this gospel tale.

THE THREAT.

If wicked, and not with the gospel crammed,  
You'll march in the broad highway of the damned.  
To a loathsome valley the heavens beneath,  
Where weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth,  
Of roasting souls, make a horrible din,  
And all in revenge for a woman's sin.  
Down deep in a wonderful, bottomless hole,  
In a red sea of flame, each burning soul  
Is howling and writhing through endless years,  
And scorching their eyes with red-hot tears,  
Each hair on your head is a fiery snake—  
How much of heaven, or hell, will you take?  
They are both for sale; come, raise your voice,  
"You pays your money, and takes your choice."

THE OAKS, Sept. 1878.

Yours, red hot,

THE PARSON.

AN UNHEARD OF OUTRAGE.

The readers of Bret Harte's last story, entitled "An Episode of Fiddletown," will perceive, with feelings of sadness and mortification, that the great literary confidence man has thrown off on California. What treason the ingrate utters against our balmy, Italian clime, when he writes thus: "It was the usual foggy afternoon, as he climbed the long, wind-swept hill of California street—one of those bleak, gray intervals that made the Summer a misnomer to any but the liveliest San Francisco fancy." Again, hear how the wretch blasphemes against the transparency of our atmosphere, and the pure azure of our skies: "There was no warmth or color in earth or sky, only one monotonous, universal neutral tint over everything. There was a fierce unrest in the wind-whipped streets; there was a dreary, vacant quiet in the gray houses." And here is more, in the same malignant spirit: "The chill sea-breeze made him shiver. As he put down his basket to rest himself, it is possible that to his defective intelligence and heathen experience, this 'God's own climate,' as it was called, seemed to possess but scant tenderness, softness or mercy." And then Bret indulges in a heartless sneer at the dwellings which had afforded him hospitality, and upon the purses of whose too confiding owners he had levied contributions to the necessities of struggling genius—contributions in the shape of loans, which passed forever from his memory when he turned his face toward the rising sun: "It was the usual San Franciscan urban cottage. There was the little strip of cold green shrubbery before it; the chilly, bare veranda, and above this again the grim balcony, upon which no one ever sat." Now, isn't this atrocious? What will the *Atta* say about it, we wonder? What will the Chamber of Commerce do about it? Will not the California Pioneers, or the Acclimatization Society take some action in the premises?

A notification has been issued by the President of the Republic of Peru, that the Government will receive tenders for placing a Submarine Telegraph Cable between Panama and Paita, and authorizing the Government to guarantee five per cent. for ten years on \$1,500,000 capital, to be invested in placing the said cable.



## COURT CHAT.

At a moment when society and the public prints are ripe with anecdotes illustrating the piety, the zeal, the classical scholarship, the general erudition, and the social fascination of the late Bishop Whithorne, perhaps an instance of his gracefulness may not be unacceptable. In the Winter of 1829, amongst those assembled to enjoy the far-famed sport at Holkham, the seat of the Earl of Leicester, then Mr. Coke, was Sir Francis Chantry, the late eminent sculptor, as keen and expert in the coverts as he was perspicacious and skilful in the stable. On the 20th of November in that year he accomplished the feat, almost unique in Eng. and, though not infrequent in Greece, of killing two woodcocks with one shot. The exploit was hailed with acclamation by all present. Mr. Coke paraded the whole cavalcade—guns, keepers, beaters, etc. with peasant solemnity before the delighted hero of the moment, who, as they stood him in passing, gravely waved the wonderful but indescribable Pervylin hat in which it pleased him always to shoot in answer to their homage; and it was voted by acclamation that the spot then immortalized, previously called "Quarter Plantation," should be henceforth known as "Chantry Hill," a name which it bears to this day. That incident was often the subject of peasant memories at Holkham; but a few years afterwards Sir Francis himself, on his annual arrival there, brought with him a more lasting and a graceful record of it, as well as of his own aristocratic life, in the shape of a monumental slab, embodying by his own hand in immortal marble the feat in question. On its semi-circular capital are inscribed the words—"Two woodcocks, killed at Holkham, November, 1826, by Francis Chantry, sculptor, at one shot. Presented to Thomas William Coke, Esq., 1834." Below the inscription appears in bold bas-relief an exquisite group of the two birds, classed with a grace and a fidelity to nature which the artist himself never surpassed, and on which, indeed, he had expended all his skill.

The other day the Queen of the Belgians, accompanied by the Princess Louise, drove out from Spa to visit the cascade at Coe; but near the village of La Glorieux a thunder-storm came on, and Her Majesty was obliged to seek the nearest shelter. The courier accordingly rang at the door of an *auberge*, where the landlady, seeing the two ladies, positively refused to admit such people into the house. Fortunately a small farm-house stood not far off, and here the good dame not only admitted the ladies, but called to her husband, who opened his barn for the carriages and ponies. The storm came on with unwaited violence, and lasted for so long a time that the Queen and Princess accepted the offer of the hostess to occupy two boxes, humble in appearance, but scrupulously white and clean. On Her Majesty intimating a wish that a message be sent to Spa, the farmer offered to carry a note, daffodil, and set out through the storm. The household of the Queen at Spa were much relieved from their anxiety on receipt of Her Majesty's letter, and a cosee carriage was at once dispatched in which the Queen and Princess left the farm at 3 A.M. Later in the day Her Majesty drove out again to Coe, and thanked her host and hostess, not admitting to give a few gold pieces to the servants.

Recently, replying to a question from his good folks at home, spoken in a way which was honorable to him and meritorious, Mr. Mundella said that he were a Republican, he would not vote to starve monarchs, but to abolish it, but as he was not a Republican, and believed in their receiving the greatest amount of freedom from a limited monarchy, he believed in giving a reasonable allowance to the Crown. The Duke of Edinburgh, as a single man, was the poorest duke in England. If they wanted a member to advocate a Republic, he told them plainly they must get another member, and he was not their man. At this stage some local "reds" began making a demonstration, whereupon the mayor interposed by calling three cheers for the Queen, which the great majority of the assembly enthusiastically responded to. Mr. Mundella replied to various other questions, after which a vote of confidence in him was carried with but six dissentients.

The Bonapartist journals publish an address delivered by the Prince Imperial before the friends of his family assembled at Chiseldon on the 14th of August. The son of Napoleon III. in this address clearly took up the position of a pretender: he spoke of the paternal heritage, of the "dynasty" of which he is now the representative, and of the "sovereignty of the nation," and of "the flag which consecrates it." These words were evidently discussed and drawn up by the leaders of the Bonapartist party, as the first official demonstration of the young prince. They show to what ambitious schemes the restorers of the legitimate monarchy expose themselves and expose the country, and of what party they are serving the designs in spite of themselves.

A return, ordered on the motion of Mr. Vernon Harcourt, M. P., shows the number of regular forces maintained for service in the United Kingdom for each year since 1800. The century was commenced with 70,475 men of all arms, a number which, decreasing to 50,000 odd in 1802, rose from 101,000 in 1804 to 123,265 in 1808, the largest number of men had on the books during the period over which the returns extend. In 1851 the number had sunk down to 41,915, but rose again to about 60,000 in 1844, and to 68,659 in 1854, the year of the outbreak of the Russian war. In 1857 we had 96,000 men; in the following year 101,000, below which number we have never since gone. The number set down for 1872 is 101,145; for this year 98,710.

The on dit is that another peer will be added to the Upper House.

Two of the greatest sensations of the Exhibition in Vienna at present are the jewels of the Countess of Dudley and the Sultan of Turkey. The former are shown by Messrs. Hancock, of New Bond street, London, in their elegant case which ornamented the British section of the Industrial Halle, and consist of seven sets. Each set is displayed upon a velvet-colored tablet, and includes coronet, bracelets, earrings, necklet, hair-pins, and other ornaments—all of them making up a grand assemblage of diamonds, pearls, and precious stones, which are literally dazzling in their brilliancy. Their value is said to be upwards of one million sterling.

The Bonapartists are represented to be extremely angry at the Frohsdorf negotiations, feeling that they have been used by the other Coalitionists as cats'-paws, and their dissatisfaction has been greatly increased by the orders given to repress the intended Imperialists manifestations. Marshal MacMahon is the object of some of the expressions of displeasure, and is spoken of by Bonapartist organs as "the noble vanquished of Reichsoffen."

It is hoped and believed at St. Petersburg that the Queen of England will be present at the marriage of the Princess Marie and the Duke of Edinburgh. Some eight or nine months since we gave the rumor, as it reached us, of the probable visit of the Queen to St. Petersburg; the object of that visit was then, of course, a profound secret.

The Temps and Constitutionel mention a rumor that the deputies favorable to the Fusion have induced the Comte de Chamboord to concede that the tricolor shall continue to be the military flag, and shall merely be surmounted by a white streamer with lilies, the flag to be hoisted only over the Royal residence.

It is stated that before the Assembly again meets M. Thiers will publish an account of the diplomatic and financial negotiations which led to the liberation of the eastern departments earlier than was stipulated in the Treaty of Frankfurt.

Sir Philip Francis has been called from Constantinople to London to arrange with the Foreign Office for the establishment at Teheran of a British Consular court such as exists at Constantinople.

It is stated that the Princess Louisa and the Marquis of Lorn will be the guests of Mr. Cameron of Lochiel, M.P., at Achnacarry Castle, Fort William, during the Queen's stay at Inverlochry Castle.

The late Home Secretary, Henry Austin Bruce, who has been called to the Peerage, has taken the title of Baron Aberdare.

Mr. Chichester Fortescue has been appointed Lord-Lieutenant of Essex, in the room of the late Sir Thomas Western.

The rumor as to the Bishop of St. David's resigning his see is again revived.

### THE RELIGION OF UNSANDED SUGAR.

We want a religion that bears heavily, not only on the "exceeding sinfulness of sin," but on the exceeding rascality of lying and stealing—a religion that banishes small measures from the counter, small baskets from the stall, pebbles from the cotton-bags, clay from pepper, sand from sugar, chicory from coffee, alum from bread, and water from the milk-cans. The religion that is to save the world will not put all the big strawberries at the top and all the little ones at the bottom. It will not make one-half pair of shoes of good leather and the other half of poor leather, so that the first shall redound to the maker's credit and the second to his cash. It will not put Jouvain's stamp on Jenkin's kid gloves, nor make Paris bonnets in the back room of a Boston milliner's shop, nor let a piece of velvet that professes to measure 12 yards come to an untimely end in the tenth, or a spool of sewing silk that vouches for 20 yards be nipped in the bud at 14½; nor all-wool delaines and all-linen handkerchiefs be amalgamated with clandestine cotton; nor coats made of old rags pressed together be sold to the unsuspecting public for legal broadcloth. It does not put bricks at five dollars per thousand into chimneys if contracts to build of seven-dollar material; nor smuggle white pine into floors that have paid for hard pine; nor leave yawning cracks in closets where boards ought to join; nor daub the ceilings that ought to be smoothly plastered; nor make window-blinds with slats that cannot stand the wind, and paint that cannot stand the sun, and fastenings that may be looked at, but are on no account to be touched. The religion that is going to sanctify the world pays its debts. It does not consider that 40 cents returned for 100 cents given is according to the Gospel, though it may be according to law. It looks on a man who has failed in trade, and who continues to live in luxury, as a thief.—*The Boston Christian.*

Regarding the position and prospects of the Emma Mine, it is difficult to speak. Quotations have risen from 3 to nearly 7. It is stated by the Anglo-American Times that "the mine is again in a flourishing condition, work now being done on a large body of ore which was discovered some months ago."

## PARTED FRIENDS.

Friendship's the wine of life—'tis sweet to think—  
And pleasant is a draught both full and deep;  
But there are wines, alas! too thick to drink,  
Too thin to keep.

And there is friendship bottled off in vain,  
For delectation in the after days,  
That, wisely, from the bin where it has lain;  
No hand will raise.

Old times, old friends, in memory they dwell,  
Harmonious 'neath the hollow past;  
But for the present—Seeks the crab the shell  
He once has cast?

Some, rising on the ladder, never stop;  
Some on the lowest round still keep their feet;  
And those at bottom wonder those atop  
They *never* meet.

'Tis wiser;—since, in going up or down,  
Chameleons all, none are what they have been,  
And he, our bosom friend, we quitted Brown,  
We welcome green!

Flake after flake the snows of age descend,  
So tenderly, they yield us nought of gloom;  
But in the faces of recovered friends  
We read our doom.

"How changed!" they tell us pleasantly—"So grey!  
So stout! so altered from the friend we knew!"  
Confound it! But the comfort is that they  
Are altered too.

Perchance a pimpled Damon, Pithias seeks,  
Whose bottle-nose proclaims him at the bad;  
Perchance Pylades to Orestes speaks—  
Already mad.

'Twas sweet with Amaryllis in the shade,  
Bright were the tangles of Nereus's hair;  
Now, Amy's wed, and, but for Truefitt's aid,  
Nerry were bare.

Since, then, accordant to one law of change,  
We are all changed and changing; whose to blame  
To lack the same regard for what, grown strange,  
Seems but the same?

Why rise the haunting ghosts of buried time,  
Why must old gossip "vex the poet's ear?"  
Garrulous only, 'midst his dreams sublime,  
Of stealing deer.

Still friendship is the wine of life divine—  
So poets sang, and so the world agrees;  
But are we always, when we like a wine,  
To like the lees?

—Wm. Sawyer.

## BIG BLOWING.

The greatest cataract in the world is the Falls of Niagara, where the water from the great upper lakes forms a river of three-quarters of a mile in width, and then, being suddenly contracted, plunges over the rocks in two columns to the depth of 175 feet. The greatest cave in the world is the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky, where any one can make a voyage on the waters of a subterranean river, and catch fish without eyes. The greatest river in the known world is the Mississippi, 4,000 miles long. The largest valley in the world is the valley of the Mississippi. It contains 500,000 square miles, and is one of the most fertile regions of the globe. The greatest city park in the world is in Philadelphia. It contains 2,700 acres. The greatest grain port in the world is Chicago. The largest lake in the world is Lake Superior, which is truly an inland sea, being 430 miles long and 1,000 feet deep. The largest railroad at present is the Pacific Railroad, over 3,000 miles in length. The greatest mass of solid iron in the world is the Iron Mountain of Missouri. It is 950 feet high and two miles in circuit. The best specimen of Grecian architecture in the world is the Girard College for Orphans, Philadelphia. The largest aqueduct in the world is the Croton Aqueduct, New York. Its length is 40½ miles, and it cost \$12,500,000. The largest deposits of anthracite coal in the world are in Pennsylvania, the mines of which supply the market with millions of tons annually, and appear to be inexhaustible.—*American Engineer.*

[From the Town Crier Column of the San Francisco News Letter.]

**The mouse was, no doubt, like the wasp,** made by the Divine hand for some purpose—(probably to feed cats, but then again, why were cats made?) There are animals we admire more than mice, especially in a bed-room. The other night as the *T. C.* was in that delightful state when the brain is just succumbing to the gentle influence of sleep, something touched his face, and uttered a faint squeak in his ear. A thousand thoughts flew through his brain, the most striking of which was the idea that a robber (though God only knows what he could steal) was groping about in the darkness, had felt the *T. C.*'s face, and had uttered a faint scream of fear and surprise. In a moment the *T. C.* was out of bed, had upset the chair on which the paraffin lamp was standing, injured one foot by stepping on an iron boot-jack, and was blindly groping for a match. At last a match was found, struck, the lamp righted and lighted, but no robber was there, and all was still as the grave. Thinking it must have been a dream, he once more stepped into his virtuous couch, but by way of precaution kept the lamp lit. In about two minutes a slight scratching was heard, and peering over the end of the bed, the *T. C.* discovered two fine fat mice gaily gamboling over the floor. He immediately seized the boot-jack before mentioned and gave chase; of course one mouse went one way and one the other, it took some time to make up his mind which one to kill first. In the meantime the vermin had crept under the folding doors into the sitting-room, but nothing daunted, he seized the lamp, threw the doors open and the pursuit became a hot one. A fish bowl was broken, and two gold fish lay dancing about on the carpet. Of course these had to be at once put in their native element, and the chase had to be postponed. After placing them carefully in a basin the chase was resumed with much ardor. Tables were upset, chairs lay prone, and sundry ornaments were hopelessly smashed. Just as the *T. C.*'s efforts were about to be crowned with success, having run the game to ground under the hearth-rug, footsteps were heard slowly descending the stairs, the door was opened, and the *T. C.* was gazing down his landlord's six shooter. Things were explained, but the unsportsmanlike landlord declining to take part in the chase, the *T. C.*'s ardor was damped, and he retired a sad and injured man to his bed, blessing the all-seeing Providence which sent mice on earth. The bill of costs was handed in next morning, and footed up as follows: Fish bowl, \$2; lamp glass, 10c.; three China vases, at \$2 50 each, \$7 50; damage to carpet from coal, \$5; total, \$14 10c. This was a very dear mouse hunt, and the *T. C.* has since found it cheaper, if not quite as exhilarating, to invest 25c. in a mouse trap, and keep awake till he hears the "click" which announces a capture. Then he pounces on the victim and takes as much of his fourteen dollars out of his hide as it is possible to obtain. By next State Fair he will show one of the finest robes in the country, and will no doubt get a premium worth two bits. Such is life.

**Did Miss Jane Warren Kiss her Page?**—This weighty question came up for decision at the Middlesex Sessions on the 15th of August. Miss Warren (aged 65, and worth two thousand a year) said that she gave Walter Howard (aged 15,) various sums of money, amounting to £300, in order that he might be cured of that very unromantic disease called tapeworm; being moved thereto by gratitude for his talent and courage in the prevention of a burglary. The culprit, on the other hand, asserted that she gave him the cash for love, and made the charge from jealousy when she heard that he was going to America with a younger damsel. It was admitted all round that Miss Warren had been pretty familiar with the page when he was at the mature age of eleven and half, and no one seemed to know any more about the matter. Mr. Montague Williams called the prosecutrix a loose woman. Mr. Besley called the prisoner a thief and a swindler. The Judge (Sergeant Box) left it to the Jury, and the Jury could not agree. So Mr. Walter Howard remains to be tried till next term, and Miss Warren is left to meditate on the loss of her cash and the other on his character. The only consolation she has is that the Judge considered that no possible familiarity could do any harm, as she was old enough to be the page's grandmother.

**The Tichborne case** seems to grow more and more perplexingly mixed up every day. The claimant is sworn not to be Arthur Orton, has been almost proved not to be Tichborne, and the question arises, who or what is he? One of the witnesses for the defense said, "If the man before me (the claimant) is not Tichborne he must be the devil," and we certainly incline to the same belief. Besides being feasible, it is comforting to the soul. No more of your skinny, scraggy, forked-tailed, cloven-hoofed monstrosities will the *T. C.* believe in any longer. His mental picture of the devil is as follows: A good-looking, stout, middle-aged man, with an immense amount of bonhomie about him, and an utter contempt for the driveling, canting, pilferers of God's tills, called parsons; an admirer of the fair sex, and a generally honest, jolly old dog. Such is our devil; and those who prefer the one pictured to them by the gospel-slingers are welcome to their choice, and will no doubt have one made to order for their especial benefit. Poor old Lucifer, if he did fall, fell from an eminence they can never aspire to, and no doubt still emulates the good times up stairs, though he is in the kitchen.

**"The Rising of the Moon"** is the name of Mr. Lyster's new play. It is unfortunately somewhat on the wane. We have heard of the moon being made of green cheese, but hitherto have considered it one of the innocent fictions of our childhood, invented to solace and not to deceive. Now, alas, we find that the moon is green and no mistake.



The parsons have shaken the Holy Ghost altogether of late, and are coming out as pulpit expounders of the political pot-pourri. They are used to wading around among the fleshy crooked ways of sin and wickedness, and may be able to analyze the compound, but the work becometh them not. Stedman, who was wont to guide his flock through the labyrinthine mazes of the tripartite perplexity of the Holy Family, now boldly attempts the mystery of the barrel box. We had rather hear him fire away at the Trinity, on which he is much better posted, and with which his cavernous and cadaverous characteristics are more in accordance. Noble, whose hitherto principal objection to this wicked world has been the observance of Woodward-Day, has undertaken to extend his field of operations into the preserves of Carr, Chute & Co. He appears to better advantage declaiming against Sunday beer and balloons. Hemphill will be taking his fling next, while Alenamy, who has always had a scraggy finger in the pie, will show his hand openly.

The social evil is not considered catching. If it be not infectious, it is certainly epidemic, and is affecting in large numbers those of our young girls of fourteen years or thereabouts, who are supposed to be standing hesitatingly on the debatable land "where childhood and womanhood meet." Unfortunately, our young persons are not troubled with "reluctant feet." They vault over the delectable brook and are upon the opposite side before you can say Jack Robinson. After they have made the leap they are bolder and wicked and more indifferent than the hard-bitten sinners of graver years. One of them can play the deuce with the whole Industrial School, and the Magdalen's decline utterly to be contaminated with their blighting influence. The wicked pleasure-seekers do not delight in them, for there is an unhealthy bitterness to them which stings the palate and unripe fruit. Upon the whole, we proffer the young lads our advice to cultivate reluctant feet—and keep out of business a year or two at least.

There is a bottled beer saloon on the corner of Chestnut and Powell where the hoodlum boys congregate. There the gentle youths drink their ten-cent bottled beer, rol out their choice oaths, and tell thrilling stories of how Jack so-and-so punched Bill S—, and then knifed him; or how Jake's chunk had killed one man, driven another to San Quentin, and how Jake is now up for prisoning. Most of these hoodlums are mere boys, few if any being over twenty-one. What their occupation is, it is hard to say. What they will turn out is, however, easy to prophesy. Homicides, murderers, thieves will graduate from their ranks, and if the *Town Crier* is not wrong, and he seldom is, many, if not all of those North Beach hoodlums, will in time swell our criminal list—a list, alas! already too long.

Serenades are en regle, and a supper at the expense of the unfortunate man complimented is usually the sequel. A man of woeful countenance, who fought the Holy Varden fight, has been anticipating his turn, and sits nightly with his contemplative eye cast sadly upon a cup of railroad coffee, a bottle of sausage and a sea blenit, waiting for the music to toot. If it begin not soon, he will be forced to lay this delectable lunch, Chinese fashion, upon the graves of the mystical subscribers to the Atlantic and Pacific bumbag, and give the hungry Lone Mountain hoodlums a chance. Free lunch bidders are advised to organize a band of low-spirits and accordions, and make the first meal that ever was made of him. Music at the discretion of the band, although "Still so Gently o'er me Stearing" is recommended.

Why are boys arrested at North Beach for bathing? Cleanliness is next to godliness, and is it not a holy and wholesome thing for boys to divest themselves of their superfluous filth? Children are wise in their generation, and boys know very well that Spring Valley water isn't to be trusted even for bathing purposes, and there isn't enough of it if it was. They must wash somewhere. Every one who knows a boy, knows how much dirt he can accumulate in a given time. If all the boys attempted to wash all the dirt off in one day, there would be real estate enough in their mothers' bath-tub to raise the family supply of potatoes.

Candidates who are unfamiliar with the work of the swift-lying needle are congratulating themselves that the button-hole machine didn't come into favor before election time. One unhappy man relating his experience says that his coat, one of the best products of the Mission Woolen Mills, was worn to the consistency of gauze; that his waistcoat was demolished entirely, and that they were about to fasten themselves upon his undershirt, when election day opportunity came and saved him from being utterly denuded. It was merely a scratch that they didn't work button-holes in his skin.

"The Hard Working Man" who corresponds with the *Chronicle*, though he may be, and probably is, "a hardy son of toil," does not stick to facts, especially when he says that Messrs. Cutting & Co. employ four hundred Chinamen at their fruit factory, discharging white men to make room. If the white men of his fertile brain who were supposed to be discharged were anything like the "great unwashed" who signs himself "A Hard Working Man," we don't blame Cutting & Co. if they did sack them. We never knew a "son of toil" who wrote to papers who was worth his salt.

Such a revolution as that which the late election has made in California would have been impossible, says the *Bulletin*, in any other country in the whole world. Of course it would; and the reason is plain. California is the only country in the world which is blest in the possession of an *Evening Bulletin*, skillful in directing the storm of revolution. Modesty is a virtue, but Messrs. Pickering and Fitch are almost viciously modest.

Those two young sardines who took their girls to hear the organ concert at Dr. Scott's, on Thursday, are informed that their nonsensical drive! is not appreciated by the general public, especially during an organ solo by Evans. The sardines above referred to "sat in a cushioned seat," and if repeating such unseemly conduct, will be pointed out more plainly and held up to the execration of a music-loving community.

The Clay street cars are a constant source of dread to the old drunks who roll out of the Police Court. They may be seen at all hours of the day scratching their heads and asking bystanders if their eyes deceive them. These cars have entirely taken away the business hitherto monopolized by rats and rattlesnakes.

Janes is once more a free man, and is no doubt proportionately happy. That he shot Gallagher in self-defence there can be no doubt. Those roosters that run and turn are awkward birds to fight, and have a habit of kicking when least expected. Janes seems to be one of this class.

The long-winded youth who does the burglaries in the *Alta* has made a discovery which entitles him to the respect, not to say admiration, of his fellow citizens. He has discovered a house "surrounded on two sides by a porch." We await further developments.

The political cauldron contained a queer enough compound at best. If the whine, the cant, the hypocrisy and the general sneakiness of the parsons must be thrown in, the broth is spoiled for the *T. C.*, who inclines only to the purest and best of everything.

It is reported that Pickering intends purchasing the large rattlesnake now at Woodward's, in order to place it under the editorial chair of the *Chronicle*. It killed a horse before it was captured, so that the smaller animals have a poor show.

The gentleman who paraded the race track on Saturday, with a red feather in his hat and an Ulster coat on his back, was not the Duke of Manchester. All civilities, etc., lavished on him have therefore been wasted.

Jimmy McGinn was very much disgusted with the Hurdle Races. Coffins are still a drug on the market, while the mutes are eating their heads off. Maw worms are at present to be hired at low rates.

### CALIFORNIA'S BIRTHDAY.

On Wednesday we discovered, from certain military eruptions, that something out of the common way was about to happen. No Modocs were in sight, nor did the din of war add majesty to the stupendous array. Approaching a meek-looking stranger, with a dejected and somewhat funeral appearance, we weaned his thoughts from the dull routine of every-day life by stepping on one of his feet, and at once striking an attitude never yet known to fail, demanded the cause of this review. The meek-eyed stranger at once climbed up an adjacent lamp post, threw off his hat, said he was a poet, though the world didn't know it, that it was California's twenty-second birthday, and that he was her chosen bard. [From a dirty pocket handkerchief picked up in the neighborhood, we discovered that the meek-eyed stranger's name was J. G. Severance.] From his proud eminence "the meek-eyed one" gave birth to the following:

#### THE ANNIVERSARY POEM.

"Among the great Greece nurtured in her prime,"  
Was San Francisco, a city built on time.  
Twenty-two years ago a Pioneer  
Took humble lodgings at the "What Cheer."  
He was a weird, queer-looking man,  
And not built on any regular plan."

Here the meek-eyed stranger paused, but being encouraged by liberal presents of peanuts he proceeded, and thus launched his frail bark on the rabid sea of criticism:

#### "THE FRIENDSHIPS OF THE PIONEERS."

'Twas in the cold gray morning,  
Ere the rooster crewed his crow,  
Two drunken Pioneers came up  
From a cellar down below,  
One had a very cruel eye  
And a bright vermilion nose—  
The other was an aged man  
In somewhat seedy clothes.

"How much hast thou, my brother?"  
Said he of the cruel eye,  
"I guess it's time to liquor,  
For I'm uncommon dry."  
The aged brother answered,  
And wiped away a tear,  
"I've but a ten cent piece left,  
And that won't run the beer."

The other winked his cruel eye,  
He knocked the old man down;  
The friendship of those Pioneers  
Is now the boast of town.

Though again encouraged by various bribes, the meek-eyed stranger would warble no more. He was seen to slide down the lamp post, blow his nose, give one convulsive throb, and go home.

Parting Words from Germany to France—Our "occupation's gone."

## THE LAY OF THE LOST ONE—No. II.

I tell you I must have it, you may laugh and shake your head,  
 I *must* keep my excitement up, for without it I am dead;  
 Give me some drink to soothe my nerves, though poison lurk beneath,  
 Not in that water, careless girl, don't you see it holds my teeth.

Time was when they crowded round me and paid to gain my smiles,  
 Now 'tis I that have to flatter and fawn, or allure by grosser wiles;  
 No longer they dally about my room, or meekly admittance crave,  
 But bid me trot out like a horse from its stall, or show my points like a slave.

I felt it keenly the other day when that worn-out sinner came, [shame.]  
 Who thought because I had known him of old, I would help to bring Carrie to  
 It was well for him that he went out quick, for the blood rushed to my eyes,  
 And I clutched at the knife I alway swear, I had stabbed him otherwise.

But oh, what a crushing shock was that, how my inmost soul was stirred;  
 He had stolen my money to gamble with, but I never uttered a word.  
 But when he left me for that little wretch, and jeered me as she stood by,  
 The Devil was roused within my breast and a Hell in its agony.

I was at his throat like a tigress, not a thought of weakness or dread,  
 It was maddening to hear her mocking laugh, and I know not what I said,  
 But I knew that Harry was stung to the quick by the cruel look which he bore  
 And the cowardly blow that left me stunned for hours upon the floor.

## WHAT NEXT?

A new writing machine being exhibited by Mr. Emmett Dewamore seems to be an invention which, if the difficulty of its high price can be surmounted, will be almost as great a boon to printers as printing itself was to the world at large. At all events, its adoption will deprive that *hostis humani generis*, "the printers' reader," of all chance of throwing back upon the crabbed penmanship of the maddened author the responsibility of the travestie in which he has represented his pet incubations to a bewildered public. The writing machine is, with its stand, about the size of a small sewing machine, and consists of a small key-board with three rows of keys, each of which is marked with a letter or number and connected with a long wire hammer, similar in action to those of the piano-forte, but bearing at the striking end, instead of the usual hard covered leather hammer, the metal die bearing the same letter or figure as that on the key. The hammers are ranged in a circle, so disposed that each hammer, when thrown up by the action of its key, strikes upon the same spot on a wooden cylinder, round which is the paper to be written upon. Underneath this paper is a piece of ordinary carbonized paper, so that when the die on the hammer strikes upon it the white paper is at once marked with whatever letter or figure may be upon the die. As the key which has been struck rises on being relieved from the pressure upon it, its action loosens a catch by which the wooden cylinder has been detained in its place, and the cylinder, acted upon by a coiled spring at one end, moves on a small space, so as to expose a fresh surface for the impact of the next die, which, on its key being struck, rises as before, and marks the paper with a fresh letter or figure immediately following the first. In this way each word is spelled, the striking of a light wooden bar which runs along the front of the key-board sufficing at the end of each word to move the cylinder forward without making any mark upon the paper, thus forming the spaces between the words. There are, of course, keys carrying the various notes of interrogation, etc., and it will be readily seen that by this arrangement a sentence may be printed off even much more rapidly than it can be written, each letter requiring, instead of the complicated, though unconscious, process of formation by a pen or pencil, only the single rap with the finger upon the key. The only difficulty in the way—besides the slight initial difficulty of learning the key-board by heart and practising the fingers to drop rapidly upon the desired letter—is that of finishing entirely with each letter before touching the key which is to print the next. As it is, the machine can be worked easily up to from sixty to eighty words per minute, and with less fatigue to the operator than in writing in the ordinary way twenty-five to thirty words a minute. By the use of tissue paper and additional carbonized leaves, eight or ten *fac-similes* can be printed simultaneously without any extra trouble. It is a most ingenious machine, and very simple in construction.

We do not altogether believe that the tailor makes the man, yet as we do think that this our piece of humanity deserves to be well clad, inasmuch as it cost no more, and is certainly more comfortable to the wearer, therefore do we rejoice that our old friend, Stallman, has returned to San Francisco. It will be seen from his advertisement that he has associated himself with Mr. Brüggeman, and that the two have established themselves in the new building, No. 526 Montgomery street, corner of Clay, where they will carry on the merchant tailoring business. They ought to be able to satisfy everybody, for Mr. Stallman has eleven years here, after that eight years in New York, and Mr. Brüggeman has been for ten years chief cutter at Mr. Eisenberg's. They start with a fresh stock of new goods of the latest fashion.

## SUNBEAMS.

**A gentleman**, to oblige a credulous lady friend, recently tested the powers of a rather renowned fortune-teller. But he went his own way to work, and therefore dressed himself in ladies' clothes. The fortune-teller did not discover the disguise, but the experimenter heard what made him very unhappy. "What did the fortune-teller say to you?" asked the credulous lady-friend on his return, and hopeful that the sceptic had been convinced against his will. "Why," said the gentleman, assuming a very grave aspect, "she told me I was to marry soon." "Yes, yes," continued the lady as he paused, "go on. What then?" "What then! Why, that I was to be the happy mother of ten children."

**What are Folk Saying?**---They are saying---That "our George" surpassed himself last week. That he smashed Cardwell on the great question of Lord Sandhurst's table allowance. That he did for the "People's William" on the subject of the Queen's pickings. That he made Mr. Monsell the laughing stock of the House of Commons in connection with the Glasgow Post Office arrangements. That a great deal of Glenlivas promenaded the city last week. That large numbers became tattered after the Fair. That, though many take the pledge, few keep it.

**Great Autumn Maneuver.**---Hodge---"Lor-a-massy, me-aster. Be oi to be power in t' Ste-ate! What be oi to get by that?" Mr. G.---"That, my good friend, is a mere detail. The question is, what am I to get by it?" [In the debate as to giving a vote to the agricultural laborer, Mr. Forster read a letter from the Premier, who declared that such extension of franchise was just and politic, and could not long be avoided. The question was thus taken up by Government, which much needs a "good cry."]

**Millionnaires.**---Mrs. A.---"Well, good bye, dear. You must come and see my new dresses from Paris, one charming morning dress, among others, quite simple, and only cost sixty-seven guineas. You'll come, won't you, and tell me what you think of it?" Mrs. B.---"O, my dear, I'm no judge of cheap clothing, you know."

**What London Crushes are Coming to.**---"By the bye, Lady Crowder, have you met the Partington's lately?" "Not for an age! They were at my ball last night, but I didn't see them. By the way, did you happen to be there, Captain Smythe?" "Oh, yes! Enjoyed myself immensely!" "So glad!"

**Positively.**---A. D. 1873.---Mistress---"A day's holiday, Jane; what for?" Jane---"Well, I thought you'd think it rather soon; but, please, mum, my young man as I spoke of to you---perhaps you remember---is a-going to take me to Grinidge again, and I'm a-going to pop the question this time!"

**Misconstrued.**---(Counsel to young lady in witness-box)---"You say that you went into the National Gallery by yourself. Have you ever been taken in there by a gentleman. Witness---" "Oh, dear, no; I flatter myself I am too sharp to be taken in by any gentleman!"

**No man or woman** was ever cured of love by discovering the falsity of his or her lover. The living together for three long, rainy days in the country has done more to dispel love than all the perfidies in love that have ever been committed.

**A Closed Upper.**---Mike (to recruiting sergeant)---"Well, I ain't well off for clo's, but I've got two soots." Sergeant---"Mike, you know that's the only suit of clothes you've got." Mike---"Arran, then 's'nt there my bed clo's."

**An exquisitely dressed young man**, after buying another seal to dangle about his person, said to the jeweler that he would---"ah, like to have---ah, something engraved on it---ah, to denote what he was?" "Certainly, certainly," said the tradesman; "I'll put a cypher on it."

**The boys themselves**, with a keen sense of humor, had a graduated scale of honor, which was represented by the following formula: "Will you take your oath he was ten feet high?" "Yes." "Will you take your dying oath?" "Yes." "Will you bet sixpence?" "No."

**As two Glasgow gentlemen** were crossing the river Lochy in a boat lately, preparatory to commencing fishing, a small salmon, weighing about nine pounds, leapt clean into their boat, and was at once secured. That was a miraculous haul.

**Canny Folk.**---"A licht, mon, is it that yer speerin' aboot? D'ye think lights grow on trees, that they're to be had for the askin'? Ye'll get nae licht frae me, conseederin' ye cudna ask before I threw awa' the match." [And he didn't, either.]

**'Tis Enough, 'twill Serve.**---Englishman---"I fail to see, Dennis, why you should be so embittered against the Sister Isle!" Dennis (home ruler)---"Listen here, sorr! she won't fraternize wid us!"

**Convenient Dentition.**---In these days of high prices of meat and other articles of daily necessity, folks with increasing families and stationary incomes must be rather glad than otherwise when their children cut their teeth late.

**Very Light Literature.**---Of all publications on any subject, Blue Books are the shallowest. Why? Because their readers have got to wade through them, and yet they are generally dry reading.

**Little by Little.**---Farmer---"Wull, Maarster Jarvis, and how be ye, sir?" Master Jarvis---"O, only just middling. There be a main solgt to me to be all well at one time."





## MARRIAGE MORN.

'Tis May-time, and the marriage morn  
Of Clara Winwood, who was born  
In yonder cot  
That seems to float upon the corn—  
Fair May-time and her marriage morn;  
Would it were not!  
The bridegroom walks with happy stride,  
But he has only won her pride.  
She tames her love and gives her hand  
Because he is a lord of land,  
And he can ride  
Ten miles and say, "All this is mine;  
And what is mine, my love, is thine."  
And she can hide  
Her soul, and, though her heart be cold,  
Put on a smile to get his gold.

There is a youth in Brinton Dell,  
And Clara Winwood loves him well;  
And he loves her  
Unto the very core of truth—  
With all the passion of his youth;  
And would it were  
That he could prove true love and health  
Are far beyond the price of wealth!

Old women tread the churchyard grass  
To see the bride and bridegroom pass;  
And children play  
Round gravestones where their sisters  
And older children know and weep, [sleep  
And turn away.  
The gossips stand beneath the trees,  
And watch and wait in twos and threes.

The belfry shakes, the warm air swells  
With merry peal of bridal bells.

Alas, alas!

For Time will teach the bride by stealth  
That love is richer far than wealth.

Alas, alas!

The bridegroom who can buy and sell  
Shall meet the youth of Brinton Dell!

—Guy Roslyn in Belgravias.

## THE HOTTENTOT VENUS.

I prepared you, last week, to hear the worst about that rhinoceros; though I hardly knew the worst myself then. I thought his carcass would have fetched far more than it did. But it seems a live dog will fetch more than a dead pachyderm, even if the thick-skinned one be a rhinoceros. It is true that, even whilst still with us, the deceased did not fetch much—he was such a lazy brute; yet I did not anticipate such a strong feeling amongst the tallow-chandling community against working him in for candles, as time has shown to exist. No matter, he is gone, and I did very well with his hide. I believe it is to be made into shoe-laces, for the express use of the diggers in the South African diamond fields.

You don't care, I suppose, for further details of "Peter's" death. He died very hard, though it is pleasing to know his last moments were rendered easier by the cakes of honey-soap he took shortly before his death. It is not surprising he frothed at the mouth, is it? An underling attached to the menagerie—but, speaking on behalf of my collection, I beg to say it is not by any means attached to the underling—ventured to say, as he watched the frothing symptom, that "evidently Peter's last hour was scum." I think that the underling was sorry afterwards that he spoke, for I was not in my slippers at the time. But here I am, giving you the further details, for which I supposed you would not care. We will say no more about the rhinoceros, unless specially desired to do so by a decided majority of our subscribers.

I don't know how you find it in London, but here (I am speaking of Weston-super-Mare) we find it very hot. And the heat does not want much finding either; indeed it has a habit of finding you out, do what you may. Still, it is better to be found out than in, any day, when you are near the sea, isn't it?

The Polar bear suffers most of all. Three pounds of rough ice, scattered lavishly about the floor of his den every morning, fail to satisfy his yearnings for the Arctic Regions of his youth; and for the past week he has been plunged in deep melancholy, and refuses to wash. I read him little scraps from Polar literature after menagerie hours, to try and cheer him up, but in vain. He merely walks up and down his den and wags his head mournfully. Any enterprising barber may have him cheap. He must be full of pomatum.

The more tropical animals rejoice in the present weather. The elephant is so happy that he attempts to prance. We discourage his efforts with an ox-goad, for he has already pranced upon a Newfoundland dog and a perambulator—the latter, fortunately, empty. The leopard marks his high sense of the jollity of the season by coming out in fresh spots and howling all night. We use a great deal of carbolic acid.

You remember that I told you that I now have a "Hottentot Venus" attached to the establishment. She also rejoices in the temperature, and sings the airs of her native land exultantly. She is very useful in her way, and is really a great attraction, especially to the young farmers. Magga-Mumba—for so she is called—has more of the Hottentot than the Venus about her; but she is a good girl for all that. She came over in a sugar-ship from Table Bay seven years ago, in the Exeter-Hall interest; but after appearing twice at the May meetings, and singing hymns in her native dialect during the collection, she was prevailed upon, by an offer of more wages, to go as barmaid in a hostelry in the New North Road. There she stayed for some time, gaining considerable profit by selling her own biogra-

phies, at a penny each, over the bar; and she might have been there now, had not the landlady foolishly insisted upon her appearing, on his birthday, with a ring in her nose. Refusing to conform to his somewhat eccentric wish, she left the bar, and soon after took to the road, appearing, in the first instance, as the "African Fire Queen," and in that capacity swallowed more ignited tow than was good for her. The season after that she came out as "The Hottentot Venus," and has played that role ever since. It will be fresh in the memories of my more attentive readers that she joined me after leaving Booker's Museum of Natural and Scientific Wonders in a full some six weeks ago. I am sure I hope that she will never leave me, as long as it is for our mutual interest we should keep together.

But I must not be certain I shall retain her. In all the towns she has visited she has had her admirers. The Mayor of Marshonib came to see her twice, and gave her a Paisley shawl; while a gentleman of the neighboring town of Ravebury was so marked in his attentions, that Jo-Jo, the lion-tamer, who was king in his own country, who is himself sweet on Magga-Mumba, threatened to wait for him outside with the skin-some of a horse the man had just picked up. But the most serious affair was at Mustyborough. We had been there two days, and I noticed that a young man of artless mien came in every time the doors were opened, and I thought he must be an embryo lover, or a Nelson in the bud, or something of that sort. So I took great trouble in explaining all the boasts to him, and against him the refusal of a young Kankaroo which I found impossible to rear. It was not until the evening of the second day that I saw what he came really was. Then, as Magga-Mumba was doing her usual native dances, previously to Jo-Jo entering the lion's den, I saw the artless one's eyes fixed upon her in a manner that admitted of but one interpretation.

I went up to him and tried to draw off his attention to the camel, who was just then casting his coat in a spare caravan, but it was no use. That I took him, almost by force, into the den occupied by the jaguar before his untimely demise, where I have since fitted up as an office, and taxed him with his love. He did not attempt to deny it.

"I love her," he said, "and she shall be mine."

"Young man," I replied, "you are talking foolishly. Magga-Mumba would not make you happy. She is a child of the desert, and the blood of Kankaroos flows in her veins; moreover, she is under a contract to remain with me for two years." "I will buy her off," he muttered, proudly. "Magga-Mumba! what a sweet name! Oh, tell me, sir, if she loves another?"

"Without doubt, she does," I eagerly replied. "Jo-Jo, whose performance with the lions you have noticed, looks upon her as his own, and his passion is reciprocated; for cannot he woo her in her native patois?"

"Because of this," returned the youth, bitterly: "who is Jo-Jo?"

"Jo-Jo," I said, "has been king in his own country, and was brought up to consider it as well law. Speaking is a man who grows Jo-Jo endosymbiosis, well, I would say—don't expose him to these affairs. He is great at the bow, and keeps poisoned arrows concealed up his back."

"So you threaten me, do you?" said the artless one. "We will see," and before I could stop him, he had rushed out, and in another few moments he was on his knees before the Hottentot Venus, who was, for the nonce, presiding at the nut and benefit stall.

Magga-Mumba stared at him in amazement, and thinking he was hungry, presented him with a very stale Abernethy. He took it, and plunged it under his waistcoat, on the left-hand side.

"By V. I. M., then Venus of a southern clime," he cried; and he attempted to embrace her across the stall, spending it in his endeavor, jerking thereby the whole stock within reach of the elephant, who swallowed goods to the amount of five hundred and seventy-three cents.

Magga-Mumba drew back in alarm, falling over a pet armadillo that was allowed to run loose about the menagerie, and by that time I had succeeded in getting in one of the foremost performers, who, at my request, bore off the artless though aggressive youth, amidst the cheers of the assembled people. I found, at intervals, that he was an orphan, and had been plucked from his birth. He had also been brought up by hand, by a black again. He came down early the next morning, and left a note for the Hottentot Venus with one of the band, who was about betimes. It ran thus:—

MAGGA—I had better love you. If I ever see you dance again, it will be with Pleasantville's factors. Marry your dealer, and be happy. I pity Jo-Jo. He was once being a king in his own country, but I doubt if you will let him become so in his own time. Yours sincerely, A CHINESE APOCALYPSE.

Jo-Jo put this epistle into her own pocket for Magga-Mumba, and she ate her dinner much the same as ever, the only difference being that she was helped twice to vegetable-soup, that being a dish she had formerly enjoyed rather eschewed. I did not see the artless one again, but I have since been told he has taken to drink.

You will be pleased to hear that Jo-Jo and Magga-Mumba will very probably be married in the next large town in which we travel. It will be a good advertisement for the menagerie. But I wish it was cooler.

Yours perspiringly,

O. P. Q. PHILANDER SMIFF.

## FEMININE CHIT-CHAT.

A lady correspondent in London writes as follows:—Some curious combinations in spots and stripes are being shown as the newest fashions from Paris; but I think the style too *outré* to find much favor, except with those ladies who pride themselves on being eccentric in their costumes. I saw the trousseau of a bride a few days ago, and some of the dresses had come from Worth's and were very stylish, though some were equally ugly in my eyes, the spotted and striped costume particularly. It was of brown and white silk; the skirt was striped, the stripes being about an inch wide, and the skirt was trimmed with two flounces around the bottom, one spotted and one striped; above the spotted one, which was uppermost, was a broad band of brown silk, and two upright plaitings to match the flounces. The tunic was spotted, trimmed with bands of the striped silk, and was of a very pretty shape. It was cut with a long square waistcoat front, and the skirt of it was quite open in front and square at the points. The back was very much rounded and well puffed out at the waist, where it was supported by a broad and soft silk sash, which hung more like China crape than ribbon. The bonnet was brown, dotted with white daisies; and the boots had tiny white buttons up the front. Another of the dresses was at once curious and very stylish. The skirt (a long train) was of white silk, very thick and rich, trimmed with a curious plaited trimming in which each plait looked twisted from the middle. Over this there was quite a new style of polonaise, called I believe a *surtout*. It was cut in the Princess shape behind, and the front was double-breasted, and the sides crossed each other. A square waistcoat appeared below the bodice in front, and the sleeves were of the old-fashioned coat shape, with a deep cuff. This *surtout* was in a very rich shade of blue, splendidly embroidered, and it had a ruffed bar of white silk, very high in the back and tapering down to a point at the bottom of the opening of the bodice, where a bar of blue and white silk finished the costume. The rage for blue linen for seaside wear is extending to hats; ladies wear hats trimmed with it, and hats made of it after the fashion of drawn bonnets twenty years ago. These last look remarkably like children's sun-hats, and more eccentric than pretty. An article in the *trousseau* I spoke of above was a very costly and beautiful white crape polonaise, embroidered with what looked like pearl beads. An exquisite pattern of vine leaves and grapes went all round the skirt and sleeves, and a deep fringe edged the whole, every knot of which was a larger pearl. The effect was extremely light and elegant, but the cost of it was something fabulous. I saw some very pretty nick-nacks in majolica ware the other day, quite new in design, I was told. One was a bachelor's or breakfast cruet, and was certainly original, to say the least of it. The whole looked like a pretty chimney ornament, and consisted of the stump of an old tree, an owl, and a squirrel, very natural and well colored. The tree stump held the salt, the spoon within it looked like a twig; the owl became a mustard pot, when his head was taken off, and the pepper was obtained through little holes at the back of the squirrel's head. The contrivance to keep the owl and squirrel in their places formed a part of the old tree, and the whole thing was excessively pretty. A new fancy has arisen this season for ladies to cover their parasols, and gentlemen their umbrellas with white linen and brown Holland cases. They are made with a ring in the top for the point of the stick to pass through, and elastic loops at every seam for the ends of the ribs. They are very ugly and clumsy looking.—*Glasgow Mail.*

A Survey was made seven years since called "Captain Sprye's Route to Western China." Two hundred and fifty miles of the surveyed road has proved eminently successful. Sprye may be very justly described—both as regards the clearness of his own ideas, and the wilful blindness of those who ought to have advanced them—as the Waghorn of the Far East. The best years of his life have been sacrificed in the endeavor to introduce among the highways of the world a new route, which is certain to be attended with similar blessings to that discovered by the great traveler whose statue stands at the head of the Suez Canal—erected, to our shame, by French, and not by British hands. Seven years ago, under Lord Derby's administration, a survey of the proposed route was commenced, and reported on most satisfactorily. It was only laid aside on the change of Government. The gist and pith of the projected route is this—that it will bring the Chinese frontier, by land, within 800 miles of British Burma, and thus not only save a distance of 2,400 miles—at which Shanghai stands from the western frontier of China Proper—but also develop—or rather introduce, for there is no such thing at present—a trade with the Chinese Western provinces. It is unnecessary to point out the vast extension of British commerce that will be thus attained.

**Maison D'ore Quail.**—We are glad to see that the Acclimatization Society took the initiative in the late case of Maison D'ore quail. No doubt it is very considerate of the caterer M. Dingdon to anticipate and provide quail for his customers, but still the game must be guarded, or in a short time he will not be able to provide quail in or out of season.

**A Seasonable Excursion** for the London School Board—Deal; and if some of the thin members wish to get stout, their place of rendezvous surely will be Sandwich.



### "WEALTH OF THOUGHT AND BEAUTY OF EXPRESSION."

It has been said, that since St. Beuve and Matthew Arnold lived and wrote, "criticism has occupied a place in the highest order of literary work." This emphatically applies to the criticism of the *San Francisco Bulletin*. That potent manufacturer of literary opinion and instructor of the popular taste, on Tuesday evening, published a column of doggerel, which it called "poetry," and of which the following extract furnishes a rather favorable sample:

The jolly Celt turns from his sunny isle,  
Forsakes the shamrock for the spade, awhile;  
With hopes and grief, his great heart swelling big,  
He bids farewell to Kathleen and the pig;  
'Tis off he is, "be jabers, for to look  
For other lumps than found at Donnybrook!"  
Leaves to decay shillalah and his bod,  
His wife and children, trustfully, to God.  
Nor is the Briton to the call so deaf  
But that he pauses o'er his roast of beef;  
Quits "arf an' arf" and, "blarst me bloody heyes,  
But 'ere's a go," and off from home he hies,  
Resolved his consins o'er the sea to show  
"There's nothing there like Hingaland, you know!"

At the conclusion appears the following comment by the *Bulletin's* "reviewer," which can scarcely fail to justify the high opinion entertained in the community of the superior critical acumen of that journal: "The poem was repeatedly and warmly applauded, showing on the part of the listeners a fine appreciation of its wealth of thought and beauty of expression."

### PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

Because of a depletion in the School Fund, it is anticipated that teachers will get no pay for the month of September, and the half of October. An immense tax is paid to support the schools, and people are moved to inquire into the reason of this lack of funds. The children who attend the public schools belong, for the greater part, to that class of people who toil for bread, and their future is not assured. Very few of them ever enter the high schools, because they have reached—nay, have strained the length of their tether, by staying in school long enough to graduate from the Grammar Department. In the primary schools, of which there are many, and in which the classes average, at least, twelve to a building, there are from sixty to seventy scholars in a class. In the grammar schools, many of which are obliged to accommodate primary classes, because there have not enough grammar pupils, the classes average from thirty to forty pupils; while in the high schools, of which there are two, the classes average from fifteen to twenty-five. The pupils of the high schools, as a rule, are those whose parents are sufficiently well to do to pay for private education, but prefer the public school system. The pupils of the grammar schools, with the exception of the few who intend to pass into the high school, are those with whom work is not an immediate necessity but who look forward to becoming mechanics and working women when they shall have completed the preparatory course. But in the primary school, where the children fairly swarm, they have come for the most part to acquire only the rudiments of the necessary education, since work will begin for them immediately that they are strong enough. Yet in these primary grades, where time is money, they are afflicted with a music teacher, a French teacher, and a drawing teacher. Every one loves to hear the voices of children raised in simple song, but who can see the use of employing a supernumerated, country singing school-master to give a lesson of twenty minutes a week to a class of sixty pupils, not one of whom can receive individual instruction. A child, who could learn to read music by note after many years of this drill, without private instruction, would be a *miraculis*, indeed. Beside this, they receive twenty minutes a day in French, this a general exercise, too, for individual instruction is impossible, and twenty minutes a week in drawing. And thus is the substance consumed which should be laid out in giving the children a good, plain, solid, useful English education. They obtain the merest smattering of flimsy accomplishments, and teachers of French, music, drawing, and considerable high school flummery get money which should only be laid out in that way after it has been seen that there remains abundance for the sound needs of education. It is far easier to dispense with Charlotte Russes, meringues, and creams, than substantial beef and wholesome bread.

**Californians Registered at the Office of Charles Le Gay, American Commission Merchant, 1 Rue Scribe, Paris, August 22, 1873:** Eugene Kelly and family, D. T. Murphy, J. M. English and wife, Miss L. M. Hawkins, Mr. Theodore Bogle, R. J. Tilany, L. Sachs and family, Capt. L. Stevens and family, Mrs. John B. Letay, Wm. M. Lent and family, W. B. Farwell, E. Suskind, Wm. Wood, Mrs. Charles Crocker and family, C. F. Crocker, Geo. Crocker, Charlee Hensley, Mrs. Major Hensley, Mrs. E. B. Cory, E. F. Northam.

## ART NOTES.

The next reception and exhibition of the Art Association will probably take place in about six or eight weeks' time, by which period the set of casts presented to the society by the French Government should have arrived, and will of course be immediately put on view. Apart from this, the artists are fast returning from their country vacations, and are hard at work for the next exhibition. Wandesforde has been up in Mendocino county, and has returned with some admirable forest studies and sketches of logging camps. Marple is back with a budget of sketches from Lake Tahoe and vicinity, some of them grand subjects for finished pictures, and all noticeable for refined feeling. Deakin has at his studio a bright and true little picture of "An English Church Porch," and has commenced a more important work, a scene in the Wahsatch Mountains. R. J. Bush has some good studies taken round Mount St. Helena, and is at work upon a view of Santa Clara Valley from the redwoods. He is about the youngest of our local artists, but is bound to make his mark, we think. An important addition to our artists' corps has been made recently in the person of Mr. Eiler Jorgensen, a Danish gentleman, who devotes himself principally to portraiture. Two studies of peasants' heads, by this artist, exhibit much character and "go." He is a member of the Royal Academy of Copenhagen. In Niles' window, on Kearny street, several heads and compositions by "Oregon" Wilson are attracting attention. We may briefly say that Mr. Wilson was originally a gentleman of Virginia, and not of Oregon, and that he has nought to do with the O'Reagans, in spite of his first name. The pictures are just a little too smooth and pretty, yet have a good deal of excellent drawing and color about them. The pair of brunette and blonde beauties would tempt a saint. The painting which strikes us most, however, as a work of real merit is that entitled "Homeless." It represents a poor, wretched, ragged street-arab crouching down on the cold London stones, a perfect embodiment of abject misery and helplessness, and made us compare the worst estate of the poor in California with their condition in Europe, much to the advantage of the former. It is excellent in drawing, and its low color and tone pleases us much. "The Mechanic's Lament," by the same artist, is another picture of the harrowing order worthy of note. In the same window has recently been exhibited a large and ambitious landscape by Norton Bush, entitled the "West Slope of the Cordilleras." As it has been packed off to Sacramento for the State Fair, we shall not attempt to influence the judges more than to recommend them to award it the first prize. And that it will probably get anyhow, for it is gandy and meretricious in color, and poor in drawing and composition. That sun of yours, Norton, descending on the mountain peak immediately below it would certainly get stuck, and the rest of the world be left out in the cold.

## RESULTS OF THE ELECTION.

**Annexed** is a list of the successful candidates at the late election. Where possible at this writing, the majorities are given:

## LEGISLATORS.

*Senators*—Phillip A. Roach, D., 183; Washington Bartlett, P. U., 82.  
*Assemblymen*—M. M. Estee, P. U.; Daniel Rogers, P. U.; John F. Swift, P. U.; John F. Hamill, P. U.; W. A. Aldrich, P. U.; C. C. Terrill, P. U.; James Patterson, P. U.; B. C. Vandall, P. U.; George C. Wickware, P. U.; D. Friederich, P. U.; J. F. Cowdery, P. U.; Robert Howe, D.

## CITY OFFICERS.

*Mayor*—James Otis, T. P., 1,242. *Sheriff*—William McKibbin, T. P., 4,129.  
*Tax Collector*—Alexander Austin, T. P. and D., 17,455.  
*Auditor*—Monroe Ashbury, T. P. and D., 25,817.  
*Treasurer*—Charles Hubert, D., 23. *Coroner*—Dr. John R. Rice, D., 856.  
*Recorder*—O. H. Frank, D., 4,128. *Co. Clerk*—Wm. Harney, T. P. and D., 24,998.  
*Surveyor*—Wm. P. Humphreys, D., 1,110.  
*Public Administrator*—Simon Mayer, T. P., 3,115. *Chief of Police*—Theodore G. Cockrill, 3,296. *Superintendent of Streets*—Samuel H. Kent, T. P., 2,491.  
*Superintendent of Schools*—James Denman, D., 1,693.  
*Attorney and Counsellor*—W. C. Burnett, T. P., 4,344.  
*District Attorney*—Thomas P. Ryan, D., 672.  
*Fire Commissioners*—Wm. Ford, T. P. and D., 25,621; Gordon E. Sloss, D., 1,305; Chas. B. Edwards, D., 793.  
*State Harbor Commissioners*—C. L. Taylor, T. P. (city), 2,238; Paul Neuman, R. (State), 1,958.  
*Harbor Master*—Wm. H. Morton, T. P., 2,484.  
*Justices of the Peace*—R. Ang. Thompson, T. P. and D.; James C. Pennie, D.; H. L. Joachimsen, T. P.; F. A. Sawyer, T. P.; Lyman W. Ransom, T. P.  
*Supervisors*—First Ward, Stewart Menzies, T. P. and D., 19,814; Second Ward, Wm. C. Pease, T. P., 2,786; Third Ward, J. J. Kenney, D., 564; Fourth Ward, Arthur M. Ebbets, T. P., 4,199; Fifth Ward, John R. Sims, T. P., 4,293; Sixth Ward, James H. Deering, T. P., 2,886; Seventh Ward, James B. Roberts, T. P., 2,639; Eighth Ward, A. L. Wangenheim, T. P., 4,675; Ninth Ward, A. W. Scott, T. P., 3,937; Tenth Ward, George Hewston, T. P., 2,872; Eleventh Ward, M. Lynch, T. P., 1,690; Twelfth Ward, D. A. McDonald, T. P., 1,594.  
*School Directors*—Jos. Clement, T. P. and D.; George C. Hurlbert, T. P.; H. J. Tilden, T. P.; John O. Hanscom, T. P.; H. Rosekrans, T. P.; Andrew McF. Davis, T. P.; W. T. Bradbury, T. P.; J. M. Buffington, T. P.; John P. Shine, T. P.; M. J. Donovan, T. P.; J. Spaulding, D.; Robert Bragg, D.

## A TRIFLING EXCHANGE.

Said grave papa, "Why, Kittie, child, "He dined with us!" papa replied;  
 "What do I on your finger see?" "Pray, what has that to do with it?"  
 "Oh, this, papa?" the maiden said; "Why, nothing, sir; but then, you know,  
 "Why this you know Sam gave to me." "We tried to see if it would fit;  
 "And pray what right had Sam, my dear, And then we couldn't get it off,  
 "My daughter's hand to fetter thus?" "Although we tried and tried and tried!"  
 "Oh, let me see!" Miss Kittie said; "Poor child! I'll take it off at once,"  
 "It was the day he dined with us." "With tenderness papa replied.

With blushes Kittie hung her head;  
 "Oh, no, papa! because, you see,  
 Sam said, if *something* I'd give him,  
 Why, he would give the ring to me."  
 "Oh! ah!" replied papa, "Indeed!  
 And pray what did you give him, miss?"  
 "Only a trifle, sir," she said;  
 "He wanted, and I gave—a kiss!"

## THE FRENCHMAN FROM LIMERICK.

The natural modesty of an Irishman has not in many cases been a bar to his application for, or acceptance of office, but one of the coolest pieces of impudence by one of that nation we have ever met with came across our notice a day or two ago. A Mr. Williams, self-styled Professor Williams, was appointed by the Rev. O. Fitzgerald examiner in the French language of candidates for teachers in the High School. The Professor may be a very good Irish scholar, but as his knowledge of French is derived from the coaching of an ignorant deputy named Simon, we don't think that he can examine natives of the country as to their proficiency in their own tongue. In fact, we know that he is utterly incapable, and so ignorant as to be amusing. We overheard him asking a French girl to translate "red surf" into French. What on earth red surf is, only the Hibernian can know. His deputy, chosen with a due regard to his mental incapacity, in order not to excel the boss examiner, is equally stupid and arrogant, and the poor French girls are nearly distracted by the extraordinary questions propounded them. What we want to get at is this: Why should not French Professors be appointed for the purpose of passing upon the qualifications of French girls to become teachers. German teachers are examined by Germans, and one might as well appoint a Chinaman Professor of Music as an ignorant Irishman to be a judge of French.

## A GALLANT ELEPHANT.

Few sentimental damsels would approve of the transformation of a well-known line into "a trunk was on my shoulder, I knew its touch was kind." Accordingly, a young lady who lately visited the Jardin des Plantes in Paris, in company with her friends, was more terrified than flattered on perceiving that the elephant in the menagerie was neglecting the sugar and cakes placed within reach of his long proboscis to pursue her wherever she went. When she stood still, he stood still; when she moved he followed. An elephant's trunk is indeed a marvel of animal mechanism, but to the unscientific observer it resembles somewhat too closely Mr. Mantalini's description of his corpse, being both damp and unpleasant. The attempt made by the poor animal to attract the lady's attention by means of this appendage soon caused her to hurry away in alarm; seeing this, her admirer uttered a loud cry, which brought a keeper to the spot. He soon calmed her fears, and asked her to hand the elephant a bouquet, which formed part of her toilette. She did so with trembling fingers, whereupon the elephant carried it to his mouth, drank in its perfume with evident delight, and to the surprise of all present, returned it to its owner with that mixture of grace and clumsiness which may be imagined in a courteous elephant. The bouquet was composed of orange flowers, of which these animals are passionately fond.

## AGRICULTURAL BUREAU AND LAND DEPARTMENT.

The Placard Exchange, having secured the services of competent agents, and being supplied with maps and charts of the public lands of the State, as well as of the Ranchos, or private land claims, is now prepared to give the necessary information in relation to the location of desirable lands and the mode and manner of obtaining them. A specialty of this branch of the CALIFORNIA PLACARD EXCHANGE will be the purchase and sale of Ranchos and public lands generally, as well as the subdivision of large Ranchos in farms or desirable tracts for sale, when required. Maps and other information and charts furnished, and conveyancing executed with neatness and dispatch. Charges moderate, by application to JOHN MELVILLE, Secretary to the California Placard Exchange, 607 to 615 Merchant street, San Francisco.

An Oddfellow—Judy's only cousin.

OUR SAVINGS BANKS.

In San Francisco we have ten Savings Banks, all of which are doing a large business, speaking volumes for our financial status. The following is a condition of the California Savings Banks, July 1, 1873:

	Deposits.	Av. to each Depositor.
Savings and Loan Society.....	\$9,324,273	\$1,221 09
Hibernia Savings and Loan Society.....	12,480,470	783 26
French Savings and Loan Society.....	5,127,772	875 31
San Francisco Savings Union.....	5,121,511	1,006 19
Odd Fellows' Savings Bank.....	5,309,053	917 72
Farmers' and Mechanics' Savings Bank.....	392,994	825 61
German Savings and Loan Society.....	3,618,179	811 06
Masonic Savings and Loan Bank.....	905,162	483 12
Humboldt Savings and Loan Society.....	645,993	581 97
Security Savings Bank.....	805,816	733 89
Totals—July 1, 1873.....	\$43,731,223	\$886 95

THE "MAISON DOREE."

Our old friend and prince of caterers, Leon Dingeon, has done two wise things. He has taken unto himself two excellent men as partners who thoroughly understand the business, and he has leased the elegant building on Kearny street, between Bush and Sutter, and fitted it up as a restaurant, ice cream and refreshment saloon. However slight and fragile woman appears to be, the dear creatures must eat, and they like to have their food daintily served to them. The consequence is, that the *Maison Dorée* is crowded all day long with ladies, not only in the elegant saloon up stairs, but also in the restaurant that opens from the street. There they sit enjoying the good things of this life, and the unhappy outsiders stare at them through the window panes, hardly knowing which to admire the most, the pretty faces or the good things over which they are bending. It is also a great resort after the theater. The sterner sex likewise is much comforted therein with delicacies from the best *cuisine* in San Francisco. Such an institution was wanted there, and the want is well supplied.

THE SOUTH PACIFIC ISLANDS.

Captain Watson, master of the British bark *Reconnaissance*, now lying in this port, and for years engaged in the trade between the Australias and South Sea Islands, informs us that the commercial activity between those countries is increasing every year. Regular lines of ships are running between Australia and the Fiji Islands, and extending, as the occasion demands, to the Society and Navigator Islands. In the South Seas, as the world over, the British flag is conspicuous, and the traveler there is forcibly reminded of the old refrain—"Britannia rules the waves." War vessels of the great civilized nations are constantly plying about between the islands, those of England, the United States and France being most active. For the past few years the German flag is frequently seen, and from present indications the German Empire will be well represented in this respect. Capt. Watson speaks in the highest terms of the natives of all the islands, with the exception of those of the Solomon group, which are reported to be very fierce and expert cannibals.

DANBURY.

For a long time we pondered what it was that made the writer of certain articles in the *Danbury News* so popular. Our *Town Crier* was more witty and sarcastic than he; he hit harder. It is true that he didn't care whether he planted his blows at Mother Church or at muddy politics, but he struck right out and with good effect, and yet he has never been quoted and clipped like the above-mentioned journal. We think that we have solved the problem. Bailey's sketches are more domestic; they are drawn from our hearths and homes; they appeal to our every day life. In another sense the principle may be applied to the establishment called the "City of Paris" (Ville de Paris). Its articles are sought by those who can understand the good genuine stuff. There is the real good wear about them, and for those who appreciate the delicate and beautiful, nothing can excel the taste and finish of the articles in this vast establishment. Not large enough for their requirements, but of that anon.

We have received, as a further addition to the already replete "Land Bureau of the Placard Exchange," two fine maps from Gustavus De Young, publisher of the Commercial Directories of the Pacific Coast. One map is of Nevada, the other of Butte.



## COURT CHAT.

The visit of his Royal Highness Prince Arthur to the Danish Court only lasted six days. The Royal Family are spending the Summer at Fredensborg Castle, a huge monotonous construction of the beginning of the eighteenth century, built in the bad Louis XIV. style, with shining white-washed walls, square windows, and an ungainly cupola, but charmingly situated in an extensive park with venerable trees and sombre avenues sloping down to the shores of the romantic Esrom lake. The British Prince almost daily visited Copenhagen, which is distant by rail from Fredensborg some hour and a half, and, in the company of his Royal Highness the Danish Crown Prince, went the round of museums and collections, most conscientiously doing all the lions of the place. One day he stayed in town to dine with Sir Charles Wyke, the British Minister. The gentle and unpretending manners of his Royal Highness won him the good opinion of us who had an opportunity of coming in contact with him, and to the people generally he was the object of sympathetic interest. The visit of the Prince has been mentioned in connection with certain matrimonial projects, but, as far as can be ascertained, nothing has as yet been decided, it is understood, however, that his Royal Highness will soon return with the intention of making a somewhat prolonged stay.

Some two hundred ladies and gentlemen, nearly all French, paid their respects to the Empress Eugénie and the Prince Louis Napoleon at Chislehurst on August 15th. Divine service was held in the Roman Catholic church, and the Rev. Mr. Goddard preached a sermon in French, in the course of which he exhorted the young Prince to bear in mind that "without religion there is no throne, nor power, nor grandeur, nor prosperity, nor happiness, possible for any people." After service there was a reception and lunch. The Prince, who was received with cries of "Vive l'Empereur!" made a short speech, in which he said:—I thank you, in the name of the Empress and myself, for having come here to associate your prayers with us, and for not having forgotten the road which you have already followed for some months. I thank also my faithful friends who have sent hither from afar the numerous testimonials of their affection and devotion. As for myself, being an exile and near the tomb of the Emperor, I represent the teachings which he has left me. I find in my paternal heritage the principle of national sovereignty and of the flag which consecrates it. This principle, the foundation of our dynasty, is summed up in this motto, to which I shall always be faithful, "Govern for the people and by the people."

The Shah had a quarrel with the journalists of Vienna. All the old sayings in other parts of Europe were raked up there and given with evident relish. For instance, one of the English comic papers represented his Majesty as saying, when invited to the races, "Why should I go there? I know very well already that one horse runs faster than another," and this piece of folly was given as one of the Shah's sayings when refusing to attend the races at Vienna. An attempt was made to conceal these things from his majesty, and when he saw what was being done he insisted upon having all the journals read to him. His appreciation of them was shown at the reception. A distinguished English journalist was presented to him. "Of course," said the Shah after some previous conversation, "of course I have learned something since I came to Europe; and naturally I know more than I did. I have learned to distinguish things. I know, for instance, that you don't write for German papers," and then he went on to pay a laudatory compliment to the gentleman who wrote for the English journals. Some further remarks were made which might irritate our Viennese correspondents if repeated, for the Shah took this occasion to retort upon them, and doubtless he will get the editor of the Teheran official journal to reply still more pointedly to them as soon as he gets back to his capital.

Describing the progress of the King and Queen of Sweden and Norway, a correspondent states that there was one incident which occurred at Hamar which is perhaps worth mentioning. While the Royal carriage was driving through the town the crowd was so enormous that it was necessary to go very slowly. Progress at times almost came to a standstill, and such was the pressure that a boy of about twelve years of age was unfortunately knocked down by the horses attached to the carriage, and one of the wheels passed over him. Almost before any one realized that there had been an accident, the King had jumped out, picked the boy up, and carried him into a neighboring house. The Royal physician and a couple of local medical men rendered every assistance, and, having reported that beyond a few bruises there was not much harm done, His Majesty, after giving instructions that the sufferer was to be taken good care of, returned to the carriage and continued his drive.

Dr. G. Schliemann writes that, with the view to preserve the Tower of Ilion, the Temple of Minerva, and other architectural relics of antiquity from destruction, he has—with more ingenuity than piety—spread abroad the report in the plain of Treja that it was in those buildings that the Holy Virgin with the Saviour Child appeared to King Priam. Dr. Schliemann managed to convey an image of the Virgin into the Temple of Minerva, which, according to his account, quite sufficed to convince the credulous population of the truth of his statement. To make doubly sure, the doctor prevailed upon two priests formally to consecrate the image, after which he considers the venerable building safe. This is how the trick is done, and there are not the only credulous and befooled population.

There is a rumor that the O'Donoghue, M. P., is to be the new Governor of Ceylon.

**The Imperial Prince of Germany**, who is making a tour through Denmark, was received at Malmoe by the Crown Prince of Denmark, who had arrived a short time previously from Copenhagen. In compliance with an invitation brought by the latter, His Imperial Highness will shortly pay a visit to the Royal family of Denmark at Fredensborg. The King of Denmark has conferred on the Prince Imperial the Order of the Elephant. At a grand Court dinner, given in the Prince's honor, the King proposed the health of His Royal Highness, warmly thanking him for his visit. The Prince, in reply to the toast, proposed the Royal family of Denmark and the restoration of the old friendship between the reigning houses of Denmark and Germany.

**The Spectator** says it is understood that the Orleanist princes "will no longer be an obstacle to the reconciliation between France and the prince who represents the monarchic tradition." Very good, there is one obstacle got over, and of course Paris, Gambetta, the peasantry, and the Assembly, are mere trifles in comparison. Even the *Times* correspondent, who telegraphs all this solemn nonsense, seems to forget that nations, though they may be disposed of by force or fraud, are not now disposed of by family intrigues. Imagine France recalling the Bourbons because the Comte de Paris graciously says he gives her his permission.

**The Czar will leave shortly** for a series of military inspections in the south of Russia. His Majesty will subsequently proceed to Livadia, where all the members of the Imperial Family have assembled to receive the Duke of Edinburgh in the course of next month. His Royal Highness will remain at Livadia until October. He will then return for a short time to England, and will arrive in St. Petersburg during the month of December. The nuptials of his Royal Highness with the Grand Duchess Marie will be celebrated in St. Petersburg in January, 1874.

**The Comte de Chambord** has sent word to the Pilgrimage Committee of Paray-le-Monial that he thinks it best for him not to return to France till after the termination of the political crisis. He feared that his dignity would be compromised by the political manifestations which his presence would call forth, and will not stir a finger to forward his claims to the Throne, relying entirely on the worthiness of his cause, the prayers of the Pope, and the sympathies of French Catholics.

**The Comte de Paris** has declared that there no longer exists any Orleanist Pretender, but there remains an Orleanist party which is thoroughly decided with regard to the conditions of Monarchical Government, and no less steadfast to the principles which the Monarchy of 1830 put into force. It is believed that this declaration may be regarded as the programme of the Right Center.

**Mr. Gladstone** will be in attendance on the Queen at Balmoral during the latter part of this month.

## STATISTICS OF MINING IN VICTORIA, AUSTRALIA, 1872, COMPARED WITH 1871 AND 1863.

In 1871, 984,704 tons of quartz crushed produced an average yield of 10 dwt 11.39 gr per ton; 167,196 tons of quartz tailings, cements, mullock, etc., produced an average of 2 dwt 14.91 gr per ton, and 3,562 tons of pyrites, blanketings, etc., produced an average of 2 oz 11 dwt 4 gr per ton.

In 1872, 954,571 tons of quartz crushed produced an average of 11 dwt 21.81 gr per ton, by 182 tons of quartz tailings, mullock, etc., gave an average of 2 dwt 16.11 gr, and 5,008 tons of pyrites, blanketings, etc., gave an average of 2 oz 14 dwt 10.83 gr, showing an increase in quantity and quality.

In 1863, there were 771,321 alluvial, and 15,673 quartz mines employed, producing an average for alluvial, £59 7s 10d, and for quartz, £123 3s 9d per man.

In 1872, 36,141 alluvial mines produced an average of £65 6s 6d per man, and 16,824 quartz mines produced an average of £150 0s 6d per man.

In 1863, there were employed in alluvial mining, 357 steam engines of 5,999 horse power; in 1872, 379 steam engines of 9,896 horse power; in 1863, quartz mining employed 435 steam engines of 7,907 horse power, and in 1872, 782 of 15,718 horse power.

Value of machinery in the gold fields in 1863, £1,503,459, and in 1872, £2,098,574.

Depth of shafts of some of the quartz mines: New N Clunes, 1,012 feet; Clunes Consols, 886 feet; Black Horse, 830 feet; Albion, at Steiglitz, 866 feet; Colman & Co., at Sandhurst, 790 feet; Newington and Pleasant Creek, 890 feet; the Magdala, 1,200 feet.

Gold produce for 1871, 1,355,477 oz; for 1872, 1,331,377 oz. In 1872, 294 tons, 19 cwt of tin ore, and 92,960 lbs of tin were exported; 1,573 tons of antimony ores were raised, and 1,408 tons of ore and 39 tons 8 cwt of antimony regulus were exported. Value of gold raised from the first discovery to December, 1872, estimated at £168,149,305; value of silver, £5,282; of tin, £282,105; of antimony, £77,237.

—Abridged from the *Australasian*.

**The most startling feature in the Budget of Paris** which has just been issued—the first that has appeared since the war—is a statement of the city debt. Its amount is, in round numbers, 1,600 million francs—64 millions sterling.

### HOW CORONER STILLMAN STUCK TO HIS "POST."

The *Post's* little editor rose from his chair,  
And read his MS. with a satisfied air;  
"Mr. Coroner Stillman," said he, "I propose  
My opinion of your goings on to disclose:  
You'll use your discretion! you'll dare to decide  
If an Inquest should rightly be held or denied.  
Don't think it great, Stillman, a greater than you  
Will settle the courses you ought to pursue.  
If you rule the jury, still I'll rule the roast,  
So you'll see, sir, *between you and me and the Post.*"

The Coroner read the attack with surprise—  
A d-d good-natured friend brought it under his eyes;  
He began with a frown, but he stopped with a smile,  
Gave a wink, put his hat on, said, "You bet your pile;  
Tho' for George's opinion no man cares a cent,  
I'll soon make that wee little scribbler repent.  
There's a dead man on hand—go and summon me four  
Stout and sensible jurymen. I'll get two more;  
We'll not only decide why he gave up the ghost,  
But the question *between you and me and the Post.*"

At ten in the morning, six hundred and five  
Montgomery street was awake and alive,  
And Editor George, with his usual taste,  
Was writing a leader with scissors and paste,  
When the Coroner's footstep was heard on the stair,  
And the Coroner's accent rose in the air:

"Mr. George, I believe?" with a smile and a bow,  
And the editor muttered, "I'm in for it now."

"Here's a summons; don't fail, for you're worth the whole host  
On a jury, *between you and me and the Post.*"

Doctor Stillman politely departed and left  
The editor nearly of reason bereft;  
But he called for a steed and he called for a drink,  
And he whispered, "I look well on horseback, I think;"  
Galloped off to the meeting, but found he was late,  
Will be sued for the fine that is due to the State,  
And in future will find it is best to confine  
His attention to things that belong to his line,  
"For in this case he cannot of victory boast,"  
Said Stillman, "*between you and me and the Post.*"

**Our Breadstuff Exports** for the United Kingdom continue upon a grand scale. Up to the 18th inst. the figures stood thus:

	Ctls.	Value.
Totals since July 1st, 1873....48 vessels.....	1,391,009	\$3,258,240
63 vessels since July 1st, 1872, with.....	1,886,585	3,133,896
10 vessels since July 1st, 1871, with.....	289,274	662,243
36 vessels since July 1st, 1870, with.....	1,643,155	1,890,316
54 vessels since July 1st, 1869, with.....	1,490,336	2,673,662
*17,787 barrels Flour.		

**Railroad Exports.**—We have received from J. C. Stubbs, General Freight Agent C. P. R. R. Co., the following statement of freight forwarded East for the month of August, 1873:

#### FROM SAN FRANCISCO.

Wine, lbs, 387,566; Fish, lbs, 607,972; Tea, lbs, 1,682,986; Leather, lbs, 191,453; Silk, lbs, 87,835; Merchandise, lbs, 94,630; Wool domestic, lbs, 2,255,081; Skins, lbs, 531,368; Quicksilver, lbs, 23,730; Ghee, lbs, 38,600; Borax, lbs, 107,340; Canned Goods, lbs, 164,920; Blankets, lbs, 28,036; Coffee, lbs, 314,811; Hops, lbs, 11,400; Hops, lbs, 7,209; Metal, lbs, 21,091; Peanuts, lbs, 121,692; Rice, lbs, 160,000; Stock, lbs, 20,000; Wheat, lbs, 20,570; Cotton, lbs, 44,595. Total, 6,922,735.

#### FROM SAN JOSE.

Merchandise, lbs, 1,935; Clothing, lbs, 800; Leather, lbs, 2,185; Fruit, lbs, 120,600; Quicksilver, lbs, 18,000. Total, 142,880.

#### FROM STOCKTON.

Wine, lbs, 435; Merchandise, lbs, 1,846; Leather, lbs, 8,961. Total, 11,242.

#### FROM SACRAMENTO.

Merchandise, lbs, 30,748; Wool—domestic, lbs, 234,855; Wine, lbs, 43,040; Flour, lbs, 20,000; Fruit, lbs, 140,000; Borax, lbs, 4,600; Empty Tank, lbs, 20,000. Total, 493,243.

#### FROM MARYSVILLE.

Merchandise, lbs, 2,623; Flour, lbs, 60,000; Fruit, lbs, 20,000; Wine, lbs, 1,525. Total, 84,448. Grand total, 7,654,548.

[From the Town Crier Column of the San Francisco News Letter.]

**Will the Bulletin Please Explain?**---It tells a pretty little story in its Wednesday's issue of a good little English boy who was apprenticed by his mother to the Captain of an Indian. But the Captain walloped him so fearfully that he ran away the first opportunity that presented itself, and that was when the vessel arrived here. The good little boy was then employed as errand boy in a drug store, "where," says the *Bulletin*, "he performed his duties with cheerfulness and alacrity" for some months. He then received information from England that he had fallen heir to £50,000. The *Bulletin* finishes this pretty little story with a kind of moral, viz.: That the career of this lad affords a lesson to our own American boys by illustrating what sheer luck can accomplish. Now what was the luck, and what did it accomplish? Was the luck £50,000, or did the luck accomplish £50,000? If the former, then it was accomplished by being walloped by a playful Captain, and afterwards running errands with cheerfulness and alacrity. If the latter, then the boy was damnlucky in being walloped, etc., etc. The *Bulletin* is so stupid sometimes. Pick., won't you explain for the benefit of hundreds of our American youth, who are at present bothering the lives out of all the chemists in the city. Lots of 'em want £50,000, but they don't want to have their blessed little heads knocked off with a marling-spike for that amount. Rouse yourself, Pick? Where does the lesson come in?

**We had hoped** that the paper sometimes known as the *Waverly Place Gazette*, but more generally as the *Chronicle*, had satiated itself with the social filth it has fed on and wallowed in since its birth. But, alas, it is not so; like a dog it returns to its vomit. It's last Sunday issue, with its month-old scandal hashed up by its local editor (we suppose to fill up space) was one of the most contemptible specimens of live journalism we have ever had the misfortune to see. The worst part, too, of the matter was that the hypocritical sensation sheet took high moral ground, and, while raking up a thing of the past, and poking its dirty nose into family affairs, would have its readers to infer that it did it merely for the public good. This, however, is played out, and those who know anything about the paper and its proclivities will at once recognize in its disgraceful article on Mr. Kip the same despicable lowness which characterized its earlier days. Of course, it can do no harm to either the Bishop or his son, but it only shows what it would do if it could. People are too used to its sensational Sunday pills to swallow any more of them. Its list of new subscribers is interesting, its personals are suggestive, its quack doctors are a medical study, and its telegrams are cribbed and altered with care, but its wretched attempts to make trade out of private misfortunes are weak, dirty and unworthy of any paper supposed to be read by respectable people.

**We cry anathema upon the Rev. Mr. Jewell**, who, by means of a cleverly worded title, lured us into one of those abiding places of greed and gammon—a church. From the looks of disgust upon the faces of our fellow-victims we concluded John the Baptist to be not so popular a person as he is generally supposed to be, and we could find no person, save the prosaic parson, who cared an ejaculation whether he were beheaded, strangled or crucified. If our sympathies are to be wasted at this late day upon a person who is a comparative stranger to us, what tears shall we have left to weep over Stokes, Irving and Co. when they shall have dropped from their beam. Try your hand at something else, O, fossilized parson. You might as well raise the corpse of Crittenden as that of John the Baptist, for all the sympathy you may arouse. Tell us who struck Billy Patterson, or if Irving had anything to do with the Nathan murder?

**The irrepressible quacks**, the modern miracle workers of the Pacific Coast, still haunt their filthy flags in our midst. It is almost impossible to take up a paper without finding some horribly burlesqued bogus accounts of miraculous healings by their hands. The New Testament has to take a back seat; the charming little yarn about Lazarus loses all its piquancy, and the pool of Siloam seems but a dirty duck pond, compared with what these quacks say they can do. The *T. C.* has a barren fig tree in his garden, and if the quacks will step up and try their hands at it they are quite welcome. Any one with anything approaching a knowledge of choice California oaths could wither any fig tree in ten minutes, but if the quack can make it produce fruit, the *T. C.* will blazon forth his fame, become a disciple, and put in all the "ads" he wants for nothing. Don't talk of Tyndall's prayer-gauge after that.

**Another of those charming little tragedies** that so enliven the dull monotony of our every day life in Frisco, has just been enacted in the tenement house on the north side of Ashburton Place—a "*cul de sac*" running off Dupont street, between Sutter and Post. It seems that Mrs. Erni and her son lived in one room, and slept there, too. The son gets drunk, has some words with mamma, and in the morning the old woman is found lying dead on the bed, with a gash in the back of her head. The natural inference to be drawn, is that this dutiful son quietly knocked her on the head, to teach her manners, as he says "she was a good mother, but had a bad tongue." It is to be hoped that if he did do the wicked deed, his days will not be long in the land, for it looks very like a most flagrant case of busting the fifth commandment.

**An addition** has been made in the Litany in Trinity Church. It runs as follows: "From the low blackguardism of live journalism good Lord deliver us."



We have had some fair specimens of female cheek here, from our strong-minded woman up to the three pound female baby, but Mrs. Walters, of Sacramento, may fairly claim to take the palm for cool cheek. This lady has been gifted by nature with some five feet of hair, being no doubt meant by a kind and just Providence to make up for a deficiency of brain. This favored lady is now on show at the Fair, and claims a prize for her hirsute developments. We hope that Mr. Walters approves of the course this lady has taken to gain notoriety; if he does not, he has lots to pull at. The *Times-Crier* would suggest to Mrs. Walters, being so bounteously haired, that she should play "Lady Godiva," say just before one of the races started, and that Mr. W. should go round with the hat. He feels sure that a large collection could be made, and no material damage done to the morality of Sacramento.

If you want a really good day's sport, you should go and fish on the Oakland wharf. Sport must have an element of danger in it to be sport at all, and surely, dodging locomotives and using bait that bites better than the fish do, are elements enough. It's great fun. Try it. If you have a rich uncle who has any sporting propensities, by all means advise him to have a day's snuff-fishing off Oakland wharf. Letting alone the chances he runs with engines and bait if he dangles his legs over the wharf, as he will have to do if he wants to escape num-bago—ten to one the cry of "look out for the cars" will make him lose his presence of mind, and over he'll go. An uncle who can't swim is the best subject, and if he is lame with it, and nervous, it's a foregone conclusion his riches are yours.

The Chronicle, hitherto the spicy, the pungent, the racy, the bold, the daring, has displayed a degeneracy in the matter of headings which every one must regret. On Thursday, the *Alta's* account of a recent murder bore the caption, "Is it a Matricide?" A thrilling question for that staid journal to propound. As the *Alta* generally contents itself with a very mild statement of facts, we are wont to go to the *Chronicle* for the chicken fixin's. Judge of our dismay when we discovered the live paper's caption to be a fac-simile. No curdling of blood, no spinning out of horrors, no standing of hair on end, no anything that was *Chronicle* like. Can such things be, and if so, how long? Chronmy, stand to your guns, for if the old *Alta's* to catch up in this way she may take a spurt and get ahead.

We have never considered the propriety of putting Bumsby Strumman in charge of the Asylum for the Insane, and we would scarcely request the gentleman to select a medical library were we in need of such an article, but we have never questioned his ability to sit upon a corpse with due ponderosity and gravity, and we are impressed with added respect when we find the gentlemen capable of delivering himself of a joke, however grim. We have heard a flea snap under the weight of an oppressive thumb; we have seen a mosquito checked in its career by a heavy hand; we have known a mouse suffer for coveting cheese. Why, then, should not our obese coroner come down upon a gad-fly with an inopportune subpoena?

The disappearance dodge has reached San Francisco, and we are glad to see it done in proper style. It is greatly to the credit of the estimable gentleman who accomplished the feat during the week, that, although his business was embarrassed, he did not find it necessary to disappear in a state of utter impunctuality. If he comes to life in pastures new, sorrowing friends will be satisfied that he has a little stake, and if he has really become an unpleasant corpse, he carries with him enough to pay the funeral expenses, which shows how many awkward *contretemps* may be saved by a little foresight. It is scarcely expected in business circles that the gentleman and his little satchel will turn up.

Mr. W. W. Smith, who hails from the cool city of Sacramento, and looks after the impounding interest as deputy, lately showed his zeal for the business and his extreme courage by cruelly beating an old man of seventy, and his aged wife also. We wish we had Mr. Smith here for a few days: we would let him try his hand at impounding the grizzlies at Woodward's. No one should be allowed to interfere with him in the discharge of his duties. The case should be carefully locked, and Smith, when well digested, should be put in the Museum—in position he never can hope otherwise to aspire to, unless the law allows surgeons to operate on and pickle the bodies of the hanged.

It is said, and the *T. C.* believes with some truth, that the ladies who hang out their shingles as sharps on stars do not depend wholly and solely upon the heavenly bodies for their support. They have been seen to eat, drink and even to be merry. They wear waterfalls and bustles like other women, and if report speaks correctly, have an utter contempt for all the odd-numbered commandments. Poor Biddy's hard-earned two-and-a-half goes at one oyster supper, while the stock operator's wife's stealthily expended twenty often goes for a new plug hat and boots for the fancy man who, for the time, runs the stars.

We are glad to see that Louderback has given Joseph Matthews a pretty heavy sentence for beating a Chinaman. John never interferes with the white man, and is in almost every case the aggrieved and not the aggressor. It is only a dirty coward, who dare not hit a white man for fear of getting the worst of it, that would assault a Chinaman, and we admire Louderback in showing such ruffians that, though oftener persecuted, they are sometimes protected by the police.

When the Barnacle goes in for maps and plans of where ships are wrecked, etc., it should be careful to have them correctly done, and not botches, like the *Costa Rica* one, where everything is upside down. The *Barnacle* is bad enough when it sticks to its sensational bosh, but when it rushes into illustrations—bah!

The *New York Herald* says: "Rev. Mr. Patterson, the Scottish Evangelist, has accepted the invitation to visit California and the Pacific, on a revival tour, this Fall." [Well, let him come, and revive as much as he darned pleases; we don't care. As long as he leaves a little of the reviving element for our parsons here, he is welcome to part of the fools' money. We should not, however, like to see these Eastern sharks taking away all our religious moneys, for a parson out of employment is the worst kind of bumner. God knows we have enough bummers here without Mr. Patterson and ilk.

The vain, weak-minded females who were persuaded to trot out their productions at the late baby-show, have the satisfaction of having gained notoriety but no prizes. How like a woman it is to be flattered by praises lavished upon her probably ugly offspring, into making an ass of herself by exhibiting the little darling. We do not admire the manager's bolting without giving the promised prizes, but still, we think it serves the weak mothers right, and will probably teach them to stick in future to private life and pap-bottles.

The painfully funny man on the Call, who does the Clown business, has made an immense joke, one worthy in every way of the source it emanates from. He calls the unfortunate *Costa Rica* the "Costa Wrecker." It is a truly funny joke, and, no doubt, old Pick will laugh over it till his sides ache. Who shall say after this that with Bret Harte and Mark Twain San Francisco lost her brightest wits.

There seems to be every possibility of Livingstone's being lost again, as the latest dispatches announce that he is pushing his way into the interior. No doubt the "live paper" will have a man on hand to find him this time. It may act better than the map dodge, and, besides, there are so many smart men on its staff that the loss of one would not hurt it a bit.

What sort of men will our boys grow up to be, if the following is a fair specimen? Scene, corner grocery; father out; boy, aged ten, left to mind store. Enter T. C. Finds boy drinking large glass of whisky. Boy says, "Father lets me take a little for the worms." The above is a melancholy fact, and an unvarnished tale.

The Barnacle reporter at the late Mexican ball, on their Independence day, says, "Singing by Mexican ladies in *natural* costume was a pleasing feature of the entertainment." We should rather imagine it must have been pleasant for the spectators, but just a little cold for the performers.

The war against the railroad monopolists and "aggregated capital" goes bravely on in the East as well as here. Meantime the dispatches inform us that a financial panic has commenced in New York. Of course there's no connection between the two facts.

The Guide proprietors have been sued by Messrs. Goodall, Nelson and Perkins for \$5,000 damages, for advertising their steamers *Constantine* and *Ventura* in such a manner as to mislead shippers, who, wishing to ship goods to Santa Barbara, and looking at the *Guide* for information concerning the movements of steamers, would find no mention made of their taking freight for the above port, and as a consequence would ship by vessels of a rival line. [No doubt our sensible and business friends of the *Guide* will arrange this little difficulty, and fix it so that parties in interest will be for the future friendly and pleasant.—Ed. N. L.]

The ship *Three Brothers*, formerly steamship *Vanderbilt*, is now receiving her spars and finishing touches at Market-street wharf, and has already received on board of her cargo some 17,000 sacks of wheat. Jabez Howes, Esq., of the firm of George Howes & Co., the managing owners, will take passage in her, and is now having some alterations made in the cabin for his personal comfort. We bespeak for him a pleasant voyage and a recovery of his health.

A magnificent illuminated copy of Buddah's works (says the *Indian Mirror*) is being executed for a Mongol Prince in the language of Thibet. The whole consists of the usual 180 volumes, 80 of which are completed, printed in letters of gold, and bound in embroidered silk with silver clasp. For this the copyist is to receive £25,000. There are but very few copies of these works in existence.

A telegram from Paris says the Rev. Isaac Goddard, curate of the Catholic Chapel at Chislehurst, has received a special blessing from the Pope, transmitted through Cardinal Bonaparte, for the sermon he preached on the day of the *fete Napoleon*.

The Railroad horse, *Occident*, has beaten *Goldsmith Maid's* best California time. Where were Governor Booth and the Dolly Vardens when this triumph of the monopoly was permitted?

## JONES GIVES A BALL.

A man, whose name I do not care to tell,  
 (Jones, Brown, or Robinson will do as well,  
 Grown rich in trade, must needs at last aspire  
 To buy a country seat and act the squire,  
 Became a magistrate, to sessions went,  
 And talked of poachers, foxes, crops and rent;  
 Conformed, in short, in every point, and then  
 Was welcomed by the country gentlemen.  
 His wife, too, anxious to essay the sphere  
 Of rank and birth and fashion, said: "My dear,  
 We'll give a ball at Almack's. Write and say  
 We want the rooms. What? When? Six weeks to-day."  
 "Whom can we ask—we do not know a soul!"  
 "Leave that to me, and I'll arrange the whole.  
 We know the Duchess; I'll consult her Grace,  
 She'll issue all the cards and fill the place."  
 The Duchess graciously invited all  
 Her friends, and hers alone, to Jones's ball;  
 The numerous guests arrive, her Grace receives  
 With all the ease of birth and strawberry leaves;  
 The Joneses, who at length discerned their doom  
 Remained—the only strangers in the room.  
 The crowd grows thicker, and the lackless host  
 Makes to the door, and leans against its post.  
 Buried in thought he cursed himself, his wife,  
 Society, and fashionable life,  
 When a familiar voice salutes his ear:  
 "What! Jones! Why, who the devil asked you here?"  
 — Without his Toga (Temple Bar.)

## OUR USUAL GROWL OR GRUNT--MAKING HISTORY.

[COMMUNICATED.]

Every now and then we are reminded by certain prophetic wiseacres that we are making history, and the survivors of the inter-debasing onslaught upon private character seem willing enough to admit that we are making history, and that, too, of a kind its authors, ere very long, will be likely enough to repudiate with a supremely defiant contempt. Would it, in any other country, be possible to aggregate in so circumscribed an arena as this sandy peninsular strand, so many specimens of the full-blown enfranchised biped as were held, just as so many head of corralled cattle, at the beck and call of our electioneering jobbers during the last week's contest? We think not; we are little inclined to think that outside the United States, humanity, as a unit, has as yet become so depraved. History, indeed! A very little more of it, and Tom Macaulay's voice will hardly have ceased proclaiming philosophic probabilities and prognosticating universal revolution before venereation is concluded. The public school system is nothing but a hot-bed culture for the propagation of pretensions mediocrity, corruption and imbecility. The little rudimentary jackdawism that, under the most pitiless supervisory thought and forethought, can be acquired at school, is here inflated to gigantic dimensions over-weighted with vain and conceited assumptions that betray their worthless emptiness upon the least probe. It might not be safe to say that we, to our credit, differ from some old countries where the schoolmaster is looked upon as the greatest ignoramus in the parish, while the clergyman is the biggest fool in it. To be sure, our benightedly gossamer bodies have acquired a refreshing strength. A poisonous bleeding through, either in secession may check mental degeneracy as well as it is said to do physical, and if so, why should an Irish miscegenation in our public schools prove less efficient? The nasal drawl of the true Yankee might be advantageously supplanted by a genuine *Cameroonian* brogue; a little *Skithian* caresses might give an aristocratic tone and vim to the monotony of the native to the "manor born." Just a little more Popish tolerance, and our much lauded public schools must become immaculate conception nurseries, swayed and controlled by the never-ending fear of a purgatorial tyranny, exercised by an ever-watchful and by no means overnice Jesuitical priestcraft, who attain and uphold their power by the vile exactions extorted at the Confessional.

Direct importation into the United States of Japan tea is lately stimulated by the new tariff which came into operation last July, abolishing the duty on all teas imported direct from the country where they were grown, while a duty of ten per cent. is levied on teas imported through other countries. The total imports of tea into New York from the beginning of January to the 20th of June, 1871, were 26,000,000 pounds, of which 7,500,000 pounds were Japan teas, and during the corresponding period of 1872 there were 8,000,000 pounds of Japan teas out of a total of 37,500,000 pounds imported.

### Commercial Summary.

**Arrivals from sea** are numerous. Tonnage is plentiful and freights lower. Judging from the large fleet of vessels now heading to this coast, we look for cheap freights for the balance of the year. Business in many lines of traffic is quite active, and prices satisfactory. Coffee, spices, etc. rule high. In other articles, trade languishes; for instance, British Goods, such as Bags, Coal, Iron, Salt, etc., are hard to sell, owing to excessive imports. It is said we are carrying over 5,000,000 English Grain Sacks for next season. Some say our Grain crop will pan out that much less than was expected early in the season. It is this poor out-turn of Wheat that causes the great depression in freights to the United Kingdom, and has contributed to the late rise in Breadstuffs. The export demand for Flour and Wheat continues, while Barley also sympathizes in the upward movement in price. We have before alluded to the purchase of 2,000 tons of Chevalier Barley for Liverpool. The *St. John* has been chartered to carry the same at £3 5s. Makin & Hubback are the shippers of this the first cargo of Barley to the United Kingdom.

The **Breadstuff market** continues to be the all absorbing question of the day. Wheat arrives freely, and buyers vie with each other in securing all available lots here and in the interior at full prices. Millers and shippers have purchased largely during the week both here and to arrive, say in all the bulk of 150,000 sacks, within the range of \$2 30 a \$2 35 per cental. The latter price is freely offered for large cargo parcels to arrive within the next thirty days; we know of \$2 35 repeatedly offered and refused for 5,000 tons in store. Oregon is also the scene of more or less anxiety to secure both Wheat and Flour for export, large purchases resulting at \$6 a \$6 50 for Flour, and \$2 and upwards for the Wheat. Our market for Flour closes strong at \$6 for superfine, up to \$7 25 for best silk-dressed extra's from the Golden Age and Golden Gate Mills. The ship *City of York* has sailed for Liverpool with a full cargo of Flour, and will soon be followed by others loading with extra Starr Mills at Vallejo, etc. Barley continues strong. The *St. John's*, for Liverpool, will carry 1,500 tons bright Chevalier Barley of superior quality, and will soon be followed with another like cargo. Feed Barley sells readily at \$1 50 a \$1 55; Brewing, \$1 65 a \$1 75 for old and new. Chevalier scarce at \$1 70 a \$1 75 per cental. Corn has advanced to \$1 75. Oats, \$1 85 a \$1 90 per cental.

**Dundee Bags** by the invoice sold this week at 12c. Coffee continues in request. Last sales at 22c for Central American; now held higher. Coals continue to rule; Australian has been sole as low as \$9, perhaps for less; market slack. Candles rule from 14c to 18c, with a good stock of Adamantines. Cordage is in good local supply, and prices favor the buyer, say 15c to 18c. Chemicals command good prices. Caustic Soda is scarce at 10c a 12; Soda Ash, 4 1/4; Borax, 20c. Fish, Cod, is plentiful at 7 1/2 a 9c. Salmon in cases \$2 a \$2 80 a \$3 per dozen for 1 lb, 2 1/2 lb, and 3 lb cans; the export demand exceeds the supply. Mackerel are in light stock. Furs and Skins are lower by 15 per cent., on the average, since the last (March) sales in London. Gunny Bags are out of first hands. Malt Liquors are in good supply and prices unchanged. Metals drag heavily; Pig Iron, Bar Iron, etc., all dull sale, at low prices. Molasses is scarce and tending upward for distillation. Nails move off slowly at the late reduction in price. Oils are plentiful, and prices unchanged. Petroleum is cheap. Provisions are in good stock, with no material change in values for any kind of meats. Butter is, however, tending upwards; Pulu sells at 7 1/4 a 7 1/2 c. Quicksilver is strong, at \$1 10. Rice is sluggish. The *Sumatra*, for Hongkong, carries 800,000 lbs Japan Rice, at \$4 freight per ton. Salt is very plentiful; Liverpool, \$18@20 per ton. Soap is steady in values, local supply good. Spirits—California Neutral, 5@10c higher, now \$1 15@1 30; J. H. Cutter's celebrated Bourbon Whisky continues to command the market at old rates. Spices are in light stock; Cloves, 35c; Cassia, 25c; Pepper, 24c; Allspice, 15c; Nutmegs, \$1 10. Starch is in good supply, at steady agency rates. Sugars are without change; the steamer *Costa Rica*, from Honolulu, has 4,000 kegs, and the *D. C. Murray* half as much more; prices have undergone no change for a month past, with no sales of Raws worthy of note; Refined are steady in values; the Bay refinery seems to be in luck, having secured a very desirable patent right for making Cube Sugar cheap and good, thus giving it exclusive advantages over all others. Teas move off glibly. Tobacco finds constant sale, at good prices. Wines are unmoved; we see that Gerke is shipping 50 cases Claret to Yokohama, and 100 cases Malaga, etc., to New York.

**Among other arrivals** during the week is the *Austria*, 128 days from Liverpool, with 540 tons Coal and general cargo. *Clara Bell*, 45 days from Yokohama, with a full cargo of Teas, to C. A. Low & Co.; 5300 packages and 200 jars, all to be sold at public auction next week. The *St. Mark* is from Callao in ballast. The *City of Paris*, from Ardrossan, has 1153 tons Coal, and this was sold the day previous to her arrival. The *Nearchus*, from New York, has 3200 boxes Candles and a large cargo of general merchandise to C. L. Taylor & Co. *Eric the Red*, from Galway, Ireland, is in ballast and free for business. Ship *Eaton Hall*, 72 days from Newcastle, with 2326 tons coal, to Pacific Mail Company, has a £5 charter to load Wheat to U. K. Fortunately for her charterers, they secured her Wheat cargo months ago, before the rise, say at \$1 80@1 85. The *Flechero*, from Liverpool, has general cargo. Ship *Dauntless*, from New York, was chartered prior to arrival at £5 5s. The ship *St. John* came in ballast from Callao, and has accepted a Grain charter to Liverpool at £3 5s. The *Galatea*, from N. S. W., has 1995 tons Coal. The *Commodore*, from Sydney, had 1920 tons Coal. The steamship *Alaska*, from Panama, arrived on the 18th, with a large cargo of merchandise.





THE NIGHT-SONG.

Known only, only to God, And the night, and the stars, and me; Prophetic, jubilant song, Smiting the rock-bound hours Till the waters of life flow free, And a soul, on pinion strong, [sea Fleeth afar, and hovers over the infinite Of Love and of Melody; While the blind fates weave their nets, And the world in sleep forgets.	Known only, only to God, And me, and the night, and the stars; The beacon-fire of song, Flaming for guidance and hope, While the storm-winds wage their wars; Balm for the ancient wrong, Dropping from healing wings On the wounds of the heart and the brain Quenching their ancient pain; Love-star that rises and sets While the world in sleep forgets.
Known only, only to me, And the night, and the stars, and God; Song, from a burning breast, Of a land of perfect delights, Which the foot of man ne'er trod, Like a foaming wine expressed From passionate fruits that glowed 'Mid the boughs of the Eden lost, 'Ere sin was born and frost; Song wild with desires and regrets, While the world in sleep forgets.	Known only, only to me, And God, and the stars, and night; Dove that returns to my ark, Murmuring of grief-flood falling, Of light beyond all light; Voice that cleaveth the dark, Singing of earth growing heaven, Of distant hands that bless, Though they may not caress: And, blessing, pay love's old debts, While the world in sleep forgets.

NO HOME COMPLETE WITHOUT IT.

I was one morning turning over the leaves of my newspaper, when my eye fell on an advertisement headed "No Home Complete Without It." To see was to read, and I found that the announcement referred to an "Ivory Back Scratcher," described as "the lady's and gentleman's universal companion, a comfort in sickness, a solace in solitude," and all the rest of it. The "Back Scratcher," it appeared, was a long-handled instrument, carved at one extremity in the shape of a hand with the fingers bent, and its purpose was to enable the public to reach their own backs without the help of their friends. This, then, was needed to complete a home. I ridiculed the notion and threw the paper aside, but the advertisement was in my thoughts all day, and that very night, before retiring to rest, I became, for the first time in my life, sensible of the want of the article in question. Next morning I wrote to that advertiser and requested him to send me one of his home-completing instruments by return of post. It came, and with it a printed catalogue of the man's stock. From the receipt of that fatal book dates a revolution in my life. I who had believed myself to be without one want, now found desires invented for me by hundreds. I tried to scoff them into insignificance, but at the end of nearly every announcement there was the disquieting phrase, "No Home Complete Without It," and the curse of completeness was upon me. My home seemed as naked as if it had been the scene of an "execution." Where was the beauty of my toilet table without that "Patent Magnetic Brush," indispensable for promoting the growth of the hair? What was my washstand without the "India-rubber Tooth-brush," which the catalogue assured me was "the great desideratum," and which, to remove all possibility of hesitation, would "be exchanged, if not approved, after a month's trial?" For all the years I had used scissors I had been tempting Providence by not providing myself with a "safety" pair which closed with a spring; and at this very moment, if my carelessness were rewarded with a cut, how could I heal that cut without the "Patent India-rubber Finger-stall—entered at Stationers' Hall!" I had some sticking-plaster by me, it is true, but it lay in a drawer, and where was the "Superior Morocco Gilt-bordered Plaster Case," which alone formed its appropriate receptacle? What was I without the "Gent's Useful Companion," to hold a moustache comb, button hook, eyelet-opener, nail file, whisker tweezers, and a dozen other things that a man might naturally stand in need of at any moment of the day?

The prospect in my study was equally gloomy. The sword of a dreadful affliction might be said to be suspended over my head so long as I neglected the precaution of supplying myself with an "Anti-Paralysis Pen Holder—reduced for the benefit of the working classes to one-and-six." With this perhaps I might write in safety, though I could hardly hope to write in comfort without the "New Revolving Ink-stand," framed especially to assist the fluid in the difficult operation of finding its own level. I seized a pencil in the hope of finding one perfect instrument left, but a glance at the book reminded me that I was without a "Pencil Sharpener—the artist's best friend." My very desk stood condemned, for as the catalogue showed, it must become a "Cylindrical Writing Case" before I could derive any real benefit from its use.

I was sitting in a very melancholy frame of mind, when Martha, my house-keeper, called me in to lunch. I obeyed her mechanically, but the sight of the well spread table revived me, and I was just thinking of cooling a bottle of hock, when the book flew open at an illustration of a "New Silver Ice Hammer," which reminded me that I had no proper means of breaking ice. Nor was this all: "Table requisites, page 20," said the mournful page, and I obeyed. "History," said the catalogue, "contains no record of the date of the introduction of eggs to the breakfast table, but it is certain that from a very remote antiquity the busy millions of

mankind must have been sensible of the want of a machine for breaking off the top of the shell. This want is now supplied by the 'Egg Guillotine' on sale at our house." This was enough. My returning appetite left me once more, and I went to my study in feverish haste to compile a list of "requisites," without which I knew I could no longer live at peace with myself. I wrote at first from memory, but to guard against the possibility of omission, I afterwards ran through the catalogue from beginning to end. It was well that I did so, for in a kind of fly-leaf appended to the book the author merchant intimated that he had just become the sole agent for the sale of a "Nose Straightener," of American invention, which had only to be properly adjusted at night to insure a graceful line of nose the next morning that would last the whole of the day. I started, book in hand, for town, and went at once to the shop and produced my list, and as soon as the articles had been packed up for me, I turned towards the door with a feeling of great relief. But the tradesman interposed with the cruel courtesy of an offer to conduct me round his 'establishment' to inspect some few "indispensables" that were not in the catalogue. I was in his hands; and, in the twinkling of an eye, he compelled me to add to my burdens a "cork-lined jug"—for what earthly purpose made I am unable to say, unless to guard against the injurious effect of damp on earthenware. Before I could collect myself sufficiently to ask for information on the subject, he had plunged into a lecture on the advantages of shelling peas by machinery, and paring apples by pressing them on a kind of revolving spit. I bought the two contrivances for these purposes. He then fell to turning a handle of another instrument with great rapidity, asking me the while, with many apologies, if my teeth were in perfectly sound condition. I told him rather testily that they were strong enough to serve my purpose. "Because, sir," he went on, "this little invention, known as 'The Masticator, or Childhood's Friend and Age's Best Companion,' is invaluable, sir, to all persons who are averse to those quite unnecessary labors which have hitherto been associated with the pleasures of the table—(see circular—hem!) A, sir," he continued, pointing to a woodcut diagram, "is a gentleman's dinner; B is the mouth of the invention. Put A into B, and turn the handle of C or the grinder, and the food is at once ready for—" "What?" I exclaimed, with a start of horror and surprise, "am I even to eat by machinery?" and I left the ill-omened house as fast as my encumbrance of "necessaries" would permit.

I hastened home, arranged my purchases in order, and surveyed them with the satisfaction of a man who is once more reconciled with himself. At length my domestic surroundings were perfect in their completeness. I called my aged servant. I ordered a dinner in the preparation of which she would be compelled to use all the culinary inventions. I showed her those inventions. She shrank from them like Error startled by a ray of Truth. I invited her to consider the use of the egg guillotine. She said she would rather die first. I gave a turn to the apple parer. She uttered a scream. I gave it another turn and pared a piece off my finger. She ran for a rag. I produced the "Superior Morocco Gilt-bordered Plaster Case." It was very unfortunate, but the plaster would not come out. I was obliged to submit to the old-fashioned bandage. But as a compromise, I insisted on the "Patent Finger Stall," at which Martha smiled in contempt.

In my strivings after completeness, then, I was to be thwarted by this stupid domestic. Never. I handed her the "Ice Hammer" and the "Cork-lined Jug," and the other articles that belonged to her department, with the strict injunction that she was to cure herself of the vicious habit of doing without these things, or to pack up her boxes at once. She retired in dudgeon, and I went to my own room. I was not sleepy, but I could not resist the temptation of going to bed at once, to give the "Nose Straightener" a trial. "Carefully adjust the invention before retiring to rest," said the catalogue, "and the result will be a Grecian profile in the morning." I did so. I lay awake for some time and mused. How long I lay thus I cannot say. I was sensible of no break of continuity in my reflections, but they seemed to change their character.

I was standing near the kitchen door watching Martha through the chink as she tried to prepare a dinner with the aid of the various inventions. The foolish old creature had confounded one with another, and she was in a state of the greatest moral and material confusion. She took up the "Egg Guillotine" and began to decapitate one of the apples for the pie. The head fell, and with it the machine, irretrievably fouled and ruined by the obstruction of an unusually tough stalk. She brushed it off the table with a gesture of impatience, and—horror!—began to fix a hard-boiled egg in the "Apple-parer," in order to remove the shell. I tried to rush forward, but my limbs refused to serve me. I tried to shout, but could not utter a sound. In another moment the apple machine had gone the way of the guillotine. The wicked old creature raised a laugh of demonic triumph. She looked like a witch in *Macbeth*. She was not cooking a dinner; she was celebrating some infernal rite. She seized the pea-shelling machine, which seemed to be instantly transformed into a cauldron, and filled it with coffee berries, which rattled like dead men's bones. I trembled in every limb, but could not stir. She turned the handle. I heard a dire, grating sound, like that of machinery being wrenched to pieces wheel from wheel. In another instant I experienced a stifling sensation; the wicked old woman had come to the door and had seized me by the nose. I struggled for life; she held on with the tenacity of a bull-dog. She swayed to and fro, and at length by a superhuman effort I tore myself free, and with a great gasp for breath—awoke.

It was the "Nose Straightener." I had been dreaming. I rose and struck a light. My nose was very red, and there was a swelling at the end that gave it a



roundness of contour decidedly more Egyptian than Greek. The first was, perhaps, the parent stage of the beautifying process. I laid the "straightener" aside, but not in anger. The fault lay, no doubt, in my want of endurance, but my second sleep was certainly more refreshing than my first. In the morning I gave the magnetic hair-brush a trial. "Apply it smartly to the scalp," said the book of directions, "and continue the operation until the magnetic influence has reached the hidden roots of the hair." I applied it for five minutes, until I felt an intense tingling, which I concluded was the magnetism, and then I left off. In another moment my head was the color of beet-root, and my brain seemed to be on fire. I plunged into cold water, and came out of it covered with little specks—each speck a pain. I waited patiently for the hairs, but they seemed to be waiting for me. I thought I would not put quite so much magnetism to the roots next time; and I rang for my hot water.

Martha came to the door with a grin which made her aspect hideous in its resemblance to the hag of my dream. Something was floating in the jug. It was the cork lining of my latest acquisition.

"I poured the boiling water on 'un," said Martha, "and it all peeled off like." What could I say? Perhaps the thing was meant to hold cold water only; but I ought to have told her. I went down to breakfast with a heavy heart. On rising from the table, I entered my study and took up the "Anti Paralysis" to pen a note. I certainly felt no more cramp in my fingers than would have resulted from the use of a common penholder. This gleam of triumph was cheering. I tried the "Revolving Inkstand." It went well, though some little ingenuity was required to ensure a straight shot into the aperture for the ink—if you missed it you had to wait until it came round again—but this might be conducive to reflection, and it certainly tended to check the excesses of a hasty style. "The Pencil Sharpener" left the pencil wanting in absolutely nothing but the point, which generally remained in the machine. Matters were mending. I only wanted one thing—a success. I would go and try the "Gentleman's Own Tool Chest." I walked to the door.

Martha met me—a broken plate in one hand, the "New Silver Ice Hammer" in the other. My best dessert service was ruined. The unexpected shock to my feelings was too much for me. I looked for the explanation which I could not find words to demand.

"I put 'ee on," said the miserable domestic, holding up a fragment of ice, "and gave 'ee a crack; and then 'ee cracked together."

I recoiled in despair. There was no glossing over these manifold disappointments and afflictions. Fate and Martha were against me. The Emperor Napoleon was right; the desire of perfection is the curse of mankind. I sank into my chair in a perplexity of utter distress. When a man is in that state he has an instinctive recourse to one remedy—he scratches his head. I did so, and for some time without effect, until I became sensible of something unusual in the sensations attending the operation. I looked at my hand—it held the "Ivory Back Scratcher," the first cause of all my woe. I made a supreme effort, and flung the hated thing against the wall, where it shivered into a thousand fragments. I rushed forth in the glow of a noble resolution, and in a few minutes I had buried all that was left of my new purchases in a hole in the garden. I returned to my study with a sense of freedom and peace which I had not known for days, and found that in the haste of my exit I had knocked a long-forgotten book off the corner shelf. It lay open at the words—"The art of happiness is the art of limiting your wants."

#### SPECIAL LETTER FROM HONOLULU.

From Honolulu we have advices of September 6th. The Hawaiians go it strong for reciprocity with the United States. The King has been quite unwell, but at last accounts was said to be "a little better." Our attentive correspondent has written us a private note, from which we glean a few items, thus:

"The news from Australia about our sugars have excited our people very much, net 5½c. for dark molasses sugars in bags, while our No. 1 net less than 4c. in kegs, sold in San Francisco. We and others have sugars stored ever since March, and what we will get after the charges are paid we would not like to say. I am going to do all I can to have our planters make sugar for the refineries, put it in bags—that is, not to make much No. 1; in that case we either could sell here, or be under contract, so we should have nothing more to do with it than deliver either here or at your wharf, and know what we are to get at once. The saving in charges, at even a low price, would make us all able to live at least. I go in for this, with or without a treaty. The refineries would then provide for us, and work for us and with us. I have got quite a number of our largest planters to agree to it. Unless we make some arrangement of this kind we shall lose San Francisco. A large lot of sugar has gone to San Francisco lately, from the fact that it was to the interest of the agents to send it there (and not the planters), and some parties are likely to lose their agencies for so doing. Of course we all like San Francisco; we know the people, we need the freight to load vessels, we need the good will of our friends and return favors. We need the money in your city to purchase English or Eastern exchange. All this may benefit us, and not the planter, and if we have no direct interest in the plantation we may notice it, but the planters do not, and are therefore growing much in favor of going the other way, and unless we get a treaty or make some refinery arrangements, they will do it. A large number are out of debt and independent, but they have to do something to keep it so.



### THE STATE FAIR AT SACRAMENTO.

The Twentieth Annual Fair was opened on Sept. 8, when some thousands of people visited it. The Pavilion presented a very dazzling appearance, the decorations being beautifully and tastefully arranged, and the constantly moving crowd adding to the liveliness of the scene. Of course the sewing machines, as usual, are a prominent feature, and their click, click, is plainly heard as their "engineers"—some of whom, by the by, are good looking girls—show off their merits. The pianos also make a good show, and certain melancholy young men in the conventional broadcloth occasionally extract a semblance to music from them. The fountain in the upper hall is one of the prettiest sights. It is a large one, and all around its base are grouped such ferns, flowers, etc., as most love water; tables on either side of the fountain are covered with rich flowers and rare shrubs. The band, a particularly good one, played some well selected music each day. Among our San Franciscan exhibitors we note the following as showing articles of much merit: The Domestic Carpet Manufactory exhibits—some rough but useful carpets made from rags. C. S. Eaton shows three square pianos and one grand; also two parlor and two vestry Estey organs. Seward and Aiken exhibit their Objective Musical Staff system of teaching music. It consists of a board with movable notes; the board represents the musical staff, while the notes can be altered at will, so as to form a tune. It is an excellent plan for teaching music. Sherman & Hyde show the Weber Pianos. Hallet & Davis have a fine show of pianos and organs, shown by Wm. G. Badger. The San Francisco Silk Manufacturing Company exhibit four large cases filled with skein and spool silk manufactured by them. They make a fine show, and attract much attention. The show of fancy goods, such as wax-flowers, needle-work, etc., was small but good, while the paintings, etc., were not up to the mark. In the lower hall, the Babcock Fire Extinguisher Company have one of their large engines and two hook and ladder trucks on exhibition. The display of stock and the crowd at the Park on the first day swept away whatever doubts there may have been as to the complete success of the State Fair. The stables were well filled up with horses, sheep, goats, swine and horned cattle, and there was an unusually large attendance for the opening day, albeit the heat was excessive and the racing by no means a choice out of the week's programme. The best farms in the State are this year most liberally represented in the department of neat cattle. We thought at the time that it would be impossible to improve on the horns, cows, calves and yearlings exhibited here last September, but there is in this year a considerably greater number and a shade better in quality. In the exhibition of fine sheep there is a more marked improvement, and also in graded stock, both horses and neat cattle. The racing has been of an unusually good kind, wonderful time being made. Sam Purdy trotted two mile heats in 2:24 $\frac{1}{4}$  and 2:24 $\frac{1}{4}$ , while May Howard won the first heat in 2:24 $\frac{1}{4}$ , and trotted one half mile in the extraordinary time of 1:05. Ella Lewis, a comparatively green mare, trotted three heats in 2:30, 2:29 $\frac{1}{4}$ , and 2:31 $\frac{1}{4}$ . Occident came out to trot against time in the \$2,000 pace, and was received with loud bursts of enthusiastic cheering, showing how popular both horse and owner are in the State. The excitement was intense as, with George Tennant driving, Occident, the pride of California, made his appearance. The little horse went round the first heat without a break in 2:16 $\frac{1}{4}$ , the fastest time ever made in the State, and never beaten by any living horse. The first quarter was reached in 36 $\frac{1}{2}$  seconds, the half mile in 1:10 $\frac{1}{4}$ . Loud was the cheering as the little horse came thundering down the home-stretch; hats were thrown up in the air, handkerchiefs waved, and the vast crowd seemed wild with delight. Occident came out again for the second heat, which, owing to a break at the distance post, was not equal to the first, but was still done in the excellent time of 2:18 $\frac{1}{4}$ . In the pacing race, Dan Voorhees won in two straight heats; time, 2:20 and 2:30. The two mile and repeat running race was won by our old friend, the game Thad. Stevens, after a severe struggle with Irene Harding and Target. Target won the first heat 3:42 $\frac{1}{4}$ ; Irene won the second in 3:37; then old Thad. came on and won the next two heats in 3:42 and 3:45. The mile dash for two year olds was won by a black filly by Eclipse, Bill Hazle second; time, 1:49. The mile running race was won by Thornhill in two straight heats, Nell being second; time, 1:44 and 1:43. The mile and a half dash was won by Alpha, beating Little Agnes; time, 2:17 $\frac{1}{4}$ . Among the cattle, horses, etc., shown, were some remarkably fine specimens. A herd of splendid Durhams was shown by Robert Ashburner, San Mateo county, and ten fine cattle, four bulls and six heifers, shown by Thomas S. Page, of San Francisco, were much admired by judges of stock. The sheep are scarcely as good as usual, but the horses make a fine show. There can be no doubt that our climate is one suited to the horse, and if we do not breed more world-beaters like Occident, Thad. Stevens and Thornhill, we must not blame the climate for it. Taken as a whole, the Sacramento Fair was a complete success. It is true that some of the departments were not well filled, and that some confusion was visible, but as this was confined to only a few departments, it was hardly noticeable. The weather all throughout was fine, being, if anything, a trifle too hot for us, who are used to the cutting afternoon winds of San Francisco. We cannot close this summary without thanking Mr. Boruck for the pains he took to secure proper accommodation for the Press. Heretofore it has been a most painful struggle for the reporter to even catch a glimpse of what he came to write about. We wish our sister city every success in all her future State Fairs, and only hope that her next one may be equal to her last.

### NURSY-PURSY.

[This poem, written by a child aged only five years and three months, is printed more as a literary curiosity than for any other reason. A kind of tender pathos may be observable here and there, which in a child so young is, at least, surprising:]

Who wore a hideous high-crown'd cap,	Who gazed into my heavy eye,
Who called me tootsy-wootsy chap,	And said, "A powder we must try ;
Yet used my little head to slap ?	This horrid child, he lives too high ?,"
Dear Nursy-pursy.	Dear Nursy-pursy.
Who said she'd watch, then meanly slept,	Who, when I yell'd, cried 'Hold your din!'
And pinch'd me spiteful when I wept;	Or choked me with a drop of gin
And for my pap her stale crusts kept?	(It wasn't spasms, but a pin)?
Dear Nursy-pursy.	Dear Nursy-pursy.

Who on my toddlums let me run  
 Much sooner than she should have done,  
 Which I've grown up a bandy one ?  
 My Nursy-pursy.

*Moral* :—Drat her !

### CORN AND CATTLE.

[BY OUR FAT CONTRIBUTOR.]

London, Aug. 23, 1873.---My discourse shall be of bread and of beef, although, indeed, sir, I am myself but indifferently interested therein. In regard to the former I may say, that as an old bachelor, I do not share in the anxieties of my friend Jack Multiply, who, being compelled to rise early in the morning to assist Mrs. M. in the arduous task of cutting bread and butter for thirteen healthy brats, winces at every announcement of a rise in the price of the staff of life, and studies the harvest reports with the same avidity that characterizes a young lady's perusal of the latest number of *Le Follet*. Two square inches of dry toast with my matutinal coffee and bacon, one small crust with my midday chop and potato, a little bread sauce with my bird at dinner, and a single slice at night, should I desire to indulge in the occasional luxury of a Welsh rarebit, suffice to supply my simple requirements at an average prime cost, I suppose, of a penny a day. The latter commodity certainly enters somewhat more largely into my daily consumption, inasmuch as it is impossible to devise any substitute that will take its place in the manufacture of soups and gravies ; but I, like most men in this island, have ceased to consider the roast beef of Old England as the only fitting dish to set before a king.

However, at the call of duty, despite my small personal pleasure in the matter, I sought and found in Mark Lane and in Copenhagen fields the statistics that are likely to interest you, and I can only say that if they lead you to send us a plentiful supply, at a reasonable price, of those staples wherein we are grievously deficient, I shall rejoice on account of my friend Jack and his congeners, to say nothing of a little idea I may entertain as to the probability of a grateful and spontaneous increase upon your part, in the amount of those welcome remittances which follow my exertions on your behalf. I suppose that you could hardly send us meat, although the Australians are doing it to a pretty tune, and I cannot see why you should not go into the trade, for at present prices it would certainly pay you very well. For instance, Australian beef at this moment fetches in our market 41s. 6d. per cwt. and mutton 49s. 8d. at the wharf, and there is every probability of an increase on those rates. Our own stock has reached famine prices, and I am beginning to think that we shall soon have to submit to a sumptuary law in the matter of steak, and realize that unhappy state of things described in the old saying of "One mutton chop and two to eat it." Our present ruling figures are as follows : Beef, six shillings and four pence ; mutton, six shillings and six pence ; veal, five shillings and six pence ; pork, five shillings and four pence, and lamb, seven shillings and two pence per stone of eight pounds, and the consequence is that by the time the retailer has made his profit of 33 per cent., and other little additions for cost of carriage, loss by tainting, and so forth, are counted, the consumer pays a shilling to sixteen pence per pound for inferior joints, and sixteen to twenty pence for prime pieces. In fact even these rates hardly represent the business done, for, as very few beasts arrive, and large retailers must have an ample supply, the competition is fierce and the result costly. Last week our entire English cattle supply in London only numbered 4,640, and the foreign contingent added 2,240 to the total. English and Irish farmers are at last bestirring themselves in the matter, and large breadths of land are being laid down in pasturage to the exclusion of wheat. This movement, which has long been going on in Ireland, is now proceeding with extreme rapidity. There is this year hardly a morsel of land sown with grain in the county of Limerick which used to show a vast area of golden fields, and all over the southern and western country the corn is giving place to the cow. So it is with us in Lancashire and Cheshire, and so it bids fair to be, for our men, hopeless of ever growing bread enough for our population, are doing their best to control the meat supply.

Our harvest is as usual deficient in quantity, but I am happy to say it is of excellent quality. Our new wheat, very little of which has at present come to market, is excessively good, and has never been seen in finer condition. Still the absolute exhaustion of all old stocks, the deficiency in France, and the unusually scanty

## CALIFORNIA MAIL BAG.

supply of the rest of Europe, are causing us the greatest anxiety, and there is no doubt that we are face to face with a season of scarcity and high prices. The progress of the market shows this beyond all question. Our entire receipts of English wheat during the past week only amount to a little over two thousand quarters. Scotland sends us two hundred quarters, and foreign countries within a fraction of fifty thousand quarters. Of course harvest is not yet finished with us, and in Scotland it has hardly commenced, but the brisk demand and constantly rising prices prove that little reliance is to be placed upon our home supplies. Californian wheat advanced two shillings a quarter on the 18th, and still stands at 63s., the price during last week being 61s. This figure is more than our own ordinary wheats fetch, and is only three shillings per quarter under our highest price, as you will see when I tell you that our Yorkshire grain varies according to quality from 52s. to 60s. per quarter, our fine red wheat stands at 62s., and our very best Kentish at 66s. The price of your grain when compared with other importations is even more conclusive as to its value in our eyes, as the highest figure brought by any other foreign wheat has been 57s. per quarter, and the ordinary run is about 52s. I cannot too strongly impress upon you, provided these prices pay you, as I am very sure they do, that we can take all you can send, for I am sorry to say, and the reflection, as I say it, takes me out of my usual indifference to such matters, that wheat at 60s. per quarter means scarcity in every laboring man's household in England; and when the price rises, as it has too often done, much above that figure scarcity becomes want. The entire sales of last week amounted to 25,288 quarters, at an average price of 60s. 3d. During the last four years the average prices in the corresponding week have been respectively—1869, 53s. 1d.; 1870, 54s. 7d.; 1871, 57s. 10d.; 1872, 59s. 10d.

I turn gladly enough to a brighter subject, and am glad to be able to announce what we certainly did not expect, an increasing revenue. The returns just published show that our first five months of the financial year have yielded an increase of a million and three quarters, and although we do not imitate your wonderful celerity in paying off our national debt, we are doing a little in that direction. Last year we paid off less than half a million: this year we have already paid more than two millions, which is an appreciable sum even in that vast total. Its extraordinary proof of the wonderful extent of our transactions with you, that in spite of the three millions damages that we are going to pay you this year, and the amount we are handing over for your grain, there is a daily influx of money from your side of the Atlantic, and we have plenty of gold in the Bank of England. The ways of financiers are wonderful, but one might reasonably have expected a dearth of bullion, at least for a time, while the very contrary is the case at present. You are slightly interested in my last little bit of news, which is, that the Langham Hotel, the home of Americans in London, is paying remarkably well. The other day they declared a dividend of 17½ per cent., which is very fair indeed for such a speculation; and they stated incidentally, that the average expenditure of each guest amounted to 18s. 1d. (nearly four dollars and a half) per day. Now, considering that English hotels include in their bills wines, spirits and beer, which do not form part your tariff at home, it occurs to me that these charges are not exorbitant when it is remembered that they furnish a much larger amount of personal attendance than yours do. I have had quite enough business for to-day and I don't mean to do any more, so shall make no farther addition to this letter in my present hungry state, except to tell you that I am going into the iron country, and that next week the news of Sheffield and Birmingham will claim attention from your faithful correspondent,

EPICURUS ROTUNDUS.

### A COLONY OF ITALIAN IMMIGRANTS.

The political excitement passed, we should return with renewed force to those practical and beneficial works which add to the welfare and prosperity of the State. We therefore heartily indorse the efforts now being made to attract to California a large colony of Italian immigrants, the members of which will devote themselves to agriculture in all its branches. There are already some 21,000 Italian-Americans on the Pacific Coast, 15,000 of whom are in this State. They are among the most industrious of our population, temperate in their habits, and quickly initiate themselves in the spirit of our institutions. Many of them are skilled in wine-making, silk raising and the production of oil. As successful farmers, ranchers and dairy men the Swiss-Italians of Marin county are pre-eminent. We should earnestly encourage the immigration of such skilled laborers, and the solid bone and muscle necessary to develop the resources of the State. No less than \$100,000 has been sent from New York by the immigrants of the Atlantic seaboard to their friends in Italy to bring them to America, and it is said that 30,000 new comers will arrive next spring. Italian-Americans in California are determined to secure a pro rata of the immigrants. Mr. C. Dondoro, editor of *La Voce del Popolo* of this city, is engaged in plans for the formation of an Italian Agricultural Colony in California. We hope the press and our energetic business men will lend their aid in making this effort a triumphant success.

The Latest Novelties of the day in Gent's Furnishing Goods to be had  
Bullock and Jones, 421 Montgomery street.



## GOVERNOR STANFORD'S WORLD BEATER.

At half-past 3 o'clock, says the *Record*, Governor Stanford's bay gelding *Occident* appeared upon the track, to trot for a piece of plate, valued at \$2,000, which was offered to any horse beating the best time on record in California. It was necessary to make 2:17, as *Goldsmith Maid* trotted in 2:17½ over the same track on the 28th of September, 1872. The horse looked well, and his driver, George Tennent, appeared confident. Governor Stanford was in the reporter's stand. He said he had no doubt the horse could beat 2:17, but he did not know whether he could do it on this occasion or not. He was a little nervous, which was very natural. The horse was loudly cheered as he came up in front of the grand stand. The running horse *Brown Dick* was in his company, and was assigned the duty of following the trotter around the track. The judges were the same as on the other races, and the timers the same, with the addition of C. Green and E. H. Miller, Jr. After a little preliminary scoring, the bell was tapped and away went the horse, *Brown Dick* being kept about twenty yards behind. *Occident* trotted honestly to the quarter pole in 36½ seconds and to the half in 1:10¼, evidently being held back under instructions. He was then given his head and came home 1:06½, making the heat in the remarkable time of 2:16½ without a skip. The running horse had his nose at the wheel when he passed under the line and seemed to be working hard, which made it appear like a closely contested race, and the wild-est applause came from the thousands who were looking on.

As soon as the horses passed the score an immense throng of people crowded upon the quarter-stretch cheering the horse and driver and looking up anxiously for the time board. When it was finally hung out the people gave vent to their joy in loud shouts and cheers. They called for Governor Stanford until he was compelled to go to the front of the stand and acknowledge the compliment by a bow. The Governor was congratulated by many friends, and could not conceal his pleasure at the result of the race. He at once went into the judges' stand and presented the plate, valued at \$2,000 to the Society, with the understanding that it should be put up every year to be competed for by other horses, and given to the horse beating the time just made by *Occident*. This was announced from the stand, and greeted by the applause of the people. Many people had given expression to the thought that there might be some trick about going in the time, but after the heat no one had any such idea, for besides the five watches of the official timers, and several others in the stand, there were about a hundred on the track and more than half of them had stopped on 2:16½ and 2:16¾, while some were over 2:17.

After the first heat of the next race, *Occident* was brought out again and trotted another mile for the amusement of the public. He trotted splendidly to the quarter pole in 35¼ seconds, and to the half in 1:09¼. He increased his speed on the third quarter, and would have beaten his first time had he not broke when about 200 yards above the distance flag, where an immense crowd of excited humanity were shouting at the top of their lungs. As it was, he came under the line in the exceedingly good time of 2:18¾.

Governor Stanford certainly has reason to be proud of his horse. He has not only beaten the fastest time ever made in this State, but has equaled the fastest time ever made by a trotting horse, that being the time made by *Goldsmith Maid* at Boston, Massachusetts. George Tennent, the driver of *Occident*, is a very young man, and has had little experience in driving in races, never having driven but five. He has been in the employ of E. H. Miller, Jr., and Governor Stanford for some time, but only commenced handling *Occident* a few months ago.

## HOMEWARD BOUND—FOR SYDNEY.

The British Skipper, when homeward bound, maybe considered the prince of the high seas. The wife and family awaiting him, the plum pudding and the succulent roast beef, the greeting of old ship-mates and the hand-shaking of jolly tars; the healthy atmosphere springing from British soil, and all the influences that go to make a Briton's heart mellow with the beautiful memories of home and country are the brightest pictures in the skipper's mind when "homeward bound." So fair breezes and a pleasant, successful voyage to the good ship *Reconnaissance*, Capt. Watson, bound for Sydney, Australia. This staunch bark sails on Thursday next for her destination, touching at ports in the Navigator and Society Islands, principally Asia in the former and Tahiti in the latter. Capt. Watson has been remarkably fortunate in securing a full cargo for the islands, and in addition will take nine first-class passengers, having had to courteously refuse several additional applicants for want of accommodations. This success has been attained without the aid of agents or middlemen, and speaks well for the "pluck" of Capt. W. The *Reconnaissance* reached here last month from the islands with a large cargo of oranges, cocoanuts and cotton. Among the special freight which she takes in her voyage to the South Seas will be large files of the *News Letter* and *California Mail Bag*, destined for our hosts of friends and admirers in the Isles of the South Pacific.

H. M. S. Tenedos, with the newly appointed Admiral of the Pacific, is daily expected here from Vancouver Island.



### NOTABILIA.

A blushing maiden of forty Summers entered the Town Clerk's Office, in Wheeling, West Virginia, recently, and asked, in a voice, trembling with agitation, for a license. The clerk took down the name of the visitor. "Name and address of the other party?" asked the clerk. "Faithful, and he lives with me," replied the fair one. The clerk looked at her for a moment, and blushing, completed the filling of the document, which he handed to the lady. He was astonished at her conduct. She gave one glance at the license, hoarsely whispered "Monster!" and swept majestically out of the office. The clerk had presented her with a marriage license, when it was a dog license she wanted.

The other day I met a friend, we passed the time of day,  
And chatted gaily down the street; but ere I went away,  
I kindly asked him if he'd take a glass of Gerke wine.  
"Yes, that I will," he answered; "and by the Gods its fine."

**Domestic Concessions.**—"I found it very inconvenient, and a great loss of time," said Chateaubriand, "to dine before seven o'clock. My wife wanted to dine at five o'clock, and insisted upon that hour. After many arguments and many heated discussions we finally compromised upon six o'clock—an hour which was very inconvenient to us both. This is what they call domestic concessions."

Oh, give me Houseworth's photographs,  
So life-like and so sweet,  
All taken at his gorgeous place,  
At 12 Montgomery street.

**A Graphic Peroration.**—A Scotch minister recently, in discoursing of a certain class of persons who were obnoxious to him, concluded with this singular peroration:—"My friends, it is as impossible for a sinner to enter the kingdom o' heaven as for a coo to climb up a tree wi' her tail foremost, and hurry a crow's nest; or for a soo to sit on the tap o' a thistle and whistle like a laverock."

"The bees shall lavish, make no store,  
And the dove become a ranger,  
The falling waters cease to roar,  
Before I'll ever change her."

So sang a man who had used one of De la Montanya's Union Ranges for two years.  
He swears by them, as also does his wife.

The Coroner of Cleveland, O., while sitting on a drowned man the other day, trying to identify him, was informed by one of the jurors that "if the corpse had an impediment in his speech, he should say it was one of his neighbors, named Kelsey." A vigilant search failed to discover any impediment.

"Maxweltons Braes are bonny,"	The Mangenbergs are there, too,
So is the Garden Gate Park,	The Villa's where they live.
And its there hat all the elite	Of course, you'll stop and try the fare.
Do go for a quiet lark.	The best they always give.

The minister of a rural parish having neglected to pray for rain, was waited upon by a deputation to remonstrate with him on the omission. "Weela-weel," he replied, after hearing what they had to say, "I'll pray for to please ye, but the feint a drap ye'll get till the change o' the moon!"

When the earth shall have grown so large that space cannot contain it, when man shall have become so like his Maker that he can fly like an angel, when the *Chronicle* shall grow respectable, the *Cut* cease to be inane, and the *Bulletin* shake off its yoke of thralldom, then and only then will we acknowledge that there are better photographers in San Francisco than Bradley & Robinson, of Montgomery street.

During the recent "season," a little knot of ladies were discussing the subject of marriage. One of the party, a single young lady, said, "Matches are made in heaven." "Very likely," was the quiet rejoinder of a married lady, "and they are often dipped in the other place."

My pretty Jane, my dearest Jane,	The spring is waning fast, my love,
Oh, never look so shy,	The summer's hot as h—l,
But come with me, my darling,	So let us get our carpets, love,
And new carpets we will buy.	From old friends Plum & Bell.

A blushing damsel called at the office of a Scotch paper a few days since and inquired for "papers for a week back," and that innocent young publisher's clerk thought she wanted perhaps a sticking plaster, instead of giving her a bundle of papers suitable for a panier.

**The Graphic Balloon**, the monster of the world, has burst. Professors Wise and Donaldson are disconsolate, and are seen sitting for hours munching peanuts and wrapped in melancholy study, at times exclaiming, in most piteous accents, "Up in a balloon, boys!" Wise is an old man, and fears that by the time the next is made, he may have paid nature's debt. Donaldson is younger and more hopeful. However, let us not put our trust in balloons, but stop on earth and buy really good furniture from N. P. Cole. It never bursts.

All hail to the great Cutter,  
And to thee, friend Hotelling;

Thy whisky's soft as butter—  
It's too good for retailing.

**Joseph de Maistre** observed that, if he had a choice to make between Madame de Sevigne and her daughter, he would marry the latter, and then travel to receive letters from his mother-in-law.

**Native wine** has been for a long time pooh-poohed by the ignorant. At last people have found out that if kept the wine is excellent. Our sparkling wines, too, are, when properly made, as by Schleifer & Co., not to be sneezed at. Any one who is at all skeptical on this point should go to Cutting & Co., the Agents, and try it.

**A poet** says his ancestors have been in the habit of living a hundred years. His opponent responds by saying "that was before the introduction of capital punishment."

**My name is Jones**, I'm rather a swell, I'm a squat little purse-y man,  
Though perhaps in a smallish way, And my face is wont to shine,  
Although, you know, it's hard to tell I'm happy, I've struck on the plan—  
What envious folks may say. Eberhart & Lachman's wine.

**The young men of Chicago** are said to be classified according to their skill as velocipedists into the "timid toddlers," the "wary warblers," the "go-it-gracefuls," and the "fancy few."

**Governor Booth** can afford to look down from his pedestal upon the lawyer who has in vain tried to move him from his rock. Felton must have known that he was making a mistake when he or his friends wrote that answer to Booth's letter. Governor Booth is an authority worth quoting, and he says that Main & Winchester's harness is the only good made in the city. We believe he is right.

**A sign on a door of a Paris lodging house** reads:—"Music Lessons—Piano and Big Drum—from 8 o'clock A. M. to 10 P. M." Pleasant house to live in, we should think, especially for a poet.

**Spectacles** are hard things to get good, if you don't know the right place to go to. Go to Muller's, on Montgomery street.

**A man**, describing a church in Aberdeen, writes to a friend:—"No velvet cushions in our pews. We don't go in for style. The fattest person has the softest seat."

**At a public gathering lately** one of the gentleman present was called upon for a speech, and this is how he responded:—"Gentlemen and women, I ain't no speaker; more'n twenty years back I came here a poor idiot boy, and now what are I?"

"Well, well," said John to his own little sweetheart Mary, "so you say that the doctor says you are to take tonics to keep your strength up; take my advice and don't take any of his nasty trash." "Then what would you have me take?" asked Mary, blushing at her own audacity in thus daring for a moment to question John. "You come with me every day to the Saddle Rock, on Pine street, and have a plate of oysters; you'll soon be well." Our readers shall know in our next how Mary is progressing.

**We have often noticed around our streets** some of the handsomest buggies we ever saw. Often have we asked where they came from, but not till the other day did we get to know where they were to be had. A friend of ours took us over to Crego & Bowley's large store on California street, a few doors from Montgomery on the right. A finer lot of buggies, harness, robes, etc., we never saw. Their sales on Tuesdays are well worth attending.

**A small Aberdeen child** being asked by a Sunday school teacher, "What did the Israelites do after they crossed the Red Sea?" answered, "I don't know, ma'am; but perhaps they dried themselves."

"Ah," said a friend of ours, who we were showing round the city, "things have wonderfully altered since I was a boy. Why, those desks that you have just shown me, at Gilbert & Moore's, on Bush street, are the most perfect things I ever saw. Is his office furniture, too, much sought after?" We, of course, told him the truth, viz., that no one with any sense used anyone else's make.

## ITALIAN OPERA.

Another delightful and varied week of Opera. On Sunday *Il Trovatore* to a crowded house, the price of seats being a dollar to all parts. On Monday, *Ernani*. Signora Visconti was, of course, "Elvira," and being in splendid voice, did full justice to the character. Her rendering of "Ernani involami" was perfectly beautiful, and in her duo with "Ernani," as indeed throughout the whole opera, the applause of a very critical audience was frequent and well merited. She and Signor Verati were recalled at the end of the third act. Verati, as "Ernani," sang and acted with his usual accuracy. We consider him one of the most finished tenors we have ever had in California. Mancusi, as the "Emperor Charles," was magnificent, and correct in his costume; and as the action of the opera proceeded, both his singing and acting was excellent and spirited. Signor Rigo made the most of the part of the "Duke," and the whole opera, abounding as it does with beautiful music, gave universal satisfaction. On Wednesday, the ever-charming, sparkling *Crispino*, reintroduced Miss Wadsworth to a California audience. This young lady's voice is a pure soprano, very clear, not as yet of great compass, but with study she will attain a high rank in her profession. Her acting, likewise, requires more practice, at the same time she has made considerable improvement, and we could not help remarking that her execution of the more difficult passages was better than that of more easy ones, evidently showing an application and perseverance in her studies. Mancusi is eminently at home in the character of the cobbler, and his singing and acting were as good as they possibly could be. In fact, the whole piece depends upon him, and whether he is at home cursing his ill luck, or discoursing with "la comare," or prescribing as a doctor, he was equally clever and amusing.

Last night another crowded house was present to hear "Lucia." It was indeed a treat. Donizetti's exquisite music was most faithfully and delicately treated by Signora Visconti and Signor Verati, and as the well known and favorite airs succeeded one another, the applause of the audience was rapturous. Signor Grossi was spirited and animated as "Enrico," but the whole interest of the opera centers itself upon "Lucia" and "Edgar," and the two performers of those parts well deserved the plaudits of their listeners. There was a thorough understanding and interpretation of the great composer's work, and an intensity of feeling, both in singing and acting, that marked the true artist. We understand that the same opera will be repeated on Sunday evening, at popular prices, and that *Crispino* will be played at the matinee this day, also at the uniform rate of one dollar per seat. The company are deservedly having a prosperous and brilliant season. The immense success of *Lucia*, last night, has induced the management to repeat it on Sunday. On Monday, *Il Barbiere*, with Mme. Stanes and Orlandini, and on Wednesday *Norma*, with two prima donne. *Il Ballo* is likewise underlined.

## THE SACRAMENTO STATE FAIR.

Our Special Correspondent sends us an interesting article upon the opening of the Fair, but want of space compels us to omit all but the following extract. Our correspondent says: "The display of pianos and organs this year is a rather meager, except as regards the Hallet, Davis & Co.'s pianos and George Wood's & Co.'s organs, exhibited by the well-known and enterprising agent, Wm. G. Badger. This gentleman's display is greater than that of all the other piano exhibitors combined, and is attracting marked attention from all visitors on account of the great variety of style of the instruments. Pianos in rosewood, pianos in French walnut, pianos in gold ebony, etc., from the modest square, made specially for this Fair, and specially constructed to withstand extremes of climate, to the magnificent and graceful Orchestral Grand, which created such enthusiasm among the foreign artists at the Boston Jubilee. All admit that a finer display has never been witnessed, and really Mr. Badger has sent for our inspection enough instruments to stock a first-class store. As regards the Geo. Wood's organs exhibited, there can be but one opinion, and every musician who plays upon them pronounces them, after minute examination, far ahead of all competitors. No instruments have ever made so great a sensation in this city as those sent here by Mr. Badger.

The Rev. Wm. Arnott, D. D., from Edinburgh, Scotland, arrived in this city a week since, and preached last Sunday evening for Dr. Scott. Dr. Arnott is a man well advanced in life, yet he retains much of the fire of his youth. He was honored with a full house and an interested audience. The discourse was eminently practical, and was well received by his hearers. Dr. Arnott is a delegate to the World's Alliance, to be held in New York during October, and in the interim Dr. A. thought he would improve the time by coming to this coast sight-seeing—visiting Yosemite, Big Trees, etc.

The Dunbar fishermen entertain the belief that artillery firing frightens the herring off the coast, and on Saturday, by some sharp practice, they effectually prevented the local company from engaging in a competition.

## THE LAY OF THE LOST ONE.—No. III.

It seems like a hideous dream of a crime that I should become a wife,  
 And marry the man I had longed to kill, to save his desperate life.  
 They cannot make me a witness now, to come up to the dock and swear,  
 And they seek to fasten the murder on him, but I was the only one there.

When I came out of the hospital the world appeared new and strange,  
 I felt old and weak and friendless, yet I cherished my revenge;  
 I went round among my former haunts, but all the folks had fled,  
 I hardly knew where I could gather a crust, nor where I could lay my head.

At length I found out Charley, but the fever had laid him low,  
 He was stretched, as I thought, on his deathbed, so I could not strike the blow;  
 He looked so wretched, and thin, and pale, so deserted by every one,  
 That the old love burnt in my heart once more, and the deadly hate was gone.

I nursed him through all his illness and begged in the open street,  
 I washed the steps of the very house where my lovers I used to meet;  
 The same old scenes were acted and the well known songs were sung,  
 And I felt as if Death were upon me as I thought of the time I was young.

But when the fever had left him and his wonted strength returned,  
 I shuddered to hear his wicked words and the thoughts that within him burned.  
 Whenever a sin is plotted the Devil will find the time,  
 And murder was mated to robbery to consummate the crime.

I am now an honest woman, as the world accepts the phrase,  
 And labor to earn my daily bread in the weary working days;  
 But oh, how I long for the time to come when this misery will cease,  
 When this worn-out frame shall find at last oblivion, if not peace.

## LOCAL DOTTINGS.

The Pacific Mail Steamship Costa Rica ran ashore on Wednesday night, off Lime Point, and is a total wreck. It was so foggy that no lights could be seen, thence the accident. No lives are lost.—John Heenan, the prize-fighter, known as "the Benicia Boy," is about to visit California.—The half-hourly trips on the Oakland route will be commenced on the 29th.—Joseph Tucker, a laborer, dropped dead on Wednesday at Fort Point.—W. H. Tweed is stopping at the Occidental. His friends say he has been "tried out" by the heat, as he is any number of pounds lighter now than before the Summer heated term.—Judge Lorenzo Sawyer, having returned from Oregon, will hold Circuit Court on Monday next.—The fifth anniversary ball of the Dramatic Verein Eintracht will be held in Horticultural Hall to-night.—Capt. Ed. Higgins, formerly of the U. S. Navy, has been appointed to inspect the vessels and general affairs of the Pacific Mail Company. He is expected to arrive on the next steamer from Panama.—John T. Raymond returns to San Francisco in April. He has secured from the author of *Pygmalion and Galatea* another charming comedy entitled *The Wicked World*, and a drama dramatized from Eugene Sue's *Wandering Jew*.—A woman named Erni was found dead in her bed on Wednesday, with her head cut open behind. Her son, who lives with her, is suspected and is now in jail.—On Thursday the Chileans celebrated the sixty-third anniversary of their independence; a salute of sixty-three guns was fired from the Market street wharf.—M. Henry McCrea, a prominent citizen, has been missing since Friday, the 12th. When last seen he was on his way to the San Rafael boat.—The Montgomery Avenue is slowly but surely progressing.—We are to have a grand steeple-chase meeting at Alameda on October 31st and November 1st.—The Yosemite Social Club has elected the following named officers: President, Felix W. Levy; Treasurer, Levi Strauss; Secretary, Harry Schiller; Sergeant-at-Arms, George Givens.—A pair of huge runaway horses, careering along Battery street with a heavy dray at their tails, created consternation on Wednesday afternoon, but strange to say, no damage was done.—The *Alaska*, which arrived Thursday from Panama, reports that on the morning of the 3d inst. James E. Hart, a steerage passenger, leaped overboard and was drowned.—Charles Goodall and others have sued the proprietors of the *Guide* for \$5,000 damages, alleging that defendants have maliciously mis-stated the destinations of plaintiff's steamers, and thus lost them freight.—Captain John Fancee, of the U. S. Revenue Marine, who arrived on Thursday by the overland train, comes to this coast to establish life-boat stations, and he will visit all important points between Puget Sound and the Gulf of California.—Templar Lodge, No. 17, I. O. O. F., will celebrate its twentieth anniversary by a ball and supper and literary exercises at Union Hall, on the evening of October 22d. Hon. Solomon Sharp, one of the charter members, will deliver a historical address, and there will be appropriate poetic recitations and glee-club singing.

The propeller *Ajax* has been sent to Portland to bring down a press of freight that is accumulating in Oregon. It is currently reported here that a shrewd operator here in breadstuffs has chartered all the freight room down on the Oregon steamers for some time to come, hoping thereby to expedite the delivery of his wheat and flour to exporters.



## LATEST FROM LONDON.—SPECIAL REPORT OF ENGLISH MARKET INTELLIGENCE.

### CORN.

London, August 30th, 1873.—The market during the last week has been but thinly attended, as there has been a falling off in the receipts of foreign wheat. There is a disposition to await further orders before entering into heavy transactions, but prices have been just as firm, and are not likely to recede. Last Monday there was a general rise of a shilling a quarter, and a farther advance is likely to occur when the next lot of large purchases are made. English Red Wheat stands at 63s. to 66s. per quarter: White, 68s. to 70s.; Californian, 63s. and 64s. The most noticeable feature is the exceeding scantiness of Barley, which has gone up to unheard of prices, and is in great demand at extreme rates. The last official quotations were 37s. to 38s., which is fully 5s. per quarter higher than the average of the past five years, but business has been done at an advance upon those rates. The latest estimate of the French deficiency is given at four hundred millions of francs (\$80,000,000), but their harvest returns are not yet complete, and their estimates are notoriously inaccurate. But this is probably under the mark, so they are formidable competitors with us for the foreign supply.

### CATTLE.

It may interest you somewhat to know that our meat supply is still very scanty, and our prices consequently high. Of foreign stock we have this week received 13,517 head against 30,340 in the corresponding week of 1871 (two years ago). Our own districts do not furnish us any increased number, and our entire English supply only amounted to 1,240. Prices for prime beasts, oxen, 5s. 10d. to 6s. 4d. per stone of 14lbs. Sheep, 6s. 4d. to 6s. 6d. Calves, 5s. to 5s. 8d. Lamb, 6s. 8d. to 7s. 8d. Pork, 5s. to 5s. 4d.

### HOPS.

Prices dull and little present demand, as the buyers are waiting the arrival of our own crop. Our plantations are looking better, and the hopes of our growers are reviving. Quotations for English vary from 3s. 10d. to 6s. 12d., the lowest figure being that of the Sussex and the highest that of the Farnham &c., South Surrey growth; Bavarian, 6s. 6d. to 7s. 7d.; French, 4s. to 5s., and American, 2s. to 3s.

### IRON.

In spite of the general depression, our merchants are hopeful, and business is decidedly improving. During the last fortnight Pig Iron has gone steadily up in price from 105s. at which it stood on Friday, August 16th, to 112s. 4d., which was the closing price yesterday. Farther advances are hoped for, and as the rise has been gradual it is not unlikely to occur. Finished Iron is still dull, and few factories are working more than half time; but no reduction is likely at present. Boiler plates are quoted at £17 per ton.

### MINES.

The Last Chance Silver Mining Company of Utah report their weeks earnings (by telegram from their manager, Mr. Maxwell) at £2,500, and The Flagstaff Company of Utah state, upon similar authority, that they have earned £8,752. The prices, however, slightly receded. The closing quotations were: Last Chance, 2½ to 3; Flag-staff, 5 to 5½. The Emma Mine, in spite of recent good news, has not held its advance, and stands at 3¾ to 4.

### RAILWAYS.

Erie shares rose nearly a dollar on the strength of a favorable report, and were in considerable demand, as there has been for some little time a tendency to depress them, and the settlement of the fortnightly account made it necessary to take up enough to cover previous operations. The actual rise was ½, and the closing price 77½ to 78½. Other American railways unchanged, and it is noticeable that no *Bear* operations have recently been successful in this class of securities. On the contrary, all speculators for a fall have lost heavily.

### U. S. GOVERNMENT STOCK.

The popular 6 per cent. 5-20s keep up their price, and the general tone of the market is in favor of firmness in U. S. securities. The final values were U. S. 6 per cent. 5-20 bonds, ex 4-6, 93¾ to 93¾, do 1865 issue 95 to 95¾. 1867 issue 94¾ to 95¾. Showing no real variation during the last fortnight.

On account of the many fraudulent attempts to palm off inferior gloves as the real Jouvins, Veuve Xavier Jouvins & Co., of Paris and Grenoble, have appointed Murphy, Grant & Co. sole agents for the Pacific Coast, and have declared all gloves sold as Jouvins to be frauds, unless one of each pair bears their trade-mark: "Gants Jovin, Brevet d'invention, 1834. Medaille D'or." This is in an oval, with Gants Jovin in the center, brevet, etc., above, and medaille d'or below.

The ship Carrier Dove has been laid on for New York, to carry miscellaneous cargo.

**"PANIC IN WALL STREET."**

This is the purport of the news from New York to-day on 'Change, announcing the failures of Jay Cooke & Co., Fisk & Hatch, and others of the gold ring. Well, what effect is this news to have on California credits? Answer, none whatever. Why not? Simply because California is the creditor State of the whole Union. Had this panic in Wall street occurred a year ago, the effect would have been just the reverse of this, for then California was a debtor to the East. This, then, brings up the Wheat question. A year ago the Liverpool quotation for Wheat was precisely what it now is, and our price then was \$1 60 a \$1 65 against the present rate of \$2 30 a \$2 35. Freights a year ago to Liverpool, £4 17s. 6d., against £8 5s. for to-day's rate. One reason why Wheat ruled so low a year ago was the great and universal scarcity of money. Farmers a year ago were sadly in debt; no credit, and they could not borrow money on their Wheat. Now the reverse is the case—money is superabundant; no trouble to borrow money on Grain, and at reasonable prices; besides, a year ago crops in France, in England and the Continent were good, but now all are short, and must look to America for heavy supplies of Wheat and Flour. This they must and will have at all cost, and although to-day's Liverpool Wheat quotation is down a penny, yet that is nothing to disturb us. It is simply the effect of a *bear* movement to allow of stocking up preparatory to another and still greater rise in the value of Breadstuff. The highest press telegram yet received is 13s. 6d.; Beerbohm's telegram, 13s. 9d. We, however, look for higher rates before the close of the year.

**Latest From the Merchants' Exchange.** --- NEW YORK, Sept. 19th, 1873.—Gold opened at 112½; 11 A. M. at 112½; 3 P. M. at 111½. United States Bonds—Five-twenties of 1862, 118½; 1867, 115%. Sterling Exchange, 108½@109¼. Pacific Mail, 83. Quicksilver Mining Company, 24. Wheat, \$1 70@1 90 quiet. Pork, 17½, dull. Cotton, 20½. Hides, dry, 24½@25, green, 13, dull. Oil—Sperm, quiet, \$1 50@1 52, fair demand; Winter Bleached, \$1 68@—; Whale, quiet, 58@65c. quiet; Winter Bleached, 69@74c. Wool—Spring, fine, 22@23c.; Burry, 18@25c.; Puled, 30@55c. Fall Clips, 16@26c.; Burry, 15@19c. LONDON, Sept. 19.—Liverpool Wheat Market, 12s. 11d@13s. 1d. Club, 13s. 3d@13s. 4d. United States Bonds, 91½. Consols, 92½@92½; ac, 92½.

**Californians registered at the office of Charles Le Gay,** American Commission Merchant, 1 Rue Scribe, Paris, August 29, 1873.—Mrs. Theodore Payne, Warren Payne, Theodore Payne, F. B. Taylor, E. F. Northam, R. J. Tiffany, Dr. Holland, Mrs. Ross, Miss Ross, Hon. C. Hillyert and family, Mrs. Chas. Crocker and family, C. F. Crocker, George Crocker, Mrs. Major Hensley and family, Charles. Hensley, Mrs. Hopkins, Joseph Gruss, Theodore Boyle, William M. Lent and family, Mrs. C. Reis and family, Mrs. A. L. Barnes, Captain Levi Stevens and wife, Miss Kittie Stevens, Miss Dollie Stevens, J. M. English and wife, Miss L. Hawkins, L. Sachs and family, Mrs. John B. Le Gay.

**San Franciscans Abroad.**---PARIS: Theodore Bogle and Mrs. Bogle, 6 Rue Balzac; D. Cady, 3 Rue Luxembourg; Mrs. John B. LeGay, 30 Rue Malesherbes; Mrs. L. Sachs and sons, 5 Rue Lafayette; W. C. Talbot and the Misses Talbot, Hotel Splendide; Miss J. G. Kercheval, Hotel Chatham; Mrs. R. G. Makin, 8 Rue de la Bienfaisance; Captain and Mrs. Stephens, 13 Rue de Sarene; R. J. Tiffany, Hotel de l'Athene; W. H. Hood (of Sonoma) left for London. LUCERNE:—Horace Hawes, Lloyd Tevis and Mrs. Tevis.—*American Register*.

**All the medical men in San Francisco,** in fact all over the State, unite in saying that for the invalid, the valetudinarian, and the healthy, there is no drink like "Napa Soda." Agreeable to the palate, and acting as a tonic to the whole system, it cannot be too highly praised. It comes direct from mother earth, and is one of the greatest boons Nature has conferred upon California. The agent for this fine mineral water is Col. Jackson, 18½ Geary street.

**Major Harry Larkyns,** who appeared among us under somewhat disadvantageous circumstances about six months ago, has written a play for Miss Charlotte Thompson called *Lenore, the Loveless*; or, *The Moral of a Dream*. Miss Thompson is said to have given \$500 for it. We must congratulate Major Larkyns on his success as a playwright if such is the case, for few men are so lucky with their first endeavor. We presume that *Lenore* is not a translation.



### Special Brevities.

**What France has to Pay for Glory.**---It used to be a common saying here that France was rich enough to pay for her glory, and in those days she little thought of the cost of adversity. Now the attention of the country is drawn to the following items, which show what a costly game war sometimes is. The war indemnity is 5,000,000,000 f.; the interest on the same for two years, 300,000,000 f.; the keep of the German troops, 273,637,000 f.; requisitions, 327,581,000 f.; value of objects taken without requisition, 254,172,000 f.; war contribution levied on Paris, 200,000,000 f., and so on till the account forms a total of 6,673,811,000 f. But this enormous sum does not include pensions to the army, the damage done to material, nor the expenses of reorganization, nearly as much again. The average value of a day's work in France is one franc and a quarter, so it is easy to calculate the amount of labor which will be required to repair the folly of a few months of violence and bloodshed.

**There was a sham fight** at the Curragh on Aug. 15th, in which all the forces now in the camp took part. The enemy, or invading division, were under the command of Gen. Wardlaw, and the home division under Col. Glynn; Major-Gen. Sir Thomas Steele acted as umpire. One division marched from Kildare and the other from Newbridge, and they met nearly in front of the camp. The British force commenced the battle by a general advance, supported by artillery and cavalry. The two forces came within two hundred yards of each other, and both continued to maintain their ground until the umpire decided that the home force should retire. When the order to cease firing was given, the invaders seemed to have the best of it.

**A notorious brigand chief**, named Manzi, and his band, who for the last four years have infested the Neapolitan province, have been surrounded and captured by a body of Carabineers and police, headed and personally directed by the Prefect of Salerno. The brigands took refuge in a house, and a fierce struggle ensued. Five of them were killed, including, it is stated, the chief, and others wounded. The captain of the Carabineers and two of his men were wounded, and one soldier was killed. The population manifested much joy at the breaking up of this nest of brigands, from which they have been great sufferers.

**A forthcoming volume** by Chevalier Ernst Bunsen on the "Chronology of the Bible," which is to be issued, I believe, simultaneously, not only on both sides of the Atlantic, but in four of the leading languages of Europe—English, French, German, and Italian—will present some features of extraordinary interest. One of the most startling, and on the whole most novel, of its eccentricities will be the calculation which assigns to Jesus Christ the age of 49 years at the time of his crucifixion, an event which, according to this theory, took place in the year 35 of the common era.

**M. Rochefort.**---A Paris correspondent writes: "Poor M. de Rochefort is now on his way to his distant home, which he is probably not destined to reach. His demeanor prior to his departure was that of a gentleman in every sense of the word. In his intercourse with the Bishop and the other authorities he was courteous and respectful. He could not help pointing to the gangs of coarse ruffians around him, and said, 'I have been wanting equality all my life,' and added, smiling, 'you see, monsieur, I have got it at last.'"

**An inventor** has demonstrated that it is not necessary to groove a rifle-barrel along its whole length in order to get good results in shooting. About four inches at the muzzle are grooved; all the rest is smooth, by which the initial velocity of the bullet is much greater than in a barrel grooved from breach to muzzle, and the flight of the bullet is more direct, or, as shooters say, it has a flatter trajectory. It is found in practice that the few inches of grooving at the muzzle are quite sufficient to set the bullet spinning.



C. P. R. R.

Commencing Wednesday, Sept. 10th, 1873, and  
until further notice, Trains and Boats will  
Leave San Francisco

**7.00 A.M.** - Arrive. Arrive Express Train via Park  
and Ride Station, Madison, Maryland. Meeting and  
Parking at the Union Station, Washington, D.C.

**7.30 A.M.** - **WEDNESDAY** - **APRIL** - **1968**

12.00\$

3.00 P. M. 1st & 2nd Class Passenger Ticket  
 (Payable to the order of the U. S. Government)

**4.00** P. M. Salvage Company, Inc., 103  
 Broadway, New York, N. Y., 100-10  
 Agents for American Salvage and Salvage

**4.00** P. M. - Seaside Pier (at the P. M. Street) from Broadway, N. Y. - Arriving at 4.00 with trains for Canoga, Kingside Landing and Seaside.

**4.00** P. M. Sunday. Round trip to Benicia and  
(from Pacific Wharf), touching at Benicia and  
Landings on the Sacramento River.

[illegible][illegible]

ALAMEDA BRANCH-LEAVE SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.,  
9:00 A.M. MONDAY, JANUARY 1, 1906. RETURN  
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF., 1:00 P.M. MONDAY, JAN. 1, 1906.

LEAVE HARRISON for San Francisco, 10:00 AM and  
1:00 PM.

LEONE FRUIT VARE, 1905, 1906, 1907, 1908, 1909, 1910, 1911, 1912, 1913, 1914, 1915, 1916, 1917, 1918, 1919, 1920, 1921, 1922, 1923, 1924, 1925, 1926, 1927, 1928, 1929, 1930, 1931, 1932, 1933, 1934, 1935, 1936, 1937, 1938, 1939, 1940, 1941, 1942, 1943, 1944, 1945, 1946, 1947, 1948, 1949, 1950, 1951, 1952, 1953, 1954, 1955, 1956, 1957, 1958, 1959, 1960, 1961, 1962, 1963, 1964, 1965, 1966, 1967, 1968, 1969, 1970, 1971, 1972, 1973, 1974, 1975, 1976, 1977, 1978, 1979, 1980, 1981, 1982, 1983, 1984, 1985, 1986, 1987, 1988, 1989, 1990, 1991, 1992, 1993, 1994, 1995, 1996, 1997, 1998, 1999, 2000, 2001, 2002, 2003, 2004, 2005, 2006, 2007, 2008, 2009, 2010, 2011, 2012, 2013, 2014, 2015, 2016, 2017, 2018, 2019, 2020, 2021, 2022, 2023, 2024, 2025, 2026, 2027, 2028, 2029, 2030, 2031, 2032, 2033, 2034, 2035, 2036, 2037, 2038, 2039, 2040, 2041, 2042, 2043, 2044, 2045, 2046, 2047, 2048, 2049, 2050, 2051, 2052, 2053, 2054, 2055, 2056, 2057, 2058, 2059, 2060, 2061, 2062, 2063, 2064, 2065, 2066, 2067, 2068, 2069, 2070, 2071, 2072, 2073, 2074, 2075, 2076, 2077, 2078, 2079, 2080, 2081, 2082, 2083, 2084, 2085, 2086, 2087, 2088, 2089, 2090, 2091, 2092, 2093, 2094, 2095, 2096, 2097, 2098, 2099, 2100, 2101, 2102, 2103, 2104, 2105, 2106, 2107, 2108, 2109, 2110, 2111, 2112, 2113, 2114, 2115, 2116, 2117, 2118, 2119, 2120, 2121, 2122, 2123, 2124, 2125, 2126, 2127, 2128, 2129, 2130, 2131, 2132, 2133, 2134, 2135, 2136, 2137, 2138, 2139, 2140, 2141, 2142, 2143, 2144, 2145, 2146, 2147, 2148, 2149, 2150, 2151, 2152, 2153, 2154, 2155, 2156, 2157, 2158, 2159, 2160, 2161, 2162, 2163, 2164, 2165, 2166, 2167, 2168, 2169, 2170, 2171, 2172, 2173, 2174, 2175, 2176, 2177, 2178, 2179, 2180, 2181, 2182, 2183, 2184, 2185, 2186, 2187, 2188, 2189, 2190, 2191, 2192, 2193, 2194, 2195, 2196, 2197, 2198, 2199, 2200, 2201, 2202, 2203, 2204, 2205, 2206, 2207, 2208, 2209, 2210, 2211, 2212, 2213, 2214, 2215, 2216, 2217, 2218, 2219, 2220, 2221, 2222, 2223, 2224, 2225, 2226, 2227, 2228, 2229, 2230, 2231, 2232, 2233, 2234, 2235, 2236, 2237, 2238, 2239, 2240, 2241, 2242, 2243, 2244, 2245, 2246, 2247, 2248, 2249, 2250, 2251, 2252, 2253, 2254, 2255, 2256, 2257, 2258, 2259, 2260, 2261, 2262, 2263, 2264, 2265, 2266, 2267, 2268, 2269, 2270, 2271, 2272, 2273, 2274, 2275, 2276, 2277, 2278, 2279, 2280, 2281, 2282, 2283, 2284, 2285, 2286, 2287, 2288, 2289, 2290, 2291, 2292, 2293, 2294, 2295, 2296, 2297, 2298, 2299, 2300, 2301, 2302, 2303, 2304, 2305, 2306, 2307, 2308, 2309, 2310, 2311, 2312, 2313, 2314, 2315, 2316, 2317, 2318, 2319, 2320, 2321, 2322, 2323, 2324, 2325, 2326, 2327, 2328, 2329, 2330, 2331, 2332, 2333, 2334, 2335, 2336, 2337, 2338, 2339, 2340, 2341, 2342, 2343, 2344, 2345, 2346, 2347, 2348, 2349, 2350, 2351, 2352, 2353, 2354, 2355, 2356, 2357, 2358, 2359, 2360, 2361, 2362, 2363, 2364, 2365, 2366, 2367, 2368, 2369, 2370, 2371, 2372, 2373, 2374, 2375, 2376, 2377, 2378, 2379, 2380, 2381, 2382, 2383, 2384, 2385, 2386, 2387, 2388, 2389, 2390, 2391, 2392, 2393, 2394, 2395, 2396, 2397, 2398, 2399, 2400, 2401, 2402, 2403, 2404, 2405, 2406, 2407, 2408, 2409, 2410, 2411, 2412, 2413, 2414, 2415, 2416, 2417, 2418, 2419, 2420, 2421, 2422, 2423, 2424, 2425, 2426, 2427, 2428, 2429, 2430, 2431, 2432, 2433, 2434, 2435, 2436, 2437, 2438, 2439, 2440, 2441, 2442, 2443, 2444, 2445, 2446, 2447, 2448, 2449, 2450, 2451, 2452, 2453, 2454, 2455, 2456, 2457, 2458, 2459, 2460, 2461, 2462, 2463, 2464, 2465, 2466, 2467, 2468, 2469, 2470, 2471, 2472, 2473, 2474, 2475, 2476, 2477, 2478, 2479, 2480, 2481, 2482, 2483, 2484, 2485, 2486, 2487, 2488, 2489, 2490, 2491, 2492, 2493, 2494, 2495, 2496, 2497, 2498, 2499, 2500, 2501, 2502, 2503, 2504, 2505, 2506, 2507, 2508, 2509, 2510, 2511, 2512, 2513, 2514, 2515, 2516, 2517, 2518, 2519, 2520, 2521, 2522, 2523, 2524, 2525, 2526, 2527, 2528, 2529, 2530, 2531, 2532, 2533, 2534, 2535, 2536, 2537, 2538, 2539, 2540, 2541, 2542, 2543, 2544, 2545, 2546, 2547, 2548, 2549, 2550, 2551, 2552, 2553, 2554, 2555, 2556, 2557, 2558, 2559, 2560, 2561, 2562, 2563, 2564, 2565, 2566, 2567, 2568, 2569, 2570, 2571, 2572, 2573, 2574, 2575, 2576, 2577, 2578, 2579, 2580, 2581, 2582, 2583, 2584, 2585,

I H GOODMAN GEN. PASS. AND TICKET AGT.  
A. N. TOWN, Genl. & Ticket Agent.

The Colonel Stuart was mentioned as being connected with the British Forces in the Balkans, and was said to be the son of the late Lord Stuart of Bute. He is the son of the late Lord Stuart of Bute, and is an officer of thirty years' experience in the British Army. He was in the command of a series of interesting sporting papers in the Balkans, and was the first to be mentioned during a long period of military duty in Hungary.

The following letter was addressed to the editor of the *Journal*. "Sir—I was this morning a witness to a great act of mercy. I met and talked to your readers. Mrs. Elizabeth Leatherud, of the age of 110 years, reaped two sheaves of wheat in a field belonging to Mr. John Mead, of Tring, Herts. Her baptismal certificate may be seen at Mr. Tompkins, registrar, Tring—Your obedient servant, ARTHUR LOMLEY.—Newspaper, Herts. Aug. 14."

On Saturday evening the first anniversary of the Brighton Aquarium was celebrated by a dinner given in the Brighton Pavilion to a distinguished party of guests. It was stated in one of the speeches that during the past year 68,000 persons have visited the Brighton Aquarium, exclusive of annual subscribers; so that the popularity of this important undertaking is already abundantly demonstrated.

## AN INFAMOUS OUTRAGE--THE LATEST SPECIMEN OF "LIVE JOURNALISM."

The Career of the *San Francisco Chronicle* furnishes a curious proof that in this community a brace of vulgar and ignorant scamps, possessed of a fair endowment of impudence and cunning, and having control of the columns of a cheap newspaper, may, for a time, at least, successfully defy both public sentiment and the criminal law. Its conductors seem to be rogues, belonging to that class for which decency has no restraints, the courts no terrors, and justice no whip. During their entire journalistic career; from the time of the bogus-extra rascally down to the adventurous swindle (with perjury as one of its concomitants) in the street assessment advertising cases, though their little "enterprises" have frequently engaged the attention of the Grand Jury, we believe that no indictment has ever been found. At any rate, they have thus far managed, by luck or cunning superior to that of less pernicious malefactors like the Brothertons, to keep outside of the penitentiary. Their last achievement in the line of sensational journalism, is one which we should imagine that the meanest and most malignant devil of Dante's hell would be ashamed of. An inexperienced young man, with no head for business, undertakes to dabble in stocks and speedily gets beyond his depth. Waking up to the peril of his situation, he becomes bewildered, and in his efforts to extricate himself he is betrayed into errors which malice may easily exaggerate into crimes. The young man belongs to a good family, and has always up to the time of his entanglement borne an irreproachable character. He has a father, who occupies a conspicuous and honorable position in the community, a gentleman of high culture, of sensitive feelings and kindly disposition, who never willingly injured a human being. He has a mother who idolizes him, a young wife and children, who must be sharers in whatever of good or evil befalls him. If he can but extricate himself from the net in which he has become entangled by his imprudence, he may yet retrieve his errors and enter upon a new career, strengthened by good resolutions and made wiser by the memory of past folly. Aided by his father and his friends, he is working manfully to this end, when the *Chronicle*, needing a sensation article for its Sunday issue, pounces upon him as a victim. It matters not that the affair is stale; that those who have been the chief sufferers by the young man's errors make no accusation against him; that most of those who have incurred pecuniary losses have been paid, and that efforts are being made to pay all.—It matters not that the blow aimed at him must pierce so many innocent bosoms. The proprietors of the "live paper" are not sentimentalists that they should pause with a "sensation item" just within their grasp, to consider how much anguish they may cause, what hearts they may break, or what lives they may blast. The denizens of the slums and bagnios must be furnished with their regular Sunday dish of spiced offal, or what will become of the reputation of the "live paper?" But the simple facts in this case are not sufficiently scandalous or exciting to gratify the depraved appetites for which the "Sunday issue" attempts to cater, and accordingly a literary scavenger is employed to "work it up"—that is, to distort, exaggerate, misrepresent, and make the narrative "spicy" with such vulgar humor, vile innuendo, and ribald wit as shall render it palatable to the proletarian rabble. The scavenger sets to work, and the job is done in a style worthy of the defunct *Mazeppa* or its rival, the *Varieties*. There are eleven display lines of top headings, in which occur such phrases as "Fallen from Grace," "Startling Discovery of Extensive Defalcation," "A Ruined Family," "Modus Operandi of the Frauds Described." Then follows the pretended "exposé," written in beastly style and well seasoned with lies. A paper that is capable of such an act is a disgrace to the community that tolerates it, and if the law furnishes no remedy against its outrages, we fear its victims will sooner or later resort to a violent and bloody one. Yet so extreme a step is not necessary. The most terrible revenge which a person calumniated by the "live paper" could take would be to reply by publishing the true history of its proprietors. Meantime it is gratifying to know that the object of the infamous attack referred to has the sympathy of the entire community, while the conductors of the slanderous sheet that perpetrated the outrage are universally denounced.

## JAY COOKE & CO.

The late failure of Jay Cooke & Co. gives us an insight into the peculiarly uncertain state of our commercial integrity. Here is a firm hitherto supposed to be away above anything like a failure, whose name alone was good for millions of dollars, smashed, we fear, almost hopelessly. Like the sinking of a big ship, it swamps all the little crafts around it with the waves it creates, and we hear already of some six firms who go under with it. The intelligence of this great failure came upon our business men like a thunder-clap, and doubtless its effects will be seen in our own midst, and crop out in places least expected. The North Pacific Railroad is said to be the immediate cause of this financial disaster, but at present nothing definite is known. This at any rate we know, that a firm holding probably the highest business standing in New York, Philadelphia and England, has failed, and when firms like this fail, the public naturally inquire "Who next?" and the effect upon the money market is, of course, depressing.



## PERSONAL JOURNALISM.

A bombastic generation chants the march of improvement, and its chief refrain is, freedom of the press. As a rule, the *News Letter* inclines rather to gay than grave, to lively than severe. Yet there are times when serious evils move us to wrath, and our seal of disapproval is set just now upon that ulcer in the side of progress—personal journalism. We do not realize how insidious and certain have been the works of this rampant intruder, until we learn from a glance at circulation lists, that those papers are considered jejune and unreadable which are too respectable to bristle with sensational points gleaned from the privacy of family circles and inner lives. Time was when a man's home was his castle; but now, they who would be ignominiously ejected from the drawing room, penetrate to the closet, where hangs the family skeleton, open wide the doors that all the world may see, and rattle the bones that all the world may hear. Time was, when such stories appearing, names were disguised in accommodating blanks, or at most in unoffending initials. Now they are given uncompromisingly complete. The man of acute feeling who shrinks sensitively into privacy awakes to find his name in huge capitals, his doings in long paragraphs, and himself the theme of every breakfast table. Youthful indiscretions are dug from under the kindly drifts of accumulated years, polished by practiced hands, and held to the searching light of publicity that friends and family may be dazed with their unwelcome glitter. Stories that had best be forgotten, or at least unrecorded, are given with enlargements and additions for a greedy public to swallow, knowing well that every detail has been gathered in the sloughs of disgraceful weakness. A black sheep in an honorable family is their favorite prey. The prayers of a father, the tears of a mother, the grief of shame-bowed sisters they disregard. A flashy heading, a sensational column, an extra sale or two must be considered before all the grief and shame, and the higher the social altitude and the more respectable the surroundings the greater their stock in trade. Many a girl whose feet might have been timely stayed in the downward path, has been moved to recklessness and defiance through the rash publicity of personal journalism. Many a young man who would have repented and expiated a first fault, has been moved to further sinning in the same way. It is said that we live in a fast age, when energies and enthusiasms die early, and that stimulants alone will revivify them. Let the sated appetites of the reading public be regaled with tales of dangers by flood and field, of murders most foul, of wars and fires, and disasters by sea and shore. Let the men who have wittingly placed themselves before the public, and their names at the point of the journalist's pen, be written about and joked about, criticised and laughed over, but let the sensational marauders be displaced from the family hearthstone, upon which they have taken their uninvited stand. Personal journalism should be frowned upon, discouraged, unpatronized. It is every man's duty; for no man knows when it may attack himself or his family. Like a boil, it is unexpected in its attack and irritating beyond endurance; like an ulcer, its discharge is continuous and vile; like a leech, it fastens itself, and may not be displaced until it is gorged; and, like a leech, too, it can vomit forth its horrible meal at will, and return with fresh unction to batten upon its familiar food.

## WATER AND GAS.

A morning journal suggested during the week that the city proceed immediately to the laying of pipes and the manufacture of gas, to be dispensed at popular prices. This is precisely the step which we have persistently and untiringly advised for many months, only that, as water is a more absolute and immediate necessity, we have urged that attention be first directed that way. If the gas monopoly has been hateful and oppressive, what is to be said of the water monopoly, which has carried matters with such high hand that it has almost forced the city to the payment of a large sum of money to which the company had no legal right. If we refuse to pay exorbitant gas bills, they can shut off the gas, and we are greatly inconvenienced; but we still live. If the water supply is shut off, as was boldly threatened, what is to become of us? Artificial light in some form is easily procured; artificial water is an impossibility. If the gas be poor in quality and scant in quantity, what is to be said of the water, which comes from a region so thoroughly exhausted that it is uncertain what day the supply may give out altogether, yet for which the directors demand a modest ten millions. In the numberless issues of the *News Letter* we have called the attention of the Supervisors and the public to this abuse, and to the manner of its easiest and speediest remedy. We have advised the laying of pipes and the building of water works which shall belong to the city alone, and have urged the issuance of bonds therefor. We have pronounced against the idea of negotiating with Spring Valley for its worn out works and drained supply, when there are numerous water sources so immeasurably superior in that the water is clear and good, and the supply sure and unending. Water is our first and most crying need, and should receive the first attention. The ways of gas collectors and gas meters are queer indeed, but those of water measurements and collectors are beyond understanding altogether. When our citizens are rejoicing in an abundance of water, good, plentiful and cheap, the gas question will not long be a vexed one. It is but the first step which counts. When the city begins to lay water pipes they will not be long without gas pipes to keep them company. Let the newly elected opposers to monopolies once take these things in hand and we shall not long continue to pay out the major portion of our revenues for light and water.





## LONELY.

Sitting lonely, ever lonely,	By the firelight's fitful gleaming
Waiting! waiting for one only,	I am dreaming, I am dreaming;
Thus I count the weary moments passing	And the rain is slowly falling all around;
by;	And voices that are nearest,
And the heavy evening gloom	Of friends the best and dearest,
Gathers slowly in the room,	Appear to have a strange and distant
And the chill November darkness dims the	sound.
sky,	Now the weary wind is sighing,
Now the countless busy feet	And the murky day is dying,
Cross each other in the street,	And the withered leaves lie scattered round
And I watch the faces flitting past my door;	my door:
But the step that lingered nightly,	But that voice, whose gentle greeting
And the hand that rapped so lightly,	Set this heart so wildly beating,
And the face that beamed so brightly,	At each fond and frequent meeting,
Come no more.	Come no more!

## TRAGEDY ON BOARD A SHIP.

A communication from Smyrna, of the 4th, has the following: "A fearful tragedy at sea has just been brought to light here. On Sunday last one of the small native coasting crafts came dashing up against the *Cerigo Quay* at Smyrna, in a manner which led to the belief that she had been abandoned. On boarding her, the dead body of an elderly man, who appeared to be the captain, was found on deck. The body was much hacked about the head, being nearly severed from the trunk, and the clothes torn and in disorder, leaving the impression that a severe struggle had taken place. Near the remains was found a large hammer, smeared with blood. A little boy, under ten years, lay wrapped in a sail close by. He was uninjured, but appeared to be stupefied, and nothing intelligible could be elicited from him. The craft was partly loaded with a cargo of melons, but no papers whatever could be discovered. The same evening the small steamer, on its way to Cordelio, fell in with another body at sea, fearfully mutilated. The public was still lost in conjectures respecting this strange event, when, on Wednesday morning, a Russian monk presented himself at the Consulate here, and asked for an interview with the Consul. He said that he had embarked at Scio for Smyrna, in company with a Persian, on board a coasting *tchirnek* manned by two men, with a little boy. Some hours before doubling Point James Castle, the monk overheard a conversation between the Persian and the captain. The Persian said that the monk had about him a sum of several hundred pounds in gold, besides some bank notes, and proposed that they should murder him for the purpose of obtaining possession of the money, the other sailor to be at the same time got rid of. The captain agreed, and it was arranged that the Persian should go below to bed, so as to divert suspicion.

The conversation took place in Turkish; but the monk is perfect master of six languages, and understood perfectly all that was said. He did not lose his presence of mind, but took up his position in a careless and indifferent way near the bows, divested himself of his clothes, and said to the captain, who was at the helm, that it was so hot he would sleep on deck in preference to going down below. "Sleep in peace," said the skipper, "I will take care and wake you when we get to Smyrna." They were at the time not very distant from the coast, and the Russian, availing himself of the chance, slipped over the side and swam in safety to the shore. He landed at Ayon-Georgiu, Tiflis, and then made his way to Smyrna. The Consul at once communicated this statement to the Turkish authorities, and on the police making inquiries at the Persian rendezvous Agen-Khan, they found that a Persian had arrived there from Scio on the previous day. On the monk being confronted with this Persian, he at once identified his fellow-traveler on board the coasting-craft. The Persian, of course, was arrested, and the stolen money belonging to the monk was found amongst his effects. He has since made a full confession of his crime, and his story is that, after waiting for some time below, as arranged, he had gone up on deck, and finding the priest gone, believed that the captain had facilitated his evasion. High words ensued, and the Persian murdered the captain with the hammer. He killed the sailor also, and threw his body into the sea. He wrapped the boy round and round in a sail, thinking to suffocate him. He then ransacked the vessel, and taking all the money he could find, including the large sum found in the pocket of the monk, made his way to the shore in a small boat which the coasting craft dragged in its wake. This story may read like an emanation from the morbid fancy of an Edgar Allan Poe, but it is in all particulars exact in its grim and literal truth."

"My Gal" is the name of a very popular song, sung by Billy Manning at the Alhambra. "Watching and Waiting," a new song, words and music by J. Ford, of Philadelphia, is very pretty. We have received copies of the above of Sherman & Hyde, corner Sutter and Kearny. They are now publishing the schottische of "My Gal," which will be ready in a few days.

### THE DOOM OF SIR CLOUDESLEY SHOVEL.

In *Traditions of Hearthside Stones of Cornwall*, by William Bottrill Trenchard, we have a tradition of the fate of Sir Cloudeley Shovel, who now lies in Westminster Abbey, and of his crew, shipwrecked in 1707, as he neared the coast with his fleet from Toulon. There are many Cornish men of threescore years of age who believe the story now:

"The day before the Admiral's ship was wrecked, one of the crew, who was a native of Scilly, and well acquainted with the channel, represented to Sir Cloudeley that the course the ship was taking would bring her on Scilly rocks. The Admiral and his officers were incensed at the man's interference; and, because he persisted in affirming that the ship's way was wrong, and would bring them to destruction, Sir Cloudeley Shovel—rather summarily, one might now think—condemned the man to be hanged for insubordination and endeavoring to excite a mutiny. When the poor fellow was tied to the mast, preparatory to his being suspended by his neck from the yard-arm, he begged, as a last favor, that a psalm might be read before his execution.

His request being granted, he selected the 109th, and repeated certain imprecationary portions of it after the reader; and the last words he uttered were to the effect that Sir Cloudeley Shovel and those who saw him hanged should never reach the land alive. His body, shrouded in a hammock, with a shot to sink it, was cast into the deep, and but little heed paid to the dying sailor's sentence. Shortly after, however, the sky, which had been gloomy all day, became much darker, black, lowering clouds hung over the fleet like a funeral pall, and the gale rose to a violent tempest. Then the hanged man's curse was dreaded; and lo! to the crew's consternation, they beheld his corse—divested of its rude winding-sheet—floating near the doomed ship, which it closely followed, with its face turned towards her—in another varying course, through eddying currents—until she struck on the Gilstone, when the hanged man went down with the ship and his messmates."

In the wreck of the Admiral's ship, the *Association*, and other vessels, 2,000 men are said to have perished. The Admiral's body came ashore, and was recognized by the diamond ring on his finger. There is, by the way, a story of the Admiral falling a victim to the wreckers who infested the coast.

### CHINA AND THE PANTHAYS.

The Rangoon correspondent of the *London Times* gives some particulars of the capture by the Chinese of the Panthay cities Talfoo and Momen. Talfoo, he says, appears to have succumbed in February last to an army of 200,000 Chinese, who invested it for some months before it finally fell. The treachery of a Panthay officer at length enabled the Chinese army to enter between the outer fortifications and the town itself, and from this time the investment became complete, and the days of Talfoo were numbered. The Chinese general is said to have led Soleiman to believe that if he surrendered himself the town and population would be spared. At any rate Soleiman poisoned his three wives and all his children, and then, having entered his palanquin, ordered his bearers to convey him to the Chinese camp. But he must have taken poison before he started, for upon arrival at the camp his dead body was found in the palanquin. The Chinese general despatched the body, and sent the head preserved in honey to Peking. All his attendants who had come out with him, besides another embassy that appeared later to treat for surrender, were beheaded, and eventually the city was entered at the end of February last, and every Mohammedan man, woman and child remorselessly massacred. A Panthay's idea of numbers is hardly trustworthy, but there is every reason to believe that between 40,000 and 50,000 people were killed. After the taking of Talfoo, the victorious army marched for Momen, and taking all the smaller towns in their way, finally stormed Momen on May 25th, and massacred those who were not fortunate enough to get away.

### STOCK.

There are not many words susceptible of more varied significations than that at the head of this notice. In old days it was chiefly applied to farms and graziers, or people said that so-and-so came of a good stock, and there were still stocks that soldiers wore to make them upright, and garden-stocks that smell so sweet, and Delaware has its public stocks for the legs of sinners, and we have mining stocks, and heaven knows how many wild cat or other money-making or losing contrivances; but for the stock of stocks, the exposure of all eyes, feminine or masculine, commend us to the present stock of the White House. Their Fall stock, to wit, which is more varied, more beautiful, chosen with more taste, and sold cheaper than ever. This house has its eyes all over the world, and when it sees the right thing it is bound to be forwarded to the White House.

**Incorporated Yesterday.**—The California Oleamarzarine Manufacturing Company, for manufacturing oleamarzarine from fat, extracting its product, etc. Capital, \$300,000; 3,000 shares at \$100 each. Trustees—West Evans, Vernon Seaman, Frank A. Davis, C. T. Wheeler, Charles Miller, Charles G. Athearn.

### ALFALFA AS A GOLD MINE.

We have frequently called the attention of our readers in the interior to the great value of alfalfa as a most productive and remunerative crop. Its yield per acre is really immense, and can be harvested, on an average, three times per year. It is the most nutritious clover grass ever sown. In Kern County the farmers are very active in its production, and the *Courier*, of Bakersville, calls for renewed exertion. That journal says that "land is now offered for rent to suit parties, on easy terms." It is well known that the *News Letter* is the avowed opponent of all agrarian schemes, communistic dodges, and like bosh, which threatens to disturb the natural law governing capital and labor. We believe in doing everything in a solid and substantial way, and have not failed to denounce the custom already too prevalent in this State of land renting. If the Bakersville paper had said that land was for sale, instead of for rent, on easy terms, we believe that every Californian and every immigrant intending to come to California would find Kern County much more attractive. It is not the nature of the Anglo-Saxon to be a serf, and we are not afraid to avow that a mere "renter" takes but little more interest in the soil than a serf. Let the great land owners offer their estates for sale at reasonable prices by the fifty, one hundred, or two hundred acres, to actual settlers, and we warrant that there will be no lack of substantial immigrants. Then will the raising of alfalfa be as a gold mine, and other crops likewise. This is good "horse sense," divested of all poetry.

### A HUMAN TABLE.

In the Italian section of the Vienna Exhibition Dr. Marini exhibits, among an assortment of human feet, hands, legs, arms, and busts of shriveled proportions and deep-brown color, a large, round plateau, evidently of hard and polished material, which has been likened to stale gelatine or potted boar's head. It is a conglomerate of specimens, illustrative of an art invented by him—the petrification and mummification of human corpses. It was this very Dr. Marini who petrified Mazzini, and executed his work so well that the admirers of the arch-conspirator proposed to set up the corpse on the Capitol, and save economical Italy the expense of a statue. The doctor's preparations are weather-proof, and will not only stand wear, but take on a high degree of polish. His mummified specimens, by a process known to him alone, can be restored to their original size and elasticity; while the petrified ones are as hard, and possibly as durable as granite. The top slab of the table is composed of muscles, fat, sinews, and glandular substance—all petrified together in a block, the surface of which has been planed and polished till its face resembles marble. Certificates from Nealon and other distinguished surgeons are attached to the specimen limbs, setting forth that the limbs in question had, for the satisfaction of the certifiers, been restored to their pristine softness and pliancy by Dr. Marini.—*The Lancet*.

### D. D's.

Our Presbyterian brothers have been much shocked at a proposal, by an erring and untitled divine, to drop the prefix of D. D. It was, to say the least of it, an envious proposition, but it at any rate shows us that these followers of "the meek and lowly Jesus" have not yet divested themselves of the "poms and vanities of this wicked world." Like most Californian, nay, American titles, the D. D. does not amount to a row of pins, and is, in nine cases out of ten, a kind of brevet rank, indiscriminately bestowed upon gospel slingers, from the howler who presides at a camp meeting to the demure and, in some cases, erudite Episcopalian. The one clings to his borrowed plumes even more tenaciously than the other, but still the same "old leaven" is seen in both. For our own part, if a man honestly earns his D. D., we say let him by all means have it, and travel on it, if he can; but any intelligent man without snobbism would see at a glance that the D. D. of to-day is not worth the extra ink required to write it down.

### BOSS TWEED.

This New York financier has thought fit to honor our coast with a visit, no doubt with the idea that he can combine profit with pleasure. He travels with a party of eight, including several ladies, and will, of course, do the Big Trees, Yosemite, etc. The air of California, we hope, will do the late N. Y. Alderman some good, after his late troubles. No doubt if there had been enough to make here he would have come before election day, have run for Supervisor or Mayor, and we should have had the benefit of his financial genius. Thank God, he didn't think it worth his while.

£3 5s. to Liverpool direct.—This is the rate of freight paid for two grain ships to-day—the ships *Eric the Red* and *St. Marks*—both chartered at same rate. Both came here in ballast, the former from Ireland, and the latter from Callao.



A lady correspondent in London writes as follows:—Some curious combinations in spots and stripes are being shown as the newest fashions from Paris; but I think the style too *outré* to find much favor, except with those ladies who pride themselves on being eccentric in their costumes. I saw the trousseau of a bride a few days ago, and some of the dresses had come from Worth's and were very stylish, though some were equally ugly in my eyes, the spotted and striped costume particularly. It was of brown and white silk; the skirt was striped, the stripes being about an inch wide, and the skirt was trimmed with two flounces around the bottom, one spotted and one striped; above the spotted one, which was uppermost, was a broad band of brown silk, and two upright plaits to match the flounces. The tunic was spotted, trimmed with bands of the striped silk, and was of a very pretty shape. It was cut with a long square waistcoat front, and the skirt of it was quite open in front and square at the points. The back was very much rounded and well puffed out at the waist, where it was supported by a broad and soft silk sash, which hung more like China crape than ribbon. The bonnet was brown, dotted with white daisies; and the boots had tiny white buttons up the front. Another of the dresses was at once curious and very stylish. The skirt (a long train) was of white silk, very thick and rich, trimmed with a curious plaited trimming in which each plait looked twisted from the middle. Over this there was quite a new style of polonaise, called I believe a *surtout*. It was cut in the Princess shape behind, and the front was double-breasted, and the sides crossed each other. A square waistcoat appeared below the bodice in front, and the sleeves were of the old-fashioned coat shape, with a deep cuff. This *surtout* was in a very rich shade of blue, splendidly embroidered, and it had a ruffled bar of white silk, very high in the back and tapering down to a point at the bottom of the opening of the bodice, where a bar of blue and white silk finished the costume. The rage for blue linen for seaside wear is extending to hats; ladies wear hats trimmed with it, and hats made of it after the fashion of drawn bonnets twenty years ago. These last look remarkably like children's sun-hats, and more eccentric than pretty. An article in the *trousseau* I spoke of above was a very costly and beautiful white crape polonaise, embroidered with what looked like pearl beads. An exquisite pattern of vine leaves and grapes went all round the skirt and sleeves, and a deep fringe edged the whole, every knot of which was a larger pearl. The effect was extremely light and elegant, but the cost of it was something fabulous. I saw some very pretty nick-nacks in majolica ware the other day, quite new in design, I was told. One was a bachelor's or breakfast urnet, and was certainly original, to say the least of it. The whole looked like a pretty chimney ornament, and consisted of the stump of an old tree, an owl, and a squirrel, very natural and well colored. The tree stump held the salt, the spoon within it looked like a twig; the owl became a mustard pot, when his head was taken off, and the pepper was obtained through little holes at the back of the squirrel's head. The contrivance to keep the owl and squirrel in their places formed a part of the old tree, and the whole thing was excessively pretty. A new fancy has arisen this season for ladies to cover their parasols, and gentlemen their umbrellas with white linen and brown Holland cases. They are made with a ring in the top for the point of the stick to pass through, and elastic loops at every seam for the ends of the ribs. They are very ugly and clumsy looking.

It must have been edifying to see the word multiplying Swift and the fiery Tired disputing before the Dolly Varden forlorn hope, convened at Sacramento, as to the policy of nominating a judicial ticket. Swift acted his part so naturally that the innocents, who didn't know the programme, thought he meant what he said. But, in fact, Swift had hard work to keep his face straight. Bless you! he isn't fool enough to dream of running any one against Sam. Dwinelle.

The greatest discovery of modern times is the famous X Twisha X, or Nevada Hair Restorer. It has been tried by thousands, and pronounced to be the finest preparation for the hair ever made. Its action is mild but effective. It produces no irritation of the skin, acting directly upon the roots of the hair. It turns a scant crop of scattered hairs into a luxuriant head of hair in a remarkably short time. All drug stores keep it. Ask for it, and try it.

H. B. M.'s ship *Tenedos*, Captain Kay, commanding, left Esquimaux on the 15th inst., for San Francisco, having Vice-Admiral Hillyar and staff on board. The Admiral is en route for England.

There are various stations in life, but the least desirable is a police station.

## PRICES OF MINING STOCKS.

Highest Quotations for Three Days of the Week ending Sept. 19, 1873.

NAME OF STOCK.	MON.	WEDS	FRI'Y	NAME OF STOCK.	MON.	WEDS	FRI'Y
Adams Hill.....	—	—	—	Justice.....	7½	7	6¾
Alpha.....	25	—	22	Kentuck.....	11½	10½	10¾
Alps.....	½	—	—	Kentucky.....	—	—	—
Amador Tunnel.....	—	—	—	Knickerbocker.....	3½	3¾	3¾
American Flag.....	3¾	3½	—	Kossuth.....	—	—	—
Arizona & Utah.....	1¼	—	1½	Louise.....	—	—	—
Arkansas.....	—	—	—	Lower Comstock.....	¾	—	—
Alamo.....	—	—	—	Mahogany.....	8½	8	—
American Flat.....	4¼	5¼	5½	Mammoth.....	¾	—	—
Bacon.....	—	—	—	Meadow Valley.....	17½	17¼	—
Baltimore Consolidated.....	7¼	8¾	7½	Minnesota.....	16	—	—
Belcher.....	66	65	66½	Newark.....	7¼	6¾	—
Belmont.....	2	1½	—	New York Consolidated.....	1	—	—
Bullion.....	—	—	—	Noonday.....	—	—	—
Best & Belcher.....	6	—	5¼	Occidental.....	—	—	—
Buckeye.....	—	—	—	Ophir.....	69	52	55
Caledonia.....	21	19¼	19	Orig'l Hidden Treasure.....	7	7¼	—
Cederberg.....	—	—	—	Overman.....	8	7½	7¼
Central.....	11½	8½	9	Original Gold Hill.....	3	3	4½
Charter Oak.....	—	—	—	Page & Panaca.....	1	1½	—
Chapman.....	—	—	—	Pea Vine.....	—	—	—
Chief of the Hill.....	90	—	—	Phoenix.....	15	—	—
Chief East Extension.....	—	—	—	Pictou.....	¾	1¼	—
Chollar.....	43½	39	40	Pioche.....	4¾	4¾	—
Columbus.....	—	—	—	Pioche West.....	—	—	—
Confidence.....	6¾	6½	6¼	P Phoenix.....	—	—	—
Cons. Gold Hill Quartz.....	102	101	100	Raymond & Ely.....	71	71½	—
Consolidated Virginia.....	—	—	—	Revenue Consolidated.....	—	—	—
Cook & Geyer.....	88	88	88½	Rye Patch.....	9¾	10¾	—
Crown Point.....	—	—	—	Red Jacket.....	2¾	—	—
Central No. 2.....	—	—	—	Savage.....	51	45	47
Consolidated Amador.....	—	—	—	Seg. Belcher.....	34	—	35
Daney.....	1¾	1¼	—	Sierra Nevada.....	14	11¾	12
Eclipse.....	3	—	—	Silver Peak.....	1	—	—
El Dorado.....	—	½	—	Silver Hill.....	15½	15½	15½
Empire Mill.....	4¼	3¾	3¾	Silver Mountain.....	—	—	—
Empire, Idaho.....	—	—	—	Sterling.....	—	—	2
Eureka Consolidated.....	12½	12½	—	Southwest Consolidated.....	—	—	—
Eureka, G. V.....	20	—	—	Silver Chariot.....	—	—	—
Exchequer.....	—	8	—	South Overman.....	—	—	—
Globe.....	—	—	¾	St. Patrick.....	—	—	—
Golden Chariot.....	27	25½	—	South Comstock.....	—	—	—
Gould & Curry.....	13	11¾	12	Succor.....	—	—	—
G. H. Quartz.....	—	2¼	—	Tecumseh.....	—	—	—
Hale & Norcross.....	30	28¾	28¾	Tyler.....	¾	1	90
Hermes.....	—	¾	—	Union Consolidated.....	2½	1¾	1¾
Huhn & Hunt.....	—	¾	—	Utah.....	1¼	—	—
Hayes.....	4½	4½	—	Washington & Creole.....	—	2½	—
Ida Elmore.....	5½	5¼	—	Washoe.....	—	—	—
Imperial.....	5¼	4½	4½	Woodville.....	1	1	1
Independent.....	1½	—	—	Wellington.....	—	—	—
Ingomar.....	20	¾	—	Yellow Jacket.....	51½	48	47½
Insurance.....	—	—	—	Yule Gravel.....	—	—	—
Ivanhoe.....	—	—	—				
Jackson.....	—	17½	—				
Julia.....	1¾	—	1¾				

When a stock has not been dealt in on any one of the three tabulated days, the last price is given, distinguished thus \*. + Buyer 30.

## PRICES OF LEADING STOCKS AND GOVERNMENT BONDS.

SAN FRANCISCO.....Sept. 19, 1873.

Stocks and Bonds.	Bid.	Ask.	Stocks and Bonds.	Bid.	Ask.
U. S. Bonds, 5-20s 1865-7-8.....	103¾	104¾	Nat'l Gold B'k & Trust Co.....	124	125
U. S. Bonds, 5-20s 1864.....	101	102	Oakland 10s.....	105	107
U. S. Bonds, 5-20s 1862.....	101	102	Spring Valley Water Co.....	83	85
Legal Tender Notes.....	88	8¾	Omnibus Railroad Company.....	40	45
California State Bonds, 7s '67.....	100	—	Central Railroad Company.....	—	—
S. F. City Bonds, 6s, 1855.....	95	98	N. B. and Mission R. R. Co.....	50	52½
S. F. City and Co. Bonds, 6s, '58.....	93	95	Front St., M. and O. R. R. Co.....	16	18
San Francisco City Bonds, 7s.....	100	—	Fireman's Fund Insurance Co.....	50	60
Sacramento City Bonds.....	30	32½	Merchant's Mutual M. Ins. Co.....	65	70
Sacramento County Bonds, 6s.....	75	—	California Insurance Co.....	80	85
Yuba County Bonds, 8s.....	92	96	Union Insurance Co.....	90	98
Santa Clara Bonds, 7s.....	93	95	Pacific Bank.....	87½	90
San Mateo County Bonds, 7s.....	90	—	The Bank of California.....	127½	130
San Francisco Gas Light Co.....	70	70	Pioneer L'd & L'n Association.....	100	100

WOODS &amp; FREEBORN, Brokers, cor. California and Leidesdorff streets.

## LATEST PRICES OF IMPORT AND EXPORT STAPLES.

METALS.		PRICES.		TEAS.		PRICES.	
Pig Iron, Scotch, No. 1...	\$50 00	@	52 50	Japan...	\$	26 00	75
Bar Iron, assorted, # D...	— 3	@	— 1	Oolong...	— 50	@	85
Metal Sheathing, # D...	— 24	@	25	SUGARS.			
Tin Plates, 1 C, # box...	13 00	@	14 00	China, No. 1, # D...	— 9	@	9 1/2
Tin Plates, 1 X, # box...	14 00	@	15 00	Sandwich Island...	— 6 1/2	@	9 1/2
Lead, Pig, # D...	— 6	@	6 1/2	Manila...	— 1	@	7 1/2
Lead, Sheet, # D...	— 9	@	10	Crushed, American...	— 11	@	11 1/2
Bunch Tin, # D...	— 26	@	38	Muscovado...	— 7	@	8
Quicksilver...	1 10	@	—	Peruvian...	— 7	@	8
COAL.				CANDLES.			
West Hartley, # ton...	11 00	@	11 50	Sperm Wax, # D...	— 30	@	42
Australian...	9 00	@	9 50	Adamantine...	— 13	@	18
Cumberland...	22 00	@	25 50	SPIRITUOUS LIQUORS.			
Anthracite...	12 00	@	14 00	Whisky, American...	1 25	@	4 00
Bellingham Bay...	8 50	@	—	Whisky, Scotch...	5 00	@	5 50
Mount Diablo...	6 50	@	8 50	Whisky, Irish...	5 00	@	5 50
COFFEE.				Alcohol, American...	2 00	@	2 10
Guatemala, # D...	— 22	@	23	Rum, Jamaica...	1 30	@	25
Java, Old Government...	— 25	@	26	Brandy, French...	4 00	@	10 00
Manila...	—	@	21	BAGS AND BAGGING.			
Costa Rica...	—	@	22	Chicken Gunnies, 200-D...	—	@	20
RICE.				Gunny Bags in bales...	—	@	20
China, No. 1, # D...	— 6 1/2	@	6 1/2	Burlap Bags...	— 12	@	12 1/2
China, No. 2...	— 5 1/2	@	5 1/2	Hessian, 40-inch, # yard...	— 9 1/2	@	10
Hawian...	— 6 1/2	@	7 1/2	DOMESTIC STAPLES.			
WINES.				Wool, # D...	— 12	@	23
Champagne, # doz...	20 00	@	25 00	Tallow...	— 1 1/2	@	7
Port, according to brand,				Hides...	— 18	@	19 1/2
# gallon...	2 00	@	6 75	Wheat, # 100 lbs...	2 15	@	2 35
Sherry, do. do...	1 75	@	7 00	Barley...	1 15	@	1 35
OIL.				Oats...	1 75	@	1 95
Coal and Kerosene...	— 32 1/2	@	40	Flour, # 196 lbs...	6 00	@	7 50

## SAN FRANCISCO POSTOFFICE.

MAILS FOR	CLOSE.		ARRIVE.	
	A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.
* Sundays excepted.				
Alameda...	6:30	...	...	9:00
Antioch, Black Diamond, etc...	...	1:00	...	12:00
Benicia and Rio Vista (by C P R R Co.'s steamers)...	...	3:15	...	9:00
Cloverdale and Coast Points...	...	5:15	10:30	...
Eureka...	...	1:10	12:00	...
Napa Route via Vallejo...	...	3:40	12:00	...
Northern California, Oregon and Washington Territory...	6:30	...	...	9:00
Oakland...	6:30	3:40	...	1:00
Overland...	6:30	...	...	9:00
Petaluma and Coast Points...	...	1:15	...	12:30
Sacramento via Vallejo...	...	7:15	3:40	12:30
San Rafael...	...	9:15	...	9:00
San Jose...	...	7:55	4:10	9:30
Southern California and Arizona...	...	1:35	...	6:00
Stockton via Western Pacific Railroad...	6:30	3:10	3:00	9:00
Vallejo and Benicia...	...	7:15	3:00	12:40
Visalia, Kern and Tulare County...	...	1:30	...	9:00
Great Britain, Monday and Thursday...	...	1:00	...	3:00

MAILS DISPATCHED by sea-going steamers will be closed one hour before the advertised time of sailing of steamers.

GENERAL DELIVERY open daily from 8 a.m. till 6:30 p.m. On Sundays the office is open from 9 to 10 a.m. Postal Money Order Office open from 9 a.m. to 3 p.m. daily, except Sundays.

N. B. STONE, P. M.

# REAL ESTATE TRANSACTIONS.

Monday, August 18th.

GRANTOR TO GRANTEE.	DESCRIPTION.	PRICE
Wm Dunphy to Chas Kerr.....	Sw 1st av nw N st, 50x200; also, 2d av and M st, 200x130 .....	\$ 950
Alex Badlam, Jr, to C Hartson ....	¼ int com at 1 pt on Pacific Ocean high water line known as the nw corner of Golden Gate Park, th e about ¼ mile x n about ¼ mile, sub to a mort made by Ford & Badlam to S & L Society..	5
H W Fortune to Ernest Baruth...	W A blk 119 bounded by Vallejo, Broadway, Franklin and Gough.....	4,000
Willows L'd As'n to David Plate..	Nw cor Mission and 18th, 60x80.....	1,600
E Martin to John McCarthy.....	Hayes w Laguna, 25x120.....	8,500
Michael Levy to Marcus Feintuch.	6th se Howard, 25x80, subject to mortgage for \$5,000.....	500
S F Cen'l P H Asn to J Henderson	Lots 8 and 9, blk 546, S F Central P H'd	300
J W Henderson to Lewis Becker..	Same .....	155
Silver T H As'n to H Barroilhet ..	Lots 361 and 362, Silver Terrace H'd ..	446
Same to same .....	Lots 90 to 95 inc, same .....	

Tuesday, August 19th.

C F Robison to J W Winter .....	Valencia s 16th, 24x88.....	\$ 907
A Estensen to Samuel Bridgwood..	Lots 211 to 215 inc, Gift Map 4 .....	150
Jessie Holladay to H M Newhall ..	Sw cor V Ness Av and Sutter, 120x169.9	70,000
Wm Hayden to Pat'k Keinefick ..	Decatur se Bryant, 25x60 .....	500
S Michaels to Jonas B Jacobs .....	Re-record .....	
M Mendheim to Julia A F Smith..	Pacific e Buchanan, 34.4½x127.8¼ .....	6,500
B Pulverman to Rachel Pulverman	Howard n 20th, 45x122.6 .....	5
Joseph Clement to same .....	Howard n 20th, 45x122.6; also, Noe s 18th, 50x105 .....	5,800
Same to Bennet Pulverman .....	Capitol and Farralones, 200x125.....	2,000
John Hunter to T W Freelon .....	16th av n G, 50x100 .....	500
Buena Vista H'd to Marg Roberts.	Lot 10 blk 107, Buena Vista H'd.....	645
Wm Ware to Maurice Dore.....	Und ¾ n cor Beale and Bryant, 275x275	10
John S Doe to same .....	Und ¾, same .....	60,000
A Schlosset to John Lynch.....	Tehama sw 1st, 25x80.....	2,650
John Lynch to B J Shay .....	Same .....	5
E Hager to Michael Ryan .....	Lot 3 blk 262, Geary St Ex H'd .....	600
Patrick Tobin to James Boyle.....	Perry sw 4th, 25x87.....	2,300
Jas Linforth to S & L Soc'y.....	Guerrero n 22d, 61x117.6 .....	2,000

Wednesday, August 20th.

Fred McCrellish to Maurice Dore..	Market ne 6th, 137.6x170; also, se Stevenson ne 6th, 137.6x70 .....	\$ 10
Same to same .....	Sw Pine and Mason, 137.6x137.6; also, Cal'a w Montgomery, 25x102.6 .....	10
Same to Ellen M Hugg .....	Harrison ne 6th, 75x125, as her separate property .....	Gift
J McGregor to J W Mastick.....	Lots 775, 776, 778, Gift Map 2 .....	300
Annie O Tillson to T F Enright....	Mansell and Amherst, 129x50 .....	200
Edward F Hall, Jr, to Julius Frink	Lot 336, Precita Valley Lands .....	2,500
Same to same .....	Lot 23 blk 119, Hillside H'd .....	800
Abner Dobie to M Morrissey .....	Com 80 n Sac'to and 100 w Polk, 25x47.6	450
J K S Latham to J K Latham .....	11th av w M st, 100x100; also, 10th av w M st, 150x100; also, 10th av e L st, 75x200; also, ne cor 9th av and K st, 300x100; also, Hollis n O'Farrell, 25x90; also, York n 24th, 26x100; also, nw cor 15th and Guerrero, w 100, etc ....	5
Daniel Harris to J W Phillips .....	Howard s 15th, 60x125 .....	5



## Thursday, August 21st.

Silver Terrace H Asn to A Brownell	Lot 11, Silver Terrace H'd	\$ 475
Same to same	Lots 23 and 24, same	631
Same to same	Lot 342, same	355
Same to Wm W Brownell	Lots 340 and 341, same	711
Same to same	Lots 31 and 22	631
Jacob B Moore to James Benson	6th ee Brannan, 50x160	17
John Hare to H A Nickey	10th av w M st, 25x100, subj to mort \$700	800
R W Collins to Mrs M H Barker	Gough s Oak, 30x87.6	2,100
Martha H Barker to Dyonisia Hill	Same	5
Silver Terrace H A to G Groezinger	Lots 244 to 250 inc, Silver Terrace H'd	3,480
Same to same	Lots 240 and 241	701
Same to same	Lots 262 and 263	1,000
Same to same	Lots 141 and 142	632
Wm B Olds to E P Buckley	Pierce s Page, s 86.6, w 412.6, etc.	3,900
Hannah Ramehell to J H Ross	Farralones e Marengo, 25x125	450
J P Lull to H F Smith	Lots 1374 to 1376 inc, and 1397 to 1399 inc, Gift Map 3	300
G H Labohm to F Hellmuth	Sw cor Grove and Bartlett, 25x125	1,300
Wm B Olds to Maurice Uhlmann	Sw cor Page and Baker, 137.6x121.10x; also, Page w Baker, e 136.5, etc	6,000
C H Mead to Wm Bell	Santa Clara and Pennsylvania av, 100x50	3,000
Pt Lobos Av Hd Asn to E C Brown	Lot 96, blk 642, O L	350
Annis Melvill to Andrew Walker	Jackson w Mason, 93x80; also, Mason n Pacific, 63.8x45.9; also, Scott Pl n Pacific, 50x50; also, Green w Jones, 23x60; also, Powell s Chestnut, 22.6x60	10,000
L Barus to H F Smith	Lots 35 and 36, blk 210, Haley & O'Neil Tract; also, lots 30 31 32, blk 210, same	2,600
Stephen T King to L Barus	Same; also, lot 4 blk 210	5
Philip Bastan to City and Co of S F	Lombard e Janeen, e 25, s 49.6, etc	2,198
Stephen T King to H F Smith	Lots 30 and 34, blk 210, Haley & O'Neil	5

## Friday, August 22d.

D B Northrop to G W Grannis	Vallejo w Leav'th, 137.6x137.6	\$5,000
R W Collins to Florence Bernan	Oak w Gough, 55x120	1,485
E H Knight to S Warburton	Greenwich e Steiner, 64.2x120	1
M D Carr to Asa Fisk	Lot 39 blk 395, Great Park H'd	100
Wm Delaney to Wm McQueney	Nw Shipley sw 5th, 25x75	2,200
L Barris to Owen Crummy	Lot 4 blk 310, Haley & O'Neil	850
B C Horn to G B Seig	Pt Lobos Av and 27th, 50x125; also, B st e 2d Av, e 100, s 100, etc	5
G W Clark to Robert Merrill	Tehama sw 5th, sw 27, se 80, ne 25; etc	4,000
Robert Merrill to Osmond R Fosen	Same	2,900
Same to same	Same	300
J A Milne to O F Savings Bank	20th e Dolores, 50x114	3,426
Jas R Kelly to R F Osborn	Lot 2 blk 19, Market St H'd	
J H Moran to John Hill	Utah e Yolo, 25x100	290
Maurice Dore to Nicholas Skerrett	Ellis e Powell, 80x110	27,500
T J Kennedy to James Davis	Natoma ne 11th, 25x75	1,900
Peter Rogers to Reuben H Lloyd	Ellis e Mason, 37.6x89.6	13,000
Reuben H Lloyd to Lacetta Rogers	Same, as separate property	Gift

## Saturday, August 23d.

Thos Fadden to W F C Huen	Dolores n S S R R, n to s l of lots 4 and 5, blk 36, Fairmount T'ct, w 40, etc	\$ 1
Kate L Johnston to Henry Toomy	Se cor California and Gough, 137.6x137.6, subject to a mortgage	10,000
Sarah Moon to John Collins	Mission and Laskie, 102x56	800
City and Co of S F to John Mahan	Bay e Dupont, 45.10x137.6	prem
Same to Richard Kelsey	Harrison s 21st, 60x150	prem
Same to John Kentfield	Harrison and 21st, 65x150	prem
Same to H H Buhne	Harrison s 21st, 60x150	prem
Rachel Pulverman to Eliz Laver	E Howard 156.10 old survey and 153 new survey, n 20th, 45x122.6	5,800
James C Weir to Helen W Hart	Ellis e Polk, 27.6x120	9,000
Watson A Bray to C H Killey	Whole of blk 317 W A	1
Gilbert Palache to Jacques Traves	Re-record	
E Monneret to Catterina Monneret	S Green w Kearny, 20.3x137.6	Gift
J O Romer to Catherine M Bitter	S Waller w Fillmore, 25x120	800
Wm Hollis to M C Gimpel	E Pearl n Ridley, 30x80	1,400
David E Buel to Nina L Buel	Subdivision 100-v 74	Gift
W H Stephens to Home Mut Ins Co	Sundry lots in Outside Land Homesteads	11,849
Albert C Varney to J S Alemany	Vallejo w Dupont, 30x137.6	
J S Alemany to City & Co of S F	Vallejo e Stockton, e 21.6, etc	827
G V Castro to J J O'Shea	50-vara lot 3, blk 401, W A	500
New S S F H'd Asn to C Smidt	Lot 36, blk 157, New S S F H'd	500
N Smith to Henry Thomas	Mission s 18th, 60x122.7	1
T P Riordan to A P Alexander	DeHaro n Sonoma, 33.4x100	500

## Monday, August 25th.

City and County S F to L Dutertre.	Eldorado St and Potrero Av, 200x140...	prem
Andrew Walker to H M Merrill....	Jackson w Mason, 98x80; also, Mason n Pacific, 63:3x45:9; also, Scott Place n Pacific, 50x56; also, Green w Jones, 23x50; also, und $\frac{1}{2}$ Powells Chestnut, 22:6x60	Gift 950
W C Jackson to Catherine Guichet	Bryant av nw Bryant st, 25x75	1
C T H Palmer to C C Butler .....	Lot 1 blk 231, lot 1 blk 233, lots 186 blk 234, lot 4 blk 274, lot 5 blk 277, lot 8 blk 216; also, Bush e Laguna, 26x 137:6; also, nw cor Laguna & O'Farrell, 95:6x137:6	1
Wm Hollis to Louis Hemprich ....	E Pearl 190 n Ridley, 25x80.	2,800
Same to G W Rockwitz.....	E Pearl 165 n Ridley, 25x80.	2,800
C H Killey to Watson A Bray.....	Western Addition blk 517, bounded by Fillmore, Webster, Washington and Jackson, subject to mortgage	10,000
C T H Palmer to H M Newhall....	Lots 3 and 4, blk 275 W A.	1
J W Lowry to T F Enright .....	Amherst n Mansell, 120x50	150
Maurice Dore to Chas Crocker .....	Cal'a and Taylor, 137:6x275	27,000
T Johnson to Wm D Johnson .....	Re-record	
Wm Hollis to Dennis Kearney .....	W Pearl 225 n Ridley, 25x80	3,000
C F Hamikon to P F Lindberg .....	Lots 8 and 9 blk 844, W A, Presidio V H	1,000
R W Collins to F Junker.....	Gough s Oak, 30x87:6.	1,800
Wm D Johnson to Esther A Perry.	Bush w Mason, 23x80, subject to mortgage for \$4,600	5,500
A W MacPherson to I S Rosenbaum	N Geary w Hyde, 25x137:6	100
Peder Sather to Maurice Dore.....	Nw California and Taylor, 137:5x275.	10
F X Kast to Peter H Doncks.....	Ne corner Taylor and Scott, 27:6x120.	700
A E Fisher to Elizabeth Adsit.....	N Sutter, 68:9 e Jones, 68:9x80.	2,000

## Tuesday, August 26th.

S A Woodbury to Mrs Kate Adams	Five acres, com at mouth of Lobos Cr'k	\$1,000
Ernest Plesse to Conrad Lindner...	S Greenwich e Dupont, 24:6x43:6.	1,950
Robt C Johnson to G W Gibbs....	Undivided $\frac{1}{2}$ sw cor Battery and Pine, 137:6x45:10	5
Jeremiah Carroll to Mary Carroll..	N Fulton w Octavia, 27:6x120.	Gift.
Maurice Dore to W H L Barnes....	Nw Natoma ne 5th, 25x80.	4,000
Elizabeth Paul to Peter Casson....	Lots 1 and 8 blk 15, University Ex H'd.	1,200
Andrew Furlong to Michael Kelley	Lots 1 2 3 blk 1, Belle Roche City.	100
Vic'ne F S Mathews to H Gallagher	W Jones s Sacramento, w 40, etc, subject to mortgage for \$500	1,300
A W Baker to Natale Vanni.....	N Pacific e Larkin, 28:8x60	2,000
Geo A Abel to Christian Abel.....	Undivided half sw Oak Grove Ave, 209 se Harrison, 25x112.	1,550
E Charrierre to Chester W Wells..	E Stewart s Market, 20x45:10.	3,000
Engenie Charrierre to same.....	Same.	1
Sil Ter H A to D V Koopmanschap	Lot 76, Silver Terrace H'd.	315
Anne L Queller to R Wertheman..	S Jackson e Dupont, 40x80	13,500
R Wertheman to See Yeung Tong..	Same	15,000
S Hancock to Wm Abbott.....	S Tyler w Gough, 137:6x32.	3,000
John Lewelling to H M Newhall....	N Post w Van Ness Ave, 137:6x120.	15,650
Paul T't H'd Ass'n to Mary Mullen	Lot 12 block 52.	500
James L Watson to Jas Hackett....	N 24th, 100 w Guerrero, w 32:6x50	10
E S Welton to Anson Goldsmith ..	Sw cor California and Laguna, 137:6x 137:6; also, Pine w Laguna, 68:3x137:6; also, Sutter and Laguna, 137:6x137:6.	1
M Buzzini to Gandenzio Buzzini ..	Lot 4 blk 57, Paul-Tract H'd.	600
John Spaulding to C W M Smith....	Sac'to w Polk, w 46:9, n 80, subject to a mortgage for \$2,000.	800
David Callaghan to John Donohue	S Folsom w Fourth, 80x20; also, leasehold int 38 bl 328	800
Angela Feliz to Isabel de Franchini	Buri Buri Rancho, containing 14,639 aca	50
Masonic Cem Ass'n to S M Locke.	Lots 16 and 20 sec 28 and lot 20, por lot 21 sec 28 Masonic Cem.	240
Geary St Ex Ass'n to J E Woodworth	Lots 23 and 34 blk 261 Geary St Ex H'd	700
Fel'n T't Hd Ass'n to J M Anderson	Lots 45 and 46 blk 1200, Felton Tract Hd	340
Daniel Fraser to W W Henry.....	E Sanchez n 32d, 25x117:6--sub H A 85	400
Felton T't Hd Ass'n to Mary Lennon	Lot 48 blk 1201, Felton Tract H'd.	170
A de Leo de Laguna to G Nicholas	Lot 13 blk 223, Golden City Homestead; also, w Missouri, 433 s Colusa, 83x100, subdiv blk 156 P N.	600
Jane Sullivan to Patrick Flood....	Lots 7 and 8 in blk 11, West End Map 2	213
Theodore Loessel to John Pforr....	E Taylor e Sacramento, 23x80	5
Tide L Com to Est of X Staefelbache	Nw Folsom ne 7th, 25x80	10
City and Co S F to A C Daggins....	Subdivision Western Addition blk 503.	
Richard D Chandler to Peter Difey	N Eddy w Leavenworth, 52:6x137:6	9,000
Mattilda D Hennessee to H S Ridley	Se Gough and Broadway, 68:9x127:6.	4,000



## Monday, September 1st.

John Center to Henry Mahan.....	E Harrison, 26 n 21st, e 100, s 26, e 100, n 520, w 200, s 26, e 100 s 156, w 100 s 156, w 100 s 312 to com; also, ne cor Alabama and 21st, e 200 x 520—sub M B 142.....	32,000
H Mahan to Harrison St H'd Ass'n.....	Same.....	35,470
Harrison St H As'n to S S Arnheim.....	Lots 69 and 70, Harrison St Homestead.....	1,600
Same to Wm de Witt.....	Lots 61 and 72, Harrison St Homestead.....	1,600
Same to Jonathan W Baker.....	Lot 74, Harrison St Hd.....	800
Same to David Plato.....	Lot 10, Harrison St Hd.....	800
Same to Henry Kohn.....	Lots 46 and 47, Harrison St H'd.....	1,600
Same to John E A Helms.....	Lots 24 and 35.....	1,600
Same to Henry W Gray et al.....	Lots 53 and 54.....	1,600
Same to August C Kruger.....	Lot 34.....	800
Same to James Sullivan.....	Lot 11.....	800
August Humburg to M Humburg.....	S Bush, 40 w Mary Lane, 20x137:6.....	Gift
J P Cantin to Chas Hawley.....	E Ellis, 77:6 w Polk, 50x120.....	13,500
Chas T H Palmer to Wm Barber.....	Nw Geary and Buchanan, 137:6x137:6.....	750
R W Collins to Aaron Bruman.....	S Oak w Gough, 25x120.....	1,500
C S Storms to Kate Jackson.....	Nw Minna, ne 2d, 22x60.....	4,000
Samuel W Wilson to Parker Merrill.....	S Stevenson e 6th, 50x70.....	5,000
Robt F Morrison to Michael Kelly.....	N Filbert w Buchanan, 27:6x120.....	700
Ann O'Brien to Bridget Doud.....	Undivided ½ ne Rincon Place, 175 se of Harrison, se 25x125.....	2,300
John Kelly to same.....	Same.....	2,300
Harrison St H'd Ass'n to T Donnelly.....	Lot 78, Harrison St Hd.....	800
Henry L Davis to John S Stratton.....	Nw Harrison sw 25x80.....	5
H L Hutchinson to Luis F Emilio.....	Ne 10th, nw Mission, 75x130.....	12,000
Harrison St H'd Ass'n to M Blair.....	Lots 51 and 52 Harrison St Hd.....	1,600
Same to Henry Loewenhayn.....	Lots 79 and 80 Harrison St Hd.....	1,600
San Francisco Sav Un to N Gray.....	W Webb s Sacramento, s 62:6, w 99, etc.....	13,000
Henry Pierce to Francis Kauce.....	N Green w Powell, 34:4x137:6.....	4,650
Jean Paul Roussot to R P Thomas.....	S Commercial w Davis, 20x49:6.....	3,100
Robt F Morrison to Catherine Fay.....	N Filbert w Buchanan, 27:6x120.....	700
Hiram L Coye to Francis De Long.....	Ne Sutter and Taylor, 21:10x31:8.....	1

## Tuesday, September 2d.

John Wilson to Francis H Wooster.....	Ne corner Broadway and Buchanan, e 137:6x 137:6.....	\$ 10
David Wooster to T M Edwards.....	Same.....	1
Gilbert Shattuck to Same.....	Same.....	6,160
Geary St Ex H As'n to S B Boswell.....	Lots 11 12 15 26 and 19 blk 263, Geary St Extension Homestead.....	1,750
Morgan S Toy to Harriet Toy.....	Ne cor Powell and Ellis, 105x20.....	1,250
Chas H Killey to Thos P Winter.....	N Jackson w Buchanan, 25x127:8.....	4,250
Elise Sanders to John P Medan.....	S Mount Vernon Ave, 55 se Otego Ave, sw 80x50.....	125
Daniel Fraser to A R Fraser.....	Lot 6 blk 7 Junction Homestead.....	250
Michael McGaughran to M Ganon.....	W Potrero Ave, 25 n 23d, 25x100.....	900
Sumner C Blake to David Porter.....	E Gustavus, 78:9 s Sacramento, 38:9x60.....	2,750
Isabel Van Winkle to I S V Winkle.....	E Sansome s Bush, 97x39:5.....	Gift
Fred Tillman to I S Van Winkle.....	Se Fulton and Gough—subdiv W A 138.....	1
Timothy Lain to Joanna Lain.....	Nw Natoma sw 8th, 15x75.....	Gift
Harrison St H Ass'n to J P Nelson.....	Lot 27 Harrison St Homestead.....	800
Mission & 30th St Hd to M Downes.....	Lot 217 blk 34, Mission and 30th St Hd.....	375
James Linforth to L B Benchley.....	Nc Page and Laguna, 137:6x120.....	25,000
L B Benchley to John D Thompson.....	Same.....	15,000
Antonio Cuneo to D Cuneo.....	W Jasper Lane s Filbert, 50x60.....	6,500
Silv Ter H'd Ass'n to Jno O Kane.....	Lots 433 to 436 inclusive, Silver Ter Hd N Post e Taylor, 137:6x32:6—subdiv 50-v 641, subject to mortgage for \$7,000.....	11,000
M L McDonald to J M McDonald.....	Nw Webster and Broadway, 137:6x137:6 subdivision W A 270.....	5,000
Chancellor Hartson to G L Beebe.....	W Dolores n Liberty, n 50x105.....	3,250
Wm J Clark to Elias Birdsall.....	Sundry properties in Western Addition.....	400
S W Holladay to Robt F Morrison.....	N Sacramento w Scott, 50x127:8.....	500
Patrick T Gaven to Mary Cusker.....	Se cor Napa and Vermont, 100x100.....	500
George Treat to Andrew Gensoul.....	Vermont s Napa, s 333, e 100, n 308, e 100, n 25, w 200, to com; also, Kansas s Napa, 45x100.....	500
Same to Gustave Mahe.....	Lot 215.....	360
Spring Valley H As'n to S Wafford.....	Tyler w Webster, 137:6x27:6.....	1,500
W M Bevins to Amelia Fitel.....	Sac'to w Davis, 20x60, sub mortg \$3,500.....	2,000
W H Gawley to R T Thomas.....	Nw cor Spring and Summer, 43x50.....	10
G Zimmerman to Michael Reese.....	Lot 23 blk 157 N S S F H'd Ass'n.....	500
W G Doolittle to Morris Shloss.....	Lots 37 and 38 blk 1201.....	340
Felton T'et H Ass'n to Wm Henry.....	W Harrison n 18th, 75 s to Mariposa, etc.....	2
James Cameron to Henry Brook.....		



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# September 1911

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Monday, September 8th.

Silver Ter Hd Assn to L Eppinger	Lots 467 and 468, Silver Terrace Hd	\$ 941
Same to same	Lots 476 and 477, Silver Terrace Hd	1,111
Har'n St Hd Ass'n to Susan Boley	Lot 68, blk 42, Harrison St Hd	800
Daniel Green to Francis L Green	Certain property on w line Noah Ranch	5
Harrison St H'd Ass'n to B Harkin	Lot 39 blk 142 Harrison St Hd	800
Noe Gard Hd Assn to R A Sanford	Lot 2 blk 16 Noe Garden Homestead	500
Frank M Pixley to John D Fry	Sw cor Pacific and Franklin, 200x127.8	16,000
Donald McDonald to Same	Nw cor Jackson and Franklin, 200x137.6	5
Cornelius Collins to J E Molera	Lot 427 Gift Map 4	1
Benj Richardson to Wm Hall	Se Bryant ne Kate, 25x105	1,875
Thos McInerney to Chas Esola	E San Jose Road, 75 n Eugenia, 25x100	780
Martha B Hunt to Willows L Assn	Sundry lots in Willows Land Assn	2,500
Harrison St Hd Assn to E B Perrin	Lot 13 blk 142 Harrison St Hd	800
W W Lapham to Marion Hill	S Laidley e Rosnoke, 100x100	1,000
G B Cerruti to J Francisco de Leon	N Jackson, 144.6 e Dupont, e 68.7x n 137.6, w 75.7x, s 68.9, e 7, s 68.9 to commencement—subj to \$40,000 mortg	17,000
F L A Pioche to John Porter	Lots 45 and 46, blk 54, City Land Ass'n	190
Odd Fel Cem to Mrs B S Nichols	Lot 9 plat 4, Odd Fellows Cemetery	45
Geary St Ex H'd Ass'n to L Nathan	Lots 3 and 4, blk 167, Geary St Ex H'd	700
Masonic Cem Ass'n to J Clement	Lot 6 and a 1/2 of lot 4 in section 18, Masonic Cemetery	77
Silver Terrace H'd to John Hall	Lot 72 to 75 inclusive, Silver Ter H'd	1,275
Wm Hollis to Thos O'Neill	E Steiner, 78 n Sacramento, 25x93.9	3,500
John Chambers to C H Young	Nw Harrison, 150 sw 25x75	3,600
Edward Martin to Michael Raggett	S Grove e Buchanan, 25x120	1,450
Wm E Donnet to Jotham Salisbury	W Sansome, 95 n Pine, 87.6x40.6	27,000
Paul Tract H'd Ass'n to D B Nye	Lot 1 blk 54; lot 6 blk 25; lot 1 block 6: lots 12 and 13 blk 12; Paul Tract H'd	250
Jas S McCue to same	Nw corner Sacramento and 20th Ave, w 120 n 279.7 se to w line of 20th Ave s 259.9 to com—sub blk C O L	2,250
Wm Hollis to Geo Wm Smith	W Pearl, 100 e Ridley, 25x80	2,800
Jas M McDonald to James O'Leary	N Lewis w Taylor, 18.4x57.6	1,400

Tuesday, September 9th.

Agnes Birch to Wm R Sloan	S Russell w Hyde, 40x60	...
Patrick Flood to Mathew Swift	Und half of lots 7 and 8 blk 11, W E M 2	195
E Barrett to David Stewart	Se Natoma sw 7th, 25x75	3,750
Urania V Moxley to Chas G Moxley	Nw cor Fell and Franklin, 120x137.6	Gift
P Demartini to Alfred Rising	S Broadway w Dupont, w 37.2, s 66, etc	500
Alfred Rising to Louis Raffetts	S Broadway w Dupont, w 17.2, s 60, etc	5,000
Sebastian E Shaw to R H Cowan	Nw Jersey and Church, 80x100	1,050
M O'Brien to Geo Ulshofer	Ne 12th Ave nw L st, 100x100	300
F L A Pioche to James Collins	Lots 22 and 23, blk 49, City Land Assn	190
Same to Patrick Collins	Lots 12 and 13 blk 53, City Land Assn	190
Wm H Hamlen to Henry Philip	Und 1/2 Harrison & Hawthorne 112.6x156	5,000
Harrison St Hd Assn to J Dickson	Lot 55 blk 142, Harrison St Hd	800
Same to Margaret Dickson	Lot 56, same	800
Same to Wm Dodd	Lot 57, same	800

Wednesday, September 10th.

Anna Maria Evers to S A Franklin	W Fillmore s Kate, 25x96	\$3,400
D F McDonald to Geo E Hinckley	1 acre Donald Tract	1,000
Geo E Hinckley to John G Nelson	Same	150
Chas J Newcomb to H Webster	Sundry lots Outside Lands	500
A A Jennings to Wm R Boyce	N 19th e Noe, 50x114	2,000
Bd of Tide Ld Comrs to H F Precht	Sw Decotah and Amador, 200x200	1,161
Same to same	E Idaho n Plumas, 100x200	600
Wm M Stoddard to E W Harral	Lot 83 blk 552, Bay Park Homestead	1
Harrison St Hd Ass'n to R Maguire	Lot 77 blk 142 Harrison Street Hd	800
Silver Ter H'd Ass'n to J C Eggers	Lot 20 Silver Terrace Homestead	320
Same to J F G Eggers	Lot 387 same	375
Same to same	Lot 79 same	325
A Bruman to D H Mangels	S Oak w Gough, 25x120, subj to mortg	725
John Hill to Jacob M Pike	N Tyler w Larkin, 33.9 etc, subj to mortg	10,700
M T Herzog to Jacob M Cohn	S 24th w Sanchez, 50.11x114	1
B F Holbrook to Julia A Holbrook	Nw cor Horner and Guerrero, 122x117.6	Gift
John F Taylor to Harry W Taylor	Sundry lots in south part city	1,500
A Hochholzer to H S Hochholzer	N Geary e Buchanan, 50x137.6	Gift
T H Allen to Hugo Hochholzer	Same	5,000
Laura Pettit to Joseph Gosner	Lot 30x100 in Negro or Merceda Tract	250
Maria Luniewski to T McInerney	Sw cor Lizzie and Prospect sts, 70x70	150
Robt McCrum to John Hinkel	Se corner 24th and Bartlett, 100x72	3,000
Same to David W Martindell	24th, 92 e Bartlett, 45.6x100	3,000

## Thursday, September 11th.

Donald Bruce to Johanna Haggerty	W Williams 62-6 n Geary, n 25x50.....	\$ 110
Felton Tract H Ass'n to J M Pike..	Lots 21, 22, 23 & 24, blk 1203, Feet T Hd.....	683
Thos De Vries to Maria Poscia....	S Broadway e Kearny, 37-6x57-6.....	4,300
Wm Warner to Geo H Mitchell.....	Lot 17 blk 4 College Hd.....	5
Wm Hollis to A J Gunnison.....	E Steiner n Sacramento, 25x93-9.....	3,500
Isaac Rowell to L L Robinson.....	S Washington w Cherry, s etc.....	250
Benj E Arnold to Wm W Knight....	Se M st 100 e cor 5th Ave, etc.....	100
Francis Ross to John Parnell.....	Lots 1 to 13 inc, Gift Map 2.....	1,860
Harris Myers to L B White.....	Undiv half 18 acres near Lone M Cem.....	1,500
Peter S McNeil to Emil Loeven....	S Clay, 60 w Hyde, s 72 x w 20.....	150
Spring Val H'd Ass'n to B Lassens	Lots 166 and 167, Spring Valley H'd.....	720
Edward H Parker to J F Hough....	N Pine w Laguna, 68-9 x n 137-6.....	5,000
Jeremiah Baldwin to Ellen Flynn..	E Florida n Butte, 25x100.....	700
Michael Brogan to E McLaughlin..	S Hunt 80 e 3d, s 55, e 5 1/2 in, n etc.....	5
James Lick to Soc Cal Pioneers....	Subdiv 100-v 126.....	Gift
John Nuttall to Thomas Adam.....	W Gough n Grove, n 35-4x137-6.....	5,200
Thos Gardiner to John McGlashan	N Post 52 w Dupont, 23x74.....	11,000
Martha B Hunt to Land Pur Ass'n	E Stevenson s 19th, 25x80.....	125
J C Bideman to Wm Geiman.....	Se Turk and Van Ness Av, s 120x109.....	6,050
Wm Geiman to Land Purch Ass'n..	E Van Ness Ave s Turk, 70x190.....	1
Ger Sav & Building Co to F Staud..	E Steiner s Waller, 24x81-3.....	720
F Staud to Ger Sav & Building Co..	Sw Van Ness Ave and Fulton w 109-9 x s 120—sub W A 75, subj to mortgage.....	18,000
E McLaughlin to Michael Brogan..	S Hunt e 3d, s 22, etc.....	5

## Friday, September 12th.

Moses Cerf to John A Faull.....	S Sutter w Polk, 68-9x120—sub W A 58.....	12,375
R W Collins to Geo L Bradley.....	Sw cor Oak and Gough, 87-6x30.....	3,300
G A R Cem Ass'n to J C Sargent....	Lot 1 Grand Army of the Republic Cem.....	.....
Nicolas Guillee to City & Co of S F	W Dupont n Broadway, n 47 w 68-9, s 13-7 ee 44-3, e 40-5 to commencement ..	21,558
Isaac D Barnard to Mary A Porter	W Mason n Vallejo, 35x137-6; also, com- mencing at sw cor 50-v 612 n 67-6x27.....	1
Nicholas Guillee to E P Buckley....	Commencing 93 n Broadway w Dup, etc.....	.....
John T McLean to John Curry.....	50-v 2 blk 265, subj to mortg for \$1,500.....	5,000

## Saturday, September 13th.

John H Hassett to Julia Hassett..	Lot 16 blk 91, Buena Vista Homestead.....	\$ 250
Harrison St Hd Ass'n to J McCarty	Lot 26 blk 142, Harrison St Hd.....	800
Same to Frederic Prestorious.....	Lot 26, same.....	800
Same to Catherine Welch.....	Lot 23 and 29, same.....	1,600
Bay View Hd to Matthias Gray....	Lot 4 blk 465, Bay View Homestead.....	500
Martha B Hunt to J B Meisch.....	N 20th e Valencia, 25x85.....	125
John Bensley to Carl Bartlett.....	Blk 96, Potrero Nuevo.....	1,000
F Dumatheray to Fred Mason.....	Sundry blks Potrero Nuevo.....	1,000
Bd of Tide L Comrs to C M Conlin	Se Perry sw 4th, 25x80.....	8
Jabez P Clay to James M Parker..	Certain undivided property in W A.....	5,000
J B Lewis to Jeremiah Twohig....	W Treat n 24th, 26x122-6.....	75
Harrison St Hd Ass'n to C H Aitken	Lots 40 & 42 blk 142, Harrison St Hd Assn.....	1,600
Chas H Aitken to M Brandenstein..	Se cor 20th and Alabama, 25x104.....	5
Wm Windsor to Peter H Velbert....	Se Howard sw Rausch, 25x75.....	5

## Real Estate Transactions--Alameda County.

Reported by G. W. McKEAND, Searcher of Records for Alameda Co. at East Oakland.

GRANTOR AND GRANTEE.	DESCRIPTION.	PRICE
Armes & Sather to P Carroll.....	Oakland: 50x100 ne cor 5th and Linden.	\$1,050
Same to J Barker.....	Same: N 5th st 50 e from Linden, thence e 25x100.....	550
E L Wetmore to M H Wetmore.....	Same: 123x110 nw cor Locust & Valley.	3,000
T M Antisell to E Tripp.....	Same: 104x175-6 sw cor Broadway & 21st	16,000
A Brown to S S Montague.....	Same: E Linden 199-6 n fr 10th st, thence n 50x124.....	1,070
P T Sem'y Tract to M A Chabot....	Same: Lot 14, P T Sem'y Tract.....	700
C J Behlow to W Behlow.....	Same: Lots 67 68 69 and 57, V H'd Tract	1,280
P C Dart to J C Nicholson.....	Same: N line 12th av 50 w from Myrtle, thence w 25x114-6.....	1,250
J Brown to C Brown.....	Same: E l Grove 50 s fr 6th, th s 50x75; also, 50x75 ne cor Brush and 8th sts..	Gift
A P Brayton to M S Brayton.....	Same: W l Jackson 490 n fr 12th, thence n 120x170.....	Gift
Central Land Co to J M Haven.....	Same: Lots 16 17 and 18 in blk D, B'tet	2,500
P Bartlett to M K Thornburgh.....	Same: 228-5x145 sw cor Middle & Center	6,200

D W Poor to A C Henry .....	Same: 75x76 near Locust & Telegraph ; also, e Telegraph 87 s from Locust, thence s 87x133.....	6,000
A C Henry to P T Sem'y Tract .....	Same .....	6,000
J R Rogers to J Tierney .....	Same: W line Washington 34 s fr 11th, thence s 29x90 .....	3,000
P Murray to M Lestrangle .....	Same: W Chester 175 n line 3d street, thence n 50x125 .....	1,500
J C Wingate to M Quigley .....	Same: S line 14th st 75 e from Clay, thence e 50x100 .....	1,625
J Lehman to W Smith .....	Same: S 26th street 332 w from Grove, thence w 50x96 .....	525
B P Fisher to C Stubz .....	West Oakland: N R R av 130:7 w from Willow, thence w 25x100:4 .....	1,500
C J Edmonds to W W Stone .....	Alameda: N line Encinal 350 w fr Walnut, thence w 50x150 .....	350
F Franks to same .....	Same: N line Encinal 400 w fr Walnut, thence w 50x150 .....	350
T A Smith to Christ Church .....	Same: 50x217:8 nw Santa Clara & Oak .....	1
J Ralph to W Nichol .....	Same: 1/2 int 95:9x140:2 sw cor Broadway and Lincoln .....	400
Hays & Caperton to J Gray .....	Same: 96x140:2 ne cor cent of Broadway .....	900
B C Whiting to E Mehans .....	R'd Wash'n cor to Centreville: 50 acres .....	6,000
H N Morse to J Demant .....	San Leandro: Lots A and B in blk 22 .....	2,500
R McGraw to W Pearce .....	R'd Haywood to San Deandro: 5 acres .....	3,100
Atherton & Pearce to A Morton .....	Near S Leandro: 675 acs in S L'ndro C'k .....	17,720
H Durant to same .....	Same: 18 acres parts plots 66 and 79 .....	....
Felton and Bona to A D Splivalo .....	Brooklyn: 40 acres near Sausal Creek and San Leandro Old Road .....	1
Splivalo and Bona to J B Felton .....	Same: 39 acres .....	1
H B Valpey to H Curtner .....	Near Mission San Jose: 30 acres .....	2,700
J Chart to M Ball .....	Oakland: 50x103:9 nw cor 15th and Clay .....	5
S Harris to E C Sessions .....	Same: 100x150 nw cor 1st and Broadway .....	1
Vasburgh & Burnell to G A Abel .....	Same: S line Seward 80 w from Wood thence w 31:3x70 .....	1,500
H N Morse to J A Folger .....	Same: S line 15th st 130 e from Clay th e 50x103:9 .....	2,400
A C R Shaw to S E Shaw .....	Same: S line 18th st 173 from Broadway thence e 27x100 .....	1,500
J A Folger to H N Morse .....	East Oakland: 4 1/2 acres Watson Tract .....	3,500
E P White to A Perry .....	West Oakland: Ne Lincoln 95 e from Wood thence e 47:6x135 .....	750
W Tierney to same .....	Same: 5 acres part plot 61 .....	....
R Sisterna to same .....	Same: 5 acre plot 63 .....	....
P Pioda to same .....	Same: 1 acre part plot 66 .....	....
S U Hd Ass'n to A Eppelsheime .....	Same: Lot 10 in blk 2 State University Homestead Tract .....	300
Same to G Tart .....	Same: Lots 1 and 4 blk 3 in same .....	1,400
M Goldman to E Beinenfeld .....	Same: Lot 1 in blk 2 in same .....	275
G O Davis to E T De Vay .....	Same: Lots 4 and 7 in blk 4 in same .....	1,500
W J Barven to Berkeley L & T I A .....	Berkeley: 1 acre .....	....
J Dabner to M V de Anna .....	Sar Leandro: 105x75 .....	174
M V de Anna to M L Louise .....	Same: Same .....	400
Haven & Flint to A Rosenfield .....	Brooklyn Tp: Lot 16 Cameron Tract .....	4,000
J B Woolsey to F Senram .....	Oakland T'p: 3 acres Telegraph av near Temascal Creek .....	2,710
T B Bigelow to E L Beard .....	Oakland: 125x125 sw corner R R Avenue and Center .....	\$3,90 0
E McLean to J M Brock .....	Same: E line Broadway 180 s from 20th st thence s 106x150 .....	13,500
C C Beckman to F J Tyler .....	Same: 74:5x100 sw cor 16th st and San Pablo Avenue .....	5,500
Henry Harris to J Becht .....	Same: E line Broadway 50 n from 11th st thence n 25x100 .....	11,000
F Linram to S M Lammer .....	Same: N line 13th st 120 w from Willard thence w 30x106:3 .....	540
J R Rogers to S Thomson .....	Same: W line Washington 63 s fm 11th streeth thence s 37x90 .....	3,500
J Caperton to P Sather .....	Same: Lot bounded e by market and s by R R Avenue .....	2,800
H E Mathews to L B Huff .....	Same: 88:6x100 ne cor 24th and Union .....	1,000
P Sather to J Caperton .....	Same: Lot bounded w by Myrtle n by R R Avenue .....	5
F M Smith to F Blake .....	Oakland: Lots 4 5 6 in block A Oakland View Homestead .....	500
L B Huff to H E Mathews .....	East Oakland: 100x60 e corner Alameda and Washington .....	2,100
A L & H Tubbs to L B Huff .....	Same: 150x300 sw by Washington se by Clay and ne by Adams .....	8,000
L B Huff to H E Mathews .....	Same: Ne line Washington 60 se from Alameda se 60x100 .....	1,900



T Johnson to H Hufschmidt.....	West Oakland: S line Seward 133:4 e fm Wood thence c 66:8x113:7.....	2,500
J Milington to C Liese.....	Alameda: 60 Pearl st by 140 near Versailles Avenue.....	525
Jenks and Mead to A Conner.....	Same: N Eagle 230:6 e from Everett th c 45x150.....	500
R Robinson to A Mecartney.....	Same: $\frac{1}{2}$ interest in Tract marsh land at Ray Farm Island.....	2,500
G Anghinbaugh to G H Thompson	Same: 100 a line Washington and 150 near Mastick Station.....	760
Z Montgomery to T Conway.....	Near Telegraph and Temescal Creek: $\frac{1}{2}$ acre White House plot.....	1,000
A F White to J R Browne.....	Same: 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ acres.....	1,500
A D Colby to L E Lamb.....	Same: Lots 34 and 35 Temescal Park...	300
J Hurdy to G H Gray.....	Oakland Tp: Interest in lots 39 and 40 in Hardy Tract in plot 66.....	2,700
Byrne & Chappellet to H Berryman	Same: 150 acres, portion plots 84 and 85	10,000
G O Davis to G Tolt.....	Same: Lot 3 in blk 4 State Univ H Tract	700
Merritt and Durant to J Chart....	Berkeley: 110x180.....	1,300
M A Reilly to G Gwyther.....	Near Berkeley: 170x300.....	975
L Stevens to G W Ames.....	Brooklyn Tp: Interest 230 acres ne cor High st and San Leandro Road.....	5
J B Peralta to L M Peralta.....	Same: 14 acres and 240 acres near San Leandro.....	7,000
P Basten to D M Terrell.....	6 miles se from Livermore: 160 acres...	2,500
R Livermore to C P R R Co.....	Near Livermore: 9 acres.....	360
F D Atherton to H Tyther.....	Haywood: 100x300.....	225
M Camp to D C Can p.....	Same: 200x212.....	...
A G Smicher to S Molton.....	Haywood: $\frac{1}{2}$ interest in 100x211 with mill and machinery.....	3,850
S Molton to S Kirkendall.....	Same: $\frac{1}{2}$ interest in same.....	4,000
B C Latham to C M Bunkle.....	Brooklyn Tp: Block 17 (200x600) Fitchburg.....	5,000

